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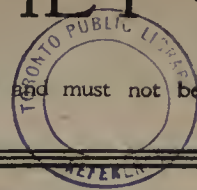
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APR 24 1945

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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CAN you imagine what the Christmas mail means to our boys fighting in the trenches? Your boy of course will not be forgotten. He will receive his box of "goodies" from the home folks. But how about the chap, perhaps fighting shoulder to shoulder with your boy, who has "no folks?" What sort of a Christmas will he have? Hugh S. Eayrs' story *Christmas for Craggs* in the December issue of CANADA MONTHLY deals with just such a case. It shows how the boys in the trenches made a real Christmas for this lonely chap.

Canada's Place in the Moving Picture World by R. T. Groszold will interest all the film fans. The author shows in this article that Canada is well represented among the stars of the film world. He also points out that the many beauties of Cana-

da's scenery are being displayed throughout the world by means of the picture films.

David B. Adams' humorous yarn, *The Dictionary Man*, carries a sermon along with its fun. Mr. Adams shows us in this charming story that it is sometimes a serious matter to be too seriously minded.

The new serial which starts in the December

issue, is, the Editors believe, a ten strike for our readers. The success of *The Son of the Otter* put the Editors on edge to obtain another story that would measure up to that standard. After reading the first installment of this new serial in the December issue, you will agree that the Editors have been able to set even a higher standard.



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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy; in the United States, \$1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON, AND TORONTO

London:
382 Clarence Street.

Toronto:
Mail Building.

New York City:
373 4th Avenue.

Chicago:
1115 Marquette Building.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. **Caution:** If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. **Discontinuance:** We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.



Canada Monthly's School and College Directory



A railroad lawyer who has had much to do with human nature says: "Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod." And he gave an illustration from his own experience:

A section hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

"See here, McGinnis," said I, "you admit that the whistle blew?"

"Yis, sor, it blew, sor."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yis, sor, and Mike would be testifying here this day." The jury giggled.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible and remained as dirty as ever.

A brilliant idea struck the colonel; "Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down before the entire regiment and let the men have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel and said in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sangfroid!

"Dhirtiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr."

"You haven't any serious or organic trouble," said the young physician cheerfully.

"You are a little nervous and run down, that's all. Take more exercise, eat less and forget your troubles."

The hypochondriac snorted. "Young man," he demanded, "how long have you been a doctor?"

"I took my degree three years ago," answered the medico.

"And I am an invalid of 25 years' experience. Who are you to disagree with me?"

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AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

A busy housewife came into the sitting room with a determined look in her eyes.

"I really shall have to punish those children," she began.

"What have the little beggars been up to now?" asked the father, looking up from his newspaper.

"Why, they've made a mess of my sewing room," explained the wife. "Needles, reels of cotton, scissors—everything has been hidden away in the most unexpected places. It is really exasperating."

Her husband laid down his paper and smiled benignly.

"I did that," he said, calmly. Then, in answer to a questioning look, he went on. "You tidied up my desk so beautifully the other day that I thought it only fair to return the compliment. So I tidied up your sewing room."

Midnight! The clock on the mantel piece had just struck the mystic hour, and one or two of the card players suggested it was time to go home, as they were perhaps tresspassing on the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present.

"Not at all," said the host, with a gracious wave of his hand. "Time is of no account. Play as long as you like. I'm czar here!"

"Yes, men, play as long as you like," echoed a sweet little voice from the doorway, and they all rose to their feet as the mistress of the mansion entered. "Play as long as you like," she repeated, "but, as it is 12 o'clock, the czar is going to bed!"

Mr. Babcock had just been telling his wife of an old friend.

"And he said he knew me when I was a little girl?" interrogated the wife.

"No," said Babcock, "he didn't say anything of the sort."

"But you just said he did," said Mrs. Babcock.

"No," said the man, "I didn't."

"Why, Charles!" exclaimed the wife, "what did he say, then?"

"I said," replied the brute, "that he said he knew you when he was a little boy."

That she was a nervous little old lady was apparent to the whole car. When a young woman with a baby entered and sat down next to her her quick-moving eye detected immediately that the child was placidly chewing a green transfer.

"Your baby—the transfer—look!" she exclaimed.

The young mother hastily rummaged her hand satchel and produced a yellow transfer. "Oh, thank you," she said. "It's all right—that's yesterday's transfer; here is to-day's."—Harper's Magazine.

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A pastor was calling upon a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. As he thought of her long and useful life, and looked upon her sweet placid countenance bearing but few tokens of her ninety-two years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her:

"My dear Mrs. S., what has been the chief source of your strength and sustenance during all these years? What has appealed to you as the real basis of your unusual vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an un-failing comfort through joy and sorrow? Tell me, that I might pass the secret to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The old lady thought a moment, then lifting her eyes, dim with age, yet kindling with sweet memories of the past, answered briefly; "Victuals."

With a sentimental leaning toward the days of his own youth, a certain business man sent his son to the college where he had himself been educated.

On arriving at the place the young man began to make a few inquiries.

"I should like to see my father's record," he said to the head of the college. "He was here in 1875."

"I shall be very pleased to show you the record," was the reply. "But have you any special reason for consulting it?"

"Well," replied the youth frankly, "when I left home dad told me not to disgrace his record, and I only want to see how far I can go."

The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last few paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus:

"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."

"Flying is dangerous business. Never again for me!"

"Why, I didn't know you had ever been up in an aeroplane."

"Who said I had? I was referring to the flyer I took in the stock market last week."

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A certain actor, who hailed from bonnie Scotland, was noted, among all the other members of his company, for his marked national characteristics. He was, indeed, a very careful man, and although an ardent gambler, was never known to risk more than "ain baabee" upon a race.

It chanced on one occasion that his mother and father happened to stop during a journey back to Scotland, after a short trip to London, at the town where he was playing. Next morning he saw them off by the Scotch express but was horrified to learn that there had been an accident to the train.

"My dear fellow," said another member of the company, rushing up to him, "have you heard the news? The Scotch express has been in collision and 36 of the passengers have been killed. Hadn't you better get an evening paper and see if your people are safe?"

Much moved at the news, the Scotchman, hearing a newsboy approach shouting "List of killed and injured," was commencing to feel hurriedly in his pocket for a halfpenny, when a neighboring clock caught his eye.

"A' weel, a' weel," said he, "I'm thankin' ye kindly for yer information, but I will najust buy a paper the noo. If I wait maybe half an' oor I shall see the winner of the 2.15 at the same time, ye ken!"

The regular trombone player of a Scottish orchestra was ill with a cold, and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a man who had played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the technical ability of the substitute.

After the first performance the new player asked the conductor how he had done.

The conductor replied, that he had done fairly, but that perhaps he would do better the next night.

The newcomer, eyeing him gratefully, answered: "Man, ye see, the music is a' strange tae me the nicht, and I'm no' just shair o't yet, but ye wait tae the morn's nicht, and ye'll no hear ane of thae fiddles at a'!"

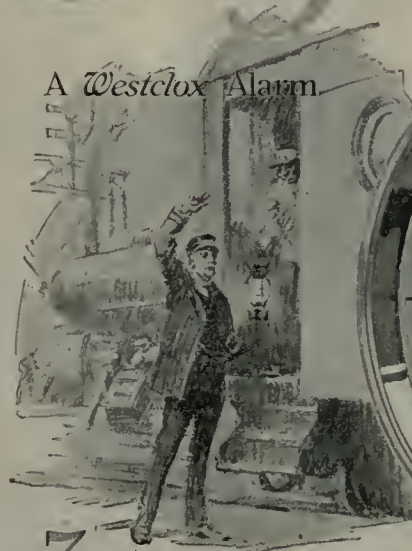
In explaining the sources of food supplies and the refining processes preceding their appearance on the table, the teacher asked how coffee was prepared. The youngster to whom she put the question said he couldn't tell.

"Not after all this talk?" she said. "I am surprised at you. And you a grocer's son, too!"

"If you please," said the boy in self-vindication, "I do know, but I mustn't tell. It's a trade secret, and father would whip me if I told."

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The Secret of the Lord

By Harriet R. Baxter

Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

IT was mid-June in Alberta, and through the cool of the long, bright evening, I rode back to the ranch.

When I came to Barston's Creek, I left the road for the old trail that follows the stream. A light wind sprang up, and the untidy leaves of the cottonwoods trembled excitedly. To the right, as far as one could see, the grey-green wheat shimmered away. Overhead a lonely night-jar cried raucously. There was no other sign of life.

I rode slowly on, and rounded a bend in the little stream. My horse shied suddenly—then stopped; and before me rose a gaunt, grey man of about sixty years. He pulled off his hat, and extended his hand in greeting.

"Why, Mr. Braithwaite," I cried in astonishment, shocked by the change in his appearance, "I didn't know you." But before I could venture a further remark, I saw a grave—quite fresh; and near it another mound, grown over with grass.

"It's my wife's," he said simply, in answer to my startled, interrogating glance; "and the other one is Jack's," he added.

He stood before me—a patient, pathetic figure, nervously fingering an old straw hat. His broad shoulders had a weary droop; and in the white mask of his tragic face, his deep-set eyes burned despairingly.

Without a word, I slipped from my horse, and we sat down on the bank. My mind, as well as my tongue, seemed paralyzed by the man's changed appearance and his appalling statement.

Two years ago I had begun a visit to Mary Langdon. She and I had been inseparable since the days of pinnies and pigtails, when Tom Gillman came out of the West and carried



Elizabeth used to say when she called me from the fields that even God seemed farther away than He did back in Ontario

her off to his ranch. I missed her terribly—she was such an understanding person—and after I was left alone, I gladly accepted her urgent invitation to come to her. But I had scarcely unpacked my boxes, and grown accustomed to my little blue and white room, when I was called East on business. Now I had returned to continue my interrupted visit.

AND as I sat in silence beside this grey, broken man, a host of memories trooped back to me. I vividly recalled a glorious, blue-skied afternoon two summers ago, when Mary and I drove along the green wheat fields to have tea with the Braithwaites. We came to a little white house—overshadowed by big red barns—and entered a long cool room. There was walnut furniture, upholstered in hair cloth; and on the mantel an old mahogany clock, with a painted face, ticked serenely. Above it the benign countenance of Queen Victoria looked out from a tarnished gilt frame. In one corner a little cupboard with glass doors was filled with quaint ornaments, and cherished bits of Crown Derby and Minton. It was charming, but when the door opened and a silver-haired woman entered, I only thought of it all as a setting for her sweet and gracious personality. She was thin and worn—with no pretense to beauty; but her face shone, as if a light were concealed within.

Then Mr. Braithwaite came in, and we had tea. Real tea—not the pallid brew one is frequently offered, and there were delicious buttery scones, with wild raspberry jam. Mrs. Braithwaite's thin, blue-veined hands fluttered fussily among the tea things, and after she had poured, she carefully covered the pot with a knitted



It's a hard country, Miss, unless your are strong; but to the man who persists, it is kind

cozy, on which a strange bird of unknown genus—but with a knowing eye—disported itself.

We chatted, over our cups, of war and weather. But after a bit, it grew cooler, and we went out into the garden—a little green square with splashes of bright color. There were clove pinks, sweet alyssum, hardy phlox, mignonette and marigolds; and in one corner, carefully tended, were a few daisies—common field daisies which fleck the Ontario pastures in June. Her cousin had sent them to her, she said, and it was obvious she prized them highly.

I went out with Mr. Braithwaite to see the calves. And there were colts too. They skipped about on their stilted legs and seemed to show off—as children do when there are visitors. I watched the sleek cows come in to be milked, and tossed grain to the greedy chickens.

Then we drove away into the sunset, and turning for a parting wave, I saw them standing before the little

white house, he, vigorous and upstanding, with a protecting arm about his slender, worn wife.

Now he sat beside me, grey and devastated—like a field that has been swept by flame.

THE shadows lengthened. Above us the night-jar circled, uttering its harsh, monotonous cries. After a little, he told me his story.

"You knew her, Miss," he began, in a dull, tired voice, "and it may be you can imagine what she meant to me. It was forty years ago that Elizabeth and I married and came west. Quite different it was then," he said. "Just prairie and sky—lots of both, and not much else. No railroads—no neighbors. Elizabeth used to say when she called me from the fields that even God seemed farther away than He did back in Ontario.

"But after a bit there were children. Little Jean came first, and two years later there was a boy. Gordon we called him, for her father. They didn't stay with us for long though. They were taken that winter the church over yonder was built. Lots of the children in these parts had scarlet fever that winter," he added summarily.

He became lost in retrospection. In memory he lived again through those bitter days.

"It was hard, Miss, awful hard," he said at length. "Elizabeth nearly lost her mind. 'They are so little, John,' she would say, 'to be out there alone in the dark and cold.'"

He pulled a friendly looking, charred pipe from his pocket, filled and lighted it, and musingly puffed away. Then, between puffs, he went on.

"For ten years we struggled. Everything went wrong. The cattle died—rust got into the wheat—one year there were grasshoppers. But we just worked, and clung to each other. We couldn't go back—we hadn't the money; and Elizabeth wouldn't have left the children any way.

"It's a hard country, Miss, unless you are strong—even invincible; but to the man who persists, it is kind. After a while things took a turn. The crops were good for a few years. The cattle grew fat, and we began to catch up. We built a new barn and a house with a chimney, and we sent to Toronto for some furniture—women set such store by furniture, you know.

"And then Jack came along. He was a little bit of all right, was Jack," he added reflectively, and his face lighted up. "All sunshine and music—

like spring after a hard winter," compared the old man, who for forty years had known the joy of spring following the rigors of the Alberta winters.

"And how that boy did grow!" he exclaimed. "Why! one day he was riding a hobby horse. The next he was off to high school. Then he joined the Police—North West Mounted, you know, Miss," and he added with pride: "You should have seen him in his red tunic."

HE served six years. Long years they were too, especially to his mother. But last August we got a letter from him, in which he told us he had been honorably discharged, and was on his way home—expected to reach the ranch on Friday.

"We laughed with tears in our eyes over that letter, Miss. You see he was all we had, and it was good to think of having him with us again. We sat up half the night, recalling his baby tricks and his pranks as a boy.

"Elizabeth was stirring at dawn on Thursday. She baked and scoured the whole house and cleaned up the yard till they were almost as bright as her face.

"And after supper, tired but happy, she came in with me while I smoked. We sat before the fire—you know how cool the evenings are, Miss—and were chatting about our day's work when we were startled by a loud knock. We both jumped to our feet, and I went to the door. A stranger stepped into the light, and asked if this was where Braithwaites lived.

"'Right you are,' I told him, and without any warning he said:

"'Well, I've brought you bad news.' 'Elizabeth swayed, but I flung my arm about her. Then he told us.

"Jack had come in on the 4.10; and 'One-Eyed' Oliver had 'got' him. Dropped him as he stepped from the train. He swore he would get him," the old man explained, "when Jack had him sent up for selling whisky to the Indians.

"The stranger then turned to Elizabeth. He said:

"'He's been askin' for you, ma'am. I've come to fetch you.'

"She didn't seem to sense it—she acted numb. So I got her bonnet and shawl, and helped her into the buckboard. She didn't say a word. Just clung to my arm, and looked straight ahead. But we were too late, Miss. He was gone when we got there."

With wide, unseeing eyes he contemplated his knotted, old hands. His face worked convulsively. With an effort, he regained control, and resumed the story.

"We brought him home, and we laid him under the cottonwoods. Elizabeth

Elizabeth was stirring at dawn on Thursday. She baked and scoured the whole house and cleaned up the yard till they were almost as bright as her face



didn't make any fuss—never even shed a tear. She acted as if stunned.

"But she began to fail. Soon she was in bed. I brought the doctor and a nurse out from town, but they could do nothing—she just faded away before my very eyes, Miss.

"One night I sat beside her, holding her hand. She went to sleep, quiet—like a child. But," and he paused, "she didn't wake up."

IN the waning light, his face loomed white and tragic. Every line of his bent, old figure expressed hopelessness.

At length he said:

"A neighbor came in and she led me away. I don't remember much about

what happened after that till they carried her out here.

"But when every one had left, I went back to the empty house, and I sat down before the dead fire. Then I realized Elizabeth had gone. I was alone.

"And I fell on my knees, Miss, and I prayed." His voice became vibrant with emotion. "I begged God to take me too—not to leave me alone. I prayed till I was hoarse, and it became dark in the room.

"But as I prayed, a great fury swept over me. Why had *He* taken them from me? Had I deserved this blow? And I cursed and I raved. I shouted till my throat was dry and useless. I talked a great deal of nonsense to *Him*,

I'm thinking. And later—when I grew calmer—I begged *Him* to show me why, only show me why," he repeated with vehemence, "they were taken from me—why I should be left alone."

He looked away across the wheat, and his anguished eyes asked the question of all suffering hearts—why? Then—slowly—his glance came back to me.

"Well, it isn't for me to know, I'm thinking," he remarked dully. "At least I got no answer.

"But the evenings are bad, Miss—awful bad—without Elizabeth. I'm always waiting for her to come in and sit with me while I smoke, you know. So when the weather lets me, I stay out here. It isn't so lonely to be near them," he concluded.

To Save or Sacrifice An Industry

By James A. McCracken

Secretary The Canada Flax Growers

Illustrated from Photographs

In 1901 there were 32 established flax mills in Ontario. In 1916 there were only 23 and in 1914 this was reduced to 8 active mills. There were 28 mills in operation this year. Every flax centre in Ontario is throbbing with renewed zeal. Does this mean the flax industry has been saved for Canada? Hardly. The Secretary of The Canada Flax Growers tells what is yet to be done.

AMONG the few Canadian industries to profit by the present war is flax. To our flax men the war is providential. Because of wholesale destruction in Belgium, the chief flax fiber producing country, and a curtailment of the supply in Russia and other flax-growing countries, Ontario flax interests have an unparalleled opportunity.

Probably of no other Canadian line of business could you say that the war is going to put it on its feet again. Yet that seems peculiarly true of flax. Not alone because of the present boom by means of which the losses of a previous decade of depression are being recouped, but because of the efforts Canadian flax men are making to establish new and permanent foundations for the conduct of their affairs in the future.

The story is somewhat involved. One might properly relate the history of flax mills in Ontario, which embraces records of half a century. The mills grew out of the facts that flax was found to be a highly suitable crop for the soil and climate of Southern Canada; and that among the first immigrants to this country there were many experienced Irish flax workers. The small field of fiber flax, grown and manufactured into linen on each homestead, developed into the big field embraced by the mill factor in a cultural system connected with his scutch mill in a central town or village. Flax prospered. The number of mills simultaneously in operation in Western Ontario was once as great as forty, and the total number of mills built and

operated in this area during the last half-century is about seventy

Shortly after the beginning of this century sad times fell upon our flax concerns. Flax men themselves are quick to acknowledge that their own lack of enterprise was largely responsible for this result. They resisted co-operation. They neglected to secure the government's assistance, as flax men in other countries have done. Lacking standards of quality they were at the mercy of the big buyers. A pennywise policy was often followed, with ultimate loss. They neglected to keep the farmers' allegiance to flax as an established crop in a regular rotation.

Labor conditions, moreover, had grown less favorable following the rapid development of the Prairie Provinces. Former flax workers drifted away from the mill towns into steadier employment. Flax prices for the kind of fiber Ontario mills produced were too low to allow of attractive wages to workers. Gradually mills that had handled flax were gradually absorbed by other industries. One became a saw mill, one a grist mill, one a store house, and so on. The machinery was either scrapped; stored away, or sold to other mills that remained active. In 1901 there were 31 established mills in operation in Ontario. In 1906 there were only 23, and in the spring of 1914 this number was reduced to eight.

NOW it must occur to you that if Ontario flax mills during a ten-year period could not secure prices sufficient to leave a margin over running and overhead expense, what hope

is there for the industry in Canada? That question, I regret to say, has perplexed more than one government official during recent years. I shall throw all the light possible on it.

In the first place weavers, spinners and manufacturers in every country admit that we can grow as good flax in Ontario as any country in the world. Crops fail here at times not in the main because of general faults of soil or climate, but because of careless soil selection and indifferent cultivation. You see under the old-established Ontario system the mill man rents the land in a state of tilth from the farmer at so much an acre—this year from \$12 up. The farmer got no more for rich land, well cultivated, than for poor land, poorly prepared. Flax seed, be it known, is somewhat more particular than ordinary crops in the matter of seed bed. Hence the result—complaints of poor crops!

This system is already being changed in some of our flax growing centres. This year the farmer secures a foundation price of \$12 an acre and as high as \$14.50 where the crop averages 2½ tons to the acre for a field.

That only goes to show the enlivening of flax men since the war opened the door to new development and new enterprise.

So far for the first phase of the situation! Better crops will yield better flax fiber and bring better prices. But even with good crops a flax business can lose money if the manufacturing is badly conducted.

AN idea of the chance for improvement in our Ontario process may be had from this fact. Some years ago a bundle of good Ontario grown flax straw was shipped to Courtrai, Belgium, to be retted and scutched so that the fiber secured from it might be put on the market and a test price secured. What was the result? Simply this. Fiber manufactured in Ontario from the same kind of straw sold for 12 cents a pound. That obtained from such straw retted and scutched in Belgium brought 22 cents a pound

Now it is economically impossible to ship Ontario flax straw to Belgium. It requires about ten pounds of flax straw to make one pound of fiber. So that the freight on the purely woody matter would swallow up the revenue.

I suppose I need not go into detail about the Ontario process that yields relatively so poor a quality of fiber. The difference is based chiefly on the retting—as flax men express it, "It's all in the retting." In a word the Ontario method is the dew-ret system which means that the flax straw, after being threshed, is spread on stubble fields where it rots by exposure to dew, rain and atmosphere. This rotting is

necessary to the easy removal of the fiber from the stem. Russia follows the same method and secures an even lower price than we do. But Russian labor and living conditions are relatively low, and the flax is grown and handled by peasants who are satisfied with small returns. The Belgian and Irish flax, on the other hand (first and second respectively in the quality of flax fiber produced) is all water retted, which means rotted or degummed by being steeped in water

I told you how treatment of Ontario flax at Courtrai enhanced the value of the fiber to almost the regular price paid for the best Belgian fiber. We come to this point. What are Canadian flax men going to do about it?

WE can grow first class flax. Can we make first class fiber? On all sides flax men answer in chorus: "Not by our present dew-ret methods." Dew retting discolors the fiber, makes threads of uneven strength; sometimes overdoes it, thus making the fiber too soft, and so on. And if you are a spinner's buyer examining a bale of flax, and pick up an uneven handful you will pay according to the weakest fiber in the handful, not according to the average or the best threads.

What Canadian flax men are starting to do then, among other things, is to develop the water-retting process, improve their product by this and other means (to be described later) and secure better prices for the dressed fiber.

MIND you, this is not a simple matter. There have been "good heads" in the flax business in the old days—such men as Brown, of Woodstock, the Livingstons, Forrester, of Mitchell and Weir, of St. Marys. These men, of course, made successes of their plants under dew-retting methods when conditions in general (including easier retting terms, more plentiful and cheaper labor) were more satisfactory. Several of them tried water retting in Western Ontario, and only one—Livingston, of Baden—was successful at it. The failures we now feel able to explain satisfactorily. Suitable flax-retting water, among other things, must be soft and comparatively free from the salts of lime and magnesia. The best water for this purpose so far discovered in the world—that of the Lys River in southwestern Belgium—tests as follows:

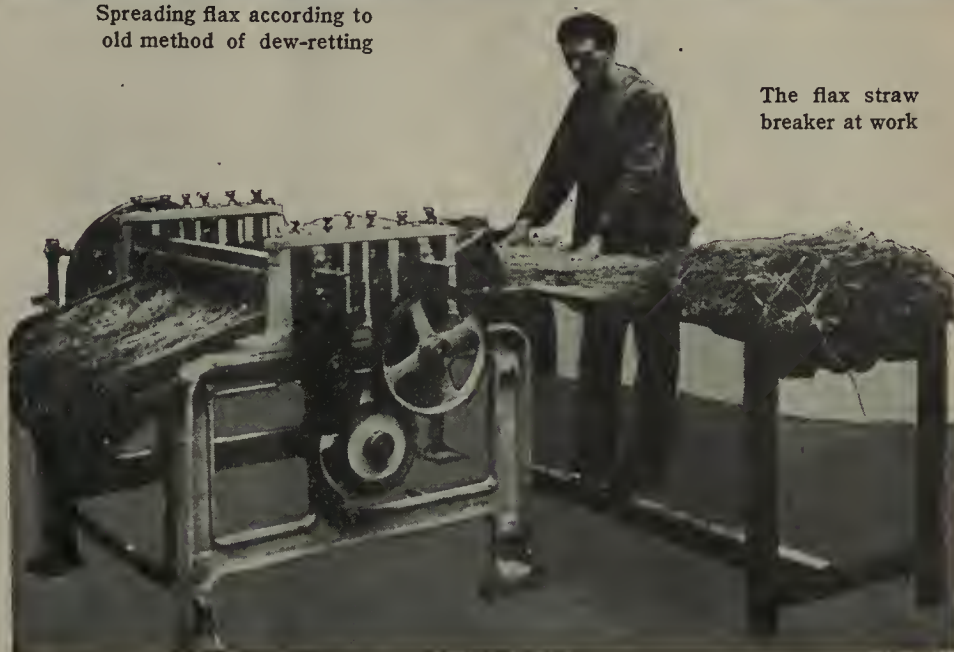
(In parts per million.)

Bicarbonate of lime	70
Sulphate of lime	15
Carbonate of magnesia	5

Such knowledge as we now have, thanks to painstaking scientists here and abroad—was not available to the average flaxman operating thirty and more years ago. Therefore when one



Spreading flax according to old method of dew-retting



The flax straw breaker at work



Flax straw ready for shipment to the mill

would-be water-retter found the creek water too hard he saw no alternative but to abandon his tests.

That would seem quite unnecessary to-day. At least the experimenter would take the next step and soften the water to a point closely approaching the water of the River Lys, which is known to be exactly suitable for flax retting. An excess of lime and magnesia—the objectionable substances in most of our inland streams—can be neutralized and even removed by the addition of quicklime. This changes the bicarbonate of lime to the insoluble carbonate and the carbonate of magnesia to the insoluble hydrate—these insoluble salts settling as sediment to the bottom of the water, and thus being easily removable.

But it is quite probable that the first extended experimentation with water retting methods on this continent will be conducted in water more nearly suitable in its normal state than is the hard water of our inland streams. The latter have the undoubted advantage of easy accessibility—in some cases being immediately adjacent to the flax mill property. This advantage, however, is of far less consequence than the requirement of having first a suitable retting water in plentiful quantities, and secondly machinery for handling large quantities of straw. Water retting works require immersion crates and means of handling them. As a substitute for the expensive and tedious foreign process of drying the straw drying machinery such as is at present in use in two mills on this continent might be installed.

The water that seems most closely to fill the conditions is that of one of the many streams and cuts about Wallaceburg, Ont. If this after experiment proves satisfactory there is a good prospect of seeing spring up in Western Ontario a new Courtrai. To Courtrai, you are told, every year, thousands of tons of fine flax straw are shipped from various parts of Belgium, Holland, Northern France and Germany for treatment in the wonderful River Lys. The skilled operatives and concentrated machinery, and the presence of the immense Courtrai fiber market are factors, that added to the suitability of the water of the Lys, attract so much flax straw to that center.

This is only one avenue of hope for the Canadian flax fiber industry. Some flax factors are making other kinds of experiments. Fraleigh of Forest has already had an Irish flax worker start water retting operations in a new tank 50 feet by 15 feet built for the purpose. The Irishman has followed Irish methods as closely as possible. Irish flax, be it said, is the strongest in the world's markets, though not the best for spinning. Some attribute this to the long

slow period of growth as well as to the methods of curing and manufacture. It has occurred to several long-established flax factors in the London peninsula of Ontario that a central rettery established at some satisfactory point, to which the baled straw could be shipped by rail from the small receiving stations near the fields, will be the ultimate result of the present movement.

Meanwhile every flax center in Ontario is throbbing with renewed zeal. From eight active mills in 1914 the number has swelled this year to 28. Next season, unless signs fail, the number will probably be thirty. Big spinning companies already have leased some of the idle mills and are growing their own crops this year.

ONE object toward which the Canadian flax growers, recently organized, are striving is that of government

One object toward which The Canada Flax Growers are striving is Government co-operation. France has realized the importance of fiber flax and bonuses her growers Five Dollars per acre. Flax men are wondering why our Canadian Governments, both Dominion and Provincial, have done so little even in the way of experimentation and cultural improvement.

co-operation. They insist on the involved nature of flax working. The crop embraces both cultural and manufacturing activities. On every acre of flax grown for fiber there is expended under Ontario methods between \$70 and \$100. This money is distributed in the flax mill centers and increases the exports of the country to that extent.

France has realized the importance of fiber flax in this connection and bonuses her flax growers to the extent of about five dollars an acre. Every flax-growing nation supplies either education or financial assistance (sometimes both) to the industry. Flax men are wondering why our Canadian governments, both Dominion and provincial, have done so little, even in

the way of experimentation and cultural improvement. They can see no reason except it be that the proposition has never been put to the authorities.

The Growers as a body are succeeding in presenting flax to the farmer for what it is honestly worth among farm crops. Some agriculturists have inherited unjust prejudices against the crop for a number of reasons too complicated to explain here. Where flax is understood the attitude of farmers is strongly favorable to the cultivation of the crop.

To secure a better basis for selling their product, as every other class of producers have obtained, some system of government inspection and grading is demanded. At present no Ontario flax fiber producer is capable of estimating closely the value of his wares because only spinners of long experience can accurately judge spinning fiber. For this reason Ontario flax line has no definite markings, and no established reputation in the world's markets. Good fiber is therefore less remunerative than if a reputation could be maintained back of it.

Chance and the havoc of war have opened the way for a probable solution of our labor difficulties. The old generation of Irish flax workers has practically passed away and there was neither sufficient financial inducement nor even sufficient opportunity for the younger people to take their places. Skilled help is necessary for the mill work and the more experience there is back of the field operations the better will be the resulting fiber.

Already about 1,000 Belgians and Dutch are settled near the Sydenham River in the sugar beet region about Wallaceburg. Many of these are experienced flax workers since most of the farmers of Belgium and Holland raise fiber flax regularly. Flax men of Western Ontario have not been slow to seize this opportunity of enlisting as many of these immigrants as could be secured. More arrivals—among those outside the military age—are expected from Europe as time goes on. From these it is hoped to obtain more skilled scutchers who will be engaged to introduce their excellent methods in Canadian flax mills, and teach our regular Canadian flax workers all they can of flax treatment. What are needed to give stability to the flax centers are regular flax-working communities established about the mills. The central mill plan could offer steady employment—a condition small isolated mills have never yet reached. Small plants, run on the old methods, are reduced to the necessity of establishing auxiliary interests, such as hay-growing, cattle-raising, and sugar beet culture in order to keep their few essential hands in steady employment. This is indeed a common practice in Western Ontario.



Lopsided Luck

By Luman U. Spehr

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm



THE courtroom door opened and the rotund, smiling countenance of "Big Bill" Hennessy appeared. He led by one handcuffed wrist a collarless, disheveled young fellow unshaven of jaw and most unprepossessing of appearance. This was the notorious Gordon Mullen, horse-thief and desperado, who had been a newspaper sensation.

Everyone of the dozen people in the room gazed solemnly at the young prisoner. They were rather surprised at his youth for they had expected to see a man of more maturity. Otherwise, however, he corresponded with the mental image they had formed of him. He looked like a typical tough.

There was no sympathy felt for Mullen. He had been tried by the press and convicted by public opinion of the most unpardonable crime of the west, horse stealing. No mitigating circumstances had been revealed to make him deserving of leniency. All eyes watched him gravely as he stepped into the dock and faced the magistrate, apparently unconcerned about his fate. Only "Big Bill" smiled. His broad wink at a reporter across the room as he settled comfortably into a chair between Mullen and the door, seemed decidedly inappropriate.

When, without emotion, the youth admitted stealing three horses, the last doubt left those few who were inclined to be compassionate. All were convinced that he was incorrigible.

Mechanically following the rules of procedure the magistrate asked Mullen if he had anything to say before sentence was passed on him.

"I'd like to tell my side of it," came the response.

"That is your right," consented the judge but he was obviously wearied at the delay.

IN a steady, conversational tone the young man began. "I am not a regular horse-thief; this is my first offence. I fell this time because of a girl."

Startled into interest by the abruptness of the declaration everyone looked up. Mullen's excuse was to be the



On a knoll overlooking this lake I put up the cabin that was to house Elsie and me until I could afford more pretentious quarters

old love story; never believed but always entertaining when well told. The newspapermen reached for their pencils.

The smile on "Big Bill's" face broadened and he leaned back in pleasant anticipation.

Oblivious of the interest he had awakened Mullen continued: "I left my home in California two years ago and came up to Manitoba. My uncle, Ferdinand Harrington, put me to work as a farm hand. I wanted to make practical use of the theories I had learned during an agricultural course at college.

"Uncle had a daughter, Elsie, and we fell in love. After a few months we decided to get married. My folks were poor and I had no money so I asked uncle to help me get a start. Though I promised to repay him with interest he refused. He said he would help an old man any time but a young man never.

"We were more determined than ever by Uncle's refusal. We would show him we could get along without his aid. Some homesteads were being opened over in Saskatchewan and I determined to take one and start in on my own hook. I was not given much time to think it over. Uncle seemed to hate me after he found out I cared for Elsie and he made it so unpleasant I had to leave.

"I made my entry on a piece of rolling prairie with a beautiful creek, wooded along the bank, and widening into a little lake at one end of my property. On a knoll overlooking this lake I put up the cabin that was to house Elsie and me until I could afford more pretentious quarters.

"I am making this too long, though. You do not care to listen to such details," he interrupted himself.

"Go ahead, but make it as short as you can," responded the magistrate.

"I'LL get right down to what caused the trouble then. It was spring when I finished my cabin and I set out as I had planned, to find a farmer who would take my services during the seeding season in exchange for the use of a team and a breaking plow after the rush was over. I went from neighbor to neighbor, some of them forty miles or more from my place trying to make arrangements of this kind. Any of them would have been glad to put me to work but none could spare horses. It was imperative that I get enough land broken to put in a crop the next year. The sod would have to decay. I was stumped.

"There was nothing I could do at the time, however, so I accepted a job and worked until summer. Then with my wages I tried to hire a team but again met with no success. Every farmer

needed all his animals. In desperation I tried finally to break sod with a garden fork. If you've ever tried it you can imagine what progress I made.

"With the arrival of the harvest season I went to work for a farmer again. Later I went back to Manitoba and got a job for the winter with one of my uncle's neighbors, so that I could be near Elsie. Then we did a very foolish thing; just how foolish we did not realize at the time. We slipped into town and were married.

"We kept it secret and Elsie continued to live at Uncle's, but I felt the added responsibility keenly after more sober reflection.

"This spring I hustled back to the homestead and found a farmer, who promised to rent me a team when summer came if I would help him seed. When the rush was over, though, he failed me and again the others turned me down as they had before. I was desperate.

"To cap it all I got a letter from Elsie bearing news that made my heart flutter. I could not be put off longer. I had to get my farm into shape at once.

"I DON'T know how the thought ever came to enter my head. Up to that time I had never even dreamed of breaking the law. But suddenly it struck me, as I sat brooding, that I could take somebody else's horses and use them without his knowing it. I tried to put the temptation from me but it kept growing in my mind despite my efforts and before I knew it I had taken the horses.

"It was easy to slip into that farmer's barn at night, take three horses and drive them back across the line before daybreak. I tethered them in some scrub by day and moved only at night. In five days I was back on my farm. I bought a plow and went to work.

"Some of my neighbors must have seen the horses and grown suspicious. I am sure somebody must have told on me. Probably the circulars sent out by the police led to my undoing. At any rate while I was at work last week, the sheriff and his deputy drove up. They told me I was wanted. It set me wild. The thought that Elsie, in her delicate condition, would learn that I was a criminal fairly crazed me. I was hardly responsible for my actions anyway and when the sheriff insisted on handcuffing me I lost my head. I fought like a mad man I guess. They finally consented to let me go without the disgrace of manacles and I accompanied them.

"That is my story sir."

UNUSUALLY long for a confession, still Mullen's story had held the audience closely attentive. The sim-

licity of the tale, so different from the illogical, fantastic fabrications frequently offered by wrongdoers in extenuation of their lapses, made it convincing. The quiet steady voice in which it had been told proclaimed its truth.

From scoffing skeptics, cynical from constant contact with the untrustworthy, the men in the court gradually became sympathetic listeners. As they heard the incidents related, which led up to the crime, they realized how mistaken they had been in their first impression.

Mullen was disheveled in appearance, true, but a weary ride on the train and a night in jail accounted for that. Hidden by the stubble was a resolute jaw; his straggling hair covered a good forehead; his eyes were clear and fearless; instead of denoting the hardened criminal his calmness in pleading guilty signified ignorance of the seriousness of his offence. He was not a rough desperado but an educated man, who had made a mistake.

The attitude of the magistrate was decidedly friendly as he smiled at the prisoner. The others in the room also smiled pleasantly. "Big Bill" chuckled.

"Mullen, your story sounds plausible and I'm inclined to believe it," remarked the judge. "It's always necessary, however, to investigate these stories before we pass sentence, so I think I will remand you for a couple of days."

"That is only fair, sir," promptly replied the young man. "Naturally I am anxious to get away but you should verify my statements of course. One thing I forgot to tell you was that I left a note at the barn where I took the horses, promising to pay for them with interest added for the trouble I put him to. The officer has that note."

ALL eyes were turned on "Big Bill." He rose, leisurely reached into his inside coat pocket, and produced a slip of paper, which he handed to the magistrate. The latter scanned it, then turned to the prisoner.

"Mullen this convinces me of your veracity," he said. "I feel certain that, had you not been telling the truth, you would not have been ready to have me verify your statements. This note shows me that your act was more one of desperation than deliberate crime. Though it is an unheard of proceeding I am inclined to let you go on suspended sentence."

"Thank you sir. You may be sure I will never fall again," the young man promised happily.

"No my boy, I don't think you ever will," the magistrate agreed.

"Reckon this here farce has gone far

Continued on page 59.

The School Library In Alberta

By Emily Murphy

IN describing life on a western homestead and the lack of reading material, I made use of these words in *Janey Canuck in the West*: "It seems to me the possibilities of the school house in the life of the settlers are not utilized to their best advantage. There ought assuredly to be a small circulating library of well-selected books—chiefly fiction—in each school. I say "fiction" advisedly, for if I lived here, I would prefer it myself because my life would have less color, and it would want color, and love, and laughter, too, and those touches of imagination that annex fairyland to the solid earth."

Numerous people wrote concerning this idea, and among others, His Excellency Earl Grey, who was Governor General of Canada. He hoped the suggestion would "go right home." It, however, remained for the Hon. John R. Boyle, K. C., Minister of Education for the Province of Alberta, to take the initiative in the

matter and thus win the honor of establishing the first complete system of rural libraries in the public schools of Canada. It is true that there are travelling libraries in Ontario which may be had periodically by the payment of a certain fee and the expenses of transportation, but these are not selected by those who read them and possess the transitory interest of all borrowed goods. In "the excellent years to be," Mr. Boyle's name, therefore, will be remembered and honored as one who has been in the

highest sense a benefactor. He has the comparatively rare gift of initiative which, after all, is the highest gift possible.

For several years now, in this right pleasant Province of Alberta, we have been anxious because of the incoming hordes of foreigners who have been trekking into this land in long and lustful lines. As we stare at them with wonder-wide eyes and consider the environment from which they came; their

great Anglo-Saxon ideal must, therefore, be a long and painful process. Properly viewed, this can only be accomplished by careful instruction—line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Were it not that these children were taken in charge at an early age by the public schools, the task of training them into useful and loyal citizens must be an almost hopeless one. As the child learns the lesson in the school, he

teaches it to his parents in the home and so reverses the processes of instruction which usually prevails in the average English-speaking home.

It was in such a home — although, be it said, a Canadian one—that a certain western humorist had in mind when she described a little girl telling the story of the Magna Charta to the assembled household, and drawing such vivid pictures of King John's general depravity that her hearers were stirred to indignation and

thought the king had better be mending his manners, or trouble would be coming to him. "And you bet there was" said the heroine. "What did they do but get together one day, after they had got the crop cut, and drew up a list of things that he couldn't do, and they goes to him and says they, "Sign yer Highness or there'll be another man on to your job. We brought our dinners" said they, "and we'll stay till you find your pen."

There are, doubtless, hundreds of such stories being rehearsed in the iso-



Each man's need is different, but when every foot of the way means something to a man, he is not so liable to sigh for the city, or to be bored into sinfulness by reason of an untutored mind

dull unawakened minds and their ingrained prejudices, our hearts fail us with fear, for the task of welding this rude conglomerate mass into a coherent and definite whole seems a well-nigh titanic task. To neglect these people is to do so at our peril.

WHILE these outland folk learn much from our well-conceived and well-executed laws, still in the end, Rousseau's dictum holds good that those people are best governed who are least governed. The inculcating of the



We have been anxious because of the incoming hordes of foreigners who have been trekking into this land in long and lustful lines. As we stare at them with wonderwide eyes, our hearts fail us with fear, for the task of welding this rude conglomeration [into a coherent whole, seems a well-nigh titanic task.

In the storage room the books are piled up on the shelves in no poor-spirited way, and with no non-conducting glass between them and me to break the happy current of our intercourse. Neither has any Act of Uniformity a jurisdiction over them other than that of clear type, good paper, and right excellent illustrations. They are all here, those wise and witty old fables and fantasies that have been the heritage of the nursery folk for so many generations; Æsop, Don Quixote, Aladdin, Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, Christian and the shepherds who fed their flocks on the Delectable Mountains—these, and the more modern stories of Alice in Wonderland, Rip Van Winkle, Hiawatha, Little Nell, and the Water Babies.

FORGETTING for awhile the fat-faced guard, the hairy-handed guard and all such kittle-kattle, I wandered far away with Odin in his search for wisdom; was vengeful with the Volsungs, rested me in the Twilight of the Gods, or helped whole-heartedly in the Destruction of Asgard. Once more, I succumbed to the fascination of the "Tales" by the gentle Elsa and his sister. Who could, for even a moment, become blase concerning a story which begins, "There was a certain island in the sea whose only inhabitants were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady."

Of more than passing interest is "the Children's Story of the War" which is being issued in serial parts as the combat proceeds. These books are creating

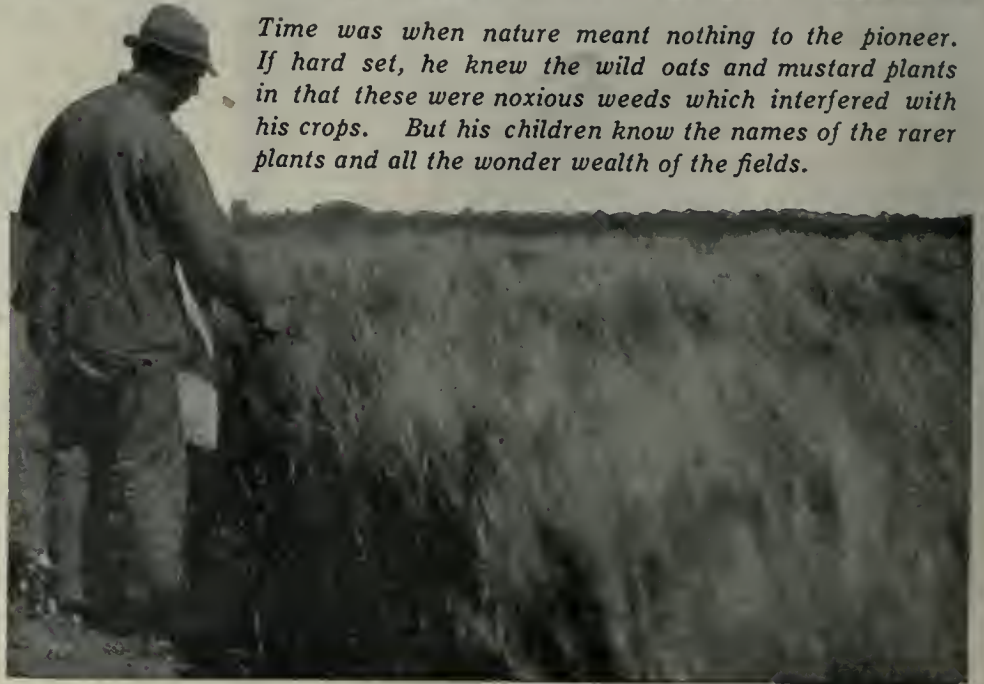
lated steadings of the north. The child in the school, whether foreign-born or Canadian, grasps the vital side of an historical episode and recreates it as biography in the minds of her auditors.

And why not? Properly speaking, these two subjects are one and the same thing. Indeed, instead of an array of uninteresting figures and data, it is now the aim of every teacher, under the new pedagogic method, to humanize the incidents. Accordingly; if a child finds it hard to remember the word Michilimackinac, or the date of the fall of that redoubtable fort, the teacher has only to tell him how the Indians invited the soldiers outside the walls for a game of lacrosse and then threw the ball into the enclosure, following it as part of the game, thus taking the fort by strategy. And, furthermore, she may, thanks to our Mr. Boyle, take from the school bookcase the volume entitled "Byroads to History" and show the child a picture of the scene. And if the child be deeply interested—he or she has the right to take the volume home to display the picture there. It is by these means that a long and steady course of instruction is brought into numerous homes that must otherwise have remained in apathy and ignorance. It was such instruction an English essayist had in mind when he said that anything in the shape of a story or incident gained vastly in interest if presented in school hours among those tiresome things called lessons.

A VISIT to the school-library department at Edmonton will give one a good idea of the scope of this work. The Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, having been destroyed the week previously, there were some unusual difficulties to be encountered in securing admittance to the Provincial Legislature where the books are stored. A difficult, drastic fellow halted me at the door while another with a bag-pipe face and hands that were large and hairy, opened and searched my handbag. To a mild-mannered gentleman at a table,

I gave a name—presumably my own—and was ultimately taken in hand by a shaveling page, who in the dare of youth, piloted me to the basement, watching me closely all the while. "A-ah!" thought I, "it would give me joy at the heart-strings to gag and truss this estimable boy; to carry him back under one arm, and to say in a lofty, but withal nonchalant air, "Gentlemen, I present your pigeon." But other than confiding in his startled ears that there was a bullet-head under my hat (which hat he may have noticed was an inordinately large one) I refrained from any unusual naughtiness. It seemed a pity though to lose so fair an opportunity of demonstrating the inutility of four male persons where one wickedly-intentioned woman might be concerned, and of driving home the lesson that bombs, like bribes, have, upon occasion, been known to get in without knocking.

Time was when nature meant nothing to the pioneer. If hard set, he knew the wild oats and mustard plants in that these were noxious weeds which interfered with his crops. But his children know the names of the rarer plants and all the wonder wealth of the fields.



a great interest in the northern parts of the province where magazines like *The Graphic* and *London Illustrated* are almost unknown. It is from this serial that Jonathan and George Washington of the United States; Wilfrid and Jacques of Quebec; Ludwig, Antonio, Heinrich, Michael, Ferdinand, and all other lads from the different countries in Europe learn something of the unconquerable might and masterhood of the British Empire.

"Wasted on them," you say. Ah! my friend, you have forgotten—or perhaps you have never heard—that with the exception of two, all the members of the present Cabinet of the United States were one-time country boys. What has happened in the Republic, will happen in the Dominion. The future law-makers and financiers of Canada are, to-day, being trained in the wide spaces of the North where, undisturbed by pleasure and unpampered by wealth, we are building up a type of man who shall be straight alike in body and mind—a man who shall be as the brain-flame to his people. Aye! it must be a royal race that shall come out of the North—the much loved, much reproached North.

But I was telling you concerning the books. Here are volumes by which the country-child may identify the birds and learn to reverse the proverb so that a bird on the bush will be worth two in the hand.

TIME was when Nature meant nothing to the pioneer except sustenance. A tree was for fuel, for building purposes or to make corduroy roads. Certain flowers had some slight medicinal value. If hard set, he could

Although this library movement is yet in its infancy, the demand for books has been so large that 110,000 volumes were sent out last year at a cost of \$30,000. Almost every book of account is to be found on these shelves, from Homer's *Iliad* to *Everyman's Encyclopaedia*



identify the rose, the sunflower, and the blood-lily that gave to his fields a fire-red shining. He knew the wild oats and the mustard plant in that these were noxious weeds which interfered with his crop. Mayhap, he could even name the mint, the vetch, and the bluff wild parsnip, but here his knowledge ceased. But, in these better times, his children know the names of the rarer plants such as the anemone, the painted trillium, and the much-coveted "ginger which possesses the Five Relishes"—these, and all the wonder-wealth of the fields.

"To what purpose?" you ask. Gentle Sir, how can I say when each man's need is different, but sometimes, I have thought that when every foot of the way means something to a man, he is not so liable to sigh for the city, or to be bored into sinfulness by reason of an unfed mind. "Sing ho! for the flowers of the field," say I, and you must say "Sing hey! for them."

But not only is there literature for the country-boy whose standard of

speech, heretofore, has chiefly been the finished profanity of the ox-driver who acts as hired man, but also for Madam, his mother, whose heart is becoming like withered hay because of her loneliness and isolation. Almost every book of account is to be found on these shelves from Homer's *Iliad* to *Everyman's Encyclopaedia*.

The selection of the school library is left with the teacher, although certain books are recommended by the Department as almost essential.

Although this library movement is yet in its infancy, the demand for books has been so large that 110,000 volumes were sent out last year at a cost of \$30,000. The allotment to each school is based upon the Inspector's report which has to do with progress, equipment, and like matters of a local nature.

The Honorable John Robert Boyle, K.C., the organizer of this library system, was born in Lambton County, Ontario, and was educated at the High School at Sarnia. Fifteen years ago, he went to the Province of Saskatchewan where he taught school for several years. Mr. Boyle likes to dwell upon his experiences as a pioneer teacher during this period and, although these would make highly interesting reading, the writer thereof would be open to the charge of melodrama. Suffice it to say that Mr. Boyle learned how to make everything incidental to the life from coffee to coffins. Indeed, he claims, upon occasion, to have made hay, made goal, and even to have made love. Anyone can easily believe it, in that he is a man firm in health, possessing a look of happy materialism—a deep-chested, thickset man, and broad at the belt like the picture of John Bull by Sir John Teniel. It is just as well though, in appraising Boyle to cast an eye over his head and shoulders. It will enable you to see that he is a worker who thinks with direction—one of ideality and practicality.

Mr. Boyle took up the study of law in Regina, in the office of Mackenzie & Brown, but finished his course in the office of the Hon. H. C. Taylor, of Edmonton. He was called to the



Alberta bar in 1899 and, since that time, has practised his profession in the Albertan capital until entering the cabinet of the Provincial Legislature as Minister of Education. In 1905, he was elected to the first Alberta Legislature as Member for Sturgeon, being re-elected for the same constituency in 1909. Mr. Boyle was also an alderman of the first Council of the City of Edmonton.

In 1902, he married Dora Shaw, of High River, Alberta, a clever, amiable woman, whose sympathy and quick insight have been of valuable assistance

to her husband, especially in the troublous days in 1910 when Mr. Boyle was the leader of "the Insurgents" who took issue with the Premier of the Province on the matter of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, finally overturning the government.

As a debater, Mr. Boyle is conversational in his method; moderate and quiet. His speeches show him to be a close student both of politics and affairs, so that his words seldom fail to carry conviction. Perhaps, this is the best that can be written of a debater. It was the late Fra Elbertus

who claimed that oratory is an unworthy art, the prime requisite for a speaker being to feel deeply and to have a message. If a man have these, with good intelligence and good health, he cannot fail to impress his hearers.

As a *raconteur* Mr. Boyle probably excels any other member on the Government side of the House, but to hear him at his best, you must visit him at his summer home on the beautiful Lake Wabamun when the teachers, trustees, and scholars have alike ceased from troubling and the weary are truly at rest.

His Postscript

By Eric A. Darling

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

ON three walls of the room in which John Glending sat, lost in abstraction, were many books, a portion of the finest library of corporate law in the province. In the waste basket beside him were many fragments of the stationery that lay upon the desk before him. A sheet of it, covered with writing, the ink of which had long since dried, lay beneath an idle pen. A small desk clock, half buried in a mass of papers hurriedly thrust aside, struck a muffled hour, and a late one, but its warning fell upon unheeding ears.

Though Glending was an indefatigable worker—as the man who is accounted the best corporate counsel in a great city must needs be—there were but few books upon his desk this evening or upon the floor about it, and the paper before him bore a simple monogram in blue, in place of the imprint of the firm of which he was the head. It was the beginning of a purely personal letter written to a woman several hundreds of miles away.

"My Dear Miss Huntington," it ran, "I feel that what I have to say may come all unexpectedly to you, and I find it strangely difficult to express in words the thought that, since many months, has become so intimately a part of my life.

"I am a lonely man and have been so for over twenty years—ever since the death of my mother, in fact. I have been blessed with some few good friends, it is true—and I have them still—but never until this last summer have I realized that for me, as well as other men, there might be one closer than all

others." And here the writing ceased.

THERE was a great earnestness in Glending's steady gray eyes and in the straight lines of his clean-shaven lips, as he sat half-swung about in his chair, studying with introspective gaze the surface of a blotter decorated with many dotted diagrams pointing to a considerable period of meditation. Once the momentary shadow of a grim smile played about his lips, as again he glanced over the result of an hour's arduous labor. There is a certain humor, after all, in the thought of a man of forty odd, whose hair is already silvered and thinned by the touch of time, composing his first love letter—but again, and the smile vanished abruptly, it is a serious matter when this same letter is to ask the woman to marry him, a woman, too, who perhaps has not given his memory a thought since their last meeting of two months before.

During the past two years Glending had met her now and again, casually, as she visited at the home of a mutual friend, but affairs had pressed heavily upon him, and immersed in the exacting duties of his professional career, he had found time to think of her only as he would have of any other lovely woman. Then, during the summer just sped, they had chanced to spend three blessed weeks at the same picturesque retreat in the Rockies. When his brief vacation had run its allotted length and the time came to depart, Glending had awakened, as from a dream, and with a vague intuition of how it was to be with him from that time on.

She had given him no sign, however, that he, unskilled in the ways of woman-kind, could read with any certainty; and out of the very unexpectedness and novelty of the situation he had left her with no word as to his inner state. Ever a self-contained man, this new mysterious force in his life had been compelled to battle for supremacy with the various other interests of a busy, successful career, to prove, as it were, its mettle. Still, within a pitifully brief interval of time the experience of twenty years had gone down to defeat before that of three weeks, and the letter now lying incomplete before him was to be the token of an unconditional surrender.

Its phrasing, however, had proven an unexpected stumbling block to Glending; he could not dictate it to his stenographer, as he did his other correspondence while pacing the length of his office floor, and it was only when he had lighted his last cigar that the realization had come to him—that if anything were to be done that night it must be done at once—and so, haltingly his pen took to paper once more. Gradually the sound of its scratching became continuous, but only at rare intervals was its note of any confidence, and when the writer finally pushed back his chair it was with a sigh of dissatisfaction rather than of relief.

The letter lay before him now, ready for the morning mail—and it seemed to him he had never been guilty of so inadequate an effort with so much at stake. As he rose, he looked down wistfully at the address—her own dear name, and impulsively he snatched it up and pressed it for a moment to his

lips, only to replace it hastily and glance involuntarily about the room—subconsciously rebelling at a habit of mind that made this seem an act of momentary madness. What a pitifully small fraction, after all, of all that stirred vaguely within him, had been able to escape upon paper! Would it all seem cold and formal to her, perhaps even suggestive of dry documents?


He sank back in his chair, took the letter out and read it over hopefully once more, but it had not changed. Indeed it seemed worse than before, and he thrust it back into its envelope with a groan; tossed it unsealed upon the desk to await the decision of the morning. Then, rising swiftly, he switched off the lights and passed into his bedroom beyond, where he soon slept heavily, dreamlessly as some men can, who deal in large affairs.

AN hour later Harvey St. Clair quietly entered the library by way of a window. He crossed the middle room cautiously and stood a moment listening at the bedroom door. . . . then entered. . . . after a brief interval reappearing with a roll of bills, a watch and several scarfpins, all acquired with a technique so faultless as to leave the sleeper undisturbed.

Slipping back then, shadowlike, to the first room, the intruder carefully closed and locked the door behind him, drew the heavy window shades and switched on the lights. At sudden sight of the books about him his pale, almost ascetic face lighted up with an inner joy; his breath came quickly with a sharp, rapturous intake. From shelf to shelf, to case to case, he passed eagerly, ranging about the room, removing a book here and there, scanning its pages rapidly and returning to its place.

At length he paused by a little liquor cabinet to pour a glass of wine. When he had emptied this, he lighted one of his own cigars, since Glending's stock was obviously exhausted, and sank with a sigh of luxurious satisfaction into the great chair before the open desk. He, too, had practised at the bar in the days before he had signed another man's will a week subsequent to that gentleman's departure from this life, which grave anachronism, unfortunately discovered, had cut short a promising legal career; but had opened up—after a hiatus of some years—a wide field in another direction. In time, St. Clair's facile pen had become a source of considerable anxiety to the bankers of many cities at home and even abroad.

St. Clair had not always been his name. At various times and in divers places he had possessed himself of many others, and in the beginning—previous



There is a sort of humor in the thought of a man of forty odd, whose hair is already silvered and thinned by the touch of time, composing his first love letter

to the years of the hiatus—but why enter into this at all? One name is as good as another, and so why hold it 'gainst a man if now and then he covet a change?

SEATED now at Glending's desk his thin face softened with a wonderful content; the appeal of the room was not to be denied. Whimsically, he stretched forth his hand towards the electric button that rang the call-bell; it seemed good to have someone at his summons again. A long while ago it had been always that way, and even now he could pay well for such service—were it not that he who walks in shadowy paths can trust no one, and needs must walk alone.

Remembrance warned, and with a little frown he withdrew his hand, and

fell to gazing meditatively into vacancy through wreaths of fragrant smoke-clouds, an indiscretion peculiarly dear to him while in strange apartments late at night.

St. Clair would not have you think of him as a common thief. Nor does he belong in the Raffles class, nor yet again in that of the occasional offender. An affair such as to-night's is with him merely a turn, indulged in only out of regular business hours, and even then at but rare intervals—something to be taken as a desperate remedy—an intellectual cocktail, as it were, to be sipped with due deliberation and thorough appreciation, not taken at a gulp for the sake of the after-effects.

As his hand settled back upon the desk his fingers closed unconsciously upon the letter lying there and began

to play with it, absently turning it end for end while his abstracted gaze still lingered upon the opposite wall of the room. Ever imaginative and impressionable, he saw himself in his mind's eye back at the bar again; and sitting at ease in Glending's chair, he began reviewing, by way of mental exercise, the celebrated C. R. and W. Merger Case—that astute lawyer's latest triumph—with the data of which he was richly supplied by the newspaper accounts he had eagerly followed at the time.

Some minutes had elapsed in this pleasant occupation when the half-concealed clock at his elbow struck the hour. Startled by the interruption he wheeled sharply about to the desk where his glance fell full upon the address of the letter in his hand. The writing was very plainly to be read, but he studied it carefully for some time before he swung clear of the desk again, and fell to smoking a trifle harder than before.

As he smoked he eyed the knob of the door across the room, but had Glending turned it now and entered, he might have done so unchallenged and possibly unobserved—for out in the room, somewhere between St. Clair's eyes and the door, floated a girl's face, vague, tremulous and compelling, and the eyes of it were soft and dimmed with tears and the mouth was very sad.

FASCINATED, the man sat gazing, no longer smoking, but with tight pressed lips that quivered slightly now and then, as though about to form a name. Then as the vision slowly blurred and faded to a mist that gathered in his eyes, he turned to the desk again and bent over it a face suddenly grown pinched and gray.

The letter he still held clutched in his thin, white fingers was unsealed. He pulled the contents partly out, and hesitated—but by what right, after all, did this other man presume to write to her? He opened and read, and as he read his lips parted in a faint smile. Poor child! Must love then come to her again in so pitiful a guise? His fingers moved instinctively to crush the letter—but to what end? Another no better, possibly even worse, would surely follow—and, too, Glending was successful and a wonderful lawyer; no one could gainsay this. St. Clair shrugged his shoulders as the spectre of a dead ambition rose up to mock him.

Half musingly he picked up a pen and copied Glending's bold signature upon a scrap of paper. It was a startling success, the work of a master hand, and a smile of cynical approval played about the master workman's lips as he compared copy and original, stroke for

stroke, letter for letter. But the bitterness faded from the smile and it grew tender as he looked out into the room again and whispered her name, softly. Then slowly he began to copy a few lines of the letter itself and then more rapidly, until at length several sheets of paper were closely covered with writing. Studying these critically for a few moments, he thrust them into his pocket and then drew beneath his pen the last sheet of Glending's letter, blank save for a few lines upon one page and the signature.

As he wrote, his face flushed and softened, but when he finally straightened in his chair and returned the letter to its envelope, all the hard lines had returned and his eyes were dull and sombre—the gates of Paradise were closed once more and the room had grown suddenly cold. With a shiver he rose from the desk, hesitated a moment, and took from his pocket the roll of bills, then the watch and scarf-pins. With these in hand he started across the room toward the door leading to the bedroom; but with his hand upon the knob he paused.

"After all, professional services are worth a fee," he muttered as he retraced his steps. Then the lights switched off and the figure melted into the gloom from whence it had appeared, passing noiselessly through the open window.

IN the morning Glending discovered his loss, but in the face of things 'twas insignificant. Had he been poorer or less in love it might have troubled him, but at present, to him, the letter he had writ the night before was the all-important thing. He found he could not bring himself to scan its lines again, before mailing; this was perhaps as well since he found presently that he had sealed it after all, in place of leaving it open as intended.

A kind Providence, it seemed, had long previous adopted John Glending for her favored child, and it was scarce a day later that this old mountebank of a world had changed its guise for him at the magic of a woman's call, clicked off over miles of space in that little word "come."

A little later still—and the interim does not concern us—he exclaimed in modest bewilderment: "But, Lois, I can't understand just how my letter could have made all the difference to you that you say it did? It was hard enough to write and it seemed to say so little after all."

"It was not the letter itself, John, that you have to thank for being here," she exclaimed, with the tremulous, throaty laugh of a woman who knows herself to be well loved. "It was the postscript, dear!"

"The postscript!"

"Why, yes—you had forgotten it?" The rising inflection was ominous, and Glending, though sorely puzzled, replied hastily: "No-o, but the fact is, I can't recall very well *anything* I wrote that night, except that it all was most unsatisfactory." He was the cool and crafty lawyer now, cautiously feeling his way toward an unknown danger. "I wish, though, you would let me see the letter again, if you don't mind; I may have written something in—"

"What a silly thing to ask!" she interrupted spiritedly. "From the way you talk I don't believe you could identify it!" And it was only after much cajolery that Glending finally possessed himself of the lines he had written.

He smiled to himself in generous pity as he glanced them over, but the smile faded into guarded impassiveness when he came to the postscript, written apparently by his own hand, but of which he had not the slightest remembrance.

"My very dear Sweetheart, I cannot let this poor letter go to you without another word. My arms are empty to-night, dear one—and my heart is aching as old memories return and your sweet face eclipses all the world. Believe me, little girl, the only hope of heaven for me lies in your brown eyes, and I thirst—dear God, how I thirst!—to drink of their clear depths again and in that holy rite to become a better, truer man. Love me, Lois, love me but a little, and I will cause that love to grow into a mighty thing. I will cherish you, dear heart, and worship you. Your soft hand shall guide me where it will and your sweet voice shall teach me to utter again the prayers I have forgotten. It is late—and dark out of doors, dear, and cold. I am alone, so much alone—"

Glending's head was bowed and his face averted as he read the lines he might have written twenty years before. When he had finished he was breathing heavily and his eyes were shining. A tender smile illumined his face as he turned to the girl standing close beside him, gazing up with puzzled expectant eyes. A strange, yes, a wonderful thing had come to pass, he knew, and knew also that he must not deceive her now. Then quite suddenly, as he looked into her eyes, the ice of twenty years, thinned and loosened by a late sun, broke away with a mighty rush and in a moment he had crushed her in his arms, sweeping her to him in a great wave of long pent-up emotion that forced a moan of pain from her parted lips as she threw back her head and smiled up into his eager face.

"Dear," he whispered, as he kissed her, "the letter itself was a poor thing—an altogether different man wrote the postscript. With God's help and yours little girl, I'll be that man to you, always."

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White



A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesmen back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesman wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.

“I SIGNED a policy as the culmination of 24 hours of terror.” So spoke the banker as the merchant finished his story and the buzz of comment died away. The little group of travelers drew closer together and even the “prospect” showed signs of interest. The banker drew a final puff of smoke from his cigar and tossing it away gazed in silence out of the window across the plain of snow.

“I was married in 1885,” he suddenly continued. “At that time I was a clerk in the bank of which I am now a manager. I had a good salary and good prospects, but I had no property and my savings were practically exhausted by our honeymoon trip. The initial expenses of furnishing a home finished the account and the first month of our return showed us depending upon my salary alone. In spite of this fact I was willing to take out a policy and in fact had a vague idea that I really owed such a step to my wife and to myself.

“An agent called upon me one afternoon and after going over his offer I was about to sign when my wife suddenly appeared at the bank. Her errand was a minor one dealing with a social engagement and we soon settled the matter. I then introduced her to the agent and told her of the step I was about to take. Imagine my surprise when she opposed the idea vigorously. She failed to give a reason at the time and only begged me to wait until she had talked with me at our home that night. Insistence on my part seemed to throw her into a state of almost terror and to avoid a scene I told the agent to see me the next day. My wife left the bank with tears in her eyes and I went back to work in a state of mingled wonder and annoyance.

“After dinner that night as we sat before the fire in our little library the question of insurance was introduced by myself. I insisted upon knowing why she opposed an idea that could only be beneficial to herself. After a few stammering phrases she suddenly rushed into my arms and with her head on my shoulder whispered a message into my ears that turned me first cold with the shock and then alive with delight. I imagine that the majority of you men have passed through that wonderful hour when you first knew that you are to have a bearer of your name, a tiny bit of humanity that will hold your heart and your life and your ambitions in its hands. It is a wonderful hour and a solemn one. The girl you love is soon to go down into the valley of shadow and the wings of joy are clipped by the whisper of terror. Will she come back from that journey? After our first transports were over and our first air castles pierced the sky and our reason once more held sway I asked:

"But why should this cause you to oppose insurance? Surely now it is all the more necessary to have protection in case anything should happen."

"It was then she told me with tears and little gasping laughs at her own weakness. It seems that an aunt, an old country woman with queer ideas, had told her that insurance taken at this time would tend to keep her thoughts on my possible death and exert a morbid tendency on our unborn child. In vain I pleaded and argued and scoffed. My wife was firm and begged me not to take the policy. At last I promised. I know it was a mistake. I should have dropped the subject and taken out the policy a little later without her knowledge and I believe the good gained thereby would far overbalance any possible construction of the action as deceit. However, I did promise. As the days passed I found myself in a constantly increasing state of terror. The psychological effect of the knowledge that should anything happen to me the girl would be left penniless in the greatest moment of her life was terrible. I could not cross a street without fear of a runaway team, I could not pass a bit of construction without feeling a rush of stone above my head that might leave her a widow and our child without a father.

"WE had decided to move her to a hospital at the proper time, where she could get all the benefits of science that our small home would tend to cramp. I was called one night or rather early one morning to the hospital. They would not allow me in the room. For hours I paced the floor in agony, starting at every sound, cringing at every creak of the board that my fear enlarged to a shriek. At last I could stand it no longer and I stumbled into the street. It was dawn, but a fog made the things dim and uncertain. I walked rapidly and aimlessly. Suddenly I was conscious of the nearness of a railroad and a little later I found myself in the yards. I tripped over rails and ties and once I bumped against a switch light. I stepped back and next moment my foot was in a 'frog'. I twisted and turned and jerked without result.

"The fog grew deeper. A shriek of a whistle sounded in my ears and the rails began to sing. A cold sweat broke out over my body and my eyes strained into the gloom toward a spot where a faint glow bespoke the headlight of an engine. My thoughts flew to the girl in her agony and what this would mean to her. I screamed again and again. The train steadily grinding closer and closer and as I beat my hands together I found myself repeating over and over 'Left without hope, without means, what will she do?'

"It was then I cursed myself for my weakness and picture after picture passed my mind. I saw her frail and weak bending over a whirring machine in a factory. I saw her standing weary and forlorn behind a counter and saw her sobbing alone in a shabby room in the silence of the night. With a roar and crash the train swept down and I closed my eyes. I think I fainted, for when I opened them the train was out of sight and the song of the rails was a mere hum. A ray of golden sunshine pierced the fog and I saw I was caught in a rusting sidetrack that had not known a train in months. The switch was within reach. I turned it myself and my foot was free. I limped to the hospital and met the house surgeon at the door. He was smiling and I knew that all was well.

"Gentlemen, I took out a policy that day. My wife agrees with me now that not even the spirit of mistaken love should prevent the man of family from getting protection and that a policy is as important as a license on the wedding day."

THE traveling man pushed his sample case under the seat as the banker finished his story and stretched his feet into the aisle. From his pocket he drew a small leather case and handed it to his nearest neighbor. The little group gathered close, each anxious to see the "girl" they were so certain it contained. But as the cover snapped open a sweet face fringed in silvery hair smiled up at them and they knew before he spoke that here was the traveling man's mother.

"I carry \$5,000, for her," he said. "I have carried it for five years. I am a bachelor and she is my only relative. When I took out the policy I only acted upon a conviction that I had carried for three months and one that came from hearing a cry in the dark. Here is the story:

"I had stopped at a little junction point in Saskatchewan to sell a customer and to make connections with a north bound train that would take me into Regina the next morning. It was a dreary little town without a single amusement feature and after the lights were lit at night there was nothing for the stranger to do but sit about the lobby of the little frame hotel and read week-old papers by the light of a smoky lamp.

"I stood it until nine o'clock and then sought my room. Most of you know what sort of a room it was. About ten feet square with a single dirty window nailed shut, an ancient bed and a drunken wash stand with a cracked bowl and pitcher. The sheets were damp and clammy, and I shivered as I crept between them. Only the fact that I was dead tired allowed me to sleep at all

and then it was a restless slumber. The rain began falling about midnight—a slow dreary rain that had no cheerful patter, only a mournful drip, drip, drip. The wind rose a bit and sobbed about the caves and a dog howled in the village. The crazy old house creaked and snapped, and in spite of myself I could not help but think of ghosts and spooks and evil deeds. I pictured my own comfortable room at home with its snowy bed and cheerful fire-place. I thought of mother in her big chamber with its pretty furnishings and warmth. I had not been the best son in the world, maybe, but I had always seen to her comfort to the best of my ability. I wondered how she would stand such a room as I now had or how she would like to live in a place like that hotel. I had just dismissed this thought with a sigh and was sinking into another doze when suddenly I sat upright in bed with every hair in my head on end and cold shivers chasing up and down my back.

"A CRY, a terrible wailing sob—the hopeless call of a soul in torment—rang through the halls of the hotel. A single solitary cry that sank into a silence more terrible than the cry itself. I sprang to my feet and dressed as rapidly as my shivering fingers would permit. With the lamp in my hand I stepped into the black hollow of the hall. I walked toward the stairs with the intention of making my way to the office and demanding an explanation, a search if necessary. As I passed the last door before the stairway, however, my straining ears caught a muffled sobbing. I stepped close to the door and mingled with the sobbing came broken sentences, choking words and long agonized gasps. It was a woman, undoubtedly, a woman in trouble.

"I will not stop to go over my thoughts, my hesitations or my doubts. I knocked and the sounds ceased for a moment. Then came a voice that I knew was trying to be brave, but that human powers of suppression could not hold steady.

"'Yes. Yes,' she said. 'I'm ready. I'm coming.'

"The door opened and by the combined glow of my lamp and the one the figure before me held I saw the author of the cry. She was an old woman, a very old woman. She was dressed in black, rusty black that bespoke deepest poverty. Her head was covered with a shawl and a few locks of silver hair framed the saddest face I ever saw. Tears gleamed in the old eyes and rested in the furrows of the parchment like cheeks. Her lips trembled pitifully and one hand clutched at a little bundle. As she saw me through the haze of her tears she stepped back.

Continued on page 58.

Off the Retired List

By Percival Gibbons

Illustrated by Will Crawford

SEAFARING men knew it for a chief characteristic of Captain Price—his quiet, unresting watchfulness. Forty years of sun and brine had bunched the puckers at the corners of his eyes and hardened the lines of his big brown face; but the outstanding thing about him was still that silent wariness, as of a man who had warning of something impending. It went a little strangely with his figure of a massive, steel-and-hickory shipmaster, soaked to the soul with the routine of his calling. It seemed to give token of some faculty held in reserve, to hint at an inner life, as it were; and not a few of the frank and simple men who went to sea with him found it disconcerting. Captains who could handle a big steamship as a cyclist manages a bicycle they had seen before; they recognized in him the supreme skill, the salt-pickled nerve, the iron endurance of a proven sailor; but there their experience ended and the depths began.

Sooner or later, most of them went to the *Burdock's* chief mate for an explanation of the unknown quality. "What makes your father act so?" was a common form of the question. Arthur Price would smile and shake his handsome head.

"It's not acting," he would say. "You drop off to sleep some night on this bridge, and you'll find out what he's after. He's after you if you don't keep your weather eye liftin'; and don't you forget it."

In those days the *Burdock* had a standing charter from Cardiff to Barcelona and back with ore to Swansea, a comfortable round trip which brought the Captain and his son home for one week in every five. It suited the mate's convenience excellently, for he was a man of social habits and he had at last succeeded in interesting Miss Minnie Davis in his movements. She was the daughter of the *Burdock's* owner and Arthur Price's cousin in some remote degree, a plump, clean, clever Welsh girl, of quick intelligence and pleasant good nature. He was a tall young man, a little leggy in his way, who filled the eye splendidly. Women said of him that he "looked every inch a sailor"; matrons who watched his progress with Minnie Davis considered that they would make a handsome couple. Captain Price, for all his watchfulness, saw nothing of the affair. He approved of

Minnie, though; she was, born to a share in that life in which ships are breadwinners, and never had to be shoo'd out of the way of hauling or hoisting gear when she came down aboard the *Burdock* in dock. Her way was straight across the deck to the poop ladder and for'ard to the chart house along the fore-and-aft bridge, trim, quiet-footed, familiar. "What did you find in the Bay?" she would ask, as she shook hands with Captain Price; and he would answer as to one who understood: "It was piling up a bit from the sou'-west"; or "smooth enough to skate on," as the case might be. Then, without further formality, he would return to his papers, and Arthur Price would hand over his work to the third mate and wash his hands before coming up to make himself agreeable. He always had more to say about the trip than his father, and he was prone to translate the weather into shore speech. Minnie only half liked his fashion of talking of "storms" and "tempests"; but there was plenty else in him she liked well enough. Best of all, perhaps, she liked the sight of him—a head taller than his father, clean-shaven and accurately groomed, smiling readily and moving easily, he was a capital picture.

She fell into a way of driving down to see the *Burdock* off. It was thus that Captain Price learned how matters stood. He came straight from the agents to the ship, on a brisk July day, and went off to her at her buoys in the mud-pilot's boat. All was clear for a start and the lock was waiting; Arthur Price, in the gold-laced cap he used as due to his rank was standing by to cast off. The Captain went forthwith to the bridge; Minnie on the dock-head could see his black shorehat over the weather cloths and his white collar of ceremony. She smiled a little, for she did not know quite enough to see the art with which the Captain drew off from his moorings under his own steam, nor his splendid handling of the big boat as he bustled her down the crowded dock and laid her blunt nose cleanly between the piers of the lock. She was watching the brass-buttoned chief mate lording it on the fo'c'sle head, as he passed the lines to haul into the lock; Captain Price was watching him, too. He saw him smiling and talking over the rail to the girl.

"Slack off that spring," he roared

suddenly, as they began to let the ship down to the sea level: and the mate jumped for the coil on the bitts.

"Keep your eyes about you, for'ard there," ordered the Captain tersely.

"Aye, aye, sir," sang out the mate cheerfully.

The mud pilot, beside the captain on the bridge, grinned agreeably.

"Arthur's got an eye in his head, indeed," he remarked, and lifted his cap to Minnie.

The Captain snorted, and gave his whole attention to hauling out, only turning his head at the last minute to wave a farewell to his owner's daughter. The mud pilot took charge and brought her clear; and as soon as he had gone over to his boat, the Captain rang for full steam ahead and waited for the mate to take the bridge.

The young man came up smiling. "It's a fine morning, father," he remarked as he walked over to the binnacle.

"Mister Mate," said the Captain harshly; "you all but lost me that hawser."

"Just in time, wasn't I?" replied the mate, pleasantly.

"I don't reckon to slack off and take in my lines myself," went on the Captain. "I reckon to leave that to my officers. And if an officer carries away a five-inch manilla through makin' eyes at girls on the pier head, I dock his wages for the cost of it and I log him for neglectin' his duty."

The mate looked at him sharply for a moment; the Captain scowled back.

"Have you got anything to say to me?" demanded the Captain.

"Yes," said the mate, "I have." He broke into a smile. "But it's something I can't say while you're actin' the man-o'-war Captain on your bridge. It doesn't concern the work o' the ship."

"What does it concern?" asked the Captain.

"Me," said the mate. He folded his arms across the binnacle and looked into his father's face confidentially. The Captain softened.

"Well, Arthur?" he said.

"That was Minnie on the pier head," said the mate. The Captain nodded. "I was up at their place last night," the young man continued, "and we had a talk—she and I—and so it came about that we fixed things between us. Mr. Davis is agreeable, so long—"

"Hey, what's this?" The Captain

stared at his son amazedly. "What was it you fixed up with Minnie?"

"Why, to get married," replied the mate, reddening. "I was telling you. Her father's willing, as long as we wait till I get a command before we splice."

"You to marry Minnie!" The mate stiffened at the emphasis on the you. The Captain was fighting for expression. "Why," he said, "why—why, you'd 'a' carried away that hawser if I hadn't sung out at ye."

"Father," said the mate, "Mr. Davis'll give me a ship."

"What ship?" demanded the Captain.

"The first he can," replied the other. "He's thinkin' of buyin' the *Stormberg*, Wrench Wylie's big freight, and he'd shift you on to her. Then I'd have the *Burdock*."

"Then you'd have the *Burdock*!" The Captain leaned his elbow on the engine-room telegraph and faced his son. His expression was wholly compounded of perplexity and surprise. He let his eyes wander aft, along the big ship's trim perspective to the short poop, and forward to where her bluff bows sawed at the skyline.

"She's a fine old boat," he said at last and stood up with a sigh. "But she needs watching."

The mate felt a thrill of relief. "I'll watch her," he said comfortably. "But don't you want to wish me luck, father?"

"Not luck," said the Captain; "not luck, my boy. You run her to a hair and keep your eyes slit and you won't want luck. Luck's a lubber's standby. But Minnie's a fine girl." He shook his head thoughtfully. "She'll rouse you up, maybe."

The mate laughed, and at the sound of it the Captain frowned again.

"Now, lean off that binnacle," he said shortly. "I want to get the departure."

It was not till an hour later that he went to his cabin to shed his shoregoing gear for ordinary apparel; and as soon as this was done he reached down the register from the book shelf over his bunk to look up the *Stormberg*.

"H'm," he growled, standing over the book at his desk. "Built in 1889 on the Clyde. I know her style. Five thousand tons and touch the steam steering gear if you dare! Blast her and blast Davis for a junk-buying fool!"

He closed the book with a slam and glanced mechanically up at the tell-tale compass that hung over his bed.

"There's Arthur half a point off already," he said and made for the bridge.

Arthur Price believed honestly that more was exacted from him than from other chief mates; and early in that passage he concluded that the Old

Man was severer than ever. The *Burdock* butted into a summer gale before she was clear of the Bristol Channel, a free wind that came from the southwest driving a biggish sea before it. It was nothing to give real trouble, but Captain Price took charge in the dog watch and set the mate and his men to making all fast about decks. With his sou-wester flapped back from his forehead and his oilskin coat shrouding him to the heels, he leaned on the bridge rail vociferous and imperative, and his harsh voice hunted the workers from one task to another. He had lashings on the anchors and fresh wedges to the battens of all hatches; the winches chocked off and covered over and new pins in the davit blocks. This took time, but when it was done he was not yet satisfied; the mate had to get out gear and rig a couple of preventer funnel stays. The men looked ahead at the weather and wondered what the skipper saw in it to make such a bother; the second and third mates winked at one another behind Arthur Price's back; and he, the chief mate, sulked.

"That's all, I suppose?" he asked the Captain when he got on the bridge again at last.

"No," was the sharp answer. "It's not all. Speak the engine room and ask the chief how he's hitting it."

"All sweet," reported the mate as he hung up the speaking tube.

"That's right," said the Captain. "You always want to know that, Mister Mate. And the lights?"

"All bright, sir," said the mate.

"Then you can go down and get something to eat," said the Captain. "And see that the hand wheel's clean as you go."

It breezed up that night, and as the *Burdock* cleared the tail of Cornwall, the heavy Atlantic water came aboard. She was a sound ship, though, and Captain Price knew her as he knew the palms of his hands. Screened behind the high weather cloths, he drove her into it, while the tall seas filled her forward main deck rail-deep and her bows pounded away in a mast-high smother of spray. From the binnacle amidships to the weather wing of the bridge was his dominion, while the watch officer straddled down to leeward; both with eyes boring at the darkness ahead and on either beam, where there came and went the pinpoint lights of ships.

Arthur Price relieved the bridge at midnight, but the Captain held on.

"Ye see how she takes it?" he bawled down the wind to his son. "No excuse for steaming wide; ye can drive her to a hair. Keep your eyes on that light to port; we don't want anything bumping into us."

"You wouldn't ease her a bit, then?"

shouted the mate, the wind snatching his words.

"Ease her!" was the reply. "You'd have her edging into France. She'll lie her course while we drive her."

When dawn came up the sea had mounted; the Bay was going to be true to its name. Captain Price went to his chart house at midnight, to sleep on a settle; but by his orders the *Burdock* was kept to her course and her gait, battering away at the gale contentedly. After breakfast, he took another look round and then went below to rest in his bunk, while the tell-tale swam in wild eccentrics above his up-turned face. After a while he dozed off to sleep, lulled by the click of furnishings that rendered to the ship's roll, the drum of the seas on her plates and the swish of loose water across the deck.

He was roused by his steward. That menial laid a hand on his shoulder and he was forthwith awake and competent.

"A ship to windward, sir, showin' flags," said the steward. "The mate 'ud be glad if you'd go to the bridge."

"A'right," said the Captain, and stood up. "In distress, eh?"

"By the looks of her, sir," admitted the steward, who had been a waiter ashore. "She seems to be a mast or two short, sir, so far as I can tell. But I couldn't be sure."

He helped the Captain into his oilskins deftly, pulling his jacket down under the long coat, and held the door open for him.

Some three miles to windward the stranger lay, an appealing vagabond. The Captain found his son standing on the flag-chest, braced against a stanchion, watching her through a pair of glasses, when she peeped up, a momentary silhouette, over the tall seas. He turned as the Captain approached.

"Can't make out her flags, sir," he said. "Too much wind. Looks like a barque with only her mizzen standing."

"Gimme the glass," said the Captain, climbing up beside him. He braced himself against the irons and took a look at her, swinging accurately to the roll of the ship. Beneath him the wind-whipped water tumbled in gray leagues; the stranger seemed poised on the rim of it. From her gaff, a dot of a flag showed a blur against the sky, and a string from her mast head was equally vague.

"That'll be her ensign upside down at the gaff, he said. "Port your helm there; we'll go down and look at her."

"Aye, aye, sir." The mate passed the word and came over. "How would it be to see one of the boats clear, father?"

"Aren't the boats clear?" demanded the Captain.

"Oh, yes, they're clear," replied the mate. "You had us put new pins in the blocks, you know." He met his father's steady eye-defiantly. "When are a steamer's boats ever clear for hoisting out?" he asked.

"Always, when the mate's fit for his job," was the answer. "Go and make sure of the starboard lifeboat, and call the watch."

The Captain took his ship round to windward of the distressed vessel, running astern of her within a quarter of a mile. She proved to be the remains of a barque, as the mate had guessed, a deep-laden wooden ship badly swept by the sea. From the wing of the bridge the Captain's glasses showed him the length of her deck, cluttered with the wreck of houses torn up by the roots, while the fall of the spars had taken her starboard bulwarks with it. Her boats were gone; a davit stuck up at the end of the poop crumpled like a ram's horn; and by the taffrail her worn and sodden crew clustered and cheered the *Burdock*.

The Captain rang off his engines and rang again to stand by in the engine room. The mate came up the ladder to him while his hand was yet at the telegraph.

"Lifeboat's all clear for lowering, sir," he said. "Noble, Peters, Hausen, and Ryland are to go in her." He waited.

The old Captain stood looking at the wreck, while the steamship rolled tumultuously in the trough.

"Who goes in charge?" he asked after a minute's silence.

"I'll go, father," said the mate eagerly. He paused, but the Captain said nothing.

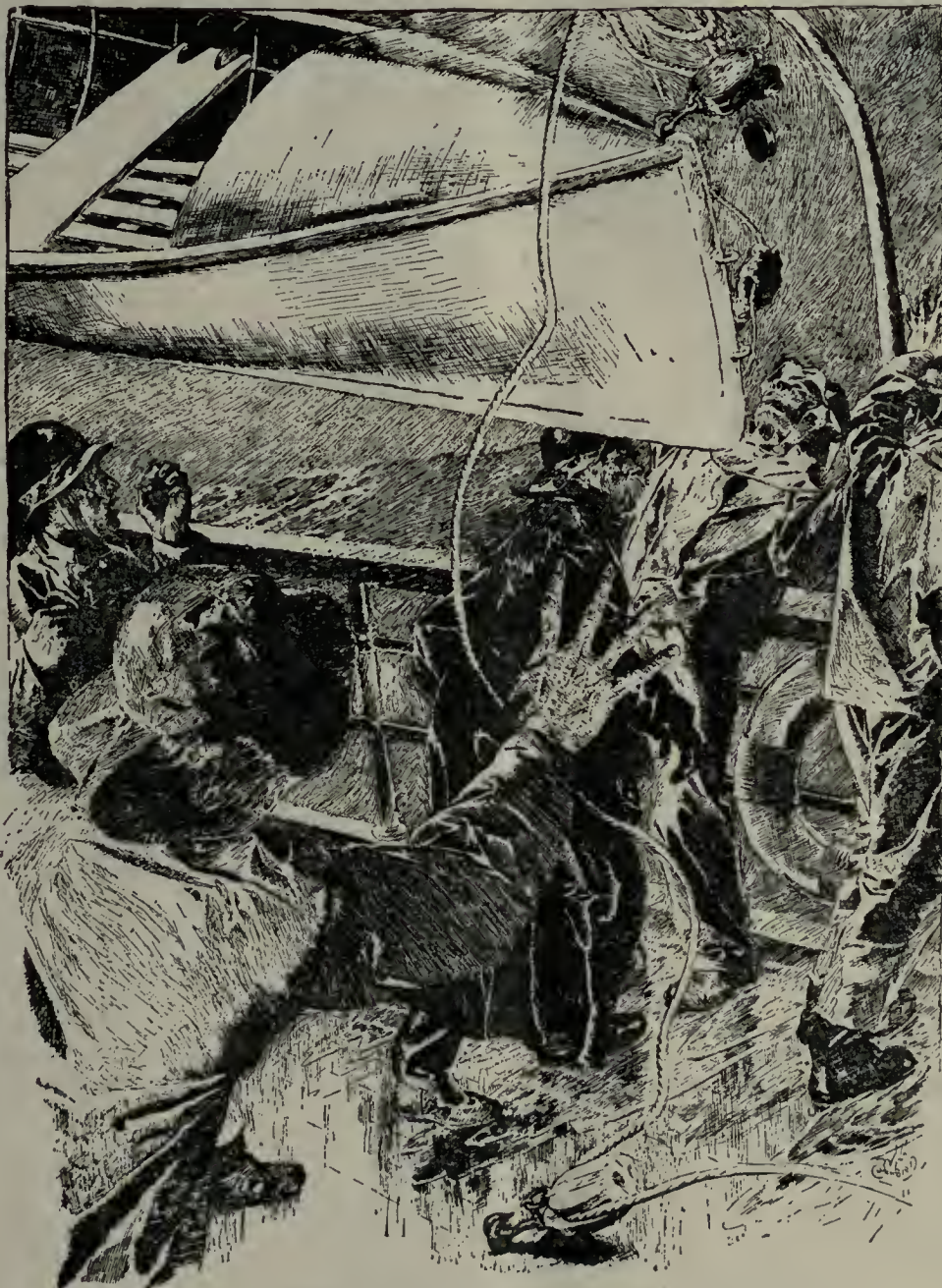
"You know," proceeded the mate, "father, you *do* know, there's none of 'em here can handle a boat like me."

"Ay," said the Captain, "you can do it." He looked at his son keenly. "It 'ud make a good yarn to spin to Minnie," he said, with an unwillin smile.

The mate laughed agreeably. "Dear Minnie," he said. "Then I'll go, father."

"Hoist away on your forward tackle," ordered the Captain. "Belay! Make fast! Now get a hold of this guy. Lively there, you men. Noble, aloft on the booms and shoulder her over."

She canted clear of the groove in the chocks as they swung the forward davit out and the Captain stepped abaft the men who huled.



The mate screamed, the captain humped his shoulders for the blow

"And I'll just see to the hoisting out of that boat," said the Captain. "Good thing I had you put in the new pins."

The third mate on the bridge rang for steam and made a lee for the lowering of the lifeboat, the hands put a strain on the tackles, and the carpenter and bo'sun went to work to knock out the chocks on which she rested. Her steel-shod keel had rusted into them.

"Lively now," he called. "Don't keep those chaps waiting, men. Afterdavit tackle, haul! Up with her."

The bo'sun, stooping, looped the fall of the tackle into the snatch block; the men, under the Captain's eye, tumbled to and gave way, holding the weight gallantly as the rail swung down and putting their backs into the pull as she rolled back.

"Up with her!" shouted the Captain, and she tore loose from her bed. "Vast hauling! Belay! Now out with the davit, men."

He stepped a pace forward as they passed out the line. "Haul away," he was saying, when the bo'sun shouted hoarsely and tried to reach him with a dash across the slippery deck planks. The mate screamed, the Captain humped his shoulders for the blow. It all happened in a flash of disaster; the boat's weight pulled the pin from the checks

of the block and down she came, her stern thudding thickly into the deck, while the Captain, limp and senseless, rolled inertly to the scuppers.

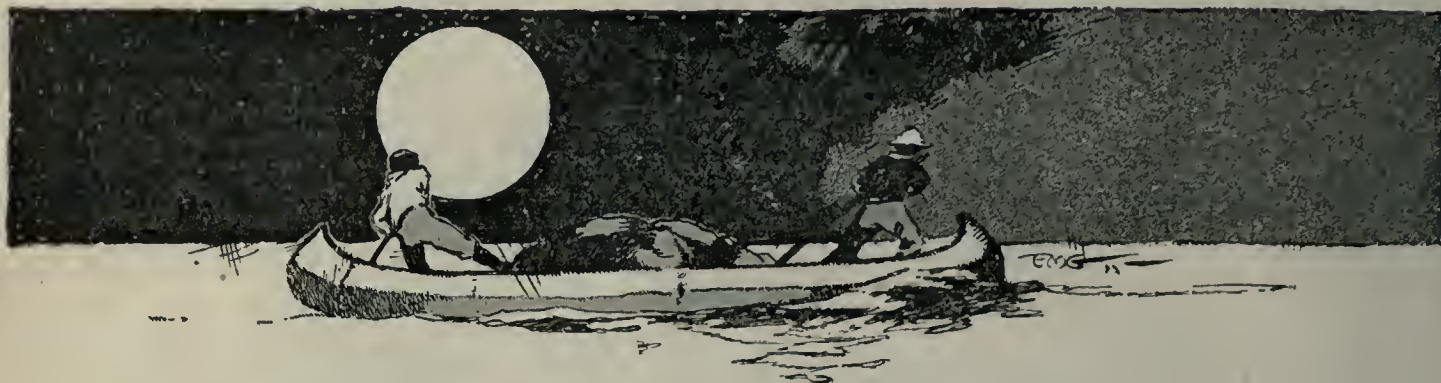
When he came to he was in his bunk. He opened his eyes with a shiver upon the familiar cabin, with its atmosphere of compact neatness, its glea neatness, its gleaming paint

Continued on page 40.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Children were loitering about or playing, ready to pay heed when the school-bell should call them. Ah! Those people would be made to see that he, Paul Barotte, was not the man to forsake his old friend, that he would never desert his partner!

They started and walked along, Ahteck as erect as ever, towering above the smaller companion who was seeking to protect him. He was trying to avoid no man's eyes, and kept on quietly, with long strides, as was his wont. Men stared at him and kept on looking after they had gone by. Those who chanced to pass near him nodded as usual, and they answered his bonjour just as formerly, but they turned after the giant had passed.

There were also many women, young and old, who saw his swollen face. Generally they appeared to be sorry for him. One or two young girls giggled in silly fashion, and then stopped as if somewhat ashamed of themselves. Children put their heads together and whispered, but though they pointed him out to each other he was evidently no object of mirth to them. He was so very big and walked so straight that they stood in awe of him.

But none of these things, at least outwardly, seemed to affect Ahteck at all. It is likely that it was a hardship as great as any he had borne before, but he could stand it as long as he thought he was alone to suffer the pain. He accepted it in silence, easily, like any other heavy burden, while Paul strode behind him, looking somewhat truculent, staring into people's eyes defiantly.

They finally reached the little house and entered it. The two women were there, waiting, their faces showing marks of the long hard vigil spent hand

in hand, in silent grief, not knowing what had become of Ahteck or whether they would ever see him again.

"At last thou hast returned," said Uapukun, sighing with relief.

Ahteck went to her, taking her hands.

"All is right with me now," he said. "I had food with Paul at his house. He is a good friend. I am sorry that I gave you both so much worry."

Then he turned to the girl, who was watching him with a beating heart, as a prisoner before a court of justice may look at twelve men returning from settling his fate, not knowing whether their word will set him free or send him to his doom. She was shrinking, in fear, with one hand held out behind her and resting upon the table, as if she felt she might need the support it offered.

"Mititesh," he said, and gently placed a hand upon her shoulder, "I think that the trail is clear, so that we may see some distance ahead, but we know nothing of what lies beyond. It is a new country, and I fear that it holds evil for us. But if thou art willing to travel it with me, and it is still in thy mind to cling to me who was called a coward before all, I shall accept thy great gift. At once I will go and see Father Laroux and seek his counsel."

Mititesh rose to her full stature. A new light was in her eyes; her bosom panted with emotion.

"Go," she said, "go to him, Ahteck, and return when he shall have decided. Thou wilt find me ready to cling to thee, to serve thee while I pray that no evil ever comes to thee that I may not share!"

She rested both hands on his breast, looking into his eyes, her own lighted with the joy and the wondrous power that makes women, all the world over, reckon nothing of coming pain if it be the price of love and devotion.

CHAPTER XX.

OUT OF THE STORM

PAUL had looked upon this scene with amazement. He had pulled off his woolen cap and scratched his head. As he knew nothing of underlying causes it was a mystery to him. When they walked out of the house together he kept silent for a moment, but could resist no longer his keen desire to speak frankly.

"For years I have known thee, Ahteck," he declared, "and have always wondered at thy silent ways and thy beliefs in coming evils, but now I must say that I can only wonder at thy amazing folly. Is there a man in Pointe Bleue, among those who have not wives already, who would not give all he has for the love of a woman like Mititesh? And now thou art going to see the priest and arrange for thy wedding, with thy face as black as a thunder-cloud and thy manner that of a man about to bury his best beloved one. Indeed I cannot understand thee."

But Ahteck made no answer. It may well be that he had not even listened to his friend. They reached the house of the missionaries, mounting the steps to the veranda, on which were many chairs of queerly twisted roots and branches, made by one of the fathers. When they knocked at the door one of the priests opened it and bade them welcome.

"My father, I have come to speak with Father Laroux," said Ahteck.

"He has been called away to the bedside of a woman who is very ill," answered the priest. "Is there anything I may be able to do for thee?"

"I thank you, Father, but I want to see him. Always he has heard my confession and I seek his help."

"It is well, my son. Return later in

the day and thou wilt find him. But first I have something to say. I have heard of the brawl yesterday and thy face shows but too plainly the injury inflicted upon thee. Thou hast always been a man of peace, and a sober one, never touching strong drink. It is because I know thee so well that I have wondered whether a temptation did not come upon thee to kill that man Peshu, and whether thy strength was not so great that thou wert able to flee from such a crime?"

A smile of happiness lighted up the poor bruised face. Here was a kind and godly man who had found no words to condemn and appeared to know how greatly the hunter had suffered in his pride, how keenly he had felt the awful blow of being proclaimed a coward before all, the fiercest insult a man may ever be offered.

"It is true that I was tempted, Father," he answered. "I knew that if I did not run away I would kill the man."

"I thought so," said the priest. "There remains only for thee to offer up thy injuries to God as a sacrifice in His Holy Name, and I will certainly pray that all blessings may come down on thee and thy people. Always have I known thee as a good man and a kind one to his folk."

An immense feeling of contentment had come over Ahteck. As for Paul, the man could have shouted out his joy, for now, in his eyes, his friend was absolved of all fault.

The priest closed the door, softly, and left the two young men standing there, before the lintel over which had been written in large letters the word *Stato-miskatinou*, the Montagnais expression of welcome and good wishes. Paul smote his friend a great blow on the back.

"Ah, now everything is right again!" he exclaimed. "I shall see to it that all these people know what the good father has said. It will be a shame on them. Ay, they will soon know!"

Ahteck quietly nodded. He was well pleased but still remained very thoughtful, for he knew that it was only the thing of least import that had been settled. It amounted to no more than a small stone that might have been swept from his path, and there was still great bowlders to be removed. He did not know whether the good priest to whom he had confessed, and who had never been able to grant him plenary absolution, would consent to marry a man over whose life there hung the black shadow of a murder—of the murder of his own father.

For a few minutes they went into the little church, for a short prayer before the One who had been crucified. After this they returned to the house where Paul triumphantly narrated all

MYSTERY!

Most everyone enjoys a good mystery story—the sort that have many snarled clues and no end of hair raising adventures. The Editors have secured just such a story for the readers of CANADA MONTHLY. It starts in the December issue.

Of course we cannot tell you anything of what the story is about—that would spoil the mystery of it for you.

But we can tell you this new serial is chock full of hair-raising incidents of man hunting, woman baiting schemes and plots such as made Conan Doyle's stories by Dr. Watson so famous.

You will want to read all of this new story once you begin it—and you may take our word for it that you will miss a good one if you do not read it.

BEGINS IN DECEMBER ISSUE

that the priest had said. He danced about the room while Uapukun smiled happily and Mititesh, as she looked at Ahteck, felt that in her heart he was constantly becoming greater.

The gate of the little enclosure clicked and Paul looked out of the window, announcing that the Hudson's Bay agent was coming in. He was a fine fellow, and had always liked the two young hunters who brought in such fine catches of peltry and with whom there never was any talk of debt.

"*Bonjour*," he said to the company, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, for the weather was getting hot and sultry.

"*Bonjour, bonjour*," they all answered, while Uapukun hastened to dust a chair for him with her apron.

"Thank you, I can only stay for a moment. That was a fine lot of skins you two lads brought in this time, and I am glad prices have been good. I came to see thee, Ahteck, since thou art so handy with thy tools. My small sail-boat needs a new rudder-post; come with me and look at it. The boat has been drawn up on the shore. But perhaps thou dost not feel like working to-day! I have heard all about this thing that happened. Why didst thou not knock Peshu's head off, a worthless one who spends in drink that which should go towards paying his debt? I think I know who has been selling the stuff around here, of late, and some day he will be bundled off to jail."

But Ahteck did not answer his question.

"I can work," he replied. "I will go and look at the little sail boat and if I can mend it I will attend to it at once. Thou hast done me many favors I do not forget. But we are about to eat. Wilt thou not sit down with us?"

But the agent declined the invitation, politely, explaining that his wife was waiting for him.

"There is no hurry," he said. "Come as soon as thou art ready."

A half an hour later Ahteck, after finishing his midday meal, and still followed by Paul, who remained at his heels like a faithful dog, went over to the Post, but a few hundred yards away.

"It is becoming terribly hot," said Paul, wiping his brow with the back of his hand. "There is not a breath of wind, and look at the great black clouds that are piling up in the north-west."

Ahteck looked up.

"Yes, it is the coming of a storm," he said, indifferently. "A big storm of wind, with thunder and lightning. The wheat and oats are not yet high enough to be harmed. It will pass like others."

They walked on, in the sultry heat, without paying further heed. Big

storms are common enough in summer-time on the great lake.

When they reached the Post the agent met them at the door.

"I saw you coming," he said. "We will go down on the beach and look at the boat."

He walked out with them, lighting his pipe, and soon Ahteck was at work, looking over the damage and taking careful measurements.

"I have a fine piece of oak," he said. "It will be just right. I can soon have the boat ready."

"That is good," said the agent. "I am glad I am not out on the lake with it now. How black the sky has grown, and the heat is such as we have not felt this summer! The flies are pestering badly. Just look at that!"

The darkness that was advancing fast was rent by a tremendous flash of lightning, and all at once the wind rose, in wide black flaws spotting the slaty surface of the waters. Then came a crashing peal of thunder with the blowing of heavy gusts that twisted clouds of dust upon the road. Women were rushing out of houses to rescue clothing hanging on the lines. Dogs were sneaking off for the protection they could find under the houses, and the cows, lowing, turned their backs to the gale. Big drops of rain began to fall and those spots on the lake that had been still and leaden in hue became, like the rest of the great sheet, as white as spume, in a long line extending as far as the eye could reach.

Paul had been staring over the lake.

"Mother of Heaven!" he cried. "Is there not a canoe out yonder?"

The other two men glanced along his extended arm and saw it at once. Hardly more than a mile away the frail thing was driving towards shore, pushed by the sweep of the gale.

"I cannot tell who they are," said Ahteck. "They come bow on. Ah! I saw them well that time, with the lightning. There are three paddles. It—it is surely no canoe of Pointe Bleue!"

Other men were coming down the beach, by this time, and watching while they held their hands up to their brows to keep the pelting rain out of their eyes. It was only at intervals that one could see the canoe, between the fierce gusts, and then it would disappear as if blotted out. After a breathless moment they would again see the uplifted bow riding high on the crest of a wave, to sink again in the trough of the following seas.

"They are men who know how to handle a canoe. God help them!" cried the agent.

"See the height of the bow!" shouted an Indian. "It is a big canoe, and not one of our country."

"I have seen many such ones north

of Grand Lac!" yelled an ancient *voyageur*.

Ahteck was staring at it, dashing the water from his face with the knuckles of his hand. Yes, he knew that kind of canoe. Many were those he had seen in the region of Grand Mistassini, in those days when the greatest storm of them all had burst upon his head. They were big high-bowed things suited for use upon tremendous lakes and on great rivers that had few portages, and were able to stand a fair sea. None of the smaller canoes of Lake St. John would still have been riding such billows as raged by this time.

They were coming nearer fast, and the watchers knew that these were strong men of great skill in the handling of their frail shell. Yet it seemed to them that the travelers were doomed, and the men on shore went down to where the waves were bursting at their feet, knowing that if the canoe reached the shore it must be dashed to pieces on the stony beach. There was a possible chance of being able to drag the men out of that seething flood, if the canoe survived the seas for a few minutes more.

By this time some women had come down too, and also children, and shrieks of terror came from them. Some made the sign of the cross, uttering hurried prayers and frightened exclamations that were interrupted by gasping breaths when the canoe seemed about to be overwhelmed.

Nearer and nearer still came the strangers, working in desperation, until at last the canoe was within fifty yards from shore, riding deep, for there was much water in it. Then it was uplifted again on the crest of a great combing wave, shot forward, sank down again, and the following billow curled up high, roaring, to fall with mighty force upon the stern, which slewed around, buried in the smother. Then the canoe disappeared again, this time rolling in the trough and coming up again, bottom up, with two men still clinging desperately to it as it drifted in fast.

Ahteck had thrown off his coat and shaken off his moccasins on the bench. With a great leap he was in the waves, battling fiercely, with tremendous sweeping strokes of his great arms, with the ferocity of motion of some wild beast battling for its young. Never before had his formidable strength been exerted to its utmost, as now. To him it was a mighty joy to war against these forces, as he knew he could have done against the man who had brought shame upon him. There was nothing to restrain him now—no law of God or fear of Manitou would hold him back!

He redoubled his efforts as he saw, a few yards away, the bobbing head of

the man he was trying to save, who had been unable to cling to the canoe. The waves were tossing him about like some trivial plaything, and he made a few unavailing motions of his arms. Few northern Indians can swim, owing to the short warm season and the icy waters. That head sank out of reach as Ahteck was about to grasp the long hair, but he dived, forcing himself under the surface with the utmost of his power.

He felt a piece of garment and seized it, but in a second two arms were about him, locked in the despair of impending death. The turmoil of the waters lifted them to the surface again, so that Ahteck caught a gasping breath. With a savage effort he tore himself away, clutched the back of the man's shirt, and sought to reach the shore.

A few great waves caught them, uplifted them, flung them on, retreated again with them, and finally cast them with a crash at the feet of the waiting mob. Paul had run waist deep in the water and others had followed him, who grasped at the men and pulled them in. Ahteck was unconscious, with a great gash upon his head, and the other, a very tall Indian with hair silvering over the temples, was dazed and apparently unable to realize that which had happened.

The two men who had clung to the upturned canoe had drifted in fast, submerged most of the time as their craft rolled in the trough. There was no lack of strong hunters to receive them, however, men who took desperate chances of being carried off their feet by the incoming rollers. One of the men was seized by the foot and drawn in, the other let go as the canoe was battered against the stones and flung up high, and a receding wave carried him off. But again he was borne in and a man with a rope about his waist, held by others, pounced upon him and dragged him to safety.

At this time the agent addressed the old man in French, but he shook his head, evidently not understanding a word. After this they tried Montagnais and his features expanded in a foolish smile. Then, in a low voice, he spoke, without replying to the questions addressed to him.

"I have lost my *shpuagan*, my pipe, a very good pipe it was. And this is a great storm, a *meshte lutits*, and nowhere can I find my pipe. I gave a

"The moose of this land are different from ours, and are not feared of men, and little children go among them. It is wonderful indeed. But the pelts were very fine and now all are lost, and how shall I smoke without a pipe?"

He continued to bewail his losses, childishly, as they carried him up to the Post, for his legs were very shaky. His two companions had already been taken there and were sitting on a bench, shivering under the blankets in which they had been wrapped. Then the men arrived who carried Ahteck, and the little store was crowded with people.

"Run, some of you" cried the agent. "A short time ago I saw the doctor going by. He is likely to be with the man Labiche, the one who cut his foot with an axe. Run fast, I tell you, and bring him back at once to see big Ahteck. Tell him that the man may be dying here! Hurry as fast as you can!"

Two or three departed on this errand, racing down the long road. Ahteck had been placed on the floor, and his head was still bleeding a good deal. His friend Paul knelt beside him, almost distracted, imploring him to speak.

By good fortune the doctor was soon found, arriving in a few minutes. He was the Government physician of the reservation, an intelligent young man.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "A drowned man, they tell me! He is not drowned at all, see how he breathes. Why! It is that great lad Ahteck!"

With the readiness of a man accustomed to rely on his own resources and to act quickly he looked about him and saw some bottles of ammonia on the shelves. He caught up one of them and opening it held it up to Ahteck's nose. There were a few rapid breaths, and the prostrate man lifted up his hand and tried to push the doctor's arm away.

"Thou hast enough, eh!" exclaimed

Continued on page 49.



Look mother, at the old man! Either thou must remember him or I am mad! Look carefully, for I know not if my head is right

fine skin of *atshukash*, of mink, for it."

The Indians were quick to notice a slight difference of accent and speech in his words, but they had no trouble in understanding him, and touched their brows with their fingers, realizing that there was some trouble with the man's brain.

"It was very fine fur we brought with us. There was *Uapishitan*, martens of the very best, and *Mitsheshu*, fox in great plenty, and very many other kinds. And now I fear it is all lost, as is my *passigan*, my gun, and all our things, and the canoe is all in pieces, and this be surely a wonderful place of many men living in great tents of boards."

He pointed to a cow grazing in a distant field.

Man Disposes

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by Will Grefe

WHEN the clock on the mantel rang five times, McKinney laid down his pen, dropped his cigarette upon an ash tray, and pushed the notes upon which he had been working away from him. Mardi Gras had come and gone. The February twilight shadowed the windows, and in the quiet room the chatter of the fire became a grateful thing. It burned whole-heartedly, that fire, picking out fantastic lights upon the shiny, rug-strewn floor, upon the walls, and upon the ivory head of a stick that leaned significantly against the desk at which McKinney sat.

Presently, when he stood up, the reason for this stick became apparent. Even though he bore heavily upon it, he limped, and his steps were obviously painful. Once seated before the fire, he leaned the stick carefully beside him and lay back, with both hands clasping the arms of his chair, looking fixedly into the flames. His fine, clean-featured face was quiet enough, but a deep furrow came gradually between the brows, and the mouth settled in tired lines.

He did not turn his head when a step sounded behind him in the doorway.

"Back again, already, mother?" he asked, pleasantly. "The Woman's Club programme must have been brief—eh?"

"It is not your mother," said a voice, all imperious inflections, and of an almost boyish depth.

At its first note the young man swung about in his chair, reaching for the stick, his eyes grown warm with delighted surprise.

"You, Yvonne?"

She was beside him in an instant.

"Don't get up! Do you hear? It's only me! And if you don't mind me—I shan't stay—not a second!"

He surrendered at discretion, surveying her happily. She was wrapped in a long gray cloak and her arms were full of American Beauty roses. Over her hair was a scarf of some shimmering, moonlight stuff. A glint of jewels struck through it. She dropped her roses into his lap, and laughed.

"Hold them while I get these things off! I wanted you to see me. I'm just from the photographer's. No—no—no—no! Sit still, Justin!"

"Shan't I help you?" The rose-fragrance, heavy with a sweetness faintly stale, was in his nostrils; his eyes were wistful on her beauty.

"I can get them off myself," said Yvonne. She freed herself of the gray cloak, dropped it upon the floor with a magnificent gesture, and kicked it aside. The scarf followed like a shred of mist; then she regained her roses, laid them within the hollow of one arm, threw back her head, and faced him radiantly.

"Look!" she cried. "The Queen of Comus! *Me voici!*"

McKinney drew in his breath sharply leaning back in the chair to look. She was very lovely. A trailing gown of white satin, embroidered from shoulder to hem in silver, clung about her slim young body in exquisite, straight lines. From her shoulders fell the length of a wonderful velvet court train heavy with silver flowers, and about her throat, her arms, and her waist, glittered the jewels of King Comus. There was a little crown of the same white fire upon her dark hair, and out of all this splendor looked her long, dark eyes, and the young, warm redness of her mouth.

"Stand farther off," said McKinney. "There!" He added half under his breath a word she caught and flung back at him, with a delicious arrogance.

"I am beautiful! It's true."

"Though you say it that shouldn't."

"Why shouldn't I? I looked in the glass last night, and the king told me—and a few other men. Look, Justin!" She swooped down upon him again like an excited child. All her movements were swift and supple. "This from King Comus!" She displayed a brooch of pearls and diamonds and a tiny crown. "This and this—and this—and this—and this," touching the pins about her corsage with darting fingers, "from maskers. I was so popular. You've no idea!"

"I've the king's mantle at home, he gave it to me, and his scepter. My own scepter's out in the machine. It's too heavy. It's like a stick with a cabbage on top, a diamond cabbage. You see my roses are beginning to wilt. Aren't they long? I wanted you to see me, just as I looked last night. Justin! Justin! Aren't you going to tell me I'm a beautiful queen?"

He smiled at her curiously, leaning forward a little, with thin hands interlocked upon his knees. His wide, whimsical mouth twisted at one corner before he spoke.

"Didn't the king tell you so? And a few other men?"

"Ah! But I want you to—you're

different!" She was standing off from him again, posing frankly, caressing her roses, the twilight striking a thousand little dancing flames from the jewels in her hair and on her breast.

"Look at me, Justin! My gown is perfect——"

"Very fine feathers," he admitted, lightly, stroking his chin abstractedly.

She stamped a satin-shod foot.

"You're too provoking! Look at me, Justin. The gown's not the thing. Don't I look good?"

At her sudden accession of wistfulness he smiled again.

"You look good to me, Yvonne."

"But good's not beautiful——"

"Even when it 'pretty does'?"

"I want you to say I'm beautiful."

"Upon my word, that's modesty!"

"Per-fectly beautiful, like a queen of the blood!"

"Or out of a fairy tale?"

She nodded.

"Very well," he said, indulgently.

"You are 'per-fectly beautiful!' Snow-white — and — rose-red! Much too beautiful to be let loose on feeble man. Turn around. That's a stunning mantle. Comes down to the end of your train, eh? All the way around! I want to get the whole effect—go slow! Very impressive—little white slippers and all. I like that flub-dub at the top of your frock."

"Chiffon," she flashed back at him, touching the soft flat fold delightedly.

"Very thrilling," said McKinney, gravely. "Altogether delectable! And how did you behave? Couldn't you walk across the floor now, as if you were going up to the throne? Bow to the adoring multitudes, just as you did last night. Let's see what kind of a queen you made. Tell me all about it."

"I will! Now look! Like this you see!" She stood slim and tall in her splendor. "I sat in the proscenium box with my maids. (There was Marthe, and Elizabeth, and Elinor, and Maisie.) The Opera House was crowded to the roof and everyone stared at us, and the orchestra played. After a while, the lights were lowered, and the curtain went up. There were the tableaux, Comus in Arcady. They were very beautiful. Then some of the floor committee came to our box, and they took us down between the 'call-outs' to the steps of the stage. A courier was waiting for each of my maids and the king's messenger was waiting for me!" All her Gallic an-

cestry spoke in the dramatic tension of her voice. "A blond knight, in rose and gold—with a mask that smiled."

"It's a peculiarity of masks," said McKinney, stroking his chin again. "So you went up the steps with the messenger of the king——"

Yvonne interrupted him breathlessly, clasping her roses tighter.

"Straight up the steps and across the stage—between lines of maskers that danced and applauded and shrieked out funny noises—to the throne. The king met me. Then two women came from the wings—in pink dominoes—and fastened the mantle on my shoulders and put the jewels on me, and the king gave me his arm and we walked around the long, wide stage before the maskers that clapped and clapped and the people in the horseshoe that clapped——" She gave a deft little kick to the heavy train so that it lay in graceful folds behind her. "Like this!" she explained raptly and walked to the other end of the room with a stately tread.

As she came slowly back, she bent her head in answer to imaginary plaudits and gestured graciously with her empty hand. McKinney, watching with a slow smile upon his lips, seemed almost to hear the bravos that greeted her, almost to see the lights of the old French Opera House flaring down upon her happy beauty. When she stopped, just a little short of his chair, she sank in a sweeping courtesy.

"Will I do?" she asked, laughing but eager. "Will I do, Justin? I was so happy. It was like a fairy tale."

She rose lithely, and stood beside him. The room was already in shadow except for the fire-glow, and her white, jeweled figure lent an aspect of unreality to the quiet walls.

"Snow-white — and — rose-red! That's a good name for you," McKinney commented leisurely. "Yes, Yvonne, you'll do. I dare say your grandmother was proud, and the women were jealous, and the men were all mad about you. What more could you want?"

"I wanted you to be there," she said, frankly and sweetly as a child.

"You're a dear girl."

"I did so wish for it, Justin!"

"If wishes were horses," he reminded cheerfully. "Too bad they're not, eh?"

"I kept thinking," she insisted, "what you'd say——"

He drummed on the arm of his chair, still smiling, while he turned resolutely away from that question.

"How many men made love to you?"

"Oh, a good many!" said Yvonne, frankly. "It was really funny. I had a perfect time."

"Heartless young person!"

"I'm not," she objected with a madrigal of laughter. "It would have been



"I wanted you to be there," she said, frankly and sweetly as a child

heartless to take them seriously. Why don't you ask me to sit down?" She looked about her for a chair.

"Why, I wasn't sure you *could* sit down, in all that grandeur. You're such a picture. Besides," McKinney added as a prudent afterthought, "I didn't know you meant to stay. Mother's at the Woman's Club, or something equally engrossing."

Yvonne, who had possessed herself of a low seat and was dragging it very near her host, tossed an unabashed head.

"Did I *ask* for your mother? It was you I came to see. To show you how I looked." She sat down and dropped the roses across her lap. "What were we talking about? I've forgotten."

She was so near that her mantle

brushed his sleeve. There was a small, soft curl lying upon the nape of her white neck that played havoc with McKinney's resolute impersonality. A grim appreciation twitched the muscles of his mouth.

"You're a delightfully unconventional young woman," he suggested, mildly significant, "to come a-visiting me without any chaperon."

"My maid's outside in the machine." "If she hasn't by this time eloped with the chauffeur."

"If she has," Yvonne retorted quickly, "she'll be sorry. He's already married. Don't you want me to stay?"

"Want?" he repeated, politely. "Of course, I *want* it. But I was thinking of *you*——"

"Well, I want it, too—so that's settled," she decided, nodding her head in pleased affirmation. "Now, what were we talking about?"

"If you *will* stay—we were discussing the men who made love to you last night."

She smiled sweetly. "Since you insist, then. There were lots of them, but two in especial. Do you mind if I lean against the arm of your chair?"

"Not in the least," said McKinney, and drew away courteously to the other side.

Yvonne looked displeased. "I believe you're afraid of me."

"I am," he assured her with a flicker of grim humor. "About the two in especial, however?"

She flung back her head and looked up at him out of frank, lovely eyes.

"Comus," she said, "asked me to marry him, and so did the captain of the Comus Krewe. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"The king—that would be——?"

"Haven't you heard? Logan Winchester was Comus."

"And the captain?"

"Edouard Carriere."

"Humph!"

"I know," Yvonne accepted sympathetically, "he's been married before. But I like widowers when they're not fat, nor bald."

"Undeniably," her confessor agreed, "to be fat or bald is nothing in a widower's favor."

"Edouard's tall and thin," Yvonne went on thoughtfully, "and his hair is really thick, but—I don't know, Justin—he *will* wear red ties."

McKinney felt his own tie thoughtfully; it was a rich wine color.

"Well, you're not a widower," said Yvonne. She petted her roses absently. Their fragrance, just touched with that elusive staleness which comes to roses after too much light and warmth, drifted all about her like an aura. McKinney frowned quietly.

"So you gave him his *conge*?"

"Just as nicely as I could. Yes, I suppose so."

"And Comus?"

Yvonne sat upright, staring into the fire. Her jewels netted her in winking light.

"He was a beautiful king," she said, dreamily, "all white satin and silver. But, there were vine leaves in his hair, and his mask smiled. You know his voice? Curt, with a little husk to it, as if he didn't talk much. It's fascinating. There's nothing he's afraid to say, and yet he sounds shy. I was so happy, you see, at being queen I may have spilled over a little in his direction, and he didn't understand. Men are funny."

"'Curiouser and curiouser'—eh?"

"He asked me to marry him, be-

tween the fourth and fifth dances."

"Wouldn't that have been a trifle hasty?"

"You know what I mean," said Yvonne, nodding her head wisely, "and I told him I couldn't decide in such a hurry, that he must wait. I wanted to talk to you about it."

"You told him that?" McKinney lifted quizzical eyebrows.

"Oh, no—no—no—no! Of course not. I told him it wasn't fair to expect me to know my own mind at a ball."

"You've been thinking it over to-day, then? That's Ash Wednesday with a vengeance."

Yvonne shrugged expressively.

"I went to mass at the Cathedral this morning; I stood my little St. Joseph on his head; and I went to the photographer's. That was to divert my mind. Then, while I was at the photographer's, I had an idea. I said to myself, 'I want Justin to see me in this. I won't get back into my street clothes. I'll go up there with this cloak around me. The machine's closed, nobody'll see, and when we get there, Julie can wait outside. Justin can see me. I can tell him everything, and he'll know what I ought to do!' You see, sooner or later, I shall *have* to marry some one, and it's no use discussing it with grand mere—she has just two qual-i-fi-cations (eh?), family and money. She's very narrow, grand mere is. Fat and bald, and red ties, and things like that, she calls 'little peculiarities, chere, that make nothing!'"

McKinney laughed. The reproduction of Madame du Bois' caressing tone was quite perfect.

"I think I see your point of view. You realize the necessity of matrimony, as a career, but you decline to excuse any more peculiarities than are absolutely inevitable."

"If I knew what you meant by that," said Yvonne, reproachfully, "I am sure my feelings would be hurt."

"It's just as well you're so dense, then," he teased. His eyes held something more than indulgent amusement, however, and he sighed impatiently, gripping the handle of the stick beside the chair. It was an ivory handle, carved in the likeness of a grinning face.

Presently he said in an impersonal, friendly tone:

"Won't you ring for lights, it's getting dark."

"I don't want the lights," objected Yvonne, imperiously. "It can't be more than half after five, and I like the fire. Besides, we haven't finished. I want you to decide for me—about Logan—about the king."

"You might flip a coin," he suggested

She rebuked him with exaggerated sadness.

"It's something important—to *me*. How can you laugh about it? I'm

depending on you, Justin. If I marry the wrong man, it won't be so amusing. You wouldn't laugh then."

"I shouldn't laugh under any circumstances."

She fell upon the admission at once.

"Why? Why wouldn't you laugh?"

"Matrimony," said McKinney, carefully, "is, I've been told, no laughing matter."

There was disappointment in the sidelong glance she sent him.

"Then you think Logan would be a good person for me to marry?"

"Very safe."

"Ah, but that's so stupid!"

"Eminently wise."

"Justin! I'm not an old woman!"

"He has money enough, family enough, virtues enough, looks enough—he's a very good sort all round."

"Then you *do* think——"

"I think your grandmother would be delighted."

"It isn't my grandmother I'm thinking of, though."

"There's no manner of doubt that *he'd* be happy."

"But *I*, Justin, I? What would it be for *me*? I'm not thinking of him."

"That might be considered," said McKinney, slowly, "a very complete answer to your own question."

Yvonne looked at him doubtfully. She drew the jewels about her neck back and forth upon a slender finger.

"I can't talk riddles," she said at last. "I'm not clever like you. That's why I asked you to help me. I'm not joking, Justin—I want to *know*——"

"And you want *me* to tell you!" he retorted, almost with a groan.

"Why not?" demanded Yvonne, swiftly.

"No reason, no reason on earth," he said presently, in an even lightness of tone. "It's just that I don't know the answer, that's all."

A little silence ensued, then Yvonne laid her hand upon the arm of his chair, almost timidly.

"We've known each other a long, long time, haven't we, Justin?"

"Since the moon of knickerbockers and pinafores, Yvonne."

"Do you remember how you taught me to fly kites and play marbles? And when we stole Poe's 'Tales' from your mother, and read them up in grand mere's attic?"

"Those were very bully days," said the man, regretfully.

"Then I was sent away to school, and you went off to Virginia. You sent me a pennant and your fraternity pin, and a great, great many letters."

"The first love"—he quoted, under his breath.

"I was frightfully young——"

"Being so ancient now?"

"I'm a woman now."

Continued on page 60.

Current Events in Review

*Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire*

The V. C. of Womanhood

MR. W. A. FRASER, of Toronto, author of "Mooswa," "The Eye of a God" and other successful novels, has attracted a good deal of attention in the press by his suggestion that the mothers of slain Canadian soldiers should be presented with some distinctive medal in honor of their sacrifice. The proposal has been very generally approved, though naturally there have been many suggestions in the form of amendment while the general idea is supported. Answering some of these Mr. Fraser writes in the *Mail and Empire*:—

Since the appearance of my letter, suggesting a silver cross for the mothers of slain soldiers, several correspondents have written to suggest variations of this simple tribute. All of these suggestions, well meant as they were, are worthy of consideration. In my own case I gave hours of thought to these divergent elements before submitting the matter to the public.

There can never be any question before the bestowing body of this cross as to its having been merited by the mother; there might be and would be in many cases, if the wives were the recipients; if for the mother alone it would represent the "V.C." of womanhood, it would mean recognition of the one thing—the supreme sacrifice of motherhood. It would put an additional burden upon the Government to extend it beyond the mothers. To guard it the status of every wife would have to be established. Wives have the future before them of reaping the benefits of motherhood; the mothers who are losing their grown-up sons have little in life left.

There should be no distinction made between mothers who lose one son, and mothers who lose more than one. The widow's mite should fix this value. A woman may give all she has in life—her only son; her sacrifice cannot be surpassed; a woman who sacrifices all her sons can do no more. A mother might lose two sons and be richer still than the mother of one in having two or more left.

TO RUSSIA.

Grey titan of the steppes, whose wistful eyes

Are old with long desire, with dreams are young—

Thy tales are not all told, thy songs all sung:

New hopes are born for every hope that flies,

And stars are only quenched by daybreak skies.

Thy face is to the dawning; thou hast sprung

With virile force and sinews sternly strung

To thy prophetic and divine emprise.

Seeing, we stretch our welcoming hands to thee;

Hearing, we answer. And the sullen shades

Of lurking doubt, of old misgiving, flee:

Our hearts are quickened, bygone grievance fades;

Thine are our cherished hopes and ours thy foes,

Grey titan of the steppes, child of the snows.

—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The more one thinks over this matter the more one is convinced that the simpler the silver cross can be kept in its method of bestowal and in its design the better. By the name silver cross, I mean one of conventional military design—the maltese cross. This always carries the distinctive value of national bestowal. It does not intrude into the sacred field of the church cross. It probably would be of less dimension than the crosses bestowed upon men. Such a cross would cost \$1.50, or \$2. Some correspondents have suggested a shield or other devices. A visit to any of the large jewelers, and an inspection of the hundreds of such decorations, commemorative often of trivial events, would convince anyone that it would be unwise to vary the proposed form.

I think the various bodies of men and women who have so generously taken up this thought are now convinced that the proper way to have this proposal passed upon is to submit it

to the Government at Ottawa with a request for serious consideration. It will then rest with the Government to act independently of, or in conjunction with, the British Crown.

Canadians can contribute to this national recognition of our heroic mothers by directing their influence individually or as members of some association, to Ottawa, leaving entirely in the hands of the Government the procedure once the matter is taken up.

To Avenge Captain Fryatt

ECHOES of the murder of Captain Fryatt reverberate in the Canadian press from time to time, and while there is no suggestion that Britain should imitate the barbarities of Germany with regard to the treatment of prisoners there appears to be a very general idea that some sort of reprisal should be made. The *Toronto Telegram* believes that this might be done financially, and makes the following suggestions:

British investments under German control are estimated at \$450,000,000.

German investments under British control are estimated at \$650,000,000.

Thus Britain can find a margin of \$200,000,000 that can serve as the basis of reprisals for the murder of Captain Fryatt and other German barbarities. Germany has also destroyed British shipping equivalent to a tonnage of 1,500,000. Britain seems to be determined that this loss shall be made good from the tonnage of German ships interned in neutral and allied ports.

The dawn of Germany's day of reckoning may be distant. Financial reprisals for Germany's worst atrocities can be exacted at once. Other reprisals must be delayed. Germany imagines that Britain will submit to the unrequited destruction of a 1,500,000 tonnage of merchant shipping. Then when peace is declared Germany's merchant ships are to emerge from the ports of their imprisonment. These German ships are to regain Britain's share in the carrying trade of the world, while Britain is building



Neutrality!

tonnage to replace the merchant ships destroyed by German submarines. Germany has figured out a pretty calculation. That calculation is inspired by a long Teutonic experience of Britain's folly. Germany's future calculations will be inspired by Germany's acquaintance with Britain's wisdom.

A Man With 10,000 Friends

THE war has crowded out of the Canadian newspapers much interesting matter which in normal times, would have been widely discussed. Particularly true is this with regard to obituary notices, save those of generals, statesmen and others concerned with the present struggle. But the *Moose Jaw Times* has found space for a few lines about a very famous London vicar who in pioneer days labored among the Canadian Indians. The *Times* says:—

There recently died at an Old Country seaside resort a London vicar whose friends were said to have numbered about 10,000. His name was the Rev. Frank Swainson, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Holloway. He was known as the country's most successful "beggar" for the parish poor, as every year he gathered over \$30,000 from newspaper appeals.

He had a convalescent home at Broadstairs for the sick; he assisted young people to emigrate; and he kept the old age pensioners in his parish from starvation during this time of high prices. He knew every man, woman and child in his parish of 10,000 people. This popular vicar of Holloway was the dustman's friend, and it was his habit to shake hands with the "dusto" when he came to fetch the rubbish. The vicar's kindly, unaffected way won the hearts of all who came into contact with him. There was scarcely a family in the whole of his parish that he had not assisted in one way or another, and all who knew him, whether they were churchgoers or not, regarded him as a friend.

The late Rev. Frank Swainson practically died from overwork. Two years ago a specialist advised him to take a rest, but the vicar would not leave his work. In January last he took a few weeks off, but not enough, and this time, when the doctors said that he must have a six months' holiday at least, the church members sent a letter begging him not to come back till he was really well. They also sent him a gift of money, to which the poor contributed their pennies. The late Rev. Swainson had 1,200 men in his class

at St. Barnabas and since the outbreak of war it was his practice to send every week a personal letter to members with the forces. In the early days of his career this London vicar, whose remains now rest in Highgate Cemetery, worked among the Blackfoot Indians in Canada.

American Neutrality

CANADIAN newspapers have followed the lead of the Old Country press in restrained comment upon the action of the American captains who stood by while the U 53 sank merchant vessels on the American coast. The real denunciations of the act have found expression in American newspapers, especially in their correspondence columns. Yet the facts ought not to be forgotten, and we reprint the following from the *Guelph Herald*:—

The more the alleged neutral attitude of the U. S. Government towards warring vessels is considered the stranger appears the discrimination. The statement made by Viscount Grey in the House of Lords in reply to questions about the destruction of shipping by the German submarine U-53 off the American coast reveals the fact that there are elements of serious friction between the British and American Governments in that incident. Early in the war, on several occasions, the Washington Government complained of British warships "hovering" near the coast of the United States. It was not charged that the presence of British warships near the American coast was in violation of international law. Such a charge would have been absurd. As the warships were on the high seas, outside American territorial waters, they had a legal right to be there. But the complaints were based on the alleged fact that the presence of the warships was "irritating" to the American people and might be regarded as evidence of unfriendliness. And so, in compliance with requests from Washington, the British Admiralty instructed the commanders of British naval vessels doing patrol service on this side of the ocean to withdraw further from the coast and carefully refrain from doing anything needlessly to cause irritation. In so doing the British Government, in order to avoid injury to the extremely sensitive susceptibilities of the American people, good-naturedly waived some part of its rights as a belligerent, put its patrol service to greater inconvenience and made its work more difficult.

Mark what followed. It is quite within the bounds of reason to say that had the British patrol vessels been near the coast, as they were when the American objection was raised, the U-53 would have been limited in its

operations, and certainly one at least of the outstanding incidents would not have occurred. It appears that when the German submarine, dashing from Newport with the information there received, reached and attacked one of the merchant vessels marked as a victim, torpedo boats of the U. S. navy were cruising near by, and it is reported that the German commander ordered them to clear out of the way so as not to impede him in his task of commerce destroying, and that they obeyed his order, standing by until the ship was sunk and then proceeding to rescue the passengers and crew from the small boats.

If these facts are true, and it is but charitable to await confirmation of them before being too critical, it shows that British cruisers engaged in protecting commerce are held objectionable in the American official mind, while a German submarine war craft is permitted to enter an American port, gain information of the whereabouts of merchant ships, depart from an alleged neutral port to attack them, and then is at liberty to attack and sink vessels while the American navy stands by and watches.

Comfort to Enemy

THE fight between the soldiers and the Mounted Police at Calgary has, of course, been described in American newspapers and the city is declared "virtually to be in the hands of the soldier mob." Possibly the affair will eventually find its way in the press of Germany, there to be hailed as a demonstration against the war. The disturbers of the peace in Canada are working to give more comfort to the enemy than to the people at home.

—*Renfrew Journal*.

How Britons Help

AS an instance of the whole-hearted sacrifice made by Britain, Sir Hamar Greenwood, M. P., stated in Toronto, in an address before the Canadian Club, that motoring as a pastime had been given up. "There are more motor cars running on the streets of Toronto to-day than in the whole of England. Cars have either been stored or sent by the tens of thousands over to France."

Port Arthur News Chronicle.

When the West "Comes Back"

PAPERS with favorite hobbies have not wholly relinquished the delight of riding them while the war lasts, some even find arguments in their support from the conflict. Thus the *Weekly Sun* continues to present its



Nobody Loves Me

theories on taxation, and naturally enough provokes comment and contradiction from those which disagree with it. The *Temiscaming Herald* says:—

A Saskatoon paper contains a list occupying seventy-two columns of town lots to be sold for taxes, following the collapse of the land boom. The *Weekly Sun* of Toronto, which is opposed to everything in the way of progress or reform, cites this as an illustration of the fallacy of the principle of taxing land as a means of forcing it into use, and sheds a tear for the Ontario "housemaids, widows and other simple persons" (query: can this last class possibly include the *Sun* man?) who were inveigled into paying good money for these lots with the idea of holding up later comers for an exorbitant profit.

The *Sun* has the wrong idea, as usual. These people are entitled to very little sympathy, except in so far as they were lied to by the agents who

sold them the land for their own profit. The "innocent" victims bought the land without the slightest intention of ever using it or going near it. Not one in a hundred of them could use the land in any manner if he or she wanted to. They are speculators and gamblers, pure and simple, and must take the consequences. The effect of squeezing out these speculators may not be to put the land to immediate use, but it will force it out of permanent disuse, which is pretty much the same thing. When the West "comes back," the city itself will have control of the land, as it should have.

Unwelcome Reformers

THE path of the reformer is proverbially hard, and especially so when the reforms have to do with such cherished institutions as those of the church. It must be said that usually the revisers and paraphrasers of the Bible and the Prayer and Hymn books have



brought more zeal than imagination to the task, and the protest from the *Kingston Whig* will meet with general approval:

The commission which, in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, has been revising the Book of Common Prayer, has, after making certain recommendations, which were referred back to it for further consideration, adjourned its sessions for at least three years. This commission proposed certain amendments to the marriage ceremony, eliminating, among other things, the word "obey," which was in the response of the bride. The amendment pleased some people, but not all. The majority favored the leaving of the ceremony as it is. The greatest change was in the Ten Commandments. These were whittled down or revised and condensed until the first five were represented by a few lines. The object was to make the recital impressive in the church service. There are some people who will challenge the wisdom of even seven bishops, seven clergymen, and seven laymen amending the Commandments, which are preceded in the Bible by these words: "And God spake these words saying."

There is a limit to the length to which some people will go in their revision of the Bible. Ritual and ceremony, as dictated by men, may be emasculated at pleasure, but not the language and commandments of the Deity.

Real Irish Loyalty

MR. T. S. KENNEDY of Victoria, B.C., has the following interesting letter in the *Colonist*. It throws a light on Irish loyalty at its best. He says:—

I believe I am not incorrect in say-

ing that a great number of the Irish Guards, spoken of in such glowing terms by Lieut. Holmes, are volunteers from the Royal Irish Constabulary. Before and after the Crimean War the latter were spoken of (not officially) as the Irish Guards. Subsequently the government was informed by Sir Andrew Read, I.G., that the Irish Constabulary would much prefer the title "Royal Irish" instead of money as a reward for their distinguished service in Ireland during previous years.

Many officers and men of the R.I.C. served with distinction at battles during the Crimean War. In fact I know of no war with England which they did not "do their bit," and did it well; for "them's the boys that fears no noise."

Collecting Small Debts

THAT was quite an interesting pointer given to Ontario by Mr. Horace Chevrier of Winnipeg, president of the Dominion Retail Merchants' Association, in an address to Ottawa retailers yesterday. In Manitoba, Mr. Chevrier told, a small debt can be collected at very small cost. A bill of say \$5 can be collected in court at a cost of 50 cents. In Ontario to collect such a bill may cost several dollars. And we in Ontario have been imagining we had rather a sensible and economical institution in our Division Courts! The Manitoba system provides a magistrate in each necessary district to receive complaints of merchants and to issue summonses. The merchants can serve the notice by his own employee. No reason exists that we can think of why a County Judge in Ontario could not do what the Manitoba special magistrate does—and no reason that we can imagine why collection of small debts should have to cost more in Ontario than in Manitoba. Ottawa retail merchants should have a talk about this to the city members of the Ottawa Legislature.

—Ottawa Journal.

Preparing For a Fray

RUMORS that the next will be the last session of the present parliament are rife, and a belief that the Liberal Opposition will no longer tolerate an extension of Parliament's life probably accounts for the fact that the *Stratford Herald*, a strong Conservative paper, reproduces the memorable words of Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, one of the most forceful of Liberal debaters uttered some time ago:—

"The people of Canada are behind this Government. They trust the clear-eyed purpose of Sir Robert Borden.

"I am proud of being a citizen of Canada because of what the present government has done since the outbreak of the war.

"When the war is over history will record that whatever the petty political fortunes of the parties happen to be the present head of the Government has, since the war cloud burst, kept an eye single to the winning of the war. And has not been turned aside by any improper course or small consideration."

A Good Sign

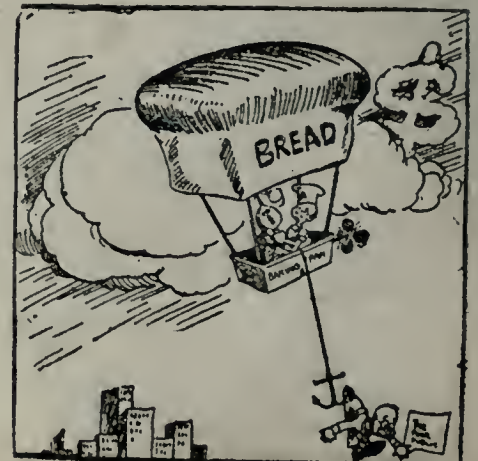
AN Edmonton newspaper asserts that that northwestern city has the largest butter factory in Canada, the output of which last year was 2,525,021 pounds, as contrasted with 74,000 pounds in 1909, the year of its beginning. The product of this manufactory, it is pointed out, was awarded seventeen prizes and one championship at fairs extending from Quebec in the East to Vancouver in the West. The facts are worth noting as a sign that the great western provinces are branching out extensively into general farming. They hold the grain records, are celebrated for their live stock, and are seeking other laurels.

—Montreal Gazette.

Indian Summer

THE Summerside Journal adds to the voluminous literature on the subject of Indian Summer in one of those articles for which the Journal is noted. It gives us a picture of the season in the "twilight zone" between Summer and Winter, and then explains the origin of the term by which we on this side of the water identify it:

And what is Indian summer and how did the name originate? Legend has it that the smoky season was first due to the smoke from the peace pipes of many Indian chiefs who met in friendly council. A more prosaic theory is that forest fires, which originate in the late summer, are responsible for



the blue haze of this season. Reference to Indian summer was made as far back as 1789. A translation from the French, the journal having been written in Canada, is as follows:

"At last come the heavy rains, filling the springs, the creeks and marshes, an infallible sign. Following this fall water comes a severe frost brought to us by the northwest wind. The piercing cold builds a universal bridge over the watery places, and prepares the land for that great mass of snow which should soon follow it. The roads, which have been impassable heretofore, become open and convenient. Sometimes the rain is followed by an interval of calm and warmth which is called the Indian summer; its characteristics are a tranquil atmosphere and a general smokiness."

Whatever the meaning or origin of the term certain it is that Indian summer is a season which the lover of the country would sorely miss. It bespeaks a peace such as characterize no other group of days.

The Late Norman Duncan

BRANTFORD the birthplace of Norman Duncan, one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of American novelists, followed his career with particular interest, and the *Courier* has this to say of his untimely death:

Brantford has not only lost a famous son, but the world of modern letters one of its brightest ornaments, by the lamented death of Norman Duncan. Although only forty-five years of age he had long ago attained a permanent place as a noted author. After leaving Toronto University he took up journalistic work in Auburn, N. Y., and later joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and made his mark by writing a series of human stories of the

Syrian quarter and its inhabitants. They were later issued in book form under the title "Souls of the Street." Other works followed in quick succession and met with instant success; "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," "The Mother," "Every man for himself," "Billy Topsail and Company" and a number of others. He also contributed to Harper's Magazine a series of masterly sketches, the result of travels in Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Australia, Papua and Dutch East Indies. Among other things he had been Professor of Rhetoric at Washington and Jefferson Colleges, and Professor of English Literature at the University of Kansas. Pittsburg University conferred upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Literature. His pellucid and charming style had won for him a delighted circle of hundreds of thousands of admirers, and his ability to limn varying emotions, and to portray surroundings of either land or sea, has never been surpassed. His personal life and character, was of the most ideal nature.

It is very seldom that two brothers attain such noted fame as Robert and Norman Duncan and the world has been all the poorer for their passing.

Paper Prices and Forest Fires

PERHAPS the general public does not realize how intimately it is likely to be concerned by the great advance in the rates of print paper although newspapers and magazines are critically affected, and a general increase in subscription rates and advertising, and a cutting down in the size of some of the larger papers are being discussed in publishing circles. The *St. Catharines Standard* considers the connection between the scarcity of paper and the frequency of forest fires in the following article:

Independent of other causes operating to increase the price of paper to Canadian publishers, the constant destruction of spruce and balsam forests by preventable fires has played a serious role. Without question, there is abundance of woods to meet all demands of paper mills, but abundance and accessibility are frequently two very different things. Transportation distances between the woods and the mills is a factor of first importance, as not a few unsuccessful Canadian and American paper mills have been forced to realize. Every additional mile a paper mill is obliged to travel for logs, the costs of the paper product will reflect an advance.

E. H. Backus, president of the Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company, at Fort Frances, Ontario, stated recently that the increasing inaccessibility of pulp limits from the mills is making paper dearer. Unlike small saw mills,



the permanently located pulp mill cannot pack up its equipment and follow the retreating forest. Forest engineers are agreed, however, that with care in operating limits and thorough protection against fire, pulpwood forests can be perpetuated indefinitely; accessibility of supplies need be lessened very little.

Up to the present stage in Canada, the lack of modern fire protection for which the governments, as trustees of the timber resources, are chiefly responsible, has reduced the near-at-hand bodies of pulp wood far more than the actual cost of logs. The Northern Ontario fires of last summer are an illustration of this fact. In the 1200 square miles devastated were substantial quantities of paper making materials. In the same fire an Ontario paper company lost 400,000 cords of wood, ready piled in the mill yard. Quebec's 1916 fires also cleared out large quantities of spruce and balsam as well as white pine. The forest fire record in Ontario and Quebec during the past ten years accounts for vastly more forest wealth than has passed into lumber and pulp.

If the pulp areas at the mill door are allowed to disappear in flames, the longer drive or rail haul automatically increases the cost of manufacture. Without doubt, other causes than unheeded fires are at the root of the paper price advances in war time, but it remains true that since the first paper factory in Canada began to operate, the fire fiend has been laying his tax on the paper consumer.

Credit When It Is Due

THE subject discussed by the *Toronto Star* in the following article has been mentioned by many other Canadian papers at different times, and there is a consensus that the military authorities, for reasons known only to themselves, and it may be for reasons whose force is felt especially by the



Off the Retired List

Continued from page 27.

French military authorities who are chiefly responsible for the rigorousness of the censorship, have missed a chance to stimulate recruiting:—

When the full story is told this regiment will be found to have added fresh lustre to a name already famous," says an official despatch from Ottawa, referring to the fine work done by a Canadian battalion in a recent battle.

But when will the full story be told? When will it be permissible to make public the name, with the new lustre on it?

What purpose is served by suppressing the names of the Canadian battalions which in this battle so greatly distinguished themselves? There seems, to have been two in particular, one from British Columbia and one from Ontario. But which ones?

All the Canadian forces gave a fine account of themselves in this affair, but there is talk of certain two battalions that did wonderful work. If it be true that there were two battalions that performed deeds that will add lustre to their names—if it is not a hasty verdict involving injustice to other battalions that did quite as well—what sound reason could there be for suppressing the names or numbers of these two battalions and leaving eight million Canadians at home guessing as to which battalions are meant? If the statements made in the despatch are not fully considered—if they do involve injustice to other battalions that fought equally well and with equal success—the injustice is not lessened by indicating two battalions, although not naming them.

If a battalion has added lustre to its name already famous, would the naming of it in the Canadian press benefit the enemy in any way? How it could benefit the enemy no fellow can understand. It appears to be all right to say in the press that a battalion was from Canada, or even from Ontario, or British Columbia, or Winnipeg—or the official dispatch in question says all this openly—but evidently it would never, never do to give the actual name or number of the battalion that has "added lustre" to a name "already famous" but not mentioned in the despatches.

But if Canada wants men to enlist in her armies why not let battalions be named and become famous? Why not let the men who bravely fall have the credit now of the deeds they do, and why not let the men who bravely fight enjoy while they live some of the renown they earn, instead of shelving it all on the chance that some day "when the full story comes to be written" by the historian, late justice—much too late—may be done to those who deserve the honor and praise of their countrymen?

and bright work. A throb of brutal pain in his head wrung a grunt from him, and then he realized that something was wrong with his right arm. He tried to move it, to bring it above the bed-clothes to look at it, and the effort surprised an oath from him and left him dizzy and shaking. The white jacket of the steward came through a mist that was about him.

"Better, I hope, sir," the steward was saying. "Beggin' your pardon, but you'd better lie still, sir. Is there anything I could bring you, sir?"

"Did the boat fall on me?" asked the Captain, carefully. His voice seemed thin to himself.

"Not on you, sir," replied the steward. "Not so to speak, on top of you. The keel 'it you on the shoulder, sir, an' you contracted a thump on the 'ead."

"And the wreck?" asked the Captain.

"The wreck's crew is aboard, sir, bark *Vavasour*, of London, sir. The mate brought 'em off most gallantly, sir. I was to tell 'im when you come to, sir."

"Tell him, then," said the Captain, and closed his eyes, wearily. The pain in his head blurred his thoughts, but his life-long habit of waking from sleep to full consciousness, with no twilight of muddled faculties intervening, held good yet. He remembered, now, the new pins in the blocks, and there was even a tincture of amusement in his reflections. A soft tread beside him made him open his eyes.

"Well, Arthur," he said.

The tall young mate was beside him.

"Ah, father," he said cheerfully. "Picking up a bit, eh? That's good. Ugly accident, that."

"Yes," replied the Captain, looking up into his face. "Block split, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the mate. "That's it. How do you feel?"

"You didn't notice the block I suppose, when you put the new pins in?" asked the Captain.

"Can't say I did," answered the mate, "or I'd have changed it. You're not going to blame me, surely, father?"

The Captain smiled. "No, Arthur, I'm not going to blame you," he said. "I want to hear how you brought off that bark's crew. Is it a good yarn for Minnie?"

At Barcelona the Captain went to hospital and they took off his right arm at the shoulder. The *Burdock* went back without him, and he lay in his bed wondering how it was that the loss of an arm should make a man feel lonely.

He was quickly about again. Then it was that he discovered a strange thing; it was his right arm, the arm that was

gone, that hindered him. The scars of the amputation had healed, but unless he bore the fact deliberately in mind, he felt the arm to be there. He tried to button his braces with it, to knot his tie, to lace his boots, and had to overtake the impulse and correct it with an effort. When his clothes were on, he put his right hand in his trousers pocket, then remembered that it was not there, and withdrew hastily the hand he had not got. During the walk the same trouble remained with him; it muddled him when he bought tobacco and tried to pick up the change. Before he slept that night, he dropped on his knees at his bedside, and folded the left hand of flesh against the right hand of dream-stuff in prayer.

When his time came to go home in the *Burdock*, he was an altered man. The quiet, all-observant scrutiny had gone, and the officers who greeted him as he came up the accommodation ladder saw it at once. Arthur Price was now in command, a breezy, good-looking Captain in blue serge and gold braid.

"You've got her, then, Arthur?" said the old man as he reached the deck, and stood looking about him.

"Yes, I've got her," answered his son. "That your kit, father? Sewell (to the chief mate), send a couple of hands to get that dunnage aboard. Come along below, father."

He tucked his arm into his father's and led him down. Mildly taking stock of the well-remembered surroundings, the old man noticed he was being taken to the Captain's state-room, and an impulse of gratitude moved him. But he was glad he did not speak of it when his son put aside the curtains at the door for him, and he saw that this was not to be his room. New chintzes took the place of his old leather cushions; a big photograph of Minnie stood on the lid of the chronometer case, and the broken-backed Admiralty guides, ocean directories, and the rest were re-enforced by a brigade of smartly bound novels.

"Sit down," said Arthur, "and make yourself at home till they get your dunnage in. I've put you in the spare cabin in the port alleyway; you'll find it nice and quiet there. How are you feeling, father? Would you care for a drink?"

"Yes, I'd like a tot," replied the old man. "Shall I ring for your steward?"

"Don't you trouble," said Arthur. "I've got it here." It was in the cupboard under the chronometer, a whole case of whisky. "I carry my own," explained the mate; "I don't approve of old Davis's taste in whisky. Help yourself, father."

"How's Minnie?" asked the old man as he set down his glass.

"She's all right," was the reply. "I



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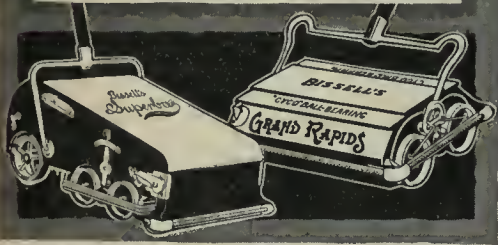
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Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
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Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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wanted to tell you about that. We go into dry dock when we get back from this trip, and Minnie and I'll get married before I take her out again. Quick work, isn't it?"

The old Captain nodded; the young Captain smiled.

"You'll be bringing Minnie out for the trip, I suppose?" asked the elder.

"That's my idea," agreed Arthur.

"You're a lucky chap," said the old man slowly. He hesitated. "You've got your ship in hand, eh, Arthur?"

"I've got her down to a fine point," said Arthur emphatically. "You needn't bother about me, father. I know my job, and I don't need any more teaching. I wish you'd get to understand that. You know Davis has bought the *Stormberg*?"

"I didn't know," said the old man with a sigh. "It don't matter to me, anyhow. I'd be reaching for the engine telegraph with my right hand as like as not. No, Arthur, I've done. I'll bother young officers no more."

The run home was an easy one, but it confirmed old Captain Price in his resolution to have done with the sea. Two or three times he fell about decks; a small roll, the commonplace movement of a well-driven steamship in a seaway shook him from his balance and that missing arm, which always seemed to be there, let him down. He would reach for a stanchion with it to steady himself, and none of his falls served to cure him of the persistent delusion that he was not a cripple. He tried to pick things up with it and let glasses and the like fall every day. The officers and engineers, men who had sailed with him at his ablest, saw his weakness quickly, and, with the ready tact that comes to efficient seafarers, never showed by increased deference or any sign that they were conscious of the change. It was only Arthur who went aside to make things easy for him, to cut his food for him at table, and so forth.

From Swansea he went home by train; Minnie and her kindly old father met him and made much of him. Old Davis was a man who had built up his own fortune, scraping tonnage together bit by bit, from the time when, as a captain, he had salvaged a crazy derelict and had her turned over to him by the underwriters in quittance of his claims. Now he owned a little fleet of good steamships of respectable burthen and was an esteemed owner. He did not press the *Stormberg* on Captain Price. The two old men understood each other. "I don't want her," Captain Price told him. "There's a time for nursin' tender engines and a time for scrappin' them. I'm for the scrap heap, David. I'm not the man I was. I don't put faith in myself no more. It's Arthur's turn now."

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David Davis nodded. "Yes, then. Well, well, now! It's a pity, too, John. But you know what's best to be sure. I don't want you to go without a ship while I've got a bottom afloat, but I don't want you to put the *Stormberg* to roost on the rocks of Lundy neither. So you wouldn't put faith in yourself no more?"

"No," said Captain Price, frowning reflectively. "I wouldn't, and that's the truth." He was seated in a plush-covered armchair in Davis's parlor, and now he leaned forward. "It's this arm of mine. It isn't there, but I can't get rid of the feeling of it. I'm always reachin' for things with it. I'd be reachin' for the telegraph in a hurry, I make no doubt."

"That's funny," said Davis, in sympathy. "Well, then, you just stop visiting with me. I've no mind to be alone in the house when your Arthur's gone off with my Minnie. He'll push the *Burdock* back an' fore for us and we'll sit ashore like gentlemen. He makes a good figure of a skipper, don't he, John?"

Old Captain Price sighed. "Aye, he looks well on the bridge," he said. "I hope he'll watch the ship, though; she's a big old tub to handle."

He saw the *Burdock* into dry dock and strolled down each day to look at her. Minnie and Arthur were busy with preparations for the wedding. But the girl found time to go down once with the old man and he took her into the dock under the steamship.

"A big thing she looks from here," he said, half to himself.

The girl looked forward. Over them the bottom plates of the *Burdock* made a great sloping roof; her rolling chocks stood out like galleries. Her lines bulged heavily out, and the girl saw the immensity of the great fabric, the power of the tool her husband should wield.

"She's big, indeed," she answered. "Five thousand tons and forty lives in one man's hands. It's splendid, uncle. And Arthur," her voice softened pleasantly, "is that man."

The old Captain wheeled on her sharply. "Tons and lives!" he cried. "Tons and lives be damned! It's not for them she's been run to a thumb-span and tended like a sick baby. It's for the clean honesty of it, to do a captain's work like a wise captain and not soil a record. D'ye think I stump my bridge for forty-eight hours on end

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because of the underwriters and the deck hands? Not me, my girl, not me! It's my trade to lay her sweetly in Barcelona bay, and it's my honor to know my work and do it."

He seemed to shrug his shoulder. The girl could not know it was his right hand he flung up to the scarred steel plates above him

"There's your *Burdock*," he said. "She's your dividend-grinder; she's my ship. And if I'd thought of no more than your five thousand tons and your forty lives, she'd not be where she is."

He held out his left hand, palm uppermost, and started and blinked when there came no smack of the right fist descending into it.

"There's me talking again," he said. "Never mind, Minnie dear, it's only your old uncle. Let's be back up-town."

The wedding day was a Thursday. The ceremony was to take place in the chapel of which David Davis was a member; the subsequent festivities were arranged for at a hotel. It was to be a notable affair, an epoch-maker in the local shipping world and when all was over there would be time for the newly-wedded to go aboard the *Burdock* and take her out on the tide. Old Captain Price, decorous in stiff black, drove to church with his son in a two-horse brougham. Neither spoke a word till they were close to the chapel door. Then the old man burst out suddenly:

"For God's sake, Arthur boy, do the right thing by your ship."

Arthur Price was a little moved. "I will, father," he said. "Here's my hand on it." There was a pause. "Why don't you take my hand, father?" he asked.

"Eh?" The old man started. "I thought I'd took it, Arthur. I'll be going soft next. Here's the other hand for you."

The reception at the hotel and the breakfast there were notable affairs. Everybody who counted for anything with the hosts was there and after a little preliminary formality and awkwardness, the function grew to animation. The shipping folk of Cardiff know champagne less as a beverage than as a symbol and there was plenty of it. Serious men became frivolous; David Davis made a speech in Welsh; Minnie glowed and blossomed; Arthur was everybody's friend. The old Captain, seated at the bottom of the table with an iron-clad matron on one side and a bored reporter on the other, watched him with a groan. The man who was to take the *Burdock* out of dock was drinking. Even one glass at such a time would have breached the old man's code; it was a crime against shipmastership. But Arthur, with his bride beside him, her brown eyes alight, her shoulder against his shoulder, had gone much further than the one glass

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The exhilaration of the day dazzled him; a waiter with a bottle to refill his glass was ever at his shoulder. His voice rattled on untiringly; already the old man saw how the muscles of the jaw were slack and the eyes moved loosely. The young Captain had a toast to respond to; he swayed as he stood up to speak and his tongue stumbled on his consonants. The reporter on Captain Price's left offered him champagne at the moment.

"Take it away," rumbled the old man. "Swill it yourself."

The pressman nodded. "It is pretty shocking stuff," he agreed. "I'm going to nap on the coffee myself."

It came to a finish at last. The bride went up to change, and old Captain Price took a cab to the docks. The *Burdock* was smart in new paint and even the deck hands had been washed for the occasion.

"I'll go down with you a bit," he explained to Sewell, the chief mate.

"The pilot'll bring me back. I suppose I can go up to the chart house?"

"Of course, sir," said Sewell. "If you can't go where you like aboard of us, who can?"

The old man smiled. "That'll be for the Captain to say," he answered, and went up the ladder.

She was very smart, the old *Burdock*, and Arthur had made changes in the chart house, but she had the same feel for her old Captain. Under her paint and frills, the steel of her structure was unaltered; the old engines would heave her along; the old seas conspire against her. Shift and bedeck and bedrape her as they might, she was yet the *Burdock*; her lights would run down channel with no new consciousness in their stare, and there was work and peril for men aboard of her as of old.

"Ah, father," said Arthur Price, as he came on the bridge. "Come to see me chase her round the d-dock, eh?" Even as he spoke he tottered. "Damn slippery deck, eh?" he said. "Well, you'll see she's shtering, 'tanyrate."

He wiped his forehead and his cap fell off. The old man stooped hurriedly and picked it up for him.

"Brace up, Arthur," he said in an urgent whisper, "an' let the pilot take her down the dock. For God's sake, don't run any risks."

"I'm Captain," said the younger man. "Aren't I Capt'n? Well, then, 'nough said." He went to the Bridge rail.

"All ready, Mish' Mate?" he demanded, and proceeded to get his moorings in.

The mud pilot came to the old Captain's side.

"Captain," he said, "that man's drunk."

The old man shuddered a little. "Don't make a noise," he said. "He—he was married to-day."

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"Aye." The pilot shook his head. "You know me, Captain; it's not me that would give a son of yours away. But I can't let him bump her about. He isn't you at handling a steamship, and he's drunk."

The old Captain turned to him. "Help me out," he said. "Pilot, give me a help in this. I'll stand by him and handy to the telegraph. We'll get her through all right. There's that crowd on the dock"—he signed to the festive guests—"waiting to see him off and we mustn't make a show of him. And his wife's aboard."

The pilot nodded shortly. "I'm willing."

Arthur, leaning on the rail, was cursing the dock boat at the buoy. The lock was waiting for them and he lurched to the telegraph, slammed the handle over with a clatter and rang for steam. The pilot and the old man leaned quickly to the indicator; he had ordered full speed ahead.

"Stop her!" snapped the pilot as the decks beneath them pulsed to the awaking engines. Arthur's hand was yet on the handle, but the old man's grip on his wrist was firm and the bell below clanged again. The young Captain wheeled on them furiously.

"Get off my brish," he shouted. "Down with you, th' pair of you." He made to advance on them, those two square old shipmen; he projected a general ruin; but his feet were not his own. He reeled against the rail.

"Port your helm!" commanded the pilot calmly. "Slow ahead!" Old Captain Price rang for him and they began to draw out. Ashore the wedding guests were a flutter of waving handkerchiefs and hats. They thanked God Minnie was not on the bridge. At the rail, Arthur lolled stupidly and seemed to be fighting down a nausea.

"Steady!" came the sure voice of the pilot. "Steady as you go! Stop her!"

Arthur Price slipped then and came to his knees. Ashore, the party was cheering.

"Up with you, Arthur," cried the old man in an agony. "Them people's looking. Stiffen up, my boy."

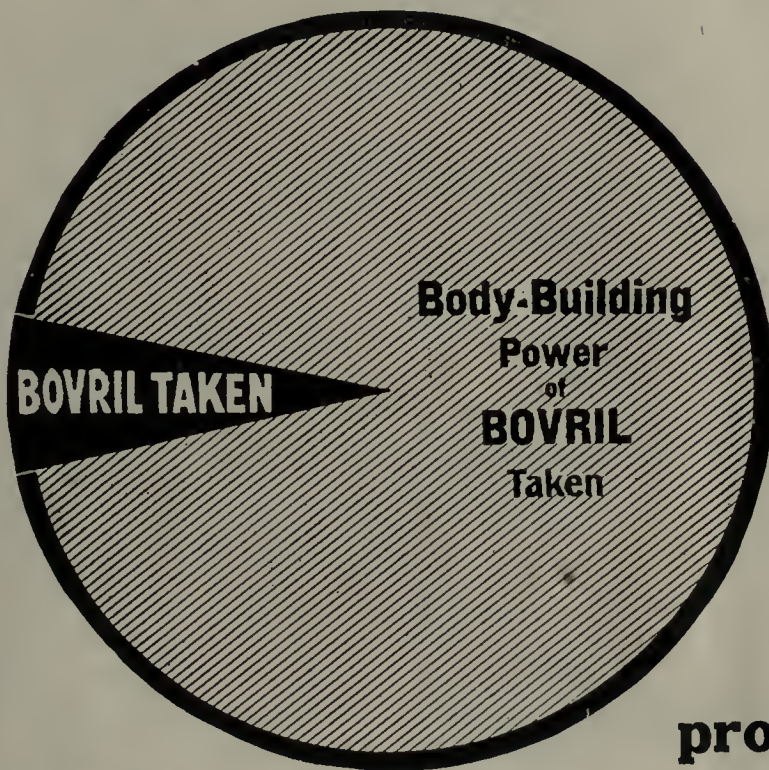
"Half speed ahead!" droned the pilot, never turning his head.

The old man rattled the handle over and stooped to his son.

"You can lie down when you turn her over to the mate," he said, grimly. "Till then you'll stand up and show yourself, if your feet perish under you. I'll hold you."

They were drawing round a tier of big vessels, going cautiously, not with the speed and knife-edge accuracy with which the old man had been wont to take her out, but groping safely through the craft about them. Arthur swayed and smiled and slackened, his head

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nodding as though in response to the friends on the dock who never abated their farewell clamor. The grip on his arm held him up, for he had weakened on his drink as excitable men will.

"Starboard!" ordered the pilot, and Captain Price half turned to pass the word. It was then that it happened. The drunken man pivoted where he stood and stumbled sideways, catching himself on the telegraph. The old man snatched him upright, for his knees were melting under him, and from below there came the clang of the bell. Arthur Price had pulled the handle over. Forthwith she quickened; she drove ahead for the stern of the ship she was being conned to clear; her prow was aimed at it, like a descending sword.

"Hard a-port!" roared the pilot, jumping back to bellow to the wheel. "Spin her round shore; over with her!" The wheel engine set up its clatter; with a savage wrench the old Captain shook his son to steadiness for an instant and lifted his eyes to see the *Burdock* charging to disaster.

"Stop her!" cried the pilot. "Full astern!"

Captain Price tightened his grip on his son's arm and reached for the handle with his other hand.

Clang clang! went the deep-toned bell below and swoosh went the reversed propeller. The pilot's orders rattled like hail on a roof; she came round, and old Captain Price had a glimpse of a knot of frantic men at the taff-rail of the ship they barely cleared. Then, slowly they wedged her into the lock-mouth and hauled in.

"Close thing!" said the pilot, panting a little.

The old man let his son lean against the rail, and turned to him.

"P'raps not," he said. "Pilot, what did I ring them engines with?" The other stared. "I had á hold of *him* with this hand of mine; I reached for the handle with my—other—hand."

"But," the pilot was perplexed—"but, Captain, you ain't got no other hand."

"No!" Captain Price shook his head. "But I rang the engines with it all the same. I rang the *Burdock* out of a bump with it; and—" he hesitated a moment and nodded his head sideways at the limp, lolling body of his son—"I rang his honor off the mud with it."

The pilot cleared his brow; he simply gave the matter up. "And what about now?" he asked. "He ain't fit to be trusted with her?"

"No," said Captain Price, firmly. "He's going to retire from the sea; and till he does, I'll sail as a passenger. And then I'll take the *Burdock* again. She don't care about that old spar of mine, the *Burdock* don't.

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 31.

the doctor. "It is strong stuff indeed. Don't try to sit up yet, thou big fool. Lie down quietly till I look at thy cracked head."

But Ahteck was feeling fairly strong again, for it had been but a knockout blow. He insisted on sitting up until his wound was dressed and his head done up in a bandage.

"It will be nothing," announced the doctor, cheerfully. "Thou hast a good hard head to stand a tussle with the beach. A brave fellow thou art, and I am glad that all will be well with thee."

At this moment came in some men bearing a couple of heavy bales dripping with water.

"One of these was tied in the canoe that was broken to pieces," said one of them. "The big waves rolled up the other one on the shore."

The old man whom Ahteck had rescued at the peril of his life came forward, grinning happily.

"It is the fur we brought many weeks' journey," he said. "There are many good pelts and it is good that they are found, but I fear my pipe is gone. Perhaps some good man will give me another, and a trifle of tobacco. My *tshishteman* is all wet.

He showed a little sodden tobacco at the bottom of a leathern pouch, and the agent handed him a new pipe and a small plug, after which the man seemed perfectly happy. He turned his head about and looked at the assembled people in a quiet, contented way, while bystanders observed him, with the awe and respect Indians always show to the demented.

"Something wrong in the old fellow's head, I think," commented the doctor. "How do you feel, my friend?"

But the old fellow shook his head, not understanding French, and went over to the bales of fur.

"It is a fine lot of pelts," he said. "We must dry them carefully again. They will be all right then."

At this time one of the other men who had been saved spoke, and Paul took upon himself the office of interpreter, for the doctor had but a scanty knowledge of Montagnais.

"He is saying that the old man is always thus. He says it is a good many years since he has been that way, yet he is still a very strong man with the paddle and good over the portage, carrying big loads. They say he was the strongest man they ever knew, and even now no one is better with the traps and the deadfalls. He catches much fur."

By this time people were paying no longer any attention to Ahteck, who had risen to his feet and was listening also.

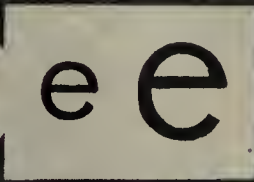
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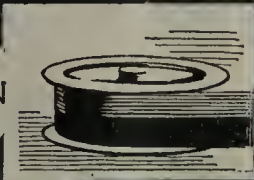
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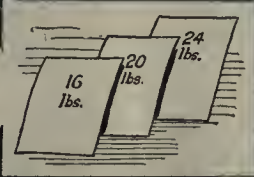
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"This man says," continued Paul, "that on Grand Lac this old hunter became so, all in one day. He is still good at the hunting, but he often speaks foolishly. Never does he say things just like other men."

By this time Ah-teck was staring, his uninjured eye widely open and his breath coming in great jerks, as if the furious waters of the lake had still been opening and closing over his head, that throbbed and made him think himself in prey a some strange delusion.

The case was an interesting one, and the doctor's professional curiosity was strongly aroused. He was about to ask for further details when the agent spoke.

"There are too many of you here," he said to the crowd, good humoredly. "The storm is over now and the sun is beginning to shine."

The room was partially cleared. Ah-teck looked through the door, that had been left wide open. He saw that the blackness of the great clouds had given place to brightness while the air was pure and clean after the terrible downpour. As the last of the onlookers filed out Uapukun and Mititesh arrived, out of breath from fast running. The older woman's voice faltered.

"Oh! Ah-teck! Thou art not dead!" she cried, stammering in the excess of her joy.

But Mititesh grasped his arm, unable to say a word, for people had called out to them that he might be dying. She felt his big arms and placed her hands on his shoulders, as if to make sure that she had not really been bereft of him.

Ah-teck pressed her hand, gently, but turned to his mother. In his eyes she saw an expression of bewilderment. It was as if he had been growing crazy from the blow he had received on his head. He grasped her arm, quickly.

"Look, mother, look at the old man!" he said in a low, raucous voice that was shaking. "That is the man I brought ashore, who was drowning. Look at him! Look well! Search thy memory! Either thou must remember him or I am mad. Look carefully, mother, for I know not if my head is right. Look at the old man!"

But the doctor was speaking, eager to learn more.

"This is very remarkable," he said. "Quite an unusual case. Paul, try to find out from these people just what happened at Grand Lac when this thing occurred and the old man became foolish."

"This man says," began Paul, after he had asked some questions, "that some people of his tribe went to Grand Lac, seven summers ago, because they had heard that the price of fur was good there, and it was not so far for



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them to go as to the great factory on the big salt water. Some women they had with them, and also children, but some were feeling frightened when they went there, because—

"Because what?"

Paul looked embarrassed. He hesitated on account of the dislike men of his race have for speaking before white men of some things that the fathers condemned as savoring of paganism.

"It—it is a foolishness of Indians who have never heard the real truth from the fathers. They are things our people believed many years ago before the missionaries came. These men come from a very far country where there are no priests."

"But tell us, what was it!"

"Well, this man tells me there was a *jongleur*, a medicine man, him we call *Ka Kushapatak*, of those who work under the *wabano*, the tent of many poles covered with bark and many boughs. And when the frame was built, and before it was all covered with the boughs, it was so strong that two men could not shake the poles, trying as hard as they could. Then it was all covered up, but the *jongleur* stood to one side while this was done, that his hands might not touch it. After the boughs had all been placed on the frame he went in alone, a man of many years and not strong, and in a moment the poles shook and the

wabano swayed as the two strong men had utterly failed to make them, in the slightest. And then, from the *wabano* there came voices, strange voices as of several men, young and old, and one of them, speaking alone, said that it would be very evil to go to Grand Lac."

"Yes, and then?" asked the doctor.

"And then he says that this man, who is now white haired though not of very many years, laughed in scorn and said he did not believe the *jongleur*, and he did not care even if *Matski Manitou*, who is the same as the devil, said so. He was going, and those afraid could stay behind. They talked much about this matter among themselves, and at last but a few started away with him, in the long canoes, with much fur."

"And then what happened?"

"He says they traveled nearly a month to Grand Lac. And there they got good prices for their fur, after a few days of talk, and they wanted to leave at once because of what the medicine man had said. But this old man laughed at them and made them stay another day, though they were ready to start. After the sun had gone down he went out of his tent and behind the big log houses and did not return even though the sun would soon rise. So then they feared something had happened to him and they went to look. And they met him in the very

early hours, and he was crawling on his hands and knees, and his head was broken, and when he opened his mouth to speak it was all foolishness. Then these people knew that the evil that the *jongleur* had spoken of had come, as was threatened, and so they pulled up their tents at once, and put him in the bottom of one of the canoes, leaving at once for the fear that was upon them that other bad things might happen."

"Extremely interesting," commented the doctor. "And why do they come here now?"

"He says that a man told them the prices of fur were even better here than at Grand Lac, on account of the many who buy, but of course they have never returned to Grand Lac. He says that this time the medicine man went into the *wabano* again, and the voices said the traveling would be good. But these men," continued Paul, "are very ignorant, without much wisdom of the things that are right, such as the priests tell us. They believe in foolish things."

At this time the woman Uapukun, who had been hanging upon the shoulder of her big son as if she had been ready to fall, staggered over to the old man and grasped one of his shoulders.

"Thou art surely the man *Nisouk*, the Otter, a man from the Nascaupes that trap about the shores of Michigamau," she cried.

"I am very certainly the man Nit-



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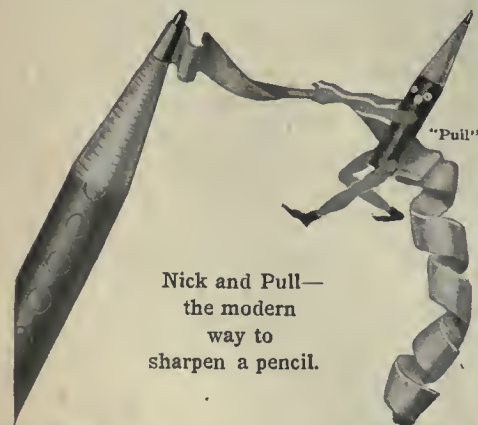
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souk, and a Nascauppee," he answered, smiling in a silly fashion. "And my fur is very good, after it shall have been well dried out. It is good fur that has been well stretched, and now that the sun shines we must take the bales apart and dry it at once, for fear of the mildew."

"I—I will take these men to my house," said Ahteck. "I can give them clothes that are dry and I have a tent they may take. There is room to camp by the roadside. In the open they may dry their fur. I will help."

He swung one of the big bales to his shoulder, and the two younger men among the strangers took the others and followed Ahteck. A good many had gathered around again, outside, wishing to look at these travelers, and many followed them as they walked away.

But upon the road, suddenly, they came upon Peshu. Ahteck went towards him, quietly, and Peshu drew his knife, for now he was afraid for his life. But Ahteck, having cast down the bale, seized his arm like a flash, and bent it down so that the knife fell from his grasp and dropped to the ground.

"I was not seeking any further quarrel with thee," said Peshu, who had become very unsteady about the knees.

Ahteck loosened his hold on the arm and put out his hand.

"Neither do I seek any quarrel, Peshu," he said. "This, in a way thou canst not understand, is the happiest day of my whole life. I would rather take thy hand in friendship. I would now be the friend of all men on earth!";

Peshu looked at him, greatly amazed, he was uncertain, hesitating to hold out his hand, for it was because of a real fear for his life that he had drawn out his sheath-knife, and he was sober now and knew that before Ahteck he would be like a reed before the gale.

"I am indeed sorry I struck thee so last night," he said, sheepishly. "It was the drink I took that made me do it."

It was in this wise that the two men clasped hands, and that twice in twenty-four hours were the people of Pointe Bleue disappointed in their expectation of seeing them locked in strife.

After they had returned to the house Uapukun, helped by Mititesh, prepared much food, and some old clothing of Ahteck's was found for the Nascaupes. Of the latter, two men made strange figures in them, owing to the fact that they were of ordinary stature. But when the older man Nitsouk had put on an old pair of trousers and a coat greatly the worse for wear, his bent form appeared to straighten out with pride, and all could see that he was very nearly as tall as Ahteck.

One of the strangers looked at him and then turned to the younger man, wondering.

"Two such tall men have surely never been seen at one time," he said, "and they surely are like a father and son."

CHAPTER XXI

TO MY BELOVED ONE

LATER during the same afternoon Ahteck succeeded in finding Father Laroux at the mission. The good old man wore a pair of *botles sauvages* and ancient blue overalls, and was digging in the garden he dearly loved to care for. But at once he interrupted his occupation and went indoors with the young man, and they were closeted together for a long time. Finally he placed his thin, blue-veined hands on Ahteck's shoulders.

"God has been merciful indeed to thee, my son. He inflicted on thee punishment such as must come to those who shed a man's blood in anger, but this punishment was only of thy heart and mind, for otherwise His mercy has always caused thee to prosper. Thou hast suffered and repented so greatly that I have been able, with the greatest happiness in my heart, to grant thee a full absolution. Depart now with my blessings, and remain certain that since the girl Mititesh and thou art to be wedded I will myself say the mass and unite thee with her in holy bonds. May the Lord ever have you both in his care!"

Paul had been most patiently waiting outside for his friend, smoking many pipes, and it had been all he could do to refrain from bursting, at times, in joyful song.

"I would not know thee," he said, "thou art an utterly different man now. An Ahteck changed in looks by other things than thy black eye and the winding of much white cloth about thy broken head. Never before have I seen thee look like this. It is as if the weight of great mountains had been lifted from thee."

"Ay, there was a time when all the weight of the world must have been upon them," replied Ahteck. "But now I am a man like other men, for the weight has fallen from them."

He breathed a very long breath, as a child does that is just born. It was as if a new and real life had come to him, with all its hopes and promises.

"I am indeed overcome with happiness. I had never thought to know it again but it has come at last," he continued.

"In diving thou must have picked it up from the bottom of the lake," laughed Paul.

"True, the waters of the lake brought it to me," Ahteck answered.

"I see that thou art still a man of many riddles. But I care nothing about



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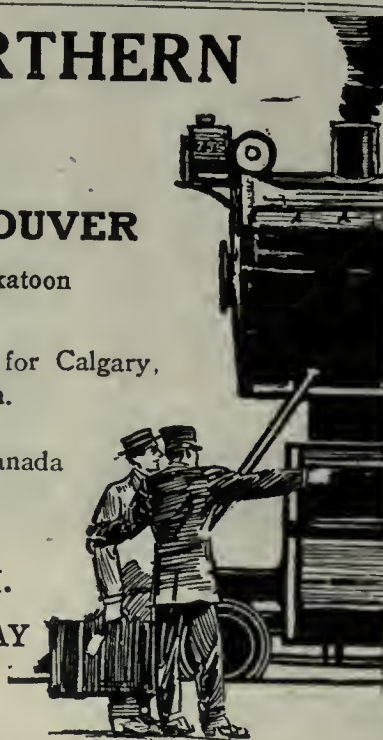
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that so long as thou wilt cease to crow forever like black *Kakatshu* the raven, and to keep on making faces as long as a day without bread."

They separated, with a hearty handshake, two men faithful to one another and loving, but Paul called him back, suddenly, as if a new and important matter had come to him.

"Listen," he said, "there is no doubt that the marriage between Mititesh and thou will surely take place, is there?"

It did him good to see the bright look of happiness upon Ahteck's face.

"Thank God," he said, "we will surely marry."

"Then I will say this," began Paul, looking rather bashful. "If I know anything of Mititesh she will surely not allow thee to go alone to the woods for the trapping. Thou knowest that her heart is ever longing for the wild life, perhaps as much as she longs for thee. Another shack will have to be built. We must carry up another stove, also. I have no mind to live alone, and when I pressed her for an answer, the daughter of Jacques Pilon said she would be glad indeed to winter in the wilderness. A fine stout girl is she, and good with a paddle, and—and we have been long walking together in the evenings, and—and—I know that she and Mititesh are great friends, and—"

"And may good luck ever attend you both," said Ahteck. "I am glad indeed to hear that thou art going to be happy too. It is a thing well deserved."

After he had hastened back to the house, his long strides bearing him as if his bliss lent him wings, he found that the Nascaupes had been very busy stretching their pelts out to dry, with the utmost care. They had been so well wrapped up in the bales with many folds of bark that a few only, of the outside and poorest ones, were very wet.

Uapukun had offered a bed in the house to Nitsouk, the Otter, but the old man had refused in no uncertain terms.

"What—I am wanted to sleep in the camp of boards! It might be that in very cold weather it would be good. I will say that all these people are friendly, and their tobacco is very good, and so is their tea, black and strong and with plenty of *kajious* to sweeten it. I have drunk many cups, for they are not sparing of it to strangers. But I do not sleep in the big tent of wood. I sleep where there is air in plenty, for I am not *Ushiskou* the muskrat nor *Amishkou* the beaver. But the tea is certainly very good."

He was sitting on the little steps that led into the house, smoking very contentedly, and it was always noticed that he constantly followed Uapukun with his eyes, when she came near. It

seemed to give him much comfort.

Came a most wonderful evening, that was scented after the rain with the odor of many wild flowers and bright with a myriad twinkling stars. Ahteck took the hand of the girl Mititesh, who looked more beautiful than ever, and led her out upon the road, in the darkness, and thence down to the beach, where little innocent waves lapped the shingle gently, as if the hurricane of the afternoon were a thing that could not possibly ever happen again. At this time the whole world would have seemed quite deserted but for the few lights showing merrily from the windows of distant houses. Also the katydids made a sound that was drowsy and yet full of cheer, and some long and slender-winged mosquito-eaters, as the Montagnais call the whippoorwills, cleaved their way through the heavens or else, resting, uttered plaintive notes which, strangely enough, appeared to have an undertone of joy.

Before the man and the maid, as they sat down upon a boulder, there was an immensity of space, and their hearts, beating in unison, filled it all with the pulsing of a life of wondrous beauty.

For a long time they were well-nigh unable to speak. The moment was like that of a first rousing from a terrible night-mare, and they kept very still, as do the half-awakened people who dread the return of terrifying visions.

What could they say? Surely their quickened breaths and their throbbing hearts spoke for them. How could they speak this first time that they held each other, gloriously conscious that now no man or deity would come between them. They were making ready to begin a marvelous journey into unknown lands, and these seemed to stretch before them, ever so vast and open, to fade away only in an eternity of bliss.

"I thank God," said the man, devoutly, "that he has lifted the curse from my head and that I may now at last hold thee in my arms without fearing that evil may befall thee."

"I thank him also," said the maid, "that my heart will never beat fast again but for the happiness of seeing thee!"

And so they rose and wandered farther along the shore, with few words of love but many kisses, on the road to blessedness, where we perforce must leave them, since the tales of lasting joy can only be written in the hearts of men and women.

But as they turned back towards the little house Mititesh spoke again:

"Tshil ka shatshiitan! Oh my beloved one! See how beautifully clear is the sky! It may be that other great storms will come, but they will be as nothing with thy great arms to guide us, and I will follow thee through them

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without fear, as I would have followed thee before the one that is passed!"

A short month went by, or perhaps it was a very long one, and the church bell pealed very merrily, and all the people at Pointe Bleue had sought out their best clothes, and there was a double wedding at the little church and a *veillée* that they are still talking about, in the barn which Xavier Papi-neau lent for the occasion. To the general surprise Ahteck danced all night, as light on his feet as the best of them, till the fiddlers were too weary to draw their bows.

A couple of days later the Nascaupes, who had sold their fur very well, and were greatly pleased, prepared to leave for their own country, for the way was long before them. They had bought a couple of new canoes, for they had much to carry in the way of provisions. Finally everything was ready and the two younger men told the old one to make his pack ready and come with them on the homeward trail. They pointed out that the start must not be further delayed, for already the leaves of birches were beginning to show gold while the maples had started to blush.

But Nitsouk the Otter placidly shook his gray head, looking at Uapukun who had been extremely devoted to him, giving him as tender care as if he had been a little child of hers.

"No," he said, very gravely. "These people are very good, and the tea is black and strong, and so is the tobacco."

"Oh! Leave him with me," cried Uapukun. "I will care for him always."

"This woman," pursued the old man, "is also very good, wherefore I will not move from here."

And thus the two Nascaupes, who had wives and children waiting for them in the distant North, entered their canoes and returned alone to the Grand Nord.

THE END.



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6-A

Mystery!

Do you enjoy a good mystery story? The Editors of CANADA MONTHLY take pleasure in announcing a most thrilling mystery, story by Charles Cabbot. It will begin in the

DECEMBER ISSUE OF
Canada Monthly

**“You Ask Me Why I Consider Dunlop the Tire
Leader, and I Say Who Comes First,
Ordinarily Knows the Most,
Gives the Greatest”—Handy Andy.**

No matter what other tire makers may do for the betterment of their product, a close examination generally reveals the fact that we have been offering similar or greater virtues in our product for a long time previous. That is simply because we are the pioneers of the industry in Canada. If anybody should know tire-making from A to Z, we should. We have been manufacturing tires in Canada for nearly a quarter of a century—to be exact, twenty-two years.

No other tire company has been making tires in Canada for half that length of time.



Twenty-two years' experience means that into Dunlop Traction Tread, and into Dunlop Special, we put all the knowledge which has been accumulated through those years of successfully serving Canadians because we thoroughly understand Canadian conditions. It means that years ago we faced and mastered the issues with which other tire-makers are confronted to-day. True, a few tire users occasionally swing their allegiance from Dunlop to some other make, but it is almost a certainty those same tire users will come back to Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special. In the end, it is the Tire maintaining the best quality average which wins out, and we surely know more about Quality averages in Canada than any other maker, seeing our experience is as great as that of all other tire makers in this country combined.



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Sizes 25c to \$3.00.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 24.

"What is it?" she said. "I thought it was the man, the poor-house man. Are you to take his place. Is it time?"

"She trembled violently and the lamp in her hand swayed so that I reached forward and took it from her. None too soon, She swayed and fell in a faint. I bore her to the bed and rushed to arouse the hotel. Ten minutes' work on the part of the landlord's wife brought her to. As she opened her eyes another person entered the room. A big man that I recognized as a deputy sheriff.

"What's the matter?" he asked. I told him briefly. "Poor old woman," he said, shaking his head. "She's on her way to the poor farm. I'm taking her there. It's too bad. We had to stop here over night in order to catch the local to the poor farm town."

"I demanded more and he told me. It seems that her only son and support had been killed a year before in a wreck. Up to that time he had enjoyed a good salary and had given the poor old soul a home. She had been gently reared and all her life had known care and comfort. At his death it was found he had left but a few hundred dollars and that was soon exhausted. Bit by bit the furniture went, until one day the neighbors had broken down the door to find her in a faint from sheer starvation. There was but one thing to do. The poor farm offered her only shelter. When daylight came they took her away and I watched her drive off to the station through the dull mist of the dawn. Her head was bowed and one thin white hand held close to her breast her bundle of 'treasures.' The other hand clutched a handkerchief that from time to time rose to her eyes.

"I told mother about that woman when I got home and she cried. I don't mind saying I choked a bit myself in the telling. Well, that night it came to me like a flash. 'Suppose I'm killed.' I sat right up in bed and fairly gasped. I don't know why insurance never occurred to me, but it didn't. I just thought and schemed for three months over some method of getting enough money to provide for her future. It would seem that insurance would have appealed to me at first thought. It never entered my head until one day I saw an advertisement in a magazine. There was the answer to my troubles, the simplest, most commonplace thing in the world. I took out a policy at once. I had been ripe for three months and never knew it. It was the cry I had heard in the dark that paved the way. I would have signed an application for a policy that day if it had been presented to me. Now I know no matter what happens me, mother will be safe."

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Lopsided Luck

Continued from page 16.

enough," rudely interrupted "Big Bill." His immense waist was shaking with submerged merriment. "Don't want to let you get too far with it you know, your worship," he ended half apologetically.

"What do you mean?" angrily exclaimed the judge.

"It's like this. I got to hand it to this kid when it comes to spinnin' yarns. He strung off the same thing to me when I went after him. Yep, I fell for it just like you. When I found the note at the barn like he said, he sure had me wingin'. Then I happened to look up the homestead records and found he didn't have an entry at all. I wired back and learned there was no Uncle Ferdi', no Elsie, no nothin'. You're slick young feller but you ought to have taken out that homestead. Maybe then I wouldn't've looked any further. Yes you're a nice innocent little lad aren't you? First time you ever made a mistake ain't it? How'd you ever come to get your picture taken like that then? Kinda' good in two views ain't it? Tells all about you on the back too, 'Micky the Ham'; some appropriate title your pals gave you all right. Six times in the pen; wanted in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Oh yes, you're innocent. Sure!"

AS "Big Bill" blasted his hopes Mullen's expression changed from surprise to extreme disgust. His shoulders drooped dejectedly. "Well wouldn't that kick the pillars out from under a church?" He dropped into the slang vernacular unconsciously. "Look at that perfectly good story gone to blazes! And a bum bull, with gristle for brains, blows it. If that ain't lopsided luck! Wow! Say, if you knew that all the time why'd you let me suffer through the last week makin' sure I had the education spiel down pat?"

"Sure, the boys had to hear that story. They wouldn't've believed me if I'd told 'em."

"Well say, you oughta be prosecuted for inhuman treatment of prisoners."

"I'm going to lunch," interrupted the magistrate, straightening in his seat. "Five years in the pen for yours, and when you come out have horse sense enough to cut out stealing and go on the stage."

"And oh, say, boys," he continued leaning toward the reporters' table. "If you'd just as soon, I wish you'd leave out the stuff about his bamboozling us all. Hurts the dignity of the bench, you know. Thanks, I knew you would."



FOOD ECONOMY

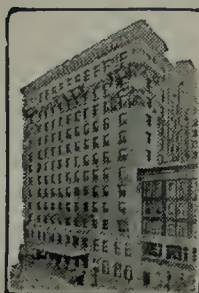
Every housewife knows the length of time it takes to prepare the most ordinary soup, the cost of fuel, ingredients, etc. But with a few vegetables, one or two Oxo Cubes, a little flour and water, a most excellent soup can be prepared in a few minutes at the cost only of a few cents.

So with entrées, savouries, sauces, invalid dishes, the Oxo Cube way is the quick, convenient, efficient way, and makes for economy every time.

Another point of great importance is the peculiar power of Oxo Cubes to increase the nutritive value of other dishes. For instance, Oxo and rice is much more nourishing than rice without Oxo. Hence when Oxo Cubes are used lighter meals can be indulged in

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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

Man Disposes

Continued from page 34.

"And a queen—every inch of you."

The hand strayed farther, and rested upon his sleeve. "I didn't come home until I was seventeen, and by that time you were a 'prominent young lawyer,' weren't you? Do you remember the night I came home?"

McKinney looked down at the hand upon his sleeve, and looked away from it again. He had grown slightly paler.

"Your grandmother was ill, and she asked me to meet you; of course, I remember. You had a long blue coat, and a hat with a big bow. You had a mandolin case under one arm, and a bulldog at your heels. You said 'Justin! *Me voici!* I've come back!' And I said——"

Yvonne took up the thread where he dropped it, into an abrupt and frowning silence.

"And you said 'Great Scott, Yvonne! I'd never have known you—you're perfectly beautiful!'"

"I was going to omit that part of the memoirs," McKinney explained, reprovingly, "in order to spare your blushes."

"I love it," said Yvonne, "and I'm not blushing—see!"

He scarcely glanced at the alluring face she tilted upward in the reflection of the fire.

She went on again after a moment, as if to herself:

"I saw you often that winter, all that year. You had time for me—then—even though you were busy and successful. You used to send me violets and roses and books. Grand mere and your mother are such great friends, it was only natural, I suppose. You got quite fond of me, didn't you, Justin?"

He repeated her words in a sort of forced dullness. "Yes, Yvonne, quite fond of you."

"I know," said Yvonne, "I know. You used to tell me everything about your work, and about the politicians, and you were horribly ambitious. You didn't care for society, but I wasn't even a bud. I wasn't 'out'—and I used—to—think—you—cared—for—me."

He said nothing in answer, though she waited an obvious space; so she went on again, softly, her hand still resting on his sleeve.

"Then, one night grand mere was ill. I was frightened. I sent for you, you brought the doctor, and when the doctor had gone, I cried, in the window seat in the library—do you remember, Justin?"

"Why," said McKinney, with controlled bitterness, "should I remember?"

"Because you kissed me," said Yvonne, more softly still.

She sat quiet, and the color streamed into her face, that he would not turn to look at.

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"I had *not* forgotten that," said McKinney at length, unsmiling, "but I hoped you *had*."

"Why shouldn't my memory be as good as yours?"

"There is so much in your life——"
"Nothing as big as that."

McKinney shook his head, wearily.

"You haven't told all the story. Why not finish it up?"

"I don't know the rest—it broke there. I thought you cared——" her voice faltered with deep emotion, "I *know* you cared—but you never said so—you never spoke of it again."

"And why not?" he demanded instantly, "why not?" Then he had himself again in hand, and spoke more slowly, but with a passion almost cruelly curbed. "It was the next day I went up to the plantation—do you remember that, Yvonne? Riding from the house to the levee I was caught in a drenching rain. I was ill that night, and that was only the beginning. A cripple's a cripple, whether he's born to it, or has it thrust upon him by means of inflammatory rheumatism. I haven't had many good days since. It isn't likely I shall again, naturally. I took the gift the gods sent me. Naturally, I said nothing."

"As soon as you could walk you took up your work again," Yvonne reminded him, a trifle unsteadily.

"Naturally," he repeated, with dogged emphasis.

"Then love isn't as big as work?"

"It isn't the same thing—that's all."

"You could go back to your work—but—the other, you just left—broken off——"

"I had nothing to offer."

"Or was it, perhaps," she asked, hesitatingly, paling, "that you didn't want to offer it?"

McKinney, turning suddenly in his chair, covered the hand on his sleeve with his own, crushingly, then released it. His smile was bravely humorous.

"Little Delilah," he said very gently, "go home!"

Yvonne did not answer him at once.

"I waited and waited," she said, "and each time I saw you, I thought, 'He will speak now,' but you never did."

"Because I hadn't any right."

Some of the roses slipped from her lap to the floor and lay there. She leaned forward, elbow on her knee, cuddling her chin in one soft palm.

"Yvonne," said McKinney, quietly, "don't you know I can't ask you to marry me?"

"If you'll just say something else," she murmured, "you won't have to. I'll ask *you*."

"Don't you know I can't even say that?"

"Won't, you mean!"

"Very well—won't, then. The doctors don't seem able to do anything for

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me. I'll probably be a cripple and an invalid all my life. You've got the world wide open before you. You're beautiful and young, and you have an enormous capacity for happiness. Do you think I'd let you tie yourself to a broken stick? No, my dear, I love you rather too well for that—" He stopped short.

"Then you *do* love me!" cried Yvonne, a little breathless.

When McKinney would not answer, she took her hand from his arm and picked up the roses that had fallen to the floor, laying them with the rest. Her eyes were full of tears.

"And still—still, you advise me to marry Logan Winchester."

"I think you would be wise," said McKinney, steadily. "He's a good fellow, Winchester"—the words cut grim white lines about his mouth.

"You won't marry me?" she asked very low. She stooped her face to the shielding flowers.

"No, dear."

Then Yvonne slipped to her knees beside his chair, hiding her face upon the broad leather arm of it, all the roses spilling a riotous crimson down the white and silver of her gown. She stretched out a slim bare arm to McKinney, and her fingers were cold.

"If I didn't know you cared," she said slowly between deep-drawn breaths, "if I didn't know in my soul you were as lonely without me as I am without you, I'd die before I'd say it. But, Justin, if you don't marry me, I shall never be happy, my whole life long!"

"It wouldn't be fair," he answered, huskily, but he held her fingers close.

"If you don't, I shall be an old maid," sobbed Yvonne, desperately, "and that will just about kill grand mere."

There was a second's racking wait, then with a low, inarticulate cry, McKinney put both arms around her, almost fiercely, and she cried for a very little while longer, on his shoulder, in all her white satin and silver, with the king's jewels glittering about her.

"It's not fair," he muttered again, tenderly, above her bent head.

"Listen!" cried Yvonne, lifting her flushed, lovely face—on fire in an instant—"first he makes *me* propose, and then he regrets—"

Mrs. McKinney, stricken with amazement in the doorway, caught at an illumining word.

"Who has been proposing?" she asked calmly, "and what mischief are you crazy children up to now?"

The Queen of Comus rose to her feet with an adorable gesture of confusion, and stood there, flowerlike against the dusk.

"I have been asking Justin to marry me," she said simply, "and although he didn't want to, he has said 'yes.' Will you please congratulate me?"

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Package
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Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, heat, using wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold that has been dipped in cold water and if desired line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs. Other fruits or nuts may be added.

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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ANNALS of the Medical Profession record several cases of lost memory and identity. Imagine the situation of a distinct dividing line between a man's life—in fact two distinct lives in one collection of years. This is the most fascinating circumstance about which Charles Cabot has written the gripping mystery novel, "The Gregory Morton Mystery," the first episode of which is presented to our readers in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY. As will be noted in this instalment, the memory of the leading character, regarding his previous life, is absolutely blank. The author tells us he wrote this story through to the end without settling in his own mind just how the mystery would be solved.

In this way he has held the mystery feature with tense interest straight through to the last chapter. As indicated in this month's instalment the man of mystery regains consciousness while confined at a sanitarium. Bit by bit and piece by piece he takes up the thread of his past life, but always that elusive question "Who am I" remains unsolved. Just at the point where some new discovery is made regarding his past life, and where it appears the whole story will be unfolded, a new circumstance suddenly develops which throws new mystery around the case and compels a search in an entirely different quarter for the missing identity. The editors believe that this is the strongest dual personality story that has ever been presented to the Canadian Public.

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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy; in the United States, \$1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London:
382 Clarence Street.

Toronto:
Mail Building.

New York City:
373 4th Avenue.

Chicago:
1115 Marquette Building.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. **Caution:** If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. **Discontinuance:** We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.

Canada Monthly's School and College Directory



"So you want a position in my firm?" said the merchant to the applicant. "Well, what were you in your last job?"

"A doer, sir," answered the sad-eyed applicant.

"What's that?" asked the employer.

"Well, sir," said the sad-eyed one, "I was the doer and the rest were the tellers. When my guv'nor wanted a thing done he would tell the cashier, the cashier would tell it to the book-keeper, and the bookkeeper would tell it to his assistant, his assistant would tell it to the chief clerk, and the chief clerk would tell it to me."

"And what would happen then?"

"Well, sir," replied the sad-eyed applicant, "as I hadn't got anyone to mention it to I'd go and do it."

Music hath charms, right enough: but the inhabitants of a certain shabby street were fed up with "The Lost Chord," as tangled up by a wandering cornet player.

He paused, waiting for the pennies which came not. Then, with a sigh, he licked his lips and began again, this time on "White Wings." Two seconds later a window was banged up, and, instead of the expected copper, a chair leg was flung at his head, missing him by half an inch.

As he gazed in stupefied wonder round him, another window opened, and a voice said, warningly:

"I wouldn't give 'em any more 'White Wings' 'ere, if I was you, mate. The bloke wot lives in that 'ouse 'as just come out o' jail for pigeon stealin' an' 'e ain't fond 'o that tune!"

A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town where the defendant was accused of breaking a plateglass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my fist?" asked the Judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers in the hope of getting results.

"It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"It ban gbiger."

"Was it as big as my head?"

"It ban about as long, but not so thick," replied the Swede amid the laughter of all but the Judge.



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MISS KNOX, Principal, TORONTO.

He was a very small boy. Paddy was his dog. Paddy was nearer to his heart than anything on earth. When Paddy met swift and hideous death on the turnpike road his mother trembled to break the news. But it had to be, and when he came home from school she told him simply:

"Paddy has been run over and killed."

He took it very quietly; finished his dinner with appetite and spirits unimpaired. All day it was the same. But five minutes after he had gone up to bed there echoed through the house a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and sympathy.

"Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But, dear, I told you that at dinner, and you didn't seem to trouble at all."

"No; but—but I didn't know you said Paddy. I—I thought you said daddy."

He was a wily old lawyer, and had instructed his client, accused of theft, to weep whenever he struck the desk with his hand.

In the heat of his argument, however, he struck the desk at the wrong moment. His client promptly began to sob with great energy.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the judge severely.

"He told me to cry when he struck the desk," said the prisoner, as she lifted a pair of dry eyes from her handkerchief.

A laugh immediately rang round the room, but the lawyer was not abashed.

"It is not possible," he said, when the laughter had subsided, "that anyone here can reconcile the idea of crime with such candor and simplicity."

The speaker was W. B. Trites, the Philadelphia novelist.

"The German idea of God is a puzzle to me—as much a puzzle to me as Mrs. Malaprop's idea of naivete.

"Mrs. Malaprop and I were discussing a beautiful young girl.

"What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her," I said, "is her naivete."

Mrs. Malaprop flushed slightly.

"Yes, poor thing," she said. "I wonder what made her get such a tight one?"

Two farmers met in town a day or two after a cyclone had visited that particular neighborhood.

"She shook things up pretty bad out at my place," said one meditatively.

"By the way, Hi," he added, "that new barn o' yours get hurt any?"

"Well," drawled the other, "I dunno. I haven't found it yet."

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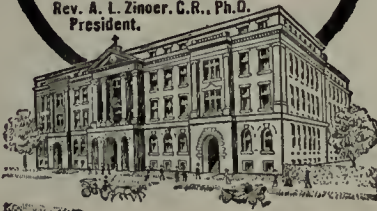
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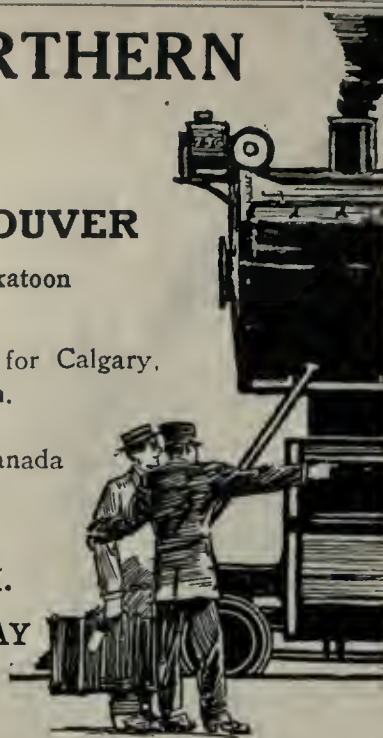
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At a dinner party DeWolf Hopper had finished his speech, and as he sat down a lawyer arose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers pockets—as was his habit—and laughingly inquired:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional comedian should be funny?"

When the laughter that greeted this sally had subsided, DeWolf Hopper drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pocket?"

Sir Frederick Bridge, the popular organist of Westminster Abbey, is well known for his jovial good humor. At times, however, and under provocation, he can mingle a trace of acid quality with his wit.

An instance of this occurred during a rehearsal of one of Dvorak's operas, containing "The Chorus in Hell." This particular number was not rendered to Sir Frederick's satisfaction, despite his repeated admonitions to the male voices.

Finally, throwing down his baton, in despair, the irate conductor exclaimed: "Really, gentlemen, you ought to make it sound more like the real thing."

The fat man was sprawled on the end seat in the open street car. Three people stumbled and pushed past him. The fourth passenger was a quiet looking little man who had a hard time forcing his way through to a seat. The little man sat down beside the fat man on the end and took a sack of peanuts out of his pocket. He offered the sack to the fat man and said: "Have some?"

"Naw," replied the fat man. "What do I want with peanuts?"

"Better take some," insisted the little man. "They are the finest things in the world for fattening hogs."

"That automobile I bought a year ago has never cost me a cent for repairs."

"You're lucky."

"Oh, I don't know. You see, I ran it into a stone wall the first day I had it and sold what was left of the machine for junk."

You can please the other fellow best by lending a hand instead of giving advice.

To and fro marched the sentry before the gate of a certain field—so many paces this way, and then the same number the other.

A man, almost as broad as he was long, approached the marching figure and addressed him as follows:

"I say, my man, can I go through here?"

The sentry paused in his perambulations to gaze at the ponderous figure of his questioner. Then he replied:

"Well, I don't exactly know, sir, but a cartload of hay managed to get through this morning."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed an elderly lady to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded car—"thank you very much!"

"That's only right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the chivalrous laborer added:

"Wot I ses is, a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she's pretty, but you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me!"

A farmer, asked if his horses were well matched, replied: "Yes, they are matched first-rate. One of them is willing to do all the work and the other is willing he should."

The town-hall was packed. Not a place was vacant, and the village audience followed the heroine's tribulations with bated breath.

She was having a terrible time. In the space of five short minutes she was nearly run over by a mad horse, bitten by a mad dog, and drowned in a mad mill-rush. And she escaped these things only to fall finally into the hands of the vaunting villain.

The audience strained forward as the villain led her to a lonely cave, and cast her into the presence of a huge gorilla.

"R-r-r-revenge at last!" muttered villain.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried the heroine, as the gorilla approached, with a malevolent grimace, "Oh, what shall I do?"

It was too much. The strain could not be borne any longer. In a frenzy of excitement, a member of the audience rose from his seat, clapped his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"Chuck 'im a nut, miss!"

Careful Parent: "Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character."

Suitor: "Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank-book."

Careful Parent (after a glance): "Take her, my boy, and be happy."



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KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Christmas for Craggs

By Hugh S. Eayrs



Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

WE had not much of a battalion. Everybody laughed at us, and we gradually came to regard ourselves with much the same cynicism. We were indeed the Down-and-Outs. I never remember seeing such a bunch of castaways, such an aggregation of human derelicts massed together in any one company before. The —th, such of it as remained when I joined, recruited under the somewhat grand name of Loamshire Yeomen, was the queerest assortment of human flotsam and jetsam it has ever been my lot to see. All the rest laughed at us from the time we were cut away from the half battalion comprising more or less average good fellows till the time of which I am telling, when, after what Craggs had dubbed "this 'ere maldimer," we reached France. We were supposed to be infantry. The first part of the word suited us down to the ground. A lot of infants we were. Our drilling was a crime, and what the authorities ever imagined we were going to do in France I don't know.

We had all sorts in our make-up, from "lifers" down to ordinary common garden toppers. Someone with a supposed sense of humor parodied our regimental name, and called us "Late Yeggmen."

And of all the bedraggled bunch the most outstanding was Craggs. I shall never forget the day I saw him first. I had transferred from another Canadian battalion, after being in England for some time, to the —th, because I heard they might be going to France pretty soon. I had not heard much about them before my transfer went through, though I knew that what I was joining was really the leftovers from the original —th. Leftovers is putting it nicely. They were the discards.

I WAS sitting in my tent writing a letter when someone opened the flap and hailed me.
"Ello, son'

I turned round. I beheld the oddest figure. He was a man of about forty, possibly more than that. He had the

curious walrus mustache which is some men's misfortune, and it dropped in such a way that it added to one's first impression of a dour looking face, as if its owner held life to be a very blue and altogether cheerless affair. A pair of eyes looked cunningly at me. They were small. I think writer-men refer to them as "beady." They were bleary and watery. The head was small, and bullet-shaped. The height of the man was about five feet four, and the quartermaster had rigged him up in the worst misfit of a uniform in the stores. The tunic was too short, and three inches of skinny wrist peeped out from each sleeve, while the trousers were turned up, disclosing thick wool socks and filthy boots. How their owner got away with it on parade I don't know.

"Craggs is my nyme" he ventured. "Ave yer got a fillin' for an old bloke's pipe."

I handed him my pouch.

"Writing' 'ome, mebbe."

"Why yes" I answered. "They don't know in Toronto that I have switched to the —th yet, so I'm telling them."

"Ah!" The monosyllable was shortened by a violent fit of hiccough, index to how Craggs had been putting in his last half hour.

"I never writes 'ome" said he, balancing his squat and ugly frame on a little camp chair I had. "No. Never."

He paused. I looked up at him. His face, unfortunate as it was from points of features, had, I noticed, an expression of defiant gloom and sadness which I came to know well. It wore the look of a man who didn't care, who never could be got to care, again.

"How's that?"

"Ain't got none" he volunteered. And he began to sing. "I ain't got no 'ome, nor nor plyce to go."

"No," he said more quietly, "nor no one to give a damn about me. There ain't a soul—"

"Isn't there anyone, anywhere, do you mean to say, to whom you write and who writes to you? Don't you ever get any letters?"

He gave vent to a wheezy cackle, implying, I supposed, a desire to laugh.

"Not even from my private sec—sec—secretary." He finally got the word out and cackled again ironically. "Didn't you ever notice that all the blokes in this 'ere merry little party gets some mail now and then? (He pronounced it mile"). But, I 'member now, you're a new 'un, ain't you?"

I told him I'd just joined the battalion.

"Well, you watch when the fellow brings round the letters, there ain't never none fer me. Nobody gives a damn

about an old blighter like me." He paused again. "Leastways, there is someone somewhere, but I never 'ears, no," and he swore an oath, "no, and I don't want ter".

But his looks belied his words.

I was interested in his story. Gradually I coaxed it out of him, that is from a certain point to the present. I wanted to know how he had come to join up. I asked him.

"Matey" he said, in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "I jyned up when I was drunk."

"Oh, you do take a drink now and then?"

I don't know why I teased him. He was somewhat shamefaced for a moment.

"I tykes it when I can get it, from 'bryking dawn to dewy heve," he said. "And the harmy would never 'ave got me if I 'adn't been so soused that I wasn't aware I was walking into a tent and being ex-ex-amined." Again he spluttered over the word.

"My! I 'ad a lovely bun on," he added, reminiscing.

"Hit was in Montreal. I'd been there for some time and I was a-list-enin' to some of they recruiters one night, and afore I knew it I was servin' 'is Majesty, God bless 'im."

I paused and waited for more.

"We drilled and trained over there, and then we comes over to Lunnon, and then we gets 'ere and that's my 'istory."

"Well, you're going to do your bit, the same as the rest of us."

"ell, yes." He chuckled to himself. "When we gets up to the Front I'm goin ter to what I can. And if I doesn't get through, well, it won't 'urt nobody."

He broke off and looked around the tent, leaned forward and borrowed a match from the upturned box which was my writing desk, and asked. "Ave yer got a drop o' somethin' ter drink?"

"Oh, you don't want to drink. You've had lots already."

"Matey, the drink's all I cares about now. And if I can't get that I goes to pieces."

I told him I thought that if he did get it he wouldn't go anywhere else, but finally I gave him some brandy and he gulped it down and left me.

A CORPORAL with whom I got acquainted—we were soon firm friends—told me something more about him. It appears that while the —th was still in Montreal, Craggs turned up on an average of one out of every two parades "dead to the wide." It was the same at Valcartier. No matter to what means he had to resort, Craggs got the stuff for which he craved

and the result was a perennial state of intoxication.

"At first it didn't fase on the bosses" said my informant. "We had such a godless crew and half the men were drunk day after day. Small punishments were all that came Craggs's way. On board, coming over to England, however, he was never sober, and two days out from St. John he was put in irons, and remained under guard till we touched Plymouth. He didn't seem to care. When we docked and he was released, he greeted the bunch cheerfully enough and almost the first moment asked someone to give him a drink."

At Bramshott, he was just as bad; the few hours spent in London were time enough for him to feed his vice, and he was drunk when he fell in for the journey to the camp. The thing began to get serious pretty soon. One of the officers, a whole-souled, democratic youngster who was a lieutenant took Craggs aside and offered a few platitudinous suggestions as to him "pulling himself together."

"I will, s'elp me, sir," he said. But that night he was soaking again.

"They thought that taking half his pay away would help some" the corporal told me. "Over here, as you know, they limit our money and put some by for us. Craggs couldn't assign any of this for he had no chick or child or next of kin of any sort, judging by his papers. He had still several shillings a week, and finally the paymaster stopped this on him. All the time he was getting "puni drill." All the time his pay was being docked. "C. C. for two weeks," and "fourteen days' pay" were sentences, one of which or both Craggs was in a continual state of undergoing. But after two weeks *confined to camp*, during which he was of necessity sober, he would celebrate his first day in town by one glorious, mad drunk."

"We got over to France, and it was just the same. He would slip off with his six or seven francs into the village of E. . . . , and return shot full of bad brandy or worse rum. I remember the first pay he got in France. We were behind the lines of course, and drilling and training all we knew. The more discerning among us never really fancied we'd ever get to the actual front. The boys—I hate to admit it—are such a lot of bums, as you must have found out by now. However we went on getting ready. One morning we turned out pretty early, and the last man to parade was Craggs."

"You're late," the sergeant told him curtly. "Fall in."

"All ri", my old scout" mumbled Craggs, and the sergeant heard him. For some reason or other the junior sub, was on hand that morning, and he

questioned the sergeant about Craggs. The sergeant did his darndest to cover the thing up, but Craggs heard his name mentioned. He walked unsteadily out of the lines, and up to the lieutenant.

"'S anything wrong wi' me, sir?"

"Hiccoughs cut off anything further."

"You're drunk and you're damned drunk, said the officer."

"Craggs leered across at him, then clapped him on the shoulder.—'Jealous?' he asked."

"For that he got fourteen days *first field punishment*. Also they stopped his pay altogether, every nickel of it. I wondered how Craggs, punished and weakened by the constant drinking of years, would stand F. F. P. He came back looking like a corpse at the end of the time."

"From that time on, the only booze he's got hold of has been begged from any of us. I have never given him a thing, although I think he's worse off as a soldier without it than he would be with it. But I won't let him have a drop through me. You'll be wise if you take the same stand."

A FEW nights later, I went into my tent and pulled on my great coat and fastened myself up to the chin. I was on night guard. I was preparing to go out.

"Fall in" came from the sergeant-major, and I opened the flap. A hand tucked at my sleeve.

"Matey." It was Craggs talking. "The myle hasn't come yet, 'as it?"

"Haven't seen it."

"Well, get him to tell you if there's a letter fer me, matey. I'll slip out of bed and come and ast you."

"Why, Craggs" I answered. "There's never any for you. I believe, by your anxiety over the mail this way, day after day, you've got a girl somewhere

you expect to write to. Who is she? Dark or fair?"

"Don't kid me."

His face, in the half light bleareyed and besotten, took on a softer glance.

"Jest find out fer me, guv'nor, and I'll creep out and ast you."

It was a filthy night. Rain was sheeting down. It had rained steadily for months though this was only September. A nasty, biting wind

It was the postman, laden with bags of mail. He dumped them down near me, and searched through one lot till I came back to him in my march.

"Letter, Hughes," he said, and handed me a packet.

"Say, Craggs wants to know particularly whether or no there's one for him," I said.

The postman laughed harshly. "That bloomin' fool is always expecting of a

letter, and 'e never gets none. Who'd write to the likes o' 'im, I'd like ter know?"

"Sye."

There was no doubting that Cockneyed Americanism. Craggs appeared from out of the blank, and came upon both the postman and I.

"Nothin' fer me?" he asked the postman.

"Not a thing!"

Pause.

"Sure you've looked all through?" hazarded Craggs dolefully and somewhat hesitatingly.

The postman was rather rattled by the lateness of the hour and the dirty weather. He turned on him quickly.

"I told yer once, and that's enough," he bellowed. "Now get back out o' this. You're not supposed to be 'ere at all."

Craggs slunk away, a little, misshapen, drink-governed figure.

The postman was gathering up his traps.

"It's pretty tough for him, you know" I said.

"Christmas will

soon be here, and that chap will have a pretty thin time. No one at all in the bunch that I know of but will have at least a Christmas card, if nothing else. Craggs won't have a thing."

The corporal snorted.

"He don't deserve it" he said. "He don't ever think about anything but the booze. He's the worst down-and-outer in this 'ere lot, and that's going



"Nothing, old fellow. Listen"

swept across that plain and cut me to the raw, and as I marched down the line I heard a raucous voice from some tent behind me singing "I want to go 'ome across the sea, where the Germans they can't get at me."

The sentiment found its echo in my mind just then. Bye and bye, I heard the heavy tramping and floundering of someone through the mud and slime.

some. Still," and he looked up at me, "he won't have much of a Christmas at that, will he."

"Not unless we fix it to give him one."

"Ow's it ter be done?"

We both of us thought. The corporal hit me over the shoulder.

"I know" he said. "We can frame it up. We can advertise or somethin', can't we."

"You mean in one of the newspapers back in Blighty?"

"Yes. Couldn't we get a notice into one of 'em, and get the replies sent to poor old Craggs?"

"I'll think it over. Two or three of us could get together and frame up something" I said. "*The Daily News* or the *Chronicle* over there would take a small ad, and we could have the replies come to Craggs. Keep it dark, though."

TRAMPING up and down there that night I had ample opportunity to figure out the details. It would have to be so arranged that the replies to the ad. we put in must come direct to Craggs himself. For any of us to sail up and hand him a bunch of parcels for Christmas would create suspicion in his mind. If, however, they came to him after the postman on duty called his name, he would believe they had come to him direct, though doubtless he wouldn't understand how and why and from whom.

We had about three weeks time. Next night, in my tent, I fixed up an ad. for the *News*. Here it is. I humbly beg forgiveness for the stretching of my imagination in what I think was a mighty good cause.

Wanted, Christmas for Craggs! Boer veteran, friendless and alone. Doing duty with the —th, C. E. F. Letters more desirable than gifts, but both would be most desirable. Send packages and cards to Box —, *Daily News*.

But that wasn't enough. I knew little about the men who had charge of this kind of advertising in dailies, but I took a chance and wrote to the Manager, Box Ads. *Daily News*, Bouverie Street, London. I told him the details in the case. Craggs never had such a testimonial, for mine made him out a hero of the highest order. I played up his loneliness, and finished with a plea that someone should make sure that the letters and parcels which came for him were all addressed personally, particularly the letters. And the personal touch must be there.

I read the letter over, and I called in my corporal friend and also the postman.

The latter was not totally sanguine. "Strike me pink!" he said, scratching his grizzled head. "That are a littery composition. It'll either bring so many parcels that I'll bryke my

back under 'em, or else the manager of the box department will get 'spicious and think this 'ere's some Deutsche scheme for sending him dynamite in several parcels to blow up the orifice of the Noos."

However, we despatched the letter and the ad. and a money order to pay for the latter and awaited results.

The three of us were very impatient. We could hardly wait till nearly Christmas to see the result of our scheme. Meanwhile, Craggs continued in his drinking. It upset me a good deal, for I had taken a fancy to the old soaker, and he had attached himself to me for some reason or other, and would get paternal and pleading by turns, according to whether he was discussing details of our service out here or begging for a drink. He would do anything to get the drink. One of the fellows had some bay rum with which he used to anoint and carefully tend what remaining hair he had. Craggs sneaked into his tent one night and swiped the stuff, being terribly drunk first and frightfully sick shortly afterwards. Every day he got worse. I had heard of men who simply cannot do without the drink but Craggs was the first sample I had ever proven.

TWO days before Christmas, the bags of mail came in. I shall never forget that scene. The corporal doing duty was still the one who had cooperated with me and the other corporal in fixing up Christmas for Craggs. The bunch became aware that mail was in and they flocked to his tent. Of course it was raining; it had never stopped for three months. The men turned up and crowded round the opening of the tent, huddling and pushing, and enlivening the occasion with quotations of a music hall ditty of years ago.

"Good morning, Mister Postman. Have you got any letters for me?" and varying things with cheap wit and empty cursing.

There was a big bunch of mail to deliver. Everybody seemed to have something or other.

"Plug from my old brown jug" exclaimed one, when he opened his package. He was a brewer's teamster from Houndsditch, and his better half was thought of by him in terms of his trade.

"Fags. They seems to 'ave come direct from London Hengland 'ere, but I sees there's a letter from London, Ontario," said another, a man who obviously had spent some time in Canada.

There were hundreds of packages. Mince pies, Christmas puddings, underwear, boots, baccy, cigarettes, candy, gum, cakes—some of them hardened to slabs. It took a long time to get through. I began to wonder what had

happened to our scheme. I had had no chance to speak to the corporal-postman before he announced the mail. Supposing my letter and ad. had never reached the *News*? Supposing it had been lost in the office? Supposing—

"Private Craggs. No. 121211." The corporal's voice could have been heard for miles away.

A queer huddled form beside me emitted a hoarse, and, as usual, beery "That's me."

"'ere, packages and letters galore."

He held up a big sack. Everybody crowded forward to see what the joke was. Craggs had no illusions.

"Garn" he muttered, "A'stringing' of a poor old blighter this wye. Packages and letters galore!"

He was profoundly sarcastic, and a roar went up from the fellows. He edged away from the postman's tent, whither he had pushed himself, but I stopped his progress, for I had caught the postman's eye.

"He's not stringing you, Craggs. He's on the level. That mail bag is yours. Go get it."

Craggs wouldn't believe me yet, and he looked up plaintively into my face for all the world like a cur that has been kicked by everyone but his master and then finds even him against him.

"Go get it, I say."

And with that I pushed him forward. He walked back with a bag about as big as himself. All the fellows crowded round, and eyed him curiously. One of my fellow conspirators and I stood on either side of him.

"Open it, Craggie." "Nah then, Santy Clause, wot yer got?" "Who is she?" and many other ribald cries greeted it. Loud and persistent was the demand that he open it. But we spirited him away to his own tent and shut him in, there to discover for himself the wealth of his Christmas. He was too speechless to say anything. For he was assured now that the bag was his. It was an old mail bag, and across it in great flaring letters was written "Private Craggs." The postman had sealed it at the mouth. And I had made myself blue in the face telling him it was on the level.

LATE that night, I was again on guard duty, and tramping up and down that boggy, sodden ground. I felt somewhat the eerie quality of the night, and was startled to hear a low whistle.

"Who goes there?"

"It's me, my son" came the reply. "I sneaked out ter you. Look at that."

He shoved a letter into my hand, and struck a match and guarded it till I read it over. His face, lined and hard, was softened to-night and I won-

Canada's Place in the Moving Picture World

By R. T. Griswold

Illustrated from Photographs



"MARY PICKFORD is America's greatest screen actress" said a movie fan the other day in a friendly confab in one of Toronto's leading hotels. This fan happened to be a Yankee and the way in which he said *America's greatest* forced me to remark:

"If you mean by *America's greatest*, Canada's greatest, we'll grant that you are right."

"Mary Pickford a Canadian?" The Yankee was rather taken aback. They are so in the habit across the line of taking credit for everything.

Fortunately for me, for I was just burning with a desire to squelch the brag from this Yankee, I spied Terry Ramsaye, publicity director for the Mutual Film Corporation, walking through the hotel lobby. He soon settled the matter.

"The United States cannot claim Miss Pickford" Terry told us, "for she is a Canadian and is mighty proud of it. There are a large number of film stars now being featured by the larger producing companies who speak of 'back home' as somewhere in Ca-

Canada's picturesque scenery lends the best settings for a large portion of the photo-plays now being made by the big producers

nada. Quite a few of the scenes from the more prominent photo dramas brought out in the last six months have been staged right out here in your inimitable Canadian scenery. I should say that all told Canada was more than holding her own in the moving picture world."

Canada's position in the motion picture world is unique. With scarcely an important producing company in the Dominion, yet she has contributed some of the greatest stars, if not the very greatest players of the screen.

Her players are scattered throughout the United States, the home of a thousand and one companies, great companies, medium companies, small companies, fly-by-night companies. But in the best companies her stars have reached the ascendancy.

It is only necessary to mention Mary

Pickford, the queen of the "movies," who heads her own company, Lotta and Jack Pickford, Richard C. Travers of Essanay, Charlotte Burton, who calls London, Ont., "back home," Florence La Badie, who was born in Montreal and Huntly Gordon, also of Montreal. There are dozens of others.

The cinema also has drawn largely on Canadian literature for its plays. The works of Sir Gilbert Parker, Arthur Stringer, Ralph Connor and innumerable others have been picturized. Mr. Stringer is the author of the novel from which "The Iron Claw" was produced. Another of his works, "The Breakers," now is in the process of production by the Essanay company.

It also has been discovered that Canada's picturesque territory lends the best settings for a large portion of photoplays made and companies are constantly making excursions across the border from the United States to take pictures, getting beautiful and realistic settings.

Companies are also coming to Canada for their scenic pictures, the Es-



Charlotte Burton

sanay company alone having taken more than 10,000 feet of scenics in the Dominion. Among the scenes taken were winter sports at Quebec, including curling, hockey, skiing, tobogganning, sledding and skating; scenes of the Canadian Rockies, of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Nipigon region.

The following interesting story of the Pickfords is told by a Torontonion, who was a school-mate of Mary.

"Mary's name was Gladys Smith. She was born on the 8th of April, 23 years ago, at 211 University Avenue. Her father, John C. Smith, ran a buffet on a lake boat. Her mother was, before her marriage, a Miss Charlotte Hennesy and quite well-known in Toronto for her beauty and for cleverness with her needle.

"The Smiths lived on St. Vincent street for a while, where I believe Lotta was born. Then they moved to 81 Walton street, which was the birth-place of Jack, the youngest member of the famous Pickfords. The last-named place is but a shack now, but in those days it was a nice little cottage and was surrounded by (now the ward) a respectable, clean and pretty residential district. The Smith's cottage had a picket fence in front, enclosing two lilac trees, one on either side of the path. The place was always kept clean and tidy, and though small, was homelike and comfortable. They were not well to do, but what they lacked in money they had twice over in love and happiness and beautiful children. Each summer they spent at Lewiston, so Mr. Smith could spend Sunday with them.

"Their next home was at 17 Walton street, where Mr. Smith died, and then for a while they lived on Queen street.

"The Smiths were tenants of ours and friends. When little Jack was born my mother wrapped him in a blanket and took him to be weighed. And we children played together. I much preferred to go for a ride with Jack in his baby carriage than to ride in state in my own.

"When Mr. Smith died, Mrs. Smith, with three small children and no means, pluckily set to work to make a home for them. Mary was a sweet little child—skin like wax, long golden curls, beautiful big hazel eyes, and the same sad little expression that brings tears unbidden to our eyes when we see her now on the screen. Her first part on the stage was Little Eva, and a wistful little girl she played! Her mother taught her her lines by repeating them over and over to her, for Mary was an apt pupil and didn't require long to make her letter perfect. However, after a short run the trunat officer objected; Mary went back to school and Mrs. Smith supported the family by sewing and fancy needlework. Mary says that she used to like to sit on the upturned box cover of her mother's machine and watch her mother sew, and plan what she would do for mother when she was a big girl. I think even Mary's wildest dreams have come true, for her longed-for house with twenty rooms, while not a reality, is with her income an easily obtained possession.

"When an opportunity offered itself Mrs. Smith and the children all went on the stage and left the city with Chauncey Alcott. The subsequent career of Mary Pickford is well known. It is simply a story of a mother's love and work for her children and their rise step by step to fame and fortune. The way was often rough and hard; sometimes the wolf was at the door, but the little family persevered and won. After Mary's long run as Betty Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia," she was without a position, and it is both sad and amusing to hear her tell of the day she applied for a position with her first moving picture concern. She had to get the position or else walk many miles home, as she hadn't any money for car fare. She got a place as an extra and received her salary then—a ten-dollar bill—which was sweeter to her that day than many a thousand now.

"The Pickfords, each one of them, owe a wonderful lot to their dear sweet-faced little mother. To know Mrs. Pickford is to love her—just a frank, motherly lady like her daughters

and her son, unspoiled simplicity itself.

"And Mary also owes her life to her mother. When Mary was small she had black diphtheria. The doctor left the house, saying he could do no more for the child. Mary began to choke, and Mrs. Pickford in desperation thrust her hand down the child's throat and tore out a mass of matter and blood. Mary was instantly relieved by this daring act of her mother's and she was soon better again.

"Mary was just the opposite of her sister. She was fair and slender and quiet. Lotta was dark and stout, and a regular tomboy. Mary was always in white, a sweet, dainty little fairy, and Lotta, well she wore big checked "Mother Hubbard" dresses, and I guess it was a task to keep her tidy. When they came to visit us Lotta would sit and play with the baby (me), while Mary would watch us both with a motherly eye from her dignified place on a chair with her small white hands clasped in her lap. She was a little queen always.

"When I read of Lotta's daring deeds on the screen I recall a deed of long ago that almost brought her a different kind of applause. The corner grocer man had a large keg of oysters outside his store. They were just fresh in, and so the keg was full. Well Lotta dumped it, keg and all, and what a mess, oysters spread all over the dirty wooden sidewalk. When the grocer came out, red with anger, Lotta was half a block away, and still going as fast as her sturdy young legs would carry her. And she didn't venture within sight of that grocer for many a day."



Jerome Travers

Mary Pickford was a sweet little child — skin like wax, long golden curls, big hazel eyes, and the same sad expression that brings tears to our eyes when we see her on the screen



The Pickfords owe a lot to their dear, sweet-faced little mother — just a frank, motherly lady of unspoiled simplicity

AMONG the other great Canadian stars is Richard C. Travers, of Essanay. He came out of the waste places, from the forest wilderness 630 miles north of Winnipeg. He reflects the nature of his early environment. He is quiet, self-mastered, slow to speech and quick to action, the man for the punch, the idealist.

Up to the time he was ten years old, Dick Travers never saw a white woman except his mother. He was born away to the north in the barren places at the headwaters of a little river. His father, a Scot, was the first protestant missionary in the territory and the agent of the Hudson's Bay company. The child grew up with the silent Indians and the inscrutable trappers whose lives made them taciturn and whose daily brushes with death in the open places made them self-contained and danger hungry.

When he was ten years old, he accompanied his father on a wonder trip to Toronto. There he saw white women, many of them, but their presence made him shy and their graces rendered him distrustful. He was used to the silent patient Indian woman. A garrulous woman filled him with wonder and a little shyness. He hasn't lost these attributes yet. He is not a woman's man. There is not a better "mixer" in Chicago. On the Chicago board of trade, in the foyers of the city's clubs, on the street and in the gymnasiums, wherever red blooded men are wont to gather, Dick Travers, actor, erstwhile soldier, physician and adventurer, holds his place smilingly, silent and very much loved.

But women are not a necessity. He is not a drawing-room idol. His ambitions are not along those lines. He is a man's man and woman is a being to be adored at a distance and treated with the utmost deference. But the distance is kept, quietly and smilingly and Travers' love-making is kept within the bounds of the camera.

Nature showered her gifts on Travers. He is one of the best specimens of physical manhood in the country. And to the gift of a good body, Dick added the skill and endurance that he had gained from hard work, the record of which you can read in the sporting annals of the last ten years. Dick Travers stands a little over six feet and weighs 200 pounds. There is no fat on him. He gives the impression of slimness and of a shorter build because of the compactness of his muscles and the broad shoulders and chest that takes away from the illusion of his height.

He is an expert hockey player and played on the Quelp National wanderers, St. Andrew's the New York Hockey Club and the DuQuesne garden teams. He is also an expert polo

player and automobile racer and was an entrant in the Vanderbilt Cup Race in 1906.

Travers was attracted to the motion picture game years ago. He was one of the earliest to realize its possibilities as an art and as a factor in the life of the future worlds. Before that he had roved the world, as a soldier in the British army in Africa, as a member of the North-west Mounted Police, as a physician in the heart of a stifling city. But the lure of the far-off places was overcome by the ambition to excel in the silent drama drew him from the untravelled paths and placed him in the Essanay studio.

Travers is a deep student of life and of the factors that go to make up life. His early life and his diversified experiences has enabled him to give the convincing touch to his characterizations that make the finished actor. But whether he takes the part of a clubman, or a trapper, a lover or a man of dreams, he is always Dick Travers, suave, quiet, dignified, the gentleman of the old school.

His hobby is guns and his favorite sports are all those which test the endurance and brings out the grit in a man. That is another result of his early training, you see. A man can't come out of the wilderness and be a weakling. If he were a weakling, he would never come out. His bones would be bleaching somewhere along the un-beaten trail and the buzzards would be croaking requiems on his departed soul.

LONDON, Ontario, is given as the birthplace of Charlotte Burton, charming leading woman appearing in support of William Russell, in a series of five act Mutual Star Productions produced at the studios of the American Film Company, Inc., located in Santa Barbara, California.

Miss Burton attended the London public schools until she was eight years old when her family crossed the border and located in San Francisco. It was at a private school which she attended for several years that Miss Burton became a serious student of the stage. Her work in a number of plays put on by the school's dramatic society attracted the attention of a Western theatrical magnate who made the young girl an offer to join his company then in rehearsal.

Her parents, giving their consent, Miss Burton quit school for the stage. "The Brownies in Fairyland" was the title of the production and the work of Miss Burton in the important part assigned her in the cast quickly won her the recognition of the critics, the public and producers. But, after appearing for several years in juvenile parts, Miss Burton was taken off the stage by her parents and returned to school in San

Francisco. It was not until she was seventeen that she again appeared behind the footlights.

Then she played in the support of Nance O'Neil at the old Grand Opera House which was later destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake. The Nordant-Humphrey Company, at the McDonough Theatre, in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, offered the youthful screen actress exceptional inducements to play ingenue parts, and the following season, with the same management, she captured large audiences in Seattle, Wash. A tour of the principal cities of the West followed, then the Middle Western states, culminating in a successful run in Chicago.

It was immediately after the close of her engagement in Chicago, that Miss Burton was engaged by the American-Mutual studios.

One of her biggest of screen successes was scored as the siren in "The Diamond from the Sky" the American's Mutual photoplay in thirty chapters, for the writing of which Roy McCardell, a newspaper man of New York won a \$10,000 cash prize.

It was because of her work in this feature release that Miss Burton was assigned the chief supporting role to Mr. Russell in his series of Mutual Star Productions. "Soul Mates" a sociological drama, "The Highest Bid" a drama of love and high finance, "The Strength of Donald McKenzie," the scenes of which were laid in the North Woods, "The Love Hermit" and "The Torch Bearer" a story founded on newspaper life, are the Mutual Star Productions already released in which Miss Burton has appeared.

Miss Burton is a striking brunette, tall and graceful with an exceptional degree of talents. Not yet twenty-two years old, she to-day ranks with the foremost of American emotional actresses and has frequently been sought by Eastern theatrical magnates for important roles in various productions. She prefers, however, to remain in picture work, declaring that she believes the screen offers better opportunities for dramatic work than does the speaking stage.

London, Ontario, still occupies a warm spot in the star's heart and she never misses an opportunity—they are far apart to be sure because of her work—to visit her home town.

"I shall never forget, although I love the United States beyond expression, that I am still a Canadian," said Miss Burton recently. "Canada, particularly London, shall always be my greatest love and I hope some day to return to the other side of the boundary line and make it my home forever."

Continued on page 106.

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by George A. Faul

PROLOGUE

From the New York *Planet*

THE control of one of the most important single industrial organizations in this country will pass within the next day or two into the hands of a young man in his early twenties.

He, so far as is generally known, will take up this heavy responsibility with no better equipment for it than is afforded by a large paternal allowance and a dilettante's pursuit of the fine arts in France.

The industry in question is the great ship-building yard of the Morton-Duggeby Company at Cleveport, New Jersey. The practical direction of this company has been for many years in the hands of its second largest stockholder, Mr. Thomas Duggeby, the late Christopher Morton, the holder of the controlling interest, having been for some time inactive.

Under the terms of his will his entire property goes with no restrictions whatever to his son, the present Christopher Morton. The property in question is worth more than a score of millions, and the wisdom and skill with which it is managed is a matter of national concern.

After the lapse of four decades the business of building ships and the flying of the American flag on all the seven seas of the world again bids fair to revive the glorious tradition of the last century. Consequently, it is not an impertinent intrusion into his private affairs to warn young Mr. Morton of the heavy responsibility that rests upon him.

This property is in good hands today. Certainly in stronger and more successful hands than his own. A large part of his inheritance is of a sort that cannot be expressed between a dollar sign and a decimal point. He has inherited a name which deserves a large and honorable place in our history among the captains of peace.

If he shall prove negligent of this inheritance and shall allow his own caprice to usurp a better grounded authority, he will have added an argument of no light weight against the unrestricted transference of property by bequest.

CHAPTER I.

THE AWAKENING.

AFTER a glance about me I turned to the man who was seated at the other end of the bench. He was dozing in the warm June sun, his pipe dangling from his relaxed jaw.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "may I ask you to tell me where I am?"

I am a man apparently about thirty years old, though it may be that I am younger than I look, but the moment in which I cast that glance around and asked the question of the other occupant of the bench is my earliest conscious memory.

Back of that, except for some hazy, dream-like pictures—back of that is an absolute void. Those pictures I shall speak of in detail presently. They are all I have that afford any hope of success in the vast and almost impossible task that lies before me, all that supply any incentive for attempting the task at all.

I know that some time, perhaps a month, perhaps a year ago—possibly longer than that—a man was lost. A man of education certainly, and, I am inclined to think, a man who occupied no unimportant niche in the world's affairs. That man occupied my body, thought with my mind, was actually myself. It is my task to find him.

I feel as I write this like one who builds a house of cards which a breath or a brush of a careless sleeve may bring to utter wreck. I mean to commit to paper these memories of the past few days and also those pictures, which I hardly dare call memories, in order to have them safe in case that obliterating hand which has once before passed over the tablets of my mind shall come to me again.

I said my task was almost impossible. That statement may have a strange sound. Surely, one would say, I must have friends eager to welcome me back to my old place.

It may be. I have found none yet, and I have found enemies, or an enemy, for the web around me seems to have been woven by one master mind. If so, he will have taken care that no friendly hand shall ever be stretched out to my rescue.

If ever I escape from this cell into which malign chance delivered me—this cell of utter hopeless oblivion—it will be through my own efforts, through shrewdness, courage, and, above all, patience, which I may be able to command in my own behalf.

And why do I do it at all? Why do I—the most hopeless waif in all the world—set out on a campaign so nearly hopeless, so full, as the adventures of the past few days have already shown, of dangers?

Well, my pictures, my dream pictures—I hardly dare call them more than that—are responsible. For among them is a woman, one of the loveliest, I verily believe her to be, of all the world; I see her in a hundred different ways, each one more charming, more alluring than the others.

And when her eyes turn toward me, as again and again they do, there is love in them. To find those eyes, not in my own dim dreams, but somewhere out in God's bright day, I will search the world.

Now I will tell my story.

My question aroused the man on the bench from his doze, but I had to repeat it before he caught its import.

"Can you tell me where I am?" said I.

His pipe clattered on the brick-paved path. He straightened up in a flash and looked at me astonished. To give him time to gather his wits I went on talking.

"I suppose I must have been unconscious—or was it worse than that, mad, perhaps? If that's the case this building is an asylum, I suppose. But have I been here long?"

"I can't tell you anything about that," said the man. "I am just a guard. I'll go and call the doctor."

I reflected that it could hardly be so very unusual that even the maddest patient should enjoy an interval of sudden lucidity. That consideration made the guard's astonishment rather hard to account for.

Astonishment, however, was hardly the word to describe the man's emotion. It seemed, now I reflected on it, more like a sort of vicarious alarm. He had bolted around the corner of the building without another word to me.

I rose from my bench, walked away

two or three paces, stretched my arms and looked myself over. I was well dressed; there was no suggestion of a uniform about my clothes and no restriction on my moving about freely. Evidently I had been well taken care of. I raised my hand to my face, and somewhat to my surprise found a beard there.

That was all I could determine about myself for the moment, so I walked a few paces down the path and turned back to look at the building against whose sunny wall we had been sitting.

It gave me, contrary to my expectations, a momentary feeling of pleasure. It was small, one of a group arranged in quadrangular form, and of homelike architecture. If it were an asylum—and so much my guard seemed to have admitted—it was clearly no public institution, and I might be sure that the maintenance of every one of the inmates was handsomely paid for.

That conclusion might well have given me grounds for uneasiness, but for the moment it did not. My mind was taken up with the fact that I had no idea who had been paying for me. In that moment I made my first attempt to recover out of the past my own identity.

My failure did not, just then, greatly alarm me. I was perfectly sane again, of that I felt sure, and the recovery of my memory could only be a matter of hours, possibly moments.

My reflections were interrupted by the return of the guard, evidently in disgrace for having left me to myself, even for so short a time, and vastly relieved to find me standing intact before him. He was accompanied by another man, an individual with an air of authority, whom I took to be the doctor he had gone to seek.

His face, like the guard's, was totally unfamiliar to me, though he had very likely been in constant attendance on me for a long while. I bowed to him.

"Good morning," said I; and then I smiled a little. "Or should I say good afternoon? I have no idea which it is. You are a doctor?" He bowed in assent. "Berry is my name," he said.

"I seem to have astonished your guard somewhat by asking him where I was," I went on, "for he ran off post-haste to find you, without stopping to answer me."

After my first glance at him, I had allowed my eyes to wander from his face to the attractive stretch of well-kept lawn which lay behind, and I did not meet his eye again till I had finished speaking. When I did, I found a look there which concentrated all my faculties at once upon the man himself.

It was gone in a second, but while it lasted it expressed more plainly than my words can the state of mind of a man alarmed and casting about des-

perately for means to meet an utterly unforeseen contingency; but his face was composed into a look of mere solicitude for my welfare before he spoke.

"I would not trouble about that if I were you," said he. "There is nothing in the world for you to worry about. Look at the sky instead, and see what a day it is. Did you ever see anything finer than the young green on those trees yonder?"

"I share your enthusiasm for the day," said I, "and I am not in the least worried, but I am intensely curious. I will waive the question of where I am, if you're afraid the answer would disturb me, but I would like an answer to another that's a good deal more important. That is, who am I? My memory for the moment seems to be playing tricks with me."

This time I looked at him while I spoke, keen to get what answer I could from his look as well as from his words. A less alert man than I—a blind man—might have understood the effect my question had upon him. He simply gasped with relief, and there flickered in his eye an evil look of perfectly ruthless joy.

"I can answer that question," he said. He was trying to keep a quiver of eagerness out of his voice, but not succeeding very well. "You are a— a house-painter, a sort of odd-job man, employed by the owner of one of the large country estates in this vicinity. You had an accident; a piece of staging gave away, and you fell on your head and have been in a state of semi-consciousness since."

"We were afraid that the only hope for your recovery lay in a serious surgical operation that would endanger your life. The owner of the estate, your employer, a Mr. a—Thompson—does the name bring anything back, by the way?—sent you here to be under our observation, so that we might decide whether an operation were necessary."

"Do you remember it at all now? Does nothing come back to you?"

My first impulse was to laugh in his face. The man was not only lying, he was lying clumsily, desperately, and for a second I was very near betraying the fact that I knew it.

Then, as suddenly as though a warning finger had been laid on my lips, I realized a little of the true peril of my position; realized that I could not afford to waste a single card in the game I found myself called upon to play.

"This sun is a little hot," I said vaguely. "I don't think I want to talk any more now. May I go to my room?"

CHAPTER II

THE CORDS TIGHTEN.

ACTING in the character of a man relapsing into a stupor, I turned

abruptly away from them and, blundering a little in my walk, set out for the nearest building. My guard would have been at my side in an instant had not the doctor detained him with an imperative signal.

I heard, as I walked away, the low murmur of voices, that of the doctor betraying, though I could not hear the words, a note of exasperation at the guard's slowness in understanding his instructions.

Presently, however, the man overtook me and, guiding me by the elbow, turned me into the entrance of the building I had set out for.

The broad entrance-hall, with its polished floor and graceful stairway, contained as little suggestion of the purpose to which the building was put as the exterior of it did. I caught a glimpse through a doorway of a number of well-dressed people reading, and heard educated voices carrying on what sounded to me like perfectly normal, casual conversation. Evidently the place was a sanitarium rather than an asylum, in the strict sense of the word.

The guard led me up the stairs. At the head of the first flight, in obedience to an instinct of which I was perfectly unconscious, I hesitated, almost stopped in fact, before a doorway.

"Not there," the guard said sharply. "That ain't where you go."

In a flash I realized that my instinct had been a true one. I had stopped at the door of what had been, up to this time, my room. Affecting not to hear the guard, I opened the door, entered, and blundered into the nearest chair.

I knew, of course, that I should not be allowed to stay there, but I was curious to see in what sort of style I had lived before the doctor had converted me, on the spur of the moment, into a house-painter and odd-job man on a near-by estate.

The room was spacious, luxurious in its appointments, and I caught a glimpse of a white-tiled bath-room opening from it. That was all I had time to see, for the guard pulled me abruptly to my feet.

"Didn't you hear me tell you not to go in there?" he demanded.

I only wagged my head stupidly and went with him quietly enough. He conducted me up two more flights of stairs, quite to the top of the building, where, opening a door, he thrust me unceremoniously into a little cubicle of a room, made up largely of a dormer window, which looked down upon the eaves.

The room was shabby and none too clean, and I judged that it was usually occupied by one of the servants. The guard seemed nervous lest I should make an attempt to draw him into

conversation, and got out of the room as quickly as he could, locking the door after him.

There was nothing in the place to warrant examination. I opened a closet-door and found it bare. Evidently if I had any clothes besides the ones I had that moment upon my person they were kept somewhere else. I went to the window and looked out.

The first thing I saw was interesting enough. Two men on a hanging stage were busily at work painting the side of the next building. They had been working under the doctor's eye when my guard had rushed up to inform him of my return to consciousness.

They had furnished him with a hint for the lie he had told me, and were, I reflected with a smile, the unconscious and innocent cause of the sudden change in my own estate. The story of the house-painter and odd-job man was going to be lived up to.

My eye traveled past the edge of the building and over the broad sweep of rolling lawn and shrubbery to where the woods began. Getting my eyes focused to the distance, I saw between the trees what I was sure was the boundary wall of the property. It was hard to judge its height from the distance, but I had no doubt it was high enough to make scaling it a difficult, or perhaps impossible, feat, except for an athlete.

I caught myself smiling over the question in my mind whether I was an athlete or not. When I went to bed that night I would know more about that.

The wall had not yet lost its interest for me, however. Looking at it closely, I was sure I made out a fine veil of dust arising above it, and accounted for, on the next favoring slant of wind, by the steady thrum of a motor-car. On the other side of the wall, then, lay a highway. That discovery was likely to prove important.

I was to make one more discovery before I left the window. It came the next moment, and again it was the breeze that brought it to me—the long-drawn, melodious chime of the sort of whistle that is carried by our great racing passenger locomotives. I knew from the whistle that the train was going to stop not more than a mile or two away.

Instinctively I felt for my watch, but there was none in my pocket. I was disappointed, for, though only half conscious of the reason why, I wanted to know what time that train came in. Suddenly an expedient occurred to me. The sun was slanting through my window at an acute angle with the case-ment. With my thumb-nail I scratched on the sill the outline of the shadow.

Some one was standing outside my



Then I am to stay here until I can remember that my name is Andrew Meiklejohn, and that I used to be a house painter

door, watching me no doubt through the keyhole. An involuntary movement of his feet betrayed so much to me, and a moment later, restless of espionage, I crossed over to the farther corner of the room.

In doing so, I caught another movement, and, looking up, saw what I wonder I had not thought of looking for earlier, a mirror. The sight of it made my heart beat quickly.

"Of course," I thought, "that is all I need. A glance at myself will bring my memory back to me."

I walked around and stood before the glass. The face I saw was absolutely strange to me—as strange as the doctor's face or the guard's had been. It was bewildering, uncanny, almost

enough to drive a man mad indeed, to see the haggard look of pain and disappointment and something not far from terror in that stranger's face, and to realize that it was only the irrepressible emotion of my own soul that I saw reflected there.

Then like a touch of the spur, rallying all my courage anew, there came the faint sound of a chuckling laugh from the other side of the door. In standing before the mirror, I had again come under the observation of the man at the keyhole. The same bewildered, disappointed face at which I had gazed, he had seen too.

I dropped down on the edge of my bed and buried my face in my hands. I heard footsteps tiptoeing from my

door, and then in a moment, as I half expected, returning noisily:

"Come in," said I in answer to the knock.

It was the doctor, but this time the doctor with his manner all prepared. It was at once good-humored and patronizing.

"Well, my good man," said he, "I hope you feel no further ill effects from that warm June sun."

"No," said I, "I guess I'm right enough."

Then, by way of experiment, I shot a quick question at him:

"Is this my room—the room I have lived in right along?"

His face seemed to stiffen a little in its false mask of kindly humor.

"Of course," he said "but you must not expect to remember anything about that. You have been, as I said before, only half conscious since you came here. It would be altogether extraordinary if you were to recognize the room or the building or any of our faces. But does nothing come back from beyond that time? Nothing that happened before your accident?"

I shook my head dully.

"What did you tell me I was?" I asked.

I dared not look at him, but I was aware that he was uneasily balancing the probability of my remembering his clumsy lie of the morning, and the wisdom of taking this chance to tell me a better one. He decided to stick to the old story.

"You were a man who did odd jobs—a house-painter by trade, I believe."

"I saw some men painting from my window," I commented rather vacuously; but I glanced at him quickly enough to see in his face the recognition of his blunder in having put me in a room that overlooked these operations.

"Did you tell me my name?" I asked.

He was ready with one; he did not say "Smith."

"Andrew Meiklejohn." Then he added, and I could have throttled him for the sneer which I heard underlying his friendly, solicitous words:

"Does that bring back nothing?"

I simply shook my head.

"And is there nothing in your mind at all? No memory that seems like a dream? Nothing that you can tell me?"

His voice was eager as he asked the question.

This time I made no answer, even by a sign. I just sat on the edge of the bed, my head drooping in sullen silence.

"Well, well, my good fellow," he said, rising from his chair, "you must not be down-hearted. The moment memory does come to you, send for me. I will do all I can to help you."

Then I did a foolish thing. I allowed my anger for the moment to get the better of me.

"Then I am to stay here," I said, "until I can remember that my name is Andrew Meiklejohn and that I used to be a housepainter?"

There was a cutting edge of satire in my voice which roused his quick suspicion like the flick of a whip. I would have given much to unsay the words, but it was too late. He gave me a venomous smile as he answered:

"Oh, don't be discouraged; and, above all, don't lose sleep and appetite over it. I will see you again tomorrow."

And with that he left me abruptly.

He left me very nearly in despair. What did it matter, after all, that he had lied clumsily? The cards were all in his hands. He had no need for finesse.

If I were to express disbelief in the precious tale he had told me, that would simply be tolerated as the natural delusion of a madman. If I remonstrated at his keeping me there—if I made the faintest hint of resistance—there was, no doubt, a strait-jacket on the premises which they could rely on to bring me to terms.

And as for the chance of escape, I went to the window and tried to open it. The sash rose a scant six inches and was there checked by a cunningly contrived lock. There was a guard outside my door. He was tramping up and down the corridor quite frankly, like a sentry on a beat.

Even supposing myself safely over the wall and on the highway, what chance had an absolutely penniless man, who knew neither who he was nor where he was, nor the name of one friend in all the world—what chance had he to remain more than a single night at liberty?

One chance for a clue to my identity I think I may have overlooked. It did not occur to me until it was too late—that the clothes I wore might have given me some hint of who I was. A tailor's card somewhere about the coat, even a laundry mark on my linen or underclothes, might have furnished me a clue which would to-day be of inestimable value to me. But, as I say, I did not think of that until it was too late.

The sun was getting low when a faint clatter of dishes and a knock at the door announced supper. It was an appetizing repast, daintily served.

"Well," thought I, "the doctor gave me one good piece of advice any way. I'll eat and I'll sleep. I'll keep my health and I'll do the best I can with my spirits."

For just a flicker, there passed through my mind the notion that it was somewhat curious that the meal

should show no traces of my recent fall to the estate of housepainter. To match the room, it should have been served on thick dishes, and should not have comprised half the variety that was here offered to me. But the thought went away as quickly as it came, possibly because I was really hungry, and I settled to my meal with the expectation of enjoying it.

I was half through when something brought that disquieting notion back to me. There seemed to be an odd taste to everything I had eaten. It was no taste that I recognized. Everything was perfectly cooked, but certainly every single article on that tray had a faint suggestion of that same curious flavor.

And then my knife and fork dropped with a clatter from my nerveless hands. I knew now why I had not suddenly been reduced to the coarse fare of a laborer. I knew why the doctor had advised me to eat. The food was drugged!

CHAPTER III

THE AMBUSH.

THE opium—for it was this drug I have no doubt that had been put into my food—had one effect which the doctor can hardly have anticipated. To a certain extent it acted upon my memory as developing fluid acts upon an exposed plate.

My dreams from the time when I lost consciousness over the supper-tray until I awakened in bed early the next morning were far more vivid than any I have any recollection of. They did not tell me who I was, to be sure; but they gave me two or three pictures so minutely outlined that I am sure I shall recognize them if ever I can get the chance. The consolation of that thought, however, did not come to me till afterward.

When, with difficulty, I had roused myself from my heavy sleep, and was able intelligently to take account of my present situation, it seemed a thousandfold more desperate than it had the day before. They had come into my room, once they had found me safe asleep, stripped me, and put me to bed. This morning my clothes were gone. That fact alone was enough to make the hope of escape absolutely insane.

The plot was clear enough. They would keep me here in solitary confinement, persistently drugging my food until hunger compelled me to eat it; until I had established an appetite for the drug itself; until at last I should be utterly and hopelessly mad indeed.

Well, I would fight off despair as long as I could. So much I solemnly promised myself. A dash of cold water out of the ewer and a few deep

breaths of the young June air which came in my partly opened window revived me.

Then, more to provide myself with an occupation than in any hope of gaining anything by it, I began a most minute examination of the room. Not a corner of it escaped me. A rickety little table stood in the dormer, and I remarked what had entirely escaped me the afternoon before; it contained a drawer. I pulled it open half-heartedly. Then seeing what it contained, I stood quickly erect.

Hope was thrilling in my veins again. I saw a way of escape opening up before me.

What was this great discovery that in an instant had served to change the face of the world? Pathetically trivial it may seem—nothing but a well-gnawed stub of a pencil and a few soiled sheets of pink and highly perfumed note-paper. They were too soiled and shabby for the housemaid, who had occupied the room before me, to think it worth while to take them away with her.

I did not have to plan what use this unexpected treasure-trove could be put to. The thought came to me complete in the half second between the opening and shutting of that drawer. But I went back to bed, and for an hour I tested that plan by every contingency I could think of.

When they knocked at the door with my breakfast I was ready. I did not answer the knock. When the man entered with my tray I glowered at him and roughly ordered him to be off.

"Take that stuff away," said I, "if you don't want me to pitch it out of the window."

He seemed rather nonplused at this, but after a moment's hesitation obeyed me. I heard him tramping off down the corridor, and knew with perfect certainty that inside of five minutes I should hear Dr. Berry's quiet, cat-like tread coming to take up his post of observation outside my keyhole. That was what I wanted.

When he came I let him wait awhile. Then furtively, and as silently as possible, I went over to my table, took the paper from the drawer, drew up a chair, and settled down to write. It was a mere tissue of nonsense with which I covered sheet after sheet of that soiled, perfumed paper. I worked slowly, apparently with the greatest labor, for I did not mean to finish until the sun was within an hour of where it had been the day before when I had outlined the shadow of the case-ment on the still with my thumb-nail.

The excitement mounted higher and higher in my veins as the time passed. It was hard to wait—hard not to risk throwing my great chance away out

In my dream pictures there is a woman, one of the loveliest, I believe her to be, of all the world. I see her in a hundred different ways, each one more charming, more alluring, than than the others



of sheer impatience by putting my plan to the test too soon.

My greatest fear was lest the doctor should leave his post of observation, but I had calculated rightly. He had too much at stake to take any chances.

At last the hour had come. I rose from the table, looked suspiciously all about and listened. Then rolling my precious manuscript into the smallest possible compass, I went over to the bed with it.

I turned up the mattress—the ticking was none too strong and my fingers were not to be denied—and I had no difficulty in tearing a small hole in the

under side. Then, as if in a panic of fear lest I be interrupted too soon, I thrust the manuscript through the hole, put the bed to rights, scrambled back into it, and pretended to fall asleep.

Almost immediately I heard the cat-like footfalls receding down the corridor, only to return again frankly and noisily. The doctor entered without waiting for my invitation; indeed, I gave none. He was radiating benign good humor from every pore.

"What!" he said. "In bed at this time of day? It is much too fine for that. You ought to be up and

Continued on page 110.

The Dictionary Man

By David Adams



“PLEASE pass the salmagundi?” With unerring accuracy Mrs. Bowles started the dish of hash toward the other end of the long table. Each of the boarders, as he or she passed it along, took a careful look at the contents of the dish. Possibly they felt they had been imposed upon in being permitted to eat it for hash.

“Salmagundi,” that was a new one on the patrons of Mrs. Bowles’ Boarding House. Each however, after watching the dish closely after passing it seemed content to continue to think of it as plain hash.

William Smith helped himself generously and set the what he chose to call salmagundi down before him.

A word here as to why Mrs. Bowles had not passed the pickles or almost anything else. She knew William Smith. Ten years before he had taken a room at her house and had been there ever since.

“The Dictionary Man,” she called him. If ever there was an apt sobriquet “The Dictionary Man” as applied to William Smith was it. During this ten years as a patron of Mrs. Bowles’ dining-room he had sprung many surprises in the way of odd words.

“He knows all the words from A to Izzard,” she told Mrs. Brown who kept a boarding house in the next block. The expression “from A to Izzard” was not her own but one of Mr. Smith’s.

At first Mrs. Bowles had been unable to figure out the nature of her new boarder’s business. An itching curiosity to know consumed her for the first few weeks. Finally when she could stand it no longer she asked him. It was seldom Mrs. Bowles had to go to as great a length.

“I, Madam, am a sciolist,” he had told her, seemingly proud of it.

Then she knew or at any rate if she did not know she could say what he was. Being able to say it she told people what he was thus giving them the impression that her new boarder might be anything from an eye-doctor to a chiropodist.

Sometimes, when she was tidying up his room—one of the two back ones on the attic floor, she would search for

something which might perhaps give her a clue to Mr. Smith’s business. All that she ever found was a rusty old horseshoe and a battered dictionary. Both looked as if they had been handled lovingly and often. There was nothing else in his room save a few clothes and an old trunk in which he kept them. The clothes were suggestive of prosperity at a far removed date.

It might be well to note here that the one book Mrs. Bowles chanced upon was entitled “A Dictionary of the English Language” and was written by Noah Webster as she noticed by one of the front pages.

On the very first page written in ink she found the following:—“Wm. E. Smith, Petonia, Ont., 1905.”

Only a year old when it was brought to Mrs. Bowles’ establishment. It looked fifty having been thumbed so much. It became Mrs. Bowles’ habit, in time, to look up in this dictionary the meanings of the “new ones.” Here she found a sciolist to be one with a smattering of knowledge. Thanks to Mr. Smith’s one book Mrs. Bowles, too, became a sciolist.

One day when he happened to come into his room just as she was about to leave it she asked him about the horseshoe.

“That horseshoe—” he said as he walked across the room and picked it up, “this horseshoe is all that I have to remind me of how happy I was before I got that dad blamed thing there.” He pointed to the dictionary.

Mrs. Bowles did not look as if she

knew much about the horseshoe as yet and he went on, “It’s a long story. Sit down and I’ll tell it to you.”

Mrs. Bowles set the broom outside the door and, holding the dustpan in her hands, sat herself down on the only other chair William Smith’s room boasted.

“Forty years ago—dad blame me if it don’t seem like yesterday—forty years ago I was attending school with the rest of the fair and blooming youth of Petonia. A gosh darn good time we was a having too.” He shook his head affirmatively to emphasize the fact. “George King and I used to chum around together. George was the oldest King boy. His father owned the race track where they held the county fairs. Well, after we grew up we sort of drifted away from the old town like young folks sometimes do. George went up to the city and I went to Manitoba and took up ranching.

“Well Sir,” he seemed to forget his audience, “I got married just the same as a lot of young fellows do. Everything went along fine. I was prospering and happy on the ranch. That lasted twenty years. Then I lost my wife.” He hesitated a bit before continuing. Mrs. Bowles seemed to sense that this was not the place to make a remark and kept still.

“Well, I got kinda restless after a year or so and thought I’d go back and take a look at Petonia. I was pretty well fixed anyhow so I sold the ranch and went back home—back where I was born. It seemed kinda good just to see some of the old places even if most of the faces were new to me.

“Well, Sir,” he was still forgetful of the sex of his audience; “One day who should I see walking right toward me but George King. There he was coming down the lane. I was on the porch. He hadn’t changed a bit except maybe his hair was a little grey. Well, Sir, we had a great reunion. George had had about the same experience up to the city that I’d had in Manitoba. He, too, got kinda restless, I guess, and decided to come back to Petonia.

“There we were a couple of old cronies well past the fifties back home

again each with his boyhood chum. Considering the fact that we were both pretty well along in years our being able to be together like that was just plumb fortunate for both of us.

"Well Sir, we used to talk over politics and religion and most anything that came up to talk about. Sometimes we'd go for long walks along the river. Then we'd go over the good times we'd had there thirty years before. Every afternoon we played quoits. Pitch horseshoes you know," he added as he held up the one in his hand. "Well, darn it, he beat me most of the time but I didn't mind that so much until he began rubbing it in. He was always boasting about being the best. He always boasted about being the best at everything. Maybe he was. His education was better than mine in some ways. He'd picked up a lot of knowledge in the city while I hadn't learned anything but ranching out in Manitoba.

"George liked to lord it over me with words and expressions he knew that I didn't know. Well, I stood for it for one whole year and then a fresh young chap came along selling dictionaries and darn me if I didn't buy one. That one there," he added pointing at the table. "Now I was ready for Mr. King. All he had to do was spring some new word on me and a few hours later I knew what he was talking about. I was never more than a few hours short of being posted right up to the minute on the English language.

"When the circus came to town he said he liked the funambulist the best

and I said I liked the tight rope walker the best. When I got home I knew what he was smiling his superior smile about—darn him. I looked in that little dictionary and found out that a funambulist was a performer on a taut rope. Gosh darn him—he wouldn't ever have told me. Well, Sir, do you know in looking up funambulist I came across another word and I thought I'd just remember it and use it on George some day.

"Well, a few days later we were pitching the shoes and my luck was against me. He won every game out of five. His chest kept a swelling up and he kept a talking about how he was the best and rubbing it in generally. I got mad and flared up. I called him the word I'd found in the dictionary.

"I says to him 'You gosh darn fanfaron.' Then he got mad and without saying a word went home. That was the last I saw of him. He was good and mad when he left. He didn't come near me and kept out of my way after that.

"Well, the breaking up of our friendship hit me hard. I stood it in Petonia doing nothing as long as I could and then I came here."

Mrs. Bowles figured from the way in which he said "fanfaron" that it must be something terrible and not meant for feminine ears. For this reason she did not ask him to explain it. Instead she decided then and there to take the first opportunity of looking the word up—some time when William Smith was out of his room.

She left him worshipping the rusty, old horseshoe.

Now Mrs. Bowles had a daughter—Mary by name. She was a girl of twenty, a good wholesome looking girl with rosy cheeks. She was just good looking enough to have plenty of sense about things other than her looks.

Mary Bowles was a little tot of ten when William Smith first came to her mother's. He didn't have much of anything to do most of the time and he used to play games with Mary. Then, too, he would tell her fairy stories. Mary didn't understand the fairy stories exactly as he told them but, after a fashion, was able to make out what they were all about. She liked them. She would sit for hours while he spun a yarn about the scaturient mumbo-jumbo of Africa or about the scansorial grimalkin or the intrasigent schelm or any one of a hundred others.

The picture she had of a scaturient mumbo-jumbo must have been wilder than any conceived by the wildest native of Africa.

She liked the stories and made him tell them to her over and over. Her mother being busy with the running of the boarding establishment Mary Bowles came to look upon William



I says to him, "you gosh darn fanfaron."
Then he got mad and went home

Smith as a sort of advisor or guardian. In trouble or joy she came to him. He had a faculty of making her troubles joyous and her joys more joyous.

Mrs. Bowles also came to William Smith when she wanted advice. One day a brother of her former husband's had asked to take Mary with him and bestow upon her the education his means would allow.

Mrs. Bowles had gone to William Smith.

"Well, since you ask me, he strikes me as being agnate," he had said,

This settled Mrs. Bowles. Anyone who was agnate should have nothing to do with the bringing up of her daughter. Mrs. Bowles did not know that agnate merely implied relationship on the father's side.

Now as Mary grew older she fell in love. At about the same time two young men fell in love—each with Mary Bowles. Here was a situation. Mary liked both of the young men. When later each of them had made enough of a mark in the world to enable them to feel confident enough of the future to ask Mary to marry she didn't know what to do.

Naturally she came to William Smith with her trouble. He went into the matter deeply with her weighing each of the young men in terms that would have surprised even Noah Webster. At length he handed down his opinion which Mary abided by. Everybody was happy except possibly one young man but it was as William Smith told Mary, "If everybody was happy all of the time there wouldn't be any fun." If unhappiness is fun the young man who lost Mary came in for his share of it but no doubt he recovered because he was young and youth forgets.

Mrs. Bowles had looked in the dictionary many times for the meaning of the word fanfaron. She had not found it. In her simplicity she had failed to notice that the page that it would naturally have been on was missing.

Continued on page 116.




"That horseshoe is all that I have to remind me of how happy I was before I got that darned thing there." He pointed to the dictionary



Borrowed Plumage

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton



“YOU don’t know how to pull the ropes, dearie,” observed Miss Violet Gray, as she applied carmine to her lips and then dusted her face with pink rice-powder. “But you can learn. Now I——”

“Pull the ropes?” echoed Maida Vincent, smothering a yawn. “How do you mean? Could I really learn to be popular—as popular as you? I thought you had to be born that way.”

The tone of the speaker was a trifle wistful.

“Oh sure you could learn!” returned Violet good-naturedly. “But you gotta get rid of them Quaker ideas of yours, little one. You gotta get some pep into your system. Don’t be bromide. How does this platinum necklet look, honey? Ain’t it some swell? Bill sure ain’t a tightwad. Gee! You could have one like it Kid, if only——” Violet broke off inconsequentially and commenced to paw about on the littered dressing-table. Having located her gloves she drew them on slowly, gazing in the mirror, meanwhile.

Her roommate sat on the edge of one of the room’s two little iron beds, swinging her feet and regarding Violet silently and a bit enviously.

“My third party this week,” remarked Violet after a moment. “How do I look dearie?”

“Fine,” said Maida; but her expression was an absent one. She had been thinking of what Violet had said about pulling the ropes.

“I’ve certainly been having some dandy times this last while back,” Violet resumed. “Being popular with the men comes natural to me I guess. I kid ’em all, dearie, but I don’t allow one of ’em to get a string on me. See? That’s the way to handle the Johnnies. Ever since I was a flapper I could get anyone I wanted. My sister kept a boarding house down near the business district for about nine years and I used to wait on table. I got so’s I could hand ’em as good as I got. The men called me Miss Saucebox. Oh men! Gee, I know men from the ground up.”

She drew a fur-lined opera cloak over her shoulders as she spoke.

“You needn’t say anything about what I’ve just told you, Kid. Nobody round here knows that I used to sling hash. Well, I’m all ready. I wish Bill’d get a hump on. I hate waiting round!”

“Your hair looks nice,” observed Maida.

“Hairdresser did it this morning. I’ve been watching the sky all day—fear it would rain and spoil all these here dinky curls. Say, I *wish* you were coming along.”

“I’m tired. Besides, I haven’t got anything nice enough to wear.”

Maida flung her arms over her head in a luxurious afterwork stretch, and yawned, as she finished speaking.

“Forget it,” said Violet. “You’re welcome to any dud I got. I bet you’d look sweet in this pink charmeuse. And tired? You’re always that! If you’d doll up in the evening and go out! But you never seem to want to. What do you like to do anyway? Work all day and come back here and mope around darning your stockings and then go to bed? Gee! You don’t know you’re living, Kid!”

“What do I like?” repeated Maida. “I like silk stockings and grand opera and ninety-cent candy and orchids and new uncut magazines and breakfast in bed and—oh what’s the use! I like everything that’s fine and pretty and thrilling and expensive! But I can’t have them.”

“Yes you can too.”

Maida stared a moment at her friend of six months’ acquaintance.

“How?” she asked. “How can I have them—*honestly*, I mean?”

“Oh, if you’re going to talk like *that*, of course——”

Violet flung a deal of contempt into her voice, and the shrill clamor of a bell cutting in upon her remark saved her the necessity of finishing it.

“There’s Bill now, thank goodness,” she cried, glad to escape from the challenge of Maida’s honest brown eyes.

“Little mutt!” she said to herself as

she whisked down the shabby stairs. “She was *born* slow. Been up from the country two years now, so she says, and she hasn’t shook all the hayseed out of her hair yet.”

MAIDA, left alone, continued to stare unseeing, at the door through which the resplendent vision in sky-blue satin had just disappeared.

Was it true—all that Violet had said? Was she too sober, and scrupulous? Violet had so many friends while she—drab little Puritan—had none. After all it is disgusting to be young—just nineteen—and rather pretty, and fond of good times, and ready for Romance, and then to discover that Romance kept persistently aloof!

Life was a humdrum affair for little Maida—just as the gay Violet had remarked. It was made up of work, three hurried meals, an hour or two of uneventful evening, and then bed.

Maida rose and wandered over to the cloudy mirror. Some of the other girls’ cosmetic-jars stood open on the dresser top, and Maida scooped up a little rouge on the end of her finger and rubbed it upon her cheeks.

The change was magic! She still retained some of her fresh country color but this, *this*——

“Why, I’m actually beautiful! she gasped.” No wonder Vi sets such store by this stuff.”

Her eyes sparkled. She took up some of her heavy golden-brown hair and twisted it up loosely on the crown of her head. Seeing the effect produced, she went about it in a more thorough manner and finished by fastening one of Violet’s rhinestone bands about her head. The upstanding ornament on the front added a degree of dignity, and four inches to her height.

She took a little skip across the room and seized upon the shimmering rose-pink gown that Violet had discarded in favor of her blue one. With fingers that trembled in eager haste she snatched needle and thread and short-

ened the skirt. Then she put on the dress. Without doubt she was now another girl! Hurriedly rummaging about in various drawers and boxes she produced Violet's bronze slippers, a pair of long white kid gloves—almost clean—a string of tiny pearls and a feather fan. (Although Violet Gray was only a manicurist on a rather precarious weekly salary, her wardrobe was replete with all the necessities of a society girl—and some of the luxuries.) Maida completed her toilet by passing a powder puff lightly over her face.

THEN she gazed long and critically at the vision the mirror held. What she saw made her heart beat tumultuously.

"Oh, by itself, if only I could—" she began aloud, and then before the thought was fairly complete in her mind she gave a start and caught her red underlip in her teeth. "I'll do it!" she said aloud. "I'll do it!"

She counted the contents of her purse. They totalled a dollar and twenty-five cents.

"Enough for a taxi," she murmured, and snatched up a silk head-scarf and her big plaid coat.

By the tiny clock on the table, it was still early in the evening—not quite nine.

From the telephone-booth at the corner drug-store Maida summoned a taxicab and stood out on the pavement awaiting its arrival. As she watched it turn up into her street, very suddenly, she changed her mind. On the point of following good-natured Violet to the dance at Rickert's Hall, Maida decided swiftly against such a proceeding. Where then should she go?

"Drive on—oh anywhere at all," she said to the driver who touched his cap and awaited her pleasure. "Drive till I tell you to stop."

"Very good Miss."

Maida leaned back on the comfortable seat and sighed blissfully, and the cab whirled her rapidly and smoothly away to the Port of Adventure.

"I'm an impostor—a fraud," she told herself, with a wicked little chuckle. "I'm a bird in borrowed plumage. But I don't care. I don't care. I'm going to have one good time

in my life if I never have another!"

She smiled happily, and peered about on either side of the broad avenue down which they were silently gliding.

"If good times don't come your way," she reflected, "go after 'em! A case of the mountain and Mahomet. I'm awfully glad I've discovered that I have a little 'pep' left, after the city grind."

She gave herself wholly up to the

"Very good, Miss."

It was keen pleasure in itself, just to sit and watch the guests thronging into the great caravanserie. Slowly Maida's cab eased in among the long triple line of vehicles—motor broughams, runabouts, limousines—and it was fully a quarter of an hour before they were opposite the brilliantly-lighted entrance portico.

Then another vagrant impulse took possession of Maida. It seemed as if some long-forgotten sprite of her childhood days had come again into being to control the destinies of this one particular evening.

"Stop here," said Maida to her driver, "and let me out."

"Very good, Miss. One dollar and a quarter, please."

AN attendant in green-and-gold livery opened the door and Maida stepped down, and paid her driver. The taxicab moved off and a long seven-passenger car took its place. A second attendant, ornate as the first, beckoned to Maida, and with swiftly-beating heart and limbs that quaked under her, she followed him up the broad stone steps, past two giant pillars, and through a palm-lined lobby where her guide turned her over to a bald personage in evening clothes who stood bowing and smiling before her.

She caught the enchanting strains of the Barcarolle from some distant unseen orchestra, and heard upon all sides the pleasant hum of voices.

"You came alone?" queried the bald gentleman, with a pleasant smile directed this time straight at her glowing face.

"Y—yes. I—"

"Have you your card?"

"Card? Er—no, I—"

Maida's heart sank. This was a contingency that she had not taken into account.

"Card of invitation? Ah—you have forgotten to bring it. Well it is no great matter. Let me have your name and I'll soon fix—"

"My name is Maida Vincent."

"Thank you." And the obliging gentleman hastily scribbled something on a card and gave the oblong of pasteboard into her hand with an air of dismissing the affair.



"Where you been, Honey?"

delight of rapid motion. Presently, however, the cab slowed down, and stopped.

"Big jam ahead here, Miss," called the driver, pulling his head through the curtain-flap. "Shall I wait till it clears, or turn around, or what shall I do?"

"Oh, wait. There's really no hurry. Whereabouts are we?"

"We're near the Carleton. There's a big ball on there to-night, an' everybody seems to've took the notion to get here at the same minute."

"You might drive slowly on and watch your chance to get past," said Maida.

"Pass this O.K.'d card in at the entrance of the Assembly Room please," he said, and turned to greet other arrivals.

"Fortunate escape number one," breathed Maida, devoutly, as she tripped upstairs.

THE ladies' dressing-rooms were filled with a gay, chattering throng. A moment or two Maida stood upon the threshold of the room she was about to enter, gazing spellbound at the scene within. Women and girls and even grey-haired dowagers flitted to and fro like huge butterflies—pink, lavender, yellow, flame-colored, skyblue—and diamonds glistened from the beautiful necks and arms of not a few.

"Oh dearie! Help me with my skirt, won't you?" pleaded a voice at Maida's side, and she turned to find a young woman in apple-green crepe, on the verge of tears.

"Certainly, I will. What can I do?" responded Maida.

"Oh thank you so much! I've ripped the hem. See? The maids are all busy, but—"

"No trouble at all. Come over nearer the light please."

After a moment or two the slight mishap was remedied and the green crepe lady seemed about to fall on Maida's neck in gratitude.

"Did you come alone, dear? Why how odd! So did I! I suppose your friends are coming later," she observed. "My sister was to have come but was prevented. So I'm here by myself and I do feel so backward about going down alone. Shall we go down together?"

"You know," continued Maida's new acquaintance as they descended to the ballroom, "This is a leap-year affair for charitable purposes. That's why there's such a crowd, and we're supposed to go round and ask the men for dances. Everything reversed you know. I'm sure I'll fall through the floor with embarrassment, won't you?"

Maida laughed.

"Why, I think it will be fun," she said. "I don't mind."

"This crowd to-night isn't the regular society gang you see," said the green crepe lady. "It is under the

auspices of the Bohemian Club, and that makes it so much more free and easy. There won't be any stupid wall-flowering. Thank heaven there are lots of men."

The orchestra was just commencing a fox trot when the pair arrived in the ballroom. A sudden timidity seemed about to overwhelm Maida, but her companion squeezed her arm and said:

"Oh dearie, look over there at those two fellows who are staring so hard



"You've searched—for me?"

at us! Let's go and ask *them*. I'll ask the dark one, and you can have the fair one."

IT took some little time for Maida to locate the pair. They were indeed looking fixedly at the girls. So, becoming brave, the latter crossed the room and with exaggerated bows, requested the pleasure of a dance. The dark young man took possession of the green crepe lady and the other smiled with undisguised delight at Maida.

"This is very great pleasure indeed," he said, flushing boyishly.

He could not have been more than twenty-two and Maida liked his voice and the look in his grey eyes.

Fortunately she could fox-trot so they got along very well and danced the two following numbers. Then came a dance with which they were both unfamiliar so they sat it out in a charming little nook near the palm room.

"Pardon my cheek," said the young man, "But I'm afraid I don't know your name. Mine is Fordham—Frank Fordham."

"My name is Maida Vincent."

"Maida," he repeated, with a caressing accent, "It just seems to suit you too."

They talked on about various matters, and then Maida rose.

"I ought to go and do my duty by some other man now," she said, a trifle regretfully.

"Don't go," pleaded Fordham.

"Well, then, I ought to give some other girl a chance—"

"I don't want any of the other girls—at least not yet for a while. I could sit here and talk all evening—with you. Sit down again, won't you?"

Presently, however, the green crepe girl came up, on the arm of her escort and there was a shake-up of partners, for the next dance number.

The hours, after that, fled like as many minutes. Maida was introduced right and left and her program was soon completely filled up, for whenever she seemed at a loss to decide whom to request a dance from, one of the young men she had met would sidle up and, utter disregard of the established regulations for the evening, would suggest that they

"try this number."

Maida's eyes sparkled. Her bright laugh pealed out often. She felt like the disembodied spirit of some gay social butterfly, some once-popular belle, that had come back to earth to revisit one of the scenes of her past triumphs.

At times the brilliant scene all about her seemed unreal. The soft throbbing lilt of the orchestra came to her in moments, as from a vast distance. She wondered, more than once, what it would feel like when she awoke.

Continued on page 116.

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White



A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesmen back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesmen wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.

(Continued from November.)
As the traveling man finished his yarn a silence fell and some of the men gazed with unseeing eyes out the window. The mechanic cleared his throat with a little rasp and dashed the burning "shag" from his pipe.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "I carry insurance, but a pretty small amount. I haven't got the money to carry a big sum, but I do the best I can. I am a carpenter by trade and, while I get good money when I work, I don't always work, and we have learned, my wife and I, to count every penny.

"We were married three years ago and it was a triple wedding. Three girl chums married three pals and we took three apartments in the same building. The little flat Mary and I had rented had its back on a court and from our kitchen window I could look across into the side rooms of our two young friends. None of us had much to start with, although we did have enough to pay for most of our furniture bills and to furnish our little old 'three rooms and bath' pretty cozy and comfortable.

"We bought stuff pretty near alike and the three girls watched one another like hawks. If one got something new in the way of a chair it was not a week until the other two had one as near like it as possible. Tom and Fred had jobs in a big wood-working factory near by our flats and I worked for a year after our marriage on a new building, just to the rear of their plant. We all had a family about the same time and it was funny to see us get together in the evenings and compare fine points of our babies.

"Everything was going along swimmingly until one day a careless fireman forgot his boilers. I guess you know what happened. I was fifty feet away from the rear wall of the mill when the explosion happened and I was hurled to the ground from a scaffolding thirty or forty feet high. A broken leg and a wrenched back was my share. Poor Tom and Fred never knew what happened to 'em. The firemen dug their bodies out of the ruins twenty-four hours later. Mary and I were pretty near wild with grief and we couldn't do a thing, either. I was chained to bed with my own hurts and Mary had to wait on me hand and foot. It was a terrible time for those two girls across the way and when the first shock was over they faced something worse still. Mary used to sit in the window and think of those lonely girls and then look at me and cry for thankfulness and sympathy.

"We found the boys had paid six months rent in advance a few weeks before the explosion. It was Christmas time and their factory was one of

these co-operative affairs that declares a dividend once a year for the employes. The boys had each received \$120, and they both decided to pay their six months' rent and then take the rent money out of the salary each month as it came, thereby having something every month to spend rather than use the money in a lump for gimcracks.

"WELL, it seems that Fred had taken out an insurance policy. One of these industrial policies where you pay 25 or 30 cents a week and get \$500, when you die. It put a lot of heart in his widow. The grief and the kids and the long absence from real work had put both girls to the bad as far as being worth anything in the industrial field was concerned. Tom's wife had to get right out and find work. She wasn't up to it and as a result she got fired in a week. The next job was the same and it just got to be a round of discouragement with the bills pressing more and more. Fred's wife with her \$500 just sat down and rested for a couple of months. She didn't have any bills to bother her and she had enough money to hire someone to look after the baby. She went out to get a job when she was strong and ready for work. She got the job and made good.

"Tom's wife got heartsick and finally sat down in her flat and waited for the end. She sold her furniture stick by stick. I used to lie in our Morris chair in the kitchen while Mary worked and look over at the two flats. Along about five o'clock Fred's widow would come home tired, but fairly cheerful. The kid would be clean and sweet and the room warm and the woman she had hired would have the teapot on and supper under way. The room would be bright and cheerful and you knew that the girl felt safe and life was starting to look right again.

"But the other one! Lord, the other one! She'd come in about six o'clock from job hunting. The room was cold and looked damp and cheerless. The baby would be brought in from a neighbor's, where it had been allowed to wallow about in the dirt on the floor. It was dirty and cross and cried all the time. There was no supper ready and darn little to fix at that. The poor thing would light a smoky old lamp, she couldn't afford gas, and we could see her stand before the stove and shiver and cry into the food. Then she would eat a few mouthfuls and take the baby in her arms and walk up and down the floor back and forth, back and forth, until it nearly drove me mad. We wanted to help and so did Fred's widow, but Tom's girl was proud and I guessed it galled her to realize the difference in our positions now. Anyway she wouldn't take a cent.

"Finally the room had just a tumble

down iron bed and a pine table in it. Everything else was gone. Then one day we were startled to hear the clang of a bell and peering out of the window we saw the sunlight shimmer on the brass buttons of two policemen who were carrying something. They took it to a wagon and one of them went back and came again with a bundle in his arms—the baby. That something in the wagon was Tom's widow and she had gone the gas route. Gee. It got my goat, gentlemen, and I just climbed into my clothes and limped and stumbled down the street the next morning. I had intended to do something when I got to work again, but



We saw two policemen carrying something—that something was Tom's widow

that thing wouldn't let me wait. I got protection for Mary and the kid and the first thing I do when I get my pay is to lay aside my little monthly payment for insurance. Then I feel right with myself.

"A SIX-YEAR-OLD girl was the cause of my taking out a policy," said the bookkeeper as the hum of comment had died away. "I was never approached by an insurance agent from the time I arrived at manhood until I walked into the office of an agency and asked for a policy. How I was overlooked I do not know, as my neighbors often spoke of the number

of times they were 'bothered' by insurance agents and how impossible it was to avoid them. My wife and I often spoke of insurance, especially after our little one came and several times we made up our minds to take out a policy, but as the time set drew near there was always something to prevent, a better way for the money, we thought. The possibility of my death before my girl reached an age where she could marry or become self-supporting was never very strongly presented to me and I let matters slip along as they would.

"My office was in a big warehouse in a rather tough part of town and a row of tenement houses backed on the alley my desk overlooked. Occasionally a troop of ragged little folks would go whooping through the alley in pursuit of a luckless cat, or in an effort to escape a much pestered policeman who chased them, though knowing his efforts were in vain. I paid little attention to them, except to frown as their shrill voices jarred on my efforts to get results from long columns of figures.

"It was not until one hot summer day when work was slack and I had a few moment's leisure that I noticed Nellie. She was not a pretty child. Her hair was tow colored and her face was ghastly pale and emaciated. Although I did not know it then, the stamp of the white plague was plainly visible in her features and thin, stooping body. She did not run and play with the other children. Her lungs would not allow of the exercise. She just sat on a broken box in the shade of the tenement and with a sharp stick drew pictures in the dirt. She was thus occupied when I first noticed her.

"It was the dreary, hopelessness and sullen bowing to pain that drew my attention to the girl. Her eyes were dull and listless and she gazed at me when I spoke in a fixed stare that did not comprehend my words.

"What are you doing?" I asked. When I repeated the question she raised one hand, as if to avoid a blow, and scrambling to her feet she moved away into the black shadows of the passageway. A bit of sunshine managed to make its way through the smoke and gloom of the alley and shone on her mud drawn picture. It was a queer looking object, and after puzzling over what it might be for a moment I turned back to my work. The next day as I

Brother Tom to The Rescue

By J. Cooper

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

“WHAT shall I give Mac for Christmas?” she said.

It was not the sort of remark to be greeted with protest and levity, but that was what it got.

“Now see here, Lois,” her mother said, “every year for the past twenty I have had to plan your Christmas present to Mac. Ever since you were—”

“A year old,” interrupted Lois; “but really, mother, I do feel anxious—” Her voice took on a private significance intended for her mother’s ear.

“You see, mother,” spoke up Tom promptly, “we feel that we ought to do something special for Mac, considering—” His voice discounted Lois’s for mysterious suggestion.

“You might send him a pot of glue,” suggested Mollie.

“Or a skewer,” supplemented Tom. “If he skewered it neatly and put a coat of varnish on, he might work it off on some near-sighted girl. Poor old Mac! He’s so blamed careless.”

“Mother!” protested Lois.

“Don’t be impatient,” said Tom. “I am returning immediately to the subject. What shall we give Mac for Christmas? Now, there are three classes of Christmas presents: those you give to relatives with an eye to their being of use in the family; those you give to friends after going to a clairvoyant to find out how much they are likely to spend on you; and those you give”—here his voice became heavy with tragic inference—“to those who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting too much—which brings us to our text: What shall we give Mac for Christmas?”

Lois arose. Her very beautiful eyes were plaintively indignant.

“I am going up to the library, mother,” she said not looking at Tom and Mollie.

“Aren’t you going riding with Mr. Warwick?” demanded Mollie.

Lois shook her head gently and went out.

“Now isn’t that too ridiculous!”

Mollie appealed to the room. “Think of refusing a ride on that bay of Mr. Warwick’s, just because it might make Mac feel worse.”

“Perhaps we may as well not discuss the subject,” suggested Mrs. Patterson. “You are not supposed to know anything about it.”

“I wish somebody would offer him to me,” said Mollie.

“Who? Mac?”

“No, Mr. Warwick’s horse. But I tell you, if I did refuse a man, I’d do it thoroughly. It is my opinion that Mac keeps up this plaintive pose simply because Lois looks so conscience-stricken. No, I’m not going to help you with the darning, mother. You do Lena’s work, so that she can get off earlier. You spoil everybody. If you had brought Lois up properly, she wouldn’t have these sentimental notions.” She reached out and selected a blue silk sock from the basket. “Look at this!” She held it aloft to point an accusing finger at the size of the hole.

“It is very touching,” began Tom hastily, “about Mac. I drop in, when I can, to do my mite in the way of reparation, and on the last occasion I noticed that he had taken down all of Lois’s photographs. There was no Lois in evening dress smiling at me from the mantel, no Lois in street suit looking down jauntily from the pipe rack, no Lois in golf outfit, no Lois in garden hat, no Lois with a lace mantilla strewn over her head, no Lois leaning on one elbow with downcast eyes, no Lois leaning on a property chair with upcast eyes, no Lois with any cast in her eyes at all. And in the midst of it sat Mac!” He reached out a long arm, and laid a hand on his mother’s work. “May I borrow that stocking to wipe my eyes?” he said.

Mollie was cobbling the blue silk hole into a sort of rosette.

“We ought to cheer Mac up,” she said. “If he would stop acting like an undertaker, Lois would be nicer to Mr. Warwick, and he

might offer me a ride on the bay.”

“For sheer altruism, recommend me to Mollie,” said Tom. “But it is true that, as a family, we owe it to Mac to give him a helping hand. He has now mourned long enough. We ought to get him into shape before the holidays.”

“We could do a great deal before Christmas,” said Mollie, “if we went at it systematically. We could take turns.”

“I’ll start to-night,” declared Tom valiantly. “I’ll go over with my mandolin—”

Mollie laid down the blue silk sock and looked across at her brother.

“There won’t be anything left for me to do,” she said.

“I don’t see what you’ve got against me and my mandolin,” observed Tom defensively.

“Nothing against you, separately,” she returned.

“Well, I have other methods. I’m not confined to one. I’ll get him started in the right direction to-night and turn him over to you to-morrow.”

“I would suggest—” began Mrs. Patterson quietly, but Tom raised a protesting hand.

“Now, mother do not seek to discourage this struggling band of willing workers,” he said. “Mollie and I are going to be Little Sisters to the Discard. Don’t you want to be a Little Sister, too?”

“Thank you, no,” said Mrs. Patterson.

Mac came out from the city that night, tired with the day’s work. The house was lonesomely still. He blundered through the dark hall and up the stairs. He closed the door of his room behind him, feeling pensively the bareness of it, and turned on the light.

On mantel and bookcase and pipe rack and desk, wherever a picture of Lois had stood, and in a dozen other places, were photographs—photographs of Mollie: Mollie with curls and a scowl, Mollie in tintype groups, Mollie all but unrecognizable in awful freaks of

photographic art, Mollie and Tom hand in hand with do-or-die expressions, Mollie in short dresses and in her first long one, Mollie, Mollie everywhere, and each one a more awful-looking production than the last. Mac sat down and stared at them. Then he threw back his head and howled. Not since Lois had tearfully refused him had he laughed like that. He sobered down rather suddenly, with a feeling of inappropriateness.

"First score to me," said Tom proudly, the next morning. "The house-keeper told me that Mac laughed out loud in his room last night."

"But what did you do?"

"That I shall not divulge until the cure is complete. It is your turn this morning."

"I think I'll take him for a long walk," said Mollie, after a moment of meditation.

"Good!" said Tom cordially. "Nothing better than walking in cases of this kind. I can almost see you on that bay."

"There he is!" Mollie seized a jacket and pinned on a hat as she flew out of the door. "Come for a walk, Mac?" she called.

Mac had intended treating Mollie

with something of hurt reserve, but her face was so warmly friendly that he forgot it. The morning was perfect for walking, stirring the blood to energy, filling the eye with the reserved loveliness of early December. Mollie chattered unceasingly, and all her theme was of the beauty of life and the duty of making the best of things. Very impersonal it was; she felt that she was being exceedingly tactful. But it was continuous.

Mac wondered at first. Then suspicion grew upon him. He relapsed into indignant silence. Harder and harder Mollie tried—gloomier and gloomier grew Mac.

"Write it on your heart," quoted Mollie bravely, with a glance of loving-kindness that belied her growing rage, "that every day in the year is the best day."

Mac appeared not to hear. He was slashing at the weeds with his stick like an ill-tempered hero in a "Duchess" novel. His eyes were on the ground, not on his cheering, inspiring companion.

The bay horse was galloping hazily into the distance.

"Mac," cried Mollie, in exasperation, "won't you please be a little livelier?"

Mr. Campbell turned a somewhat irate countenance upon his guide and consoler.

"I don't see anything in particular to be lively over," he said.

"Well, it is everybody's duty to make the best of things."

"Oh, d—," said Mac. Perhaps it was "duty" he started to say. Mollie did not think it was, and for the next fifteen minutes he found himself explaining to a very indignant young woman that she had misunderstood him. By that time they had reached the stile by the river, which was as far as they had planned to go, and Mollie turned promptly, without a word, and set out upon the homeward way. And now it was Mac who talked steadily to a perfectly unresponsive companion. It would never do to have little Mollie seriously offended with him. Good little Mollie! She had always looked upon him as a brother. Not that Mollie was so little, either. She was taller than Lois. His heart gave a pang at the thought of Lois, but only a short one. He was too busy propitiating her sister.

"You're captain of the basket-ball team, aren't you, Mollie?" he inquired.

"Yes." No word could have been briefer.

"That's fine! They couldn't have a better one. You're an all-round kind of a girl. It was mighty nice of you to take pity on my lonesomeness and walk with me. It does a chap good to have



"I wish someone would offer him to me," said Mollie

a dear little girl like you sorry for him."

Mollie turned an icy gaze upon him. "I wasn't sorry for you," she said. "I was trying to make you act as if you had a grain of sense, which is a good deal more than I shall undertake again. You may leave me here. Good morning!" she said, as they halted on a little foot-bridge. Mac whistled softly to himself and proceeded homeward.

"Quitter!" said Tom. It was apropos of Mollie's proposal that he undertake the reformation of Mac unaided and alone.

"I am not," said Mollie, "but I don't see why we should both give our time to him. I'll keep it up if you insist."

"I do," said Tom; and so Mac, who had watched with some compunction on Monday for a chance to accost Mollie, was greatly surprised to see her smiling at him from the station platform when he got off the train on Tuesday.

"I thought you'd be on this train," she explained brightly, "so I stopped. I am going over to bowl. Don't you want to go?"

It was Mac's favorite exercise. They had a beautiful time, and walked home together in gay spirits. Mollie's evident forgetfulness of their strained relations struck Mac as very admirable. "It shows an awfully sweet spirit, by Jove!" he thought enthusiastically. "She is a mighty amiable little girl." And the next afternoon he watched until he saw his amiable little neighbor passing, and went out onto the porch.

"A good day to bowl, Mollie," he called.

"Splendid!" said Mollie. "Tom's going over; I'll tell him to stop."

Mac slammed three doors on the way back to his room. By the time Tom called he had developed a sore throat which made bowling a menace to health. Tom, with angelic patience, spent the evening with him.

The following afternoon Mollie ran into borrow a piece of his sister's music, and remained to play some accompaniments. Mac had a charming voice, and Mollie was a born accompanist. He got out a lot more music the next night, and Tom came over and offered

to play it on his mandolin. Tom never hit the key except in moments of absent mindedness. Mac said he had given up singing.

On Saturday Mollie, with the fire-light flickering on her scarlet gown and earnest young face, sat in the twilight of the Campbell library and talked softly of the Duty of Man. And the next day Tom, after a Sunday stroll with an absent-minded but docile companion, summed up the situation with pleasing pride.

"We are coming on wonderfully," he said, "wonderfully. My method is marvelously adapted to the case."

Two weeks later Mollie burst into the

sitting room, where Tom and the sofa made a little oasis in a desert of Sunday newspapers.

"You can take Mac to-day," she said.

Tom looked up from the pink sheet, his eyes still alight with the fact that somebody had scored two touchdowns.

"It's your day," he said. "I took him yesterday to oblige you."

"I don't care. I can't get my presents done if I give all my time to Mac."

"You aren't going to make presents on Sunday, I hope." Tom clutched the pink sheet more firmly and looked his grievous reproach.

"I'm going to give it up," said Mollie, with swift emphasis; "I've done enough."

"Well, I like to put a thing through when I start it"—with a superior air—"and now that Mac is turning out so cheerful, I certainly shall not give up. I could do it alone if it wasn't for

Cont'd on page 107



"You may leave me here, good morning!" she said

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Canadian National Theatre

WILL Canada ever have a National theatre? We mean by that will our theatres ever reach the point where Canadian playwrights and actors dominate. Every true Canadian hopes so. It is not out of place to say here also that considerable intelligent and aggressive effort is being put forth to hasten the day. The editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* presents his views on the matter as expressed in a recent editorial:

It is almost pathetic to read that the idea of a Canadian theatre has not altogether died and still lingers in extremis in the good city of Toronto. A Queen City periodical laments that our theaters are still supplied from New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, thus cruelly cutting Universal City. While such backward nations as Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy have their native drama we still cling to Broadwayisms. It is true, says this periodical, that Ottawa has attempted to do something to start a real theatre but our efforts have been feeble and lacking in any of that comprehensiveness of touch which characterizes the true Toronto style. Toronto's effort is older and wiser than Ottawa's, according to this authority, and the movement is toward little theatres where amateurs and semi-professionals will present the better class of poetical and intellectual plays that are never shown on the "Yankeeified commercial stage."

All this is really amusing if it were not intended seriously. Lady Gregory has abandoned the effort to found an Irish theatre after producing some of the most remarkable stage pictures of life, as seen by Synge, Yeats and others, ever attempted. Why? Simply because a theatre that is national is not national. It was not a national theatre that produced the "poetic and intellectual" plays of Synge and Yeats before the poetical and intellectual audience that heard and saw them. The great mass of the people did not like them, did not understand them. The "Play Boy of the Western World" was

THREE LADS.

DOWN the road rides a German lad,
Into the distance grey;
Straight toward the north as a bullet flies,
The dusky north, with its cold, sad skies;
But the song that he sings is merry and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our righteous king!" (he cries)
"And the good old God in his good old skies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides a Russian lad,
Into the distance grey.
Out toward the glare of the steppes he spurs,
And he hears the wolves in the southern firs;
But the song that he sings is blithe and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our noble tzar!" (he cries)
"And liberty that never dies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides an English lad,
Into the distance grey.
Through the murk and fog of the river's breath,
Through the dank, dark night he rides to his death,
But the song that he sings is gay and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our honest king!" (he cries),
"Then hey! for our honest king!" (he cries),
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes—
For I'm off to the war and away!"
—Elizabeth Chandler Forman, in *London Gazette*.

hissed off the stage by Irish audiences in New York and scornfully received in Dublin. Yet it is a splendid play and typically Irish—so Irish that the Irish did not recognize it, and surely art could go no higher than that. "General John O'Regan," to step away from the national theatre for a moment, is an Irish play that pleases Ireland and pleases America and would please Canada, too, but it has no claim to nationality. It amuses and instructs, is clever and witty.

The play's the thing. But it must not be too redolent of the soil. It must not be too individualistic, unless Bernard Shaw be the individual. And this brings us up to date and to the consideration of the latest three plays. These are Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," Galsworthy's "The Mob," and Shaw's "Major Barbara." Briefly Ibsen's is a criticism of democracy which, he shows, is mercenary at heart and which arouses itself when its

interests are threatened. There is nothing national in that unless Norwegian democracy be different from Canadian, for example. "The Mob" excoriates provincialism on a national scale. A member of parliament incurs the wrath of the mob because he dares to tell them that a war in which the nation is engaged is unjust. His voice, raised on behalf of humanity, is his undoing. In "Major Barbara" the basic theme is that love, knowledge and power may combine for the betterment of mankind. Alone, Shaw holds, not one of the three is complete or effective. United, they may attack the gravest problems of life.

None of these typical plays is national in theme unless we wish to apply it nationally—they are not national in any sense and herein lies their great strength. If it be advanced that they are the product of British and Norwegian schools let it be admitted that they are written for international consumption and instruction as well. If we can produce playwrights who can produce international works, well and good. But we cannot hope to do anything worth while by producing "poetic and intellectual plays" for poetic and intellectual Canadians in little theatres, or big ones either.

Dastardly German Acts in Africa

PRIVATE Johannes Myburgh, a Boer, graphically relates in *The London Magazine* for July the story of our campaign in German South-West Africa. The scarcity of water was our worst enemy, and in this connection he says:—

The Germans poisoned the wells at Swakopmund. This dastardly act was repeated all along the line of the German retreat. When General Botha first protested against such conduct to Colonel Frankie, the leader of the German forces, he replied that it was a matter of military necessity to delay the advance of the attackers; and, as though to excuse himself against a crime which was contrary to inter-

national law, he added that in each case where a well was poisoned the Germans had put up a notice to the effect that such course had been adopted. That excuse, thin enough in all conscience, was not even true. Many wells on our way had been poisoned and no word of warning had been left by the retreating Germans.

Fancy, for a moment, the position of men in that army! Advancing for miles through sandstorms and in terrific heat, they would come across a well. Can you wonder that some of them drank the water before the scientists with the army had a chance to come up and tell them whether or not the water was safe to drink?

In the course of our journey to Windhoek I saw many a man die—poisoned by drinking water in which the Germans had instilled death. These men knew when they drank the water the risk they ran, but their thirst was such that the chances of death by poisoning were not too great to be run if only their awful thirst could be appeased for a moment.

Nelson's Spirit Lives

MOST British and neutral writers on the subject of the naval action off Jutland agree that the British morale was superior to that of the Germans, and that to this indomitable fighting spirit, bred of long and glorious tradition, the victory was chiefly due. A writer in the Fortnightly Review says on this point:—

The majority of British admirals of the 'fifties and 'sixties believed that the advent of steam and steel, the abolition of the "cat," the advance of education, and the spread of democratic ideas meant the ruin of our naval primacy. Their fears have proved



E. Papademetriou, in Hellas, Athens

Kaiser: "Well, who gave YOU such a beating up?"
Turkey: "Russia: She attacked my rear."

baseless. The new British Navy confronted the enemy on May 31st, and proved to the world that, though the ships have changed since British seamen won the supremacy of the seas in the opening years of the nineteenth century, the officers and men, in spite of later social, economic and naval developments, remain the same in spirit, still possessing the "fighting edge" and the "will to win." The success with which the personnel emerged from the trial constitutes the really important result of the battle of Jutland. Though the ships stood the test well, officers and men—not forgetting the engineers and their staffs, working out of sight down below—stood it better, and the prestige of the British Fleet, under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, stands in 1916 where it stood in 1805 when Nelson's flag was hauled down in the Victory for the last time.

Historic St. Quentin

ROMANCE and history cling to St. Quentin and Peronne, toward both of which the British and French advance on the Somme is pounding its way. Of the two cities St. Quentin is of more actual historical interest. The Romans called it Augusta Veromandorum, and, during the centuries that the empire held sway over Gaul it was an important strategic point, standing as it did at the meeting place of five great military roads. As to its name, it is derived from that of Gaius Quintinus, a "preacher of Christianity," who journeyed to St. Quentin in the third century from Italy and was there martyred. Years afterwards a great church was erected to his memory on the top of the slope upon which the town is built, and it is still reckoned amongst

the finest Gothic buildings in the north of France.

But that was not until the twelfth century. Before then St. Quentin had passed through many experiences, and had done its share in building up the history of mediaeval France. It was thrice ravaged by the Normans, and so constant was the menace from this quarter that toward the close of the ninth century the town was surrounded by a wall. The next notable epoch in its history was when it became, under Pepin, the grandson of Charlemagne, one of the favored places of the Counts of Vermandois. Count Herbert IV. was particularly desirous that the town should prosper. He granted it a charter in 1080—one of the first of the many subsequently granted to the towns in northern France—and when this was extended in 1103 St. Quentin moved on steadily towards a prosperous future. It took up the manufacture of cloth, and during the middle ages did much business in this way.

In 1420 the Burgundians, in the course of their ever recurring conflict with the kings of France, took possession of the city and remained in possession until 1471. Then in 1557 it was taken by the Spaniards. This was, perhaps, the most notable event in the town's long history! St. Quentin remained in Spanish hands until 1559, and in 1560 was assigned as the dowry of Mary Stuart.

During the reign of Louis XIV., St. Quentin was looked upon as a place of no little importance, and Louis erected elaborate fortifications for its defense. These were, however, demolished between 1810 and 1820, and with this demolition ended the long history of St. Quentin as a strong place.

—Edinburg Scotsman.



De Telegraaf, Amsterdam

The German Mother to the Kaiser: "My six sons lie here. Where are yours?"

EVOLUTION OF A FOX



From the N. Y. Evening Telegram.

The Northumberland Fusiliers

THE Northumberland Fusiliers, whose curious notion that they were not eligible for the V.C. has just been removed by the war office, are one of the oldest regiments in existence, and have a bewildering wealth of distinctions. Well do they deserve their nickname of the "Fighting Fifth": "the ever-fighting, never-failing Fifth"), for since their baptism of fire at Maestricht, two centuries and a quarter ago, they have been in the thick of it in almost all our wars, and boast no fewer than eighteen battle honors. For an amazing feat at Wilhelmstahl, when they took double their own number of the enemy prisoners, the Fifth were granted the very rare honor of a third color, and for another exploit they are privileged to wear roses in their caps on St. George's Day.—*London Chronicle.*

Is America Neutral ?

ANSWERING the question "Is America neutral?" the Regina Province says:

Prince Buelow is much distressed at the "biased and unfriendly bearing of official and public America during the war," declared to be greatly to Germany's disadvantage. "Such ruthlessness as has been manifested towards us by official America and by the public in the course of the differences on the subject of the conduct of the submarine war we have never met with before, and it is probably unique in the history of the diplomatic relations of two great countries." There was, of course, nothing "ruthless" about the murder of American non-combatants on the Lusitania, the lives of the men, women and children ought cheerfully to have

been sacrificed on the altar of kultur. The prince's philosophy is, in fact, just that with which by this time we are so familiar—that no nation ought to resent anything which Germans think fit to do, even if it be "wrong" (as the German Chancellor admits), or the clearest possible breach of international law and the laws of humanity.

An Eventful Day

A SUNDAY evening telephone conversation is thus reported by the *Edmonton Journal*—

"Hello, is that The Journal?"

"Yes."

"Any news come in to-day?"

"Russians have advanced south of Broody, captured six villages, and made prisoners of 140 officers and 5,500 men. British, north of Pozieres, have pushed forward from 400 to 600 yards, over a front of 3,000 yards. Turks have been driven back from the Suez canal and British took 2,500 prisoners. French have advanced north of Thiaumont. Italy has broken with Germany."

"That all?"

"Yes, that's about all."

"Nothing very much happening these days, is there?"

The Italian Campaign

THE Italian campaign attracts the least attention of all the Allied operations because of the difficulty of following it, observes the *Manitoba Free Press*. The fighting is taking place in the mountains, and the territorial changes in the line, even where important gains are made, are often so slight that no available map makes plain the operation. It is satisfactory to note, however, that the advantage of the fighting rests with the Italians and that they are making considerable hauls of prisoners. The average daily catch of Austro-Germans on all fronts runs into the thousands. Every little helps on the good work of depleting the Central Empires of their man power.

Who is Lying ?

GERMANY'S new food dictator declares that the alleged shortage of food in that country has been greatly exaggerated, according to the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*. The crops are excellent, he says, and supplies are assured for two years to come. Very well, then, assuming this to be true and that all the stories about food riots and restricted rations are lies and inventions of the enemy, why are the apologists for German barbarism, from the Kaiser down, or up, whining about the poor, starving women and children of Germany? Somebody must be lying.

Poland's History

DISCUSSING the German proposal to erect Russian Poland into an independent state the *Ottawa Citizen* reviews some of the chief events in the history of the former kingdom and says:—

The kingdom of Poland met its first great modern disaster when, following the death of that Sobieski to whom the Teutons now unwittingly refer, the diet elected a German ruler in the person of Frederick, Elector of Saxony. And it was this German ruler who induced the nation to go to war with Russia and Denmark against Sweden. The result was the loss of Warsaw and the election of Stanislas Leszczynski. Eventually, following Poltava, the Russians were instrumental in restoring Frederick.

The partitions of Poland, which ensued in the course of time, are directly traceable to the intermeddling of Poland, which had grown great under Sobieski, in the affairs of Europe at the alternate dictation and instigation of Russia and Prussia. It is inconceivable that any German authority should now attempt to make out that the misfortunes of Poland were the result of Russian oppression; they were undoubtedly partly to blame, but Prussia has as much to answer for as Russia in this particular. Passing over that period during which the influence of Russia at the Polish court was very great, thanks to the intrigues of Catharine the Great, whose favorite, Stanislas Poniatowski, had been made king at her request, we come to the first partition. In this Russia participated—but so did Prussia and her present ally, Austria. And to the portions of Poland awarded them in 1772 both these countries have clung with a tenacity which, it is to be feared, will scarcely prompt them to restore them now to their rightful owners. Prussia secured East Prussia and Austria was given Galicia. In the present mag-



Reynolds's Newspaper, London

The Yards They Win

"So many yards our troops have won in their wild onslaught on Verdun. I know those 'yards,'" the Kaiser said, "They're graveyards thick with German dead."

HOME FOR A REST

nanimous granting to Poland of her ancient privileges there is no mention of returning either East Prussia or Galicia.

In the second partition—that of 1793—the spoilers were Russia and Prussia. In this division the latter received 22,500 square miles of Polish territory with a population of over a million persons. When Kosciuszko made his great effort to free his country from Russian domination at this time he might have succeeded but for the intervention on behalf of Russia or Prussia and Austria. With the crushing of the liberator came a third partition and again Prussia was on hand for her share. This time she got 21,000 square miles and Warsaw, along with a million inhabitants, while Austria, her past and present ally, secured 18,000 square miles and another million people. Thus Poland ceased to exist as a nation. She had been gobbled up by three mouths. Russia had the reatest appetite but Prussia and Austria were very hearty eaters. It is amusing to read of Germany's references to the glories of Sobieski and other Polish heroes at this time and in the light of history.

But there is no need to go so far back for topics to arouse the national spirit of the Poles. Many of them still recall the revolutions of 1846-48 when the people rose against their Prussian and Austrian masters and were slaughtered for their patriotism. Russia, too, has been guilty of countless atrocities but there is this to her credit: that she has never been hypocritical about her treatment of the Poles or her intentions toward them.

Amused by Hughes

CANADIAN newspapers have shown a disposition to be amused at some of the speeches made by ex-Judge Hughes in the course of his campaign, and the Toronto News remarks:—

"When I say 'I am an American citizen' I ought to say the proudest thing that any man can say in this world." Thus spoke, Mr. Hughes, Republican candidate for the Presidency, at Detroit, and The New York World, quoting from a familiar ballad, adds: "For he might have been a Rooshian, a French or Turk or Prooshian, or perhaps an I-tal-i-an!" Yes, and he might have been an Englishman or a Canadian and have helped to defend civilization and human freedom against German aggression.



"Well, Sam, I'm glad, an' ag'in I'm sorry."—Toronto World

British Casualties

THE news that the British casualties during October were well over 100,000 makes tragic but stimulating reading. The news tells us what those at the front are doing—and it presents a sharp and insistent question to men of service age here in Canada who have not yet joined the colors—after two years and three months of war.

The October casualties, heavy as they are, fall substantially below the figures for September and August, says the *St. John Telegraph*. The average for October was, roughly, 3,400 a day. Appalling as such a casualty list is from a humane standpoint, it is by no means alarming from a purely military point of view in this world war. It must be remembered that all of these men are not lost to the British army. Many of them are only slightly wounded, which will not permanently incapacitate them for service. Some authorities maintain that fifty per cent.

of those mentioned in the casualty lists return to the front. The Germans claim a much higher proportion. But if fifty per cent. is anywhere near correct, it means that the sheer wastage in man power of the British forces in October was approximately 50,000. It is pointed out that "while our gains of territory in October were not so substantial as those of September, there is on the other hand the fact that a large proportion of the casualties reported in October actually took place in the September fighting." In the same way, it was officially announced that the July casualties were 59,675, and the August casualties 127,945, although the big offensive was begun in July and with a heavier loss than resulted from the August fighting. "The inference," says one observer, "must be that the August reports include many July casualties and that the September reports of 119,549 and October of 108,255 (making a total for four months of 415,424), undoubtedly contain fig-



Come on my sons, your brothers need you.—*Toronto News*

ures rightfully belonging to the preceding months respectively. This makes the downward tendency all the more significant."

One thing the British losses show: Great Britain is not "lying back and letting the French do the fighting, in order that France may exhaust herself in the war and cease to be a rival of England." Such a hideous suggestion, of course, has never been taken seriously by the people of France, and was only made by the enemy in the hope of causing friction between the Allies. The October casualty list shows that the British have borne the brunt of the new operations; for the French losses in the same offensive were not more than 250,000. As a writer in the *Boston Transcript* said recently: "The world must credit the British nation with entire readiness to make the utmost offering of blood and treasure which the necessity of victory exacts."

The British did not have a big army in action until the comparatively recent months. That is to be kept in mind in reading these comparisons, made by the war editor of the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Simonds:

The losses of the Germans in the first four months of severe fighting, September, October, November and December, 1914, were 842,400, as shown by the official German lists. As the British losses at the Somme in the four months period of July, August, September and October, 1916, were only 415,000, it is clear that they cannot be excessive.

This comparison can be even more clearly shown by putting the losses in tables. Thus:

German Losses 1914.	
September.....	125,400
October.....	279,800
November.....	235,300
December.....	201,900
	842,400
British Losses 1916.	
July.....	59,000
August.....	128,000
September.....	120,000
October.....	108,000
	415,000

For the first four months of active fighting the German loss was at the rate of 210,000. The British monthly rate for the Somme has been 104,000. In the first five months of the war German casualties amounted to 1,005,000, as shown by the German lists. Up to date the British total loss has been 1,119,000. Thus Germany lost in five months almost as many men as Great Britain has lost in twenty-seven.

"Despite the words of Hindenburg," says Mr. Simonds, "French manpower is not exhausted and Joffre the other day affirmed that the French had more troops in line than in the early months of the war. But French manpower would be exhausted if France were compelled to lose for two years more at the rate of the past two years. This will not happen. More and more the British will take over sectors on the Western front, but in doing this

they will steadily expand their casualties."

BRITAIN—Greater Britain—must do most of the work on the western front this year and next. What that will mean in casualties is clear enough from the recent battle lists. Those Canadians who have been hoping, or thinking, the war was over, must look the truth in the face. It is late in the day to do so, but there is still time for service. To men of service age and physical fitness the call of the new battalions is the call of manhood, of duty, patriotism, self-respect. Young men who should be in khaki but are not must be asking themselves with increasing frequency how they can hope to hold up their heads in the years to come. The hour presents to every young man a test which cannot be evaded. It is a sheer choice between honor and dishonor.

Our Peat Bogs

IN view of the almost prohibitive price to which coal has climbed within the past two years, the current number of the Journal of the Canadian Peat Society gives some timely information relative to the peat deposits scattered over Canada. An idea of the extent and value of these deposits may be had from the statement that seven bogs in the Montreal district could furnish that city with 23,500,000 tons of fuel; five bogs convenient to the city of Quebec by water are estimated to be capable of supplying 16,250,000 tons of fuel and 5,750,000 tons of litter; Nova Scotia bogs in Yarmouth, Shelburne and Lunenburg Counties will produce 6,250,000 tons of fuel and 500,000 tons of peat litter; six bogs investigated in Prince Edward Island can furnish 1,250,000 tons of fuel and over 1,000,000 tons of litter, says the *Charlottetown Guardian*.

The peat bogs investigated in Prince Edward Island are situated at Black Marsh, Portage, Miscouche, Muddy Creek, Mount Stewart, Black Banks and Mermaid. These are treated separately in bulletin eleven issued by the Mine's Branch of the Department of Mines. The bulletins are profusely illustrated and contain among other things plates illustrative of the botany of the bogs. Inset maps show the location of the bogs investigated, also appendices are given with copies of Canadian patents descriptive of machinery for the handling and manufacture of peat fuel.

With these enormous quantities of fuel lying untouched all over Canada,

NOTHING GAINED

coal six to twelve dollars a ton, and the ingenuity of the Empire working overtime to develop our natural resources the time should not be far distant when our peat bogs are compelled to give up their latent wealth for man's necessities.

Development work has been in progress for some years past in the direction of utilizing our peat deposits and much has been accomplished. Just before the outbreak of the war several companies were organized in Ontario to develop peat bogs but unfortunately the tying up of capital incident to the war cut off most of the enterprises and but little effective work has been accomplished. Sufficient has been done however to demonstrate the value of peat as fuel. At Alfred, a place favorably located with regard to Ottawa and Montreal markets, peat fuel was sold last year at \$3.50 per ton f. o. b. Alfred or \$5.75 per ton delivered in Ottawa. About 900 tons were manufactured. No doubt further development work will be carried on now under pressure of present coal prices. In the meantime peat bogs are being utilized very profitably in many places in the production of blueberries and cranberries. In New Jersey, according to bulletin recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture (bulletin 334) experiments have been in progress for some years with a view to the commercial growing of blueberries in field plantations. A plantation of about two and a half acres was started in 1889 in a natural blueberry bog which was drained and set with unselected wild blueberries. The plantation was profitable from the first. For five years the average yield was 2,000 quarts of fruit per acre, yielding at an average price of 14 cents an annual profit of \$137 per acre.

We have in this province many acres of peat bog which pending the manufacture of peat into fuel might very profitably be used for the cultivation of blueberries or cranberries, the latter having been cultivated most successfully for many years, notably at Muddy Creek. Blueberry culture has not, so far as we know, been attempted. With a promise of a yield of \$100 or more per acre this undeveloped natural resource should receive some attention.

Almost anybody would rather be an unpopular talker than a popular listener.



The Last Post.—Montreal Star

IT is said that the German people are comparatively free from stomach troubles since the war has made overeating so difficult for them. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. A little restriction in the use of food is not an unmixed evil, remarks the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*. In the old days gluttony was classified along with drunkenness as a serious sin. Of late the whole of the emphasis has been placed on drunkenness, to the neglect of gluttony. And humanity is paying for its neglect, both in doctors' bills and in stomach troubles.

Mark Twain, Pessimist

WHAT is life? "It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities." There is nothing very original or unusual about such a summing up; the remarkable thing, the astonishing thing, is that such words should have been given to the world as summing up the life experience of a man who had spent the greater part

of his life amusing the world. They are found at the end of what was doubtless the last book written by Mark Twain and published since his death.

It is a most depressing book, in the opinion of the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*, charged from beginning to end with the spirit of pessimism. To many it will appear a shocking book. The world is represented as nothing but sin and humbug. Creation is a failure, partly farcical, partly tragical. The Creator is bluntly characterized as "a God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one; who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; who gave His angels eternal happiness unearned, yet required His children to earn it; who gave His angels painless lives, yet cursed His other children with biting miseries of mind and body," and so on and so on, and worse and worse. Apparently the only good there is to be found in all the world is the death which puts an end to the world.

It would be an interesting study to trace the process by which the man who gave us "Tom Sawyer" arrived at such a conclusion. Was he always a pessimist? And did he devote his life to the production of humor simply as a relief from his pessimism? Or was it that, having skilled himself in the use of ridicule against sin and humbug, he came at last to see nothing but sin and humbug?

Of sin and humbug there is enough in the world and more than enough. But surely there is something more, and surely there is a great deal more. If one were to fix his thoughts exclusively on conditions as they are in the world to-day he might come to the conclusion that creation was a failure and that the sooner humanity succeeded in destroying itself the better; but it would be as great a mistake to see nothing in the world conflict of to-day but the slaughter as it would be to see nothing in the slaughter but the glory.

Any man who wants to make a case for pessimism can do so. The evidence is forcing itself upon us from every direction and from every department of life. Sin and misery abound like weeds and disease germs. But there are nobility and purpose and beauty and happiness also. The man who desires to take life as it is and make the most of it will not want for inspiration and encouragement. He will find the justification for life in the very joy of living. Optimism, of course, does not

represent the whole of life, any more than pessimism. Much of the misery of the world seems purposeless and there is no use trying to hide the fact behind a cloud of fine words. But to judge the world by the misery in it and by that alone would be to judge wrongly and unjustly.

Go Out and Taste November Joys

NOVEMBER, like March, is a boisterous member of the year's brotherhood. The winds blow strong and frequently cold in November and complete the disrobing of the trees except that of the oaks, whose garments are sewed on to stay until springtime. There is a prejudice against November. It is hard to tell why. The wind is one of nature's cleansers, and is busy in this month. The wind hurts no one. It is no heroic effort to walk against it. November winds make the blood tingle and the cheeks flush. Moreover, November has its gentle days which have the likeness of spring. Dandelions bloom the second time in November, and occasionally the hepatica is daring and puts forth a flower "to take the

"the know." "For the size of our town and the fact that Haileybury is practically new, there is nothing to be ashamed about the showing made by our little county town. The Haileyburian has been running in its columns an honor roll worthy of a place four times its size. The honor roll now contains about 260 names of Haileybury men, most of whom enlisted with the various units which were recruited here. Fourteen of our brave lads have given their lives for their country, and nineteen have been wounded, one missing, and three prisoners of war in Germany. The 159th Battalion, which will soon be in England, took away from Haileybury practically all our eligible young men and their doings will be watched with untiring interest by the hundreds of mothers, wives, sisters and others. Two Haileybury men have won the much coveted Distinguished Conduct Medal, viz.: Pte. Dinny Morgan and Sergt. R. G. MacCarthy, and it goes without saying that our boys will bring credit to themselves and the town to which they belong.—*The Haileyburian*.

Our Thanks

DOROTHY SAMPSON, of Chicago, who has lately returned from Europe, says that the gladdest sight to her, a sight she cannot get enough of, is the sight of so many young men on the streets of American cities—young men, whole men, men with their arms and legs and eyes intact.

"In the cities of Europe," she says, "one sees only old men and cripples. If Americans could all experience the contrast in this one thing alone, they would get down on their knees and thank God for peace."

And the *Duluth Herald* adds: "And for Wilson, who has kept the peace, and who is a states-

man of peace and not of war.

"Thank God for Wilson and peace." All the wide world can join in at least a portion of that: Thank God for peace—but the people of Great Britain, and Canadians also, in the judgment of the *Brandon Sun*, thought, and still think, there is too high a price to pay for even such a desirable state as peace.

We thank God for peace in our homelands and for the brave fellows willing to sacrifice arms, legs, life itself, that their dear ones may rest safe from the ravages of the Kaiser and his pack. It is hard for Canadians to offer thanks to God for peace and Wilson, for we have not forgotten the Lusitania.

Thank God for peace and the legless, the armless, and those who walk no more with us.



"He scowls, but he can't interfere."—*Amherst Daily News*

winds of the month with beauty." The last of the birds which go to the Southland every year leave us in November, and the same month sees the coming of the birds of the far North to whom the middle country is a land of warmth and plenty. The last myrtle bird goes south in the gray month and the redpoll comes to take its place. November is far from being a forbidding month. The man who clings to the fireside cannot know its joys.—*The Daily Ontario, Belleville*.

Haileybury's "Bit"

"WHAT is Haileybury doing in this war?" is a question that might be asked by someone who is not in

Prairie Chicken Becoming Extinct

EVERY lover of the outdoors will support the city council of Calgary in its memorial to the Alberta legislature, petitioning that the prairie chicken be protected by a close season until such time as their numbers increase to their former proportions. Ten years ago somewhat similar conditions existed. The prairie chicken was almost as extinct as the dodo, but the government of that period, at the request of the sportsmen of the province, enacted a law that proscribed the killing of prairie chicken until further notice. This legislation gave the species an opportunity to propagate, and in a few years there were enough birds to justify the removal of the prohibitory law. The last two summers have been very unfavorable for the raising of prairie chicken broods. The springs have been wet and late, and the chicks have not hatched or have died soon after hatching. The hunter must be also held responsible for the disappearance of this unexcelled game bird, and even if the authorities do not pass a protective law, he should take the matter into his own hands and do his best to preserve a species that has no equal in the world.—*Exchange.*

The Noblest Epitaph

NO finer epitaph was ever written for any man than "Killed in Action while Fighting with the Allies in the Gréat War." Those simple words will tell the world through years to come that men of whom they were written counted it not loss but gain to die in defense of Right and Freedom. Their stations in life, their wealth, their intellectual vigor—all these are nothing. They gave their lives for others and counted the sacrifice privilege. Life was a better thing for such men than for the men compelled to stay at home. The latter have had no glorious part in history's mightiest and most noble crusade. They have none of the joy which must come from sacrifice for others. Through the years of life that may be left to them they will carry the remembrance that others fought for them and others gave service which it was not theirs to give. There will not be condemnation but there will be regret. But their thoughts in the future will at least have none of that sting and shame which will belong to the thoughts of men who stayed at home because they were unwilling to go. "Killed in Action"—the noblest epitaph of all. It is bringing sorrow to many Canadian homes but it is bringing proper pride for the men of whom it is written that have their names upon the roll of the Empire's sacred dead.—*Amherst Guardian.*



Why Numbers are Withheld

THERE have been many comments on the fact that Canadian newspapers are not now giving the numbers of the battalions in which casualties occur, while, on the other hand, British newspapers give this information with regard to British casualties. As a matter of fact, Canadian newspapers are forbidden to do so by the Canadian censorship rules, and an explanation for this procedure is given in a letter to the *Toronto Star* from Major Ernest J. Chambers, chief press censor for Canada, in reply to certain criticisms about this very matter appearing in the *Toronto* daily.

Mr. Chambers writes: "I observe in a recent issue of the *Star* a criticism of the censorship for the suppression of the numbers of battalions in the Canadian expeditionary force, alike in records of events and in the publication of casualty lists. I can assure you that this is not an unconsidered eccentricity of censorship, but it is in response to the urgent request of the British higher command.

"You note as a discrepancy that in British casualty lists, etc., the regiments are mentioned. At first sight this seems to be inconsistent with the rule followed about Canadian corps. There is, however, a perfectly natural explanation. The apparent discrepancy is due to a difference in organization.

"The infantry of the united kingdom is divided into "regiments," and these for the most part bear territorial designations. Each regiment has many battalions, the number being fixed by the population of the territory to which it is attached. Thus the London regiment, to which you refer, has between 25 to 30 battalions, and the Northumberland regiment, which also you mention, has more than 30 battalions. The guards regiments have increased the number of their battalions since the war began. The several battalions of one of these regiments are assigned to brigades in various places; one battalion of a regiment may be in India, another in Mesopotamia, a third at Saloniki, and a dozen more in France. A given brigade may have the 6th



battalion of one regiment, the 10th of another, the 8th of a third and the 2nd of a fourth. Thus a statement that soldiers of the Lancashire regiment participated in a charge betrays no military secret; to mention which battalion of the Lancashire regiment it was that charged would be a serious indiscretion, for it would reveal to an enemy who has made it his business to learn our "order of battle" what brigade what division, what army corps, what army, has been engaged; and such details are kept as secret as possible.

"An example of this is afforded by the cavalry of the regular army. Cavalry regiments do not possess numerous sub-organizations; there are a certain number of Hussar regiments, of dragoon regiments, of lancers, and so forth, and when a cavalry officer's name appears in the casualty list, he is described simply as "hussar" or a "dragoons" or "lancers," the numeral being omitted.

"The Canadian expeditionary force is not organized in regiments; it is organized in single battalions. We may be perfectly sure that the place of each battalion at the front in the brigade and divisional organization of the Canadian army corps is perfectly well known to the enemy; so that to reveal that the 1st or the 18th, or the 49th or 72nd battalion suffered losses in a given period, is to show which of our divisions was engaged.

"At first this did not matter greatly, as there was only one Canadian division, and it either was engaged or was not; the enemy probably had little trouble in finding out when he was fighting our men. Now, however, there are several Canadian divisions; some may be in rest camp and the others in the front line, or all might be in the front line, that is a question which the enemy might consider extremely important. It is to baffle this curiosity that the rule exists.

"If the Canadian expeditionary force were organized into territorial regiments of many battalions. If, for

example, the 2nd, the 38th, the 39th, the 59th, the 77th, and the 80th were all battalions, of the eastern Ontario regiment, the English rule would follow, but that organization does not prevail with us.

Cardinal Mercier's View

WHETHER a soldier who gives his life on the field of battle for the cause of humanity can by this act cancel earlier sins is a question which has been widely discussed in the Canadian press. The *London Advertiser* republishes the Christmas Pastoral, 1914, of Cardinal Mercier which deals with this matter:—

"If I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. Greater love hath no man than this, said our Saviour, that a man lay down his life for his friends. And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love? Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence, but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity. It cancels a whole lifetime of sins—it transforms a sinful man into a saint."

Open Letters to Mr. Hearst

H. J. PETTYPIECE, EX.-M.P.P., East Lambton, writes an open letter to Premier Hearst, in which he makes this rather novel appeal:

At this time of unprecedented trial, when thousands of our people are dispensing with many of the ordinary comforts of life, and often with actual necessities, in order to provide medical and hospital aid and other requirements for our soldiers at the front, it

would be a wise and encouraging move on the part of those in higher places, to dispense, for a time, with the luxury of the Government House, and convert it into a home for the invalid soldiers returning from the battle fields. It is none too good for them. I would, therefore, move, seconded by over two million other residents of the province, that the Government House be placed at the disposal of a suitable committee of medical men and nurses and used for the care of our soldiers who are invalided home, so long as it may be needed for that purpose.

Bilingualism

THE Privy Council decision with regard to bilingual schools, and the Papal letter on the subject promise to put an end to bilingual agitation in Ontario. Practically every paper in the Province has commented upon the judgment of the highest court in the British Empire, and we reproduce a paragraph or two from the *Brantford Courier*:

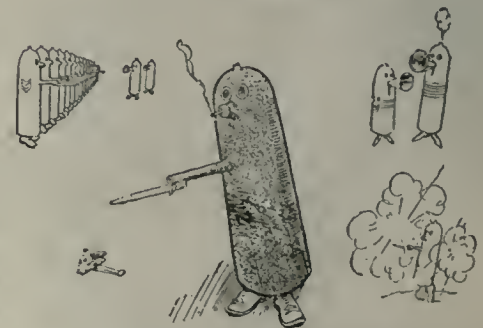
Regulation 17 of the Ontario School Act stands.

This is the decision of the Privy Council, the highest court of law in the Empire, and it has been reached after legal quibbles in the matter, lasting for over two years.

The rule spoken of enacts that as soon as pupils enter the public schools of this Province, they shall begin to study in the English language, but there is also the proviso that when necessary in the case of French-speaking pupils, that language may be used for instruction and communication in Form One, and in other forms with regard to French reading, grammar and composition as far as the chief inspector approves. The danger of an entering wedge in this regard, however, is avoided by the proviso that said instruction "shall not interfere with the adequacy of the instruction in English."

In the language of Dr. Pyn e, Minister of Education, "The decision means that the department in educational matters is supreme, showing that they have the right to control the school systems in the Province of Ontario."

Continued on page 125.



Every man his own tank



SIX FIFTY HORSE POWER \$1450 SEVEN - PASSENGER

From the extreme simplicity of its powerful motor down to the perfection attained in the construction of its famous full-floating rear axle, you cannot help but appreciate the unrivalled value that \$1450 buys in the Series 17 Studebaker SIX.

"Made in Canada" by experts who have designed and built it with a complete knowledge of what a car needs, to give service and satisfaction on the rough, heavy roads and steep hills of Canada. This Studebaker SIX proves the fallacy of paying hundreds of dollars more in order to obtain such power, roominess and fine appearance.

The Studebaker SIX is the largest car on the market at its price, or within hundreds of dollars of its price. It seats seven passengers in comfort — and seven full-grown people, too. Upholstered throughout in genuine leather and curled hair — your money cannot buy better quality.

The most expensive types of springs and rear axle are used in the construction of this SIX — giving a maximum of comfort and safety under every riding

condition. Big, ample brakes and simple controls, easily accessible, make this an ideal car for the woman driver.

Dignity and distinction mark the lines of the Studebaker SIX — and a body finish put on by 25 separate paint and varnish operations makes it stand out from the hundreds of cars you pass on the boulevard.

Studebaker leads all other manufacturers in the production of fine cars at a medium price — and it is this tremendous production that makes it possible for Studebaker to offer this seven-passenger, six-cylinder car at a price that is hundreds of dollars lower than other cars that give as much.

We urge you to see this wonderful Studebaker SIX now. Inspect it from "stem to stern"—and let the salesman give you a thorough demonstration, that will take you over the rough roads and up the steep hills, in fact, everywhere you choose.

Put the Series 17 Studebaker SIX to any test—and watch how it responds to every call of the driver.

STUDEBAKER

WALKERVILLE ONT.



Canada's Place in the Moving Picture World

Continued from page 80.

IT was about seven years ago that a little Canadian girl left Montreal for New York, determined to conquer in the theatrical centre of the United States. She was Florence La Badie and at that time few persons had ever heard her name. But Florence had made up her mind that she would become an actress—and when she decides to do a thing she does it.

She besieged the booking offices and finally obtained a part with Chauncey Olcott in "Ragged Robin." She toured the country in that play and returned to New York to find that people were taking an interest in a strange new art—the motion picture.

She heard that a man named D. W. Griffith, down at the Biograph studio, seemed to be making the best pictures and she decided to join the Biograph company. She approached Mr. Griffith and told him of her decision. There was nothing left for him to do but to make her a member of his company.

She went to the Pacific Coast with the Biograph company and after a year in California she returned to New York. She wanted to be nearer Montreal where her friends lived.

One day she applied at the Thanhouser studios and Edwin Thanhouser told her that he would file her application and that if he needed her he would send for her.

Miss La Badie had heard that before. But that evening Mr. Thanhouser went to a motion picture theatre and saw in a Biograph picture the girl who had applied that afternoon. She showed such promise that he sent for her. That was nearly six years ago. Florence La Badie has been a Thanhouser star ever since.

Her greatest success was in "The Million Dollar Mystery," one of the first and probably the most successful motion picture serial ever made. Miss LaBadie is a splendid emotional actress and also is a daring athlete—a combination seldom found. She is always ready to take any chance for the sake of a good scene.

She is doing finer things now than ever before and her new feature pictures, released through the Pathe exchanges, have been praised unanimously by the critics. Her newest Thanhouser-Pathe features are "The Fugitive," "The Fear of Poverty" and "Saint, Devil and Woman."

Miss La Badie was a pupil in the Convent of Notre Dame in Montreal. She loves Canada and returns to her native land at every opportunity. In

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THE DISAPPEARING EYE
 WHAT an added pleasure its convenience gives to the wearing of a Watch. In an instant you can change your Waltham from a wrist watch to a regular watch, and wear it in a variety of pleasing ways. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight when its use as a wrist watch is not desired. Your Jeweler will gladly show them to you in a variety of grades, as low as \$18.
 Write for the booklet "Concerning a Timepiece."
 WALTHAM WATCH CO. MONTREAL



As a Chain Sautoir



EYE OPEN for attaching Bracelet



EYE CLOSED when worn as a regular watch.

Waltham Convertible with disappearing eye



As a Brooch Chatelaine



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As a Leather Wristlet Watch

Ask your jeweler to show you The Waltham Convertible Wristlet Watch

\$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned, unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our \$100 Cash Offer to Churches, or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

Oddielon La Badie, at his estate in St. Lambert. Mr. La Badie is a prominent attorney in Montreal and the La Badie family have lived there for many generations.

Brother Tom to The Rescue

Continued from page 95.

my Greek. Your part has been very simple, I am sure. I have done all the planning and taken the brunt of the work. The slight assistance you have been able to render has enabled me to perfect my methods. When I get out my pamphlet on 'First Aid to the Injured,' your name shall be mentioned." Mollie was not resenting anything he was saying. She was thinking her own thoughts, and her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes were blazing.

"Well, I am going to give it up," she repeated.

"Think of the bay!" said Tom. Mollie never heeded.

"It is impossible to do anything for a person like Mac," she went on. "He wants the most idiotic things."

"What does he want? To act with Lois in the pantomime?"

"No," shortly.

"What, then? To have you intercede with Lois? To have Warwick left out of the party? 'o——'"

"No," burst out Mollie, her voice rising to a climax with the preposterousness of it, her face scarlet and exasperated. "He wants to marry me!"

Tom dropped the pink sheet and sat up. His eyes were as saucers as he surveyed his angry sister. He gasped weakly, endeavoring to ask her to corroborate his impression of what she had said. Then he sank back upon the sofa and howled and roared and shouted until his voice died away from sheer exhaustion and only his legs waving feebly in the air testified to his enjoyment. Mollie sat tensely and waited.

"Wha—what did you tell him?" he whispered at last.

"I told him I only did it because you got me into it and I was sorry for Lois and——"

"Did you tell him about the horse?"

She nodded, and again Tom abandoned himself to his emotions. "I guess your name will have to go first on the pamphlet," he said.

"And he asked me"—Mollie's stern eyes were on her listener—"if I put my photographs in his room——"

"I did it," said Tom; "that was my opening coup. I put the cross-eyed one on the mantel and the one in pantalets on the pipe rack. I spent time and thought in collecting and arranging them. You need not blame me for the present dilemma. They ought to have acted as a preventive;" and the memory

of them sent him back into convulsions.

Mrs. Patterson opened the door and looked in. "What are you two doing?" she said.

"Just having a little conversation," returned her son amiably. "It is connected with our mission. We are thinking strongly of disbanding."

Festive with scarlet and green was the Patterson house on Christmas morning. The sun poured in at the windows of the dining room, where the family lingered, cheerfully busy. Lois was

Breakfast in Five Minutes



Getting a warm, nourishing breakfast on a cold morning for a commuter-husband that must catch a train and a hungry boy that must hustle to school is easy for the woman who knows

Shredded Wheat

the ready-cooked, ready-to-eat, whole wheat food that supplies all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Heat two or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and a dash of salt. The perfect food to work on, to study on, to play on. Better than porridges because it encourages mastication, which develops sound teeth and healthy gums. Always the same price, always the same high quality.



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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.



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Here are Two O-Cedar Mops

Either of them will make a most acceptable gift for any woman who takes pride in her own housework.

Think how this woman will appreciate a Mop—and your originality and thought which suggested it—when she views the heap of useless trumpery presents she is sure to get this Christmas.

75c. and \$1.50

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An O-Cedar Mop lightens housework. Thoroughly efficient itself to do the work at long distance—its long handle banishes forever the back-breaking bending.

Make Some Woman Happy with a "Practical Present"

Have You Tried O-Cedar Polish

Thousands of women, all over the continent, feel that they couldn't keep house without it. O-Cedar Polish quickly cleans every speck of dust and grime from fine furniture, and imparts to this clean surface a hard, lustrous finish as gleaming as glass. In short—it "cleans as it polishes." Dampen a cheesecloth duster with equal parts of water and O-Cedar Polish. Shine up with a soft, dry cloth.

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Expense Money for College Students

We have openings for several young college men and women in various sections of the Dominion in connection with our Circulation Promotion work.

Our work is of such a nature that young men and women find they can attend to it very nicely during "after lecture" hours, Saturdays and vacation periods. Some of our people have earned all of the money required for their college expenses in this "part-time" work.

If you are interested in a proposition that would increase your income during your course in College, write us at once and we will send you full particulars by first mail.

CANADA MONTHLY

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Circulation
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tying red ribbons around white tissue-paper packages and humming to herself. Mrs. Patterson was directing Tom as he sat upon a stepladder and painstakingly hung a holly wreath at every angle but the right one. Only Mollie stood idly looking out of the window. Mollie was getting rather into the habit of idly looking out of windows. Tom, from his lofty seat, cast an interested eye down at her.

"That will do, Tom," said his mother, but Tom sat still.

"We never decided what to give Mac for Christmas, did we?" he said solemnly.

"I do hope the Ransoms will come to-night," said Mollie, with feverish haste.

"I do!" said Tom. "But, as I was saying, we have not yet decided what to give Mac for Christmas. It is the only cloud. I looked over the lists in the morning papers—they are always helpful; but there was nothing there except 'What to Give Grandpa' and 'Conceits for the Cook.'" He had one hand in his pocket as he descended from the ladder and joined Mollie at the window. When he strolled away again he had the pleased look of the skillful sleight-of-hand man. Lois had taken her packages into another room. Mrs. Patterson had gone to the kitchen.

"Why! What—" broke out Mollie.

"What's up?" demanded Tom, roused from his appreciative and proprietary contemplation of his unconscious sister.

"It's a horse!" said Mollie. "And—and Mac!"

"Right on time!" murmured Tom. Two steps took him to the side porch, where he indeed beheld a horse, a beautiful bay, bearing a lady's saddle and led by Mr. Campbell. Without ceremony Mac dropped the bridle into Tom's hand and ran up the steps. Mollie heard the door open behind her, but she did not turn. It was quite half a minute before Mac spoke.

"Do you like it, Mollie?" he said.

"Do I like it?" she cried. "Is it really for me, Mac?" She faced him with radiant eyes, that were, after all, uncommonly shy for Mollie's eyes. "I'm going out to see it."

"Well, first, Mollie"—Mac spoke diffidently—"there is something pinned to your blouse."

Mollie flew to the mirror. Across the shoulders of her white dress stretched a broad red ribbon. On it in bold black letters—so black and bold that even the reversed reflection in the mirror was easy to read—stood the inscription:

Mac's Xmas Present.

As the red of the ribbon turned Mollie.

"Tom did it," she faltered.

"Yes," said Mac, "but may I have it?"

"You may have the ribbon," said Mollie.

Overland
 TOURING SEDAN

Touring Sedan
 (Springfield Type)
 Four Model 85-7 \$1675
 Six Model 85-8 \$1855
 f. b. Toronto f. b. Toronto

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Closed, it has the appearance, luxury and protection of a car that is permanently enclosed. It's exactly the car for cold, inclement weather—or hundreds of occasions all year 'round when a closed car is desirable.

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The Touring Sedan is a beauty, either open or closed.

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The four has the famous 35 horsepower Overland motor in its latest and most improved en bloc type.

It has a 112-inch wheelbase, 4½-inch tires and those long, shock-absorbing cantilever rear springs.

The six has a 35-40 horsepower en bloc motor that is a marvel for power and

flexibility—116-inch wheelbase—large tires—long cantilever rear springs.

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Willys-Overland, Limited

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada.

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 85.

stirring, walking about the grounds." I replied sulkily that I didn't want to. His eye lighted up a little at that, and I knew I had him fairly hooked.

"Come," he said bruskiy, "no nonsense, now!"

And then he called an order to the guard who stood in the corridor to bring my clothes. When he came in with them—and I noticed with joy that they were the same that I had worn yesterday—I sulkily acquiesced in the doctor's orders and began to dress myself.

"Now, off with you," said Dr. Berry good-humoredly, when my hasty toilet was completed, and he called to the guard:

"Show him all about the place. Don't bring him back for an hour. This air will be just the thing for him."

Once outside the building with the guard at my elbow, I paused for just an instant and sent up an unspoken prayer of thanksgiving. I was clad again, and I was out under the blue sky. And on the other side of that distant wall ran a highway that led to freedom.

Up in my little cell under the eaves the doctor was already engrossed with my laboriously scrawled "revelations." They would keep him busy for an hour at least—for the hour I needed.

I turned to my guard and smiled a little. He was a burly, low-browed brute with "thug" writ large all over him. But that did not distress me. It was man to man between us.

He made no objection when I set out briskly across the lawn in the direction of the wood and the place where I knew the wall was. I noticed, though, that every minute or two he cost a cautious glance behind him. I dared not look, but looking was unnecessary. It could not have been apprehension that made him look back.

After a moment's thought the explanation occurred to me. He was keeping an eye on his reserves. The doctor's instructions had, no doubt, been that a second man should follow us to give aid to my companion, or spread the alarm, as circumstances might require.

The conclusion did not seriously disturb me. In my present state of exalted confidence two men were hardly more to be feared than one. What was essential to my plan was that the reserves should be drawn in. The second man must run to his comrade's aid, and not to headquarters to give the alarm. It would take a little maneuvering, but I felt sure I could do it.

Walking briskly, without attempting to disguise the fact that I was evidently going somewhere with a purpose, I entered the woods which grew along-

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doors
or at the
evening
reception



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side the wall. Then, instead of proceeding straight toward the wall itself I deflected my course to a long diagonal.

I saw my guard give a little, almost imperceptible jerk of his head. He was signaling the man behind to pass us on the outside and to close in a little ahead. I slackened my pace a little, as was natural among the timber.

My guard was very alert and quite unable to disguise his suspicion that I was about to make an attempt to escape. Secure in the knowledge that his partner was just ahead of us, he fell a pace or two behind me, partly in the hope of encouraging me to make my dash straight into the ambush the other man had laid for me, partly to prevent my whirling about and trying to make off in the opposite direction.

For the second time I paused, turned, and looked quite frankly at my guard, and smiled a little. I doubt somewhat if I ever again experience so keen a thrill of exactly that sort of joy. I had a difficult thing to do, and I knew I should be able to do it.

I was meeting them at their own game. There is no doubt in the world that both of them were hoping that I would make exactly the attempt I planned. It would afford an excuse, if I were captured, to beat me insensible and put me in handcuffs or a strait-ackit.

Unless I was greatly mistaken, my guard's free hand, half closed, was holding the leather-covered, leaden knob of a blackjack. Certainly there was something hard in his side-pocket that clanked when I brushed against it. I decidedly welcomed this state of things. It would have been hard to attack a kindly disposed and unsuspecting man.

Again I started on, affected to stumble on a root, and went sprawling forward. That ruse gave me just the added distance I needed from the man behind. In a flash I was on my feet again, rushing straight toward the other man, who, in the concealment of a clump of bushes, was waiting for me.

When he sprang from his hiding-place and confronted me, armed with a heavy bludgeon, I stopped short, just out of striking distance, and stood gazing, as if stupefied, straight into his face.

The other guard was coming up from behind. That was what I meant him to do. I waited—waited perhaps three interminable seconds until my ears told me the man had come close enough.

That guard who, behind my defenseless back, thought he had me at his mercy, had never heard of the terrible "turning-kick" of the French boxers.

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It is a lasting gift which will always be appreciated. Write now for our illustrated catalogue telling you all about washing.

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Whirling half around on one foot, the whole weight of my body and the momentum of my spring behind it, I sent my heavily shod heel crashing against his jaw. He went down like a ninepin.

That accounted for one. I had still to deal with the other.

The terror in this man's face hinted flight, and I could afford to take no chances of that. He was strong and big and there was something to be dreaded from his cudgel, no doubt, but once I could get inside the sweep of it, I knew I should be safe enough.

I moved quietly toward him, came near enough to draw a blow, a whistling sidewise cut that I had no trouble in dodging under. Then I knew he was mine. He was no more than a child in my hands, and in a moment I had him in the grip of knee and elbow, and was slowly, remorselessly, bending his great body backward.

Then, with a groan, he let the cudgel slip from his nerveless hands and slunk down, half fainting with pain and terror, at my feet. I tossed the cudgel away.

"I don't need that in dealing with you," said I. "I can kill you with my hands if you make it necessary. Lie still and don't attempt to cry out or I will do it."

I left him lying there, with no precaution whatever except to keep the corner of a watchful eye on him, and bent over his fallen comrade in some real concern.

Satisfied that I had done him no serious damage, I rapidly explored his pockets. They contained a pair of handcuffs, just as I had expected; and now there occurred to me a very good use for them.

I glanced swiftly about me, and in a moment found the thing that would answer my purpose—a root of an oak-tree looping up out of the ground and then descending into it again. I tugged at it and satisfied myself that it would hold.

"Carry him over here," I ordered the second guard. Still half dazed and wholly cowed, he did as I said.

"Now," said I sharply, "stand still and you won't be hurt."

I snapped one-half of the manacle on the wrist of the fallen man, slid the other one under the root, and before he quite realized what had happened, the second guard was fast on the other side.

"Now," said I with some satisfaction, "you will be comfortable there for ever so long. Have you any money? If you have I want it. Will you get it out yourself, or shall I search you?"

He blustered a little, but presently with his free hand pulled out of his trouser's pocket what I am convinced

Christmas for Craggs

Continued from page 76.

dered what had made the old fellow cry, for he *had* been crying.

It was a letter from someone who signed herself Eva Craggs. I saw this first and turning over the letter, read on. I didn't take it all in at first, and Craggs, bursting to tell me, wouldn't say a word till I was through.

"Then she's your daughter?" I said.

"My little girl" murmured the old chap, and folded his precious letter and touched it with his lips, for all the world as gallant and chivalric as Fred Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

The girl had never known where he was for years. He had got out of England quickly, and had become so ashamed of himself that he never bothered to write to her, he told me. He thought she was better off in ignorance of what he was and where he was.

"I determined that my little girl, stinless and binnercent of contact with the likes of me, through being a governess with a gentleman's family, should 'ear no more of 'er dad. But when I crossed to France, and I thought as 'ow I might never come back, I writ and told 'er wheer I was. From her letter, matey, she never seems to have received one from me. The first she 'eerd of me was through an ad. or something; I don't understand it proper."

"Never mind that part of it. Lots of people seem to have been writing to you for Christmas. There's nothing unusual in that, bless you."

He stared open-eyed.

"I don't understand wot 'as 'appened. But much as I'd like ter thank all who sent ter me, I'm more worked up over this 'ere letter and package from my little girl, my babe."

The old fellow burst out sobbing then and there. I tell you the sight of it unnerved me. This old good for nothing, besotted and drenched and stained with years of his vice, was crying like a little child. Finally he dried his tears.

"What did she send you?" I asked.

His face lit up, and in the half-light I saw a wonderful smile spread over it.

"Wot did she send me? Wot didn't she send me," and in his hilarity he smote me across the back, and laughed heartily. So near akin are laughter and tears!

"Send me? She sent iverythin' as you could nyme. Cigarettes and a pipe, aye, and it must 'a cost all of 'arf a crown, it must. And a pouch for ter keep my bacey in, and 'arf a pound of good old twist. And chocolate—chocolate—my son, why! blimy my old gums hasn't tysted a bit o' chocolate since I were a young 'un. What 'as she sent me? Why, ter cap it all, a plum puddin! S'elp me if she ain't."

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He was laughing or crying again, I don't know which it was.

"You must write and thank her tomorrow," I said. "You can't thank anybody for the other things, many as you got, but you'll want to get in touch with her again won't you?"

His voice was husky.

"Betcher," he said. "But, matey, I can't write no letter. Maybe if you looked it over I might get something down."

Behold me then on the morrow concocting a letter from Craggs to go to Eva. He wrote it, and I don't know whether the paper had more white than black when it was finished. But blotted and smudged though it was it had a wealth of tenderness and love behind it. Craggs dropped it into the bag, and turned to me.

"Watch me, my son," he said. "Watch me. I'm a'going to spruce up."

And he shambled away. He did spruce up though. He was still minus his money and therefore unable to buy any liquor, but from now on, somehow, he did without it. I saw the effects of it for three or four weeks. It pretty well broke him up. That's the devil of drink. It gets you, and it gets you hard. But there was an air of frank and manly independence about Craggs after he had weathered the blow a little that I had never seen before. His step became firmer, even jaunty. His eye took on a soberer quality. He was altogether firmer and stronger. The struggles the man made probably none but myself knew. He didn't discuss them much even with me, but I was aware of their bitterness.

Meanwhile correspondence passed between him and his daughter. She had not seen him for many years. She must have guessed that he was still illiterate and mighty rough. What she imagined about the drink which—he told me—had been his failing when she knew him, I don't know.

Craggs continued to be an enigma in the bunch. They beheld the spectacle of this poor, old soaker straightening up, and they were, for the most part, highly skeptical as to its lasting. I was, too, at first, but I watched with pleasure his appearances on parade. Still shabby and ugly, he had now the touch which comes from a man trying to do his best to be something and look something. I was pleased. He often referred to the enigma of his multifarious Santa Claus. I don't think it ever really occurred to him to know how the ad. had appeared, for though his daughter told him she had seen it and marveled at his name being that one mentioned in the ad., he didn't know who was behind it. He guessed it was myself, but I lied, and so did the corporal and the postman. The puzzled



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air with which he would speculate on his good angel's identity was too funny.

ONE day, well on in the New Year, we were ordered to the Front. Everybody was on tip-toe; many vaunting what they would do to Fritz; others quietly speculating on whether Fritz would leave anything of them. An atmosphere of hot excitement was all about us as we moved up, and took our positions. I had managed to stay near Craggs. He had become by now a sort of watch-dog. He never left my side if he could help it, and again and again he proved himself thoughtful on my behalf, took my guards now and then, and did little things for me. I confess I was attached to him. The development, the struggle and conflict of the old Craggs with Craggs Number 2 fascinated me. For the most part the newer Craggs won.

There is no need to describe our first engagement. In the melee at that terrible time, men fell on your right and left, tens of them, scores of them. It was not till after night fall and we withdrew that I discerned two forms carrying a stretcher. I wondered vaguely who it was, and right on the instant it flashed across me that I had not seen Craggs for hours.

One of the men beckoned to me. I joined them, and beheld Craggs, all that was left of him. His eyes were closed and an ugly dark stain discolored that abominably fitting tunic. But he still breathed awkwardly.

"You're his pal?" said one of the bearers.

I nodded.

"He's dying. Better come along."

They took him back to No. 3, and got him into bed. He did look a wreck, and the sight of that poor battered old derelict stricken just as he was trying to be, for the first time, of some use in the world, inflamed me more than any incident I had seen or read of in connection with this war.

Entering the hospital, my postman-corporal friend put a letter in my hand.

"For Craggs" he muttered. His face was white.

"You've seen him?"

He nodded. I took the letter and went in. He was hedged about with nurses and I could hardly tell whether he still lived or no. Presently he opened his eyes, stared for a little and then, "Why, it's matey." He spoke with great difficulty.

I took his hand and knelt beside the tiny cot.

"Well, a nasty touch, friend," I said, doing my best to treat it as lightly as only that.

A shudder shook him. He tried to talk but could not. I held up the letter.

"Shall I read it?"



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A pathetic smile did its best to penetrate the fixed glare into which the pain had rendered his features. He did his best to bear it. He nodded slowly.

I slit the envelope, opened the letter, and was conscious of a start. There must be some mistake. Surely this could not have been sent to him.

"Wot—wot's—matter." He slurred the words and could only just get them out.

I looked at the nurse, then at the letter, then at him.

"Nothing, old fellow. Listen."

"Dear Daddy,

"It is so good to feel I have a daddy again. Fancy our finding each other the way we did. I can't believe it. It's wonderful. Your letters are so good. Poor, dead old daddy. Still the same aren't you, but for one thing. I am going to tell you of it. I don't know why, but I've got the impression that you've stopped the drink, and I feel so very, very glad.

"This horrid old war will soon be over, and we shall have each other again. Till then, Daddy dear, good bye

EVA."

His eyes streamed tears and sobs shook him. He forgot the wracking pain for a moment, and motioned to me to give him the letter. He tried to take it, but he couldn't lift his hand. I laid it near his lips, and he kissed it. That kiss was a holy thing.

"Fauncy her guessing" I barely made out his words.

"I'll come to-morrow, Craggs," I said, but I faltered, for I knew there would be no to-morrow.

His lips moved, ever so slightly.

I saw rather than heard the words, "Good-by matey."

I went out and left him. Pretty soon he too went out.

The real letter I showed to my friend the corporal. It was from Eva's newly gotten husband, a cruel, wicked letter forbidding Craggs, drunkard and forger, ever to write to Eva again!

"He made good," said my friend. "And he'll never know how rottenly he would have been repaid. For Christmas for Craggs found him his daughter, and the impulse to try again to be a man."

The Dictionary Man

Continued from page 81.

William Smith had torn it neatly out so as not to be reminded of the scene of years gone by.

Now, a fortnight before Mary was to be married, Mrs. Bowles came upon a twice folded sheet of paper which was lying on the floor of the little attic room. It was a dictionary page that had evidently fallen from her boarder's pocket. She opened it. It was head-

ed "Falsehood, farrier." She looked down the column and found "fanfaron—a swaggering boaster."

"Mercy sakes! Is that all?" half gasped Mrs. Bowles to herself. She had had a full gasp ready in case the word proved to be as terrible as it sounded.

Now Mrs. Bowles was a woman of sense. Further she liked to see as much happiness as possible in the world. She took the page with her and penned a note to Mr. George King of Petonia, Illinois. She enclosed the torn out page.

About a week later a piece of mail came for Mr. William Smith. He read it.

Dear Bill:

I have ceased being a fanfaron. No more flapdoodle for me. I think you'd like it in Petonia now. Come on back and we'll have a game of quoits.

Yours

GEORGE KING.

P.S.—One horseshoe seems to be missing.

William Smith handed the letter to Mrs. Bowles to read and almost bounded up the stairs. While he was discovering that flapdoodle was boastful talk Mrs. Bowles was positively beaming at the thought of losing her best boarder.

The next day William Smith replied to the note.

Dear George:

As soon as I get through acting as bridesmaid at a wedding I'll be on the way to Petonia.

Yours

BILL SMITH.

P.S.—I think I know where the other horseshoe is.

Borrowed Plumage

Continued from page 90.

Once when she had whirled past a little group of chaperons she heard a voice ask:—

"Who is that pretty child in rose color?"

She felt guilty when she remembered the rouge on her cheeks, and decided at the very first opportunity to seek a mirror somewhere and stealthily wipe it off with her handkerchief.

She felt guilty, too, when Frank Fordham came up with that I-could-eat-you-right-up expression in his eyes, and suggested supper. If only he knew!

"Thank heaven he doesn't know—doesn't guess that I'm only a six-dollar-per, shopgirl," she reflected.

And such a supper! Such food Maida had only read about, certainly never expected to enjoy. The only coffee she had ever known was the muddy concoction of her landlady's table. This

coffee was clearest amber, and of the fragrance of ambrosia. Tall nodding carnations and creamy hothouse roses, veiled in trailing maidenhair fern and little knots of rich purple violets—these were all about, filling the air with their perfume.

"This is heaven—or as near to it as I'll ever be, in this world," said Maida to herself, while aloud she maintained a spirited conversation with those about her.

There was more dancing. About two o'clock Fordham and Maida were finishing their ices in one of the sitting-out corners, when the latter noticed that many of the guests were leaving.

"I must go," she said and sighed softly.

"Not yet. You haven't told me a thing—about *yourself* I mean. Do you live in the city?"

"Yes."

"Whereabouts?"

"I'm afraid—it wouldn't do to tell." said Maida, blushing.

He looked at her searchingly, and then laughed.

"Why not? Did you run away on Mamma to-night? Or escaped from boarding school? Are you a little runaway Cinderella of the golden slippers?"

"Yes—I—I'm a runaway. But you mustn't ask me any more." A sob caught Maida's throat. She blinked back a sudden mist of tears, and rose.

"Good-bye."

"What! You're not really going?"

"Yes, I must."

"Then may I see you home?"

Maida shook her head very decidedly.

"At least I can go to the foot of the stairs with you then," said Fordham, and did so.

They shook hands in the corridor.

"You can't think, what this evening has meant to me," said the young man, earnestly.

"It—it *was* too good to last," assented Maida.

"But I mean my meeting *you*. I never—Oh hang it, I'm such a duffer at expressing myself! But I guess you know what I mean. *Can't* we meet again?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why not?"

"Oh—conventions. Fate you know—"

"What about Fate? I defy it! Don't let's bother about that kind of talk. Tell me straight, why we can't see each other again?"

"It would never, never do. We—I—that is we move in such different circles—"

Maida broke off painfully. She had been about to reveal too much. And she didn't want this clear-eyed young man ever to find out what a fraud she was.

"Oh—yes. To be sure," he said rather quickly upon her last words. "We *do* belong to different worlds. I had forgotten. Perhaps—it is as well—"

He too, broke off. She looked up at him. He had stiffened and his eyes held a hurt look which Maida misinterpreted, however.

"Good-bye," she repeated gently.

"Good-bye, and thanks—thanks for the pleasantest evening of my life," said Fordham, simply.

The green crepe lady came to Maida's rescue once more by offering her a "*lift*" in her car, and Maida (who had completely forgotten the fact that she didn't own so much as five cents), accepted gratefully, and was put down at the corner drug-store near to her dingy boarding-place.

VIOLET GRAY, heavy-eyed with sleep, rose on her elbow in bed, as Maida lighted the gas.

"Why, you little old evening rambler!" she exclaimed, "Where you been honey?"

"I've been—*pulling the ropes*," replied Maida with a short laugh. "And I took you at your word Vi. Look at my borrowed feathers."

"S' all right I'm sure. Didn't I tell you you'd look scrummy in that pink affair? But where've you been?"

"I'll never do it again," said Maida, penitently. Thank you just the same, for being so generous—"

"Come on Kid. Spill it," pleaded Violet, curiously.

Maida told her all—except the part about the fair-haired boy. Somehow she just couldn't talk about that part. Violet was loud in praise of the new departure.

"Now *that's* what I call making a good start! It just took that little scolding I gave you, to get you going. Now to-morrow night let's you and me go to—"

"No, Vi. I'll never *never* do such a thing again. Once is enough," said Maida firmly.

"Silly! Back out now after you done so well? Gee, I bet I wouldn't. What a nerve you have, dearie, to bull into the Carleton—of all places! You wanted to aim high while you were about it, eh?"

"I—I feel like a thief, somehow."

"Well, I never!"

"But I didn't seem to be myself, Vi. I was a changeling."

"You had the time of your life, though, didn't you?"

"Yes, I certainly did. But—I created a false impression with—some awfully nice people. I—"

"But you'll never likely meet the same ones again," comforted Violet, yawning. "So don't you care!"

"No—I'll never—meet—them again."



DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cream of tartar together; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn in a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

THIS year make candy for home use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for Jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

CHRISTMAS DAINITIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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Best for Baby... Best for You

That's true," and smothering a sigh Maida crept into bed, only to bound out again—the one night of big life had almost made her forget her prayers.

FOR a time after this episode, Maida's life contained a certain zest. Her days were not so commonplace. Her usually dreary hours behind the glove counter were filled with delightful speculations, fascinating little day-dreams, hopes, fears, tremors—that is, whenever there was no rush-hour or bargain-sale on. For there was always the possibility that some day the fair-haired boy would pass her counter!

So Maida sold gloves and waited and watched the hurrying throngs. She searched the sea of faces for one particular face. She was ever on the alert for the well-built though slim figure she had last seen in correct evening clothes. He would probably be in natty tweeds or outing flannels next time, she reflected. Spring had waned and summer was at hand.

Of course she told herself, it was all very absurd. What if she did see him again? He would probably not recognize her. She told herself she was silly to watch for him on the street-cars, because people of his class always rode in motors.

Sometimes she fancied he would come and ask to be shown some very elegant cape-leather gloves, the most expensive line she sold—and she would rehearse the scene to herself, the quick recognition in his eyes, the polite inquiries about herself, and then his gradual withdrawing away in reserve, when he had learned that she had always been merely a shopgirl. At the end of these "private rehearsals," Maida's eyes would fill with bitter tears.

But summer came and went and still he did not come. The shortening days paradoxically became longer to Maida. The hours lagged by on leaden feet. Business itself became slack. Customers were not buying gloves. They were saving their glove money, apparently, for the real necessities of living. Times were hard.

So the various department heads began to "lay off" hands. Maida found a blue card in her pay envelope one Thursday night. She was to be "laid off" on Saturday night, in company with three others in her department.

As if in sympathy with the situation, Saturday was rainy.

The umbrella department next to the gloves, did a rushing business. So the glove manager, like the wily old campaigner he was, announced a wash-glove sale and hurried reduced price-cards up all around the circle.

Goldie Baxter was furious. As she was to "go" too this night, she did

not mince her words or lower her voice. As the overflow crowds began to drift along from the umbrella section and surge three-deep about the gloves, with women pawing over the boxes and demanding to be waited upon, Goldie spoke her mind aloud.

"The old geezer knew what he was doin' all right all right," she grumbled to Maida. "Knows he's got us here till six an' goin' to get his money's worth. Look at that dame trying on Kids! Well I'll just let her do it an' then when she has 'em stretched she'll have to cough up the price. Dearie, where are them eight-buttons?"

"Lower drawer, on the left behind me," answered Maida.

"Gee, look at us killin' ourselves!" went on Goldie as she vigorously pulled box after box out and slammed them down on the counter. "Ain't we the fools? I'm that rushed my head's buzzin'; I feel like a squirrel in a revolvin'-cage: J' ever see such a jam—an' Sat'day mornin' too? I was just saying to Mabel—no madam the size six in that line is all sold out—I was just sayin' to Mabel—oh bother, what was I talkin' about?"

"Never mind," said Maida with a smile. "I haven't got time to listen just now."

A HAUGHTY floorwalker who was patrolling the adjacent area paused a moment to direct a gentleman to the glove section.

"Can you show me——?" he began.

"No, I can't," snapped Goldie. "If you're from Missouri go on up to that little girl—second from the end. She's got no end of patience. Don't talk to me or I'll—I'll blow up!"

With a sympathetic smile the gentleman went on to the girl with the unlimited stock of patience.

Maida had just concluded negotiations with a weary-faced mother of three children, and was folding up a heterogeneous assortment of gloves when a well bred courteous voice said:—

"Can you show me a pair of machinist's cotton gloves—size nine. I——"

Then Maida raised her eyes. They met a pair of grey ones. Twenty seconds passed while their eyes held.

"You!" exclaimed the man, at length.

"You!" breathed the girl, her lips apart, a slow flush mounting to her cheeks.

"I've searched 'the city for you," went on Frank Fordham, in glad, eager tones. "And now I've found you."

"You've searched—for me?"

"Everywhere! Your name isn't in the City Directory. I was completely at a loss. I used to watch the crowds in the street. Oh girl, girl! Thank



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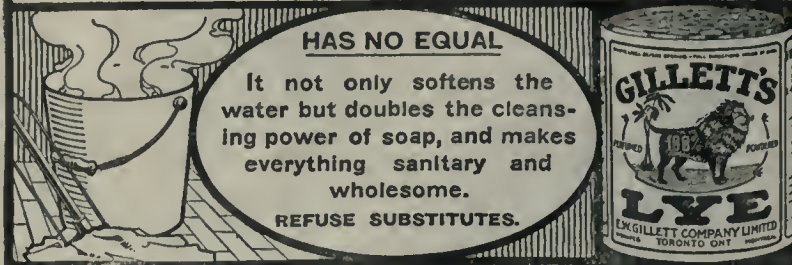
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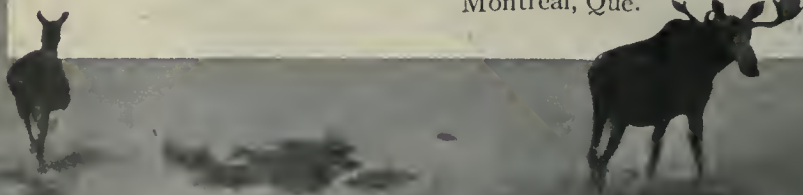
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heaven! To think I've found you at last!"

"You're surprised—I mean to see me here?"

"Well, rather! You see I thought—oh hang it! Can't we go away to some quiet place and talk?"

"My lunch hour comes in five minutes."

"Good! Let's go over to Hector's then. Shall we?"

"All right. But what did you want to buy?"

"I've completely forgotten! All I can think of is the glorious fact that I've found Little Miss Runaway."

"I believe I remember you said something about cotton gloves," began Maida, struggling hard to be calm.

"Oh, yes. But never mind. I'm in no hurry."

"Here they are. Take your choice."

"These will do," said Fordham taking up a pair at random. "These are good stout canvas—just what I require. You see I'm a machinist and I use——"

"Machinist!"

"In the printing department of the *Daily Star*."

"But——"

"You seem puzzled. What did you think I was? Did you imagine I led a life of gilded ease?"

He laughed at the growing wonder in her eyes.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "You are finding it hard to account for my dress-suit. Well—it was borrowed."

"Borrowed?"

"Carey, one of the reps—reporters you know—being a pal of mine, gave me an invitation to that ball, and I didn't have the duds so was nearly declining it but one of the other men, Hanley (a chap just my size and figure), loaned me his glad rags for the occasion."

"Carey? That was the young man, the dark one, who danced with the girl in green crepe?"

"The same. Good old scout. He was on the committee you know. Now won't you tell me *your* little story?"

"The tale of *my* adventure in Bohemia? Yes. I'll tell you at lunch."

"By the way," said Fordham, "the old man—pardon, I mean the boss—gave me a raise last week, and there are some—er—very nice little bungalows for sale or to rent out at Briercrest, that new lakeside subdivision you know. Do you think—that is, would it be too premature to ask—oh hang it, I mean couldn't you and I go out and look them over, with a view to——"

But just then Maida's luncheon gong sounded. However, as she slipped out from behind the counter she sent a flashing and somewhat mischievous smile up at the young mechanic.

"I adore bungalows," she murmured, softly.



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DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
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Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 112.

was all he had—three dirty one-dollar bills and some small change.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"What do you want to know that for?" he demanded.

"So I can send the money back, of course," said I. "Did you think I was a pickpocket?"

He told me his name at that; and I will say here that I have since sent him his money, and I imagine him to be an extremely surprised man.

"There," said I, "I am much obliged. Now I will give you a bit of advice. I suppose the minute I get over that wall you mean to begin to shout for help. Now this is the advice: Don't do it; lie still. Pretend you are as unconscious as this other poor beggar here.

"Let him come to and shout for help. Then you will be able to let him explain to Dr. Berry how it all happened. You have a chance to keep your job, if you act on that idea. If you begin to bawl for help now, that job will last you just about till sundown."

He did not say whether he meant to take my advice or not, and I had to scramble over the wall and set out on the highroad without knowing whether the chase was to be hot on my heels or not.

"The aeroplane is in its infancy yet."
"Then it's a wonderfully precious infant."

"In what way?"
"It's already going the pace that kills."

Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 92.

glanced out the window the little artist was back at her work.

"I watched her for a few moments in silence. She was drawing the same picture and when it was finished she drew it again, and then again. My curiosity was aroused and I slipped out to the alley door. I took with me a big yellow orange—our firm was a wholesale fruit concern—and opened preliminaries by tossing the fruit into her lap. She seized it and with the same convulsive movement scrambled to her feet ready to run. It took honeyed words and many friendly smiles to win her to a point where she would sit herself and talk in queer, gaspy little tones. She told me of her father, a drunkard, and her mother, who was worse. And she remembered faintly another home, before her father drank and her mother was forced to the streets. It must have been a comfort-

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able one and I gathered her father had been a bookkeeper or office man of some sort. A very drab, sordid little tale, a child's impression of a human cog that had slipped its bearings and fallen.

"It was the picture she had drawn in the mud, however, that I wanted to know about. At first she would not tell me and a faint red shone for a moment in her cheeks. A bribe of another orange brought the answer in a jerky tumult of words. She was drawing a coffin. I stared in horror and shocked amusement. Why should a child of six draw coffins, only coffins, and do it in a manner that showed her thoughts were often if not always upon the grim receptacles? She told me.

"'A loidy tol me dat I could jist rest fer all de time in 'em. Dat it wuzzen't hot er cold in 'em and dey wuz soft and real silk and satin.'

"I probed deeper. A little neighbor boy had died and when the district charity worker came to bring relief and help to the family, Nellie had stopped her and demanded to know why her former playmate was 'in a box. The 'loidy' had evidently tried to soften the reality of death and the little one's mind had placed its own construction on her words. I shivered in spite of myself as I thought of my little girl at home and wondered what I would do if I knew she was longing for a coffin 'to rest in'.

"I HAD intended to tell my wife of the incident that night, but I forgot it some way and a rush of business the next day and for many days thereafter drove the pale child from my mind. When I did remember her I walked out in the alley and looked about. I saw no one. At the mouth of the alley the sun was shining and a little white hearse went glittering by. No one ever spoke to me of the subject, but I knew then, as I know now, that Nellie had found her 'silk and satin resting place.' It threw a gloom on my day and in the after days I thought of her often. In some way I found myself picturing my little one in an alley armed with a stick and drawing horrible things in the slime. The thing bothered me more and more and finally I told my wife the story and my fears. Suppose I should die some night and you and the little one were left alone. What would happen? What would happen? I asked. The wife led me to the window and pointed across the street where the light from a street lamp shone upon a board fence. Across it was painted an advertisement of a famous insurance company. I nodded my head without speaking. I slept that night better than I had in days and I secured a policy as soon as I could go through the preliminaries."

You may want to change your automobile, or your piano, or even your home—but you will never want to change the COFFEE, when once you taste the delectable flavor of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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Catsup
Biscuits
Pickles
Tea
Tomatoes
Allspice
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Powder
Coffee
Farina
Rolled
Oats
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Cabbage
Flour
Matches
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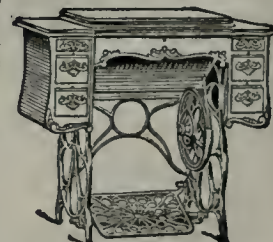
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THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE TO ALL
You are not asked to spend a cent of money or buy anything

A FEW HINTS—To aid you a little a suggested list of groceries kept in Brown's Store is alongside the picture. A good plan is to study the list and write down the name which in your opinion best fits each picture. All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trademark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures. Note that 10 points toward the prizes are given for each correct answer and that if your answers gain only 200 points you win first prize. (See Rules).

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Frankly this great event is intended to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Every Woman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.
2. Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives or friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
4. If different members of a family compete, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 200 Points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and 50 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close April 30th, 1917, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.
6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service, the company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.
7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

131 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Current Events

Continued from page 104.

Evolution of Trench Tanks

THE story of how the trench "tank" motor cars were developed is of especial interest as it deals with one of the most successful offensive agents developed by the War Office. A writer in the *Toronto Mail and Empire* reviews the story of the "tank" in the following:

Who deserves chief credit for the invention of the famous British "tanks"? In the opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* it is Commodore Sueter, whose name was mentioned with the names of two or three others by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons. The *Mail and Empire* correspondent in London interviewed a Canadian and inspected plans which contained the germ of the "tank" idea and which had been submitted to the War Office some time ago, but it appears that by this time the tank had been worked out independently by other inventors. Commodore Sueter is a man who might well be expected to handle any problem in a highly original and successful way, and since he was concerned with the invention of the tanks, it is only natural for those who know his record to give him the lion share of credit. A few years ago he was recognized as the leading British authority upon submarines, and his work upon organizing this branch of the service is still regarded as the standard. Later on he turned his attention to aeroplanes, and has been called the maker of the Royal Naval Air Service.

The experiments which finally led to the perfected tank were begun early in the war by the naval authorities when they decided that it was necessary to have an aeroplane base in Dunkirk, with temporary bases as far inland as possible. It became necessary to devise some sort of armored support cars that could go from Dunkirk to the other bases with equipment and supplies, and successfully run the gauntlet of rifle fire. Experiments were at once begun by Commander Sampson, who has frequently been mentioned in connection with aerial work, to produce such a car. It had to be got together at once, to be built in fact almost over night. Several were put on the road, but they were not successful, the steel plates not being thick enough to resist rifle fire at point blank range. Eventually, however, cars were built which were capable of making fair speed and carrying heavy enough plates to ensure the safety of the occupants from ordinary rifle or machine-gun fire.

The exploits of these cars attracted

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the attention of the War office, which was then trying to devise something along the same lines, but apparently the army stuck to its own plans, and the navy was left to develop the "land ship." Commodore Sueter had seen the armored cars at Dunkirk, and had a mass of information concerning them. He knew their advantages and their defects and it became his duty to eradicate the latter. The most glaring weakness of the armored cars was their failure to offer any protection at all from snipers above them. Riflemen in trees or on housetops could pick off the occupants of the cars with ease. Commodore Sueter then thought of the turret top, which was accordingly recommended. This added materially to the weight of the cars, but it was found that there were several standard chassis capable of sustaining it, and so after much experimental work the turret-topped cars were produced.

These cars carried only machine guns, and it was realized that they would be much more effective if they could carry a gun capable of hurling a small shell. This, of course, involved added weight and the strengthening of the whole structure of the car; but the naval authorities tackled the problem, and Commodore Sueter was presently able to produce a car that could carry a heavy gun, was mobile, and could resist gunfire, its occupants being absolutely protected. It seemed that the "land battleship" had been evolved, and Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher both approved of it. Sir Percy Scott, however, threw cold water on the scheme, and argued that the size of the new car would make it an easy target for hostile artillery, and that it would be wrecked before it could be brought into action. It was admitted, of course, that against heavy artillery fire the tank could not survive.

Instead of then abandoning the idea with which he had grappled for nearly two years, Commodore Sueter hit upon the notion of adapting the Pedrail system to the "land battleship." Immediately all information upon the subject was gathered from the British Isles and the United States, and it was not long before the builders of the tanks were able to give Mr. Churchill, Lloyd George and others a demonstration of the powers of the "caterpillar" in forcing wire entanglements and surmounting obstacles. It was then decided that the idea had been carried far enough to be of great practical value, and orders were given for the building of a large number of the tanks. They were constructed in England with the greatest secrecy, and when they appeared in France they astonished the British soldiers as greatly as the Germans. Whether they will continue to be effective after the Germans

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have learned all about them remains to be decided.

School Athletics

A DEPARTURE has this year been made in the Summer School for teachers in introducing a series of games and athletics not only for the personal benefit of the teachers themselves as a pleasant relaxation from study but to enable them to set the pace in healthful games and recreation for their pupils, says the Charlottetown Guardian. An hour each day, after regular classes, is devoted to sport, games and athletics on the college grounds. The idea will commend itself to all who are interested in the work of our schools. Healthful exercise is a necessity to the young and it is essential that their physical exercises should be prudently supervised and directed. Games and contests of skill and strength by the children from the foundation work upon which the co-operation of after years is to be carried out, and these, in all successful and beneficial co-operation, must be carried out in proper manner.

More About the Sinn Fein

MAJOR STUART-STEPHENS is finding in the hospitable pages of The English Review an opportunity of publishing to the world a mass of unique information about the Sinn Fein organization which has hitherto apparently been lost to view in Government pigeon holes. To the July number he contributes a very interesting article on "The Secret Constitution of the Shin Fane," and reprints certain extracts from the code of laws adopted by the Divisional Executive of the Munster Province of the I. R. B.—a code which shows in parts strong traces of Teutonic origin or influence. The 1st, 48th, and 49th Rules are of peculiar interest:—

1. No man is to be admitted into the I. R. B. or to be recognized as a citizen or soldier of the Republic until he has taken the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, which will be declared within six months following the outbreak of war between England and Germany.

48. It shall be the duty of every Centre to forward to his own "V" for transmission to the President of Public Safety all cases of treachery, etc., in his Circle with an accurate description of the offenders, and it shall be the duty of every Centre to preserve the black list given to him for reference whenever needed.

49. Any Centre or other member of the Circle's Executive losing or mislaying any dangerous document, such as these rules, to be forever expelled from the ranks of the I.R.B.

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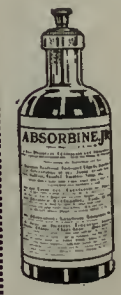
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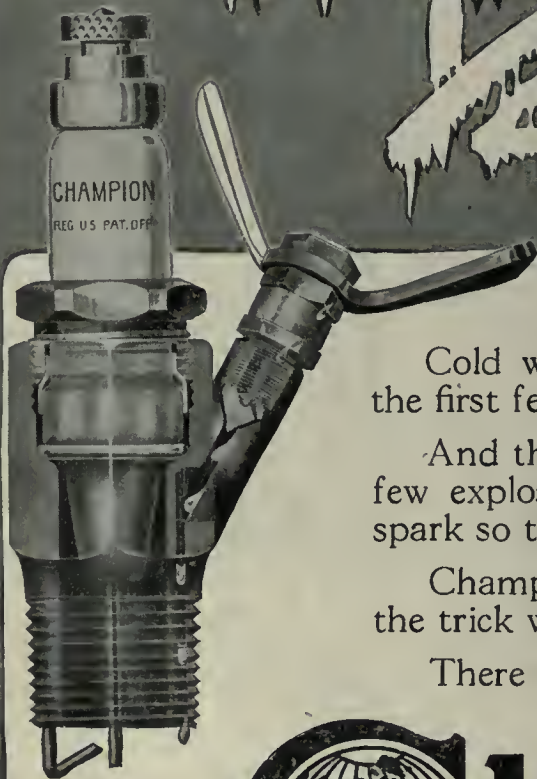
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Champion Spark Plug Company, 600 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE new department *Books and Their Makers* which starts with this issue of CANADA MONTHLY, has a two-fold purpose. First to give timely information about the latest publications in the Canadian field to book lovers. Second to foster a patriotic sentiment in favor of our own writers. As explained in the Editor's note which prefaces the department in this issue, this department will deal with two or three outstanding features of the month in the book


world and will give several others shorter mention. Perhaps some of our readers will not agree with certain of *Bookshelf's* ideas on books. If you as a reader have such a difference, write the Editors about it. Comment of this sort will help to make this department what the Editors hope for it—a department that is close to every subscriber.

The month of February, with its chill winds and bleak snow drifts, creates more gardens than any other month of the year, according to a horticultural specialist. He doubtless had in mind the hours

the home owner enjoys before the open fire place, looking over the seed catalogs and making plans for the flower garden or the shrubs and vines which are to be set out next spring—the plans for making the home a dearer, happier place for the family. Following this theory the Editors have secured an interesting article which will be presented in the February issue. It deals with the home yard—the flower garden, the decorative shrubs, the flowering vines. It is

written from the viewpoint of the amateur and it is chock full of valuable information for both the beginner and the home gardener of several years' experience.

Have you solved *The Gregory Morton Mystery*? It began in the December issue. The present installment of this great mystery story gives one or two clues. In fact the author almost leads us to believe the mystery is about to be cleared. In the February installment however, we are brought face to face with still deeper mystery.



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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy; in the United States, \$1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London:
382 Clarence Street.

Toronto:
Mail Building.

New York City:
373 4th Avenue.

Chicago:
1115 Marquette Building.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.



Canada Monthly's School and College Directory



The newly-married pair were seated in a cosy armchair before the fire.

"Dearest," said the young bride, "have you any secrets you hide from your little wifey?"

"None, my pet!" replied hubby proudly.

"Then I, too, will have no secrets from you!" said the lady in heroic tones.

"What, have you a secret?" he asked in a startled voice.

"Only one; and I am going to tell it to you."

There was a long pause; then—

"Go on!" he muttered hoarsely.

"For some weeks," said wifey slowly, "I have had a secret longing for a new costume and hat to match for a New Year's present."

Needless to say she got it.

Traveller: "Oh, yes, we had many narrow escapes. In the course of one voyage we were driven upon an island where the natives were reported to be cannibals, and we gave up in despair."

Excited Listener: "But how did you escape?"

Traveller: "It turned out that the natives were vegetarians."

Excited Listener: "And so you were all permitted to depart."

Traveller: "All but one woman in our company. She was a grass widow, you see."

A well-known author has adopted the rule that all applicants for his autograph must furnish satisfactory proof that they have read his books. A young girl recently wrote to the novelist for his autograph. By return of post came a single typewritten line:

"Have you read my last book?"

To which the young lady replied:

"I sincerely hope not."

The autograph came promptly.

A young lady who was going out to New Zealand to get married, went to a West End dressmaker for her trousseau. The dressmaker suggested a warm one. The young lady asked why, seeing that the climate of New Zealand is a beautifully mild one.

The dressmaker replied: "I assure you, madam, you are mistaken, for that is where the frozen meat comes from."



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Calendar sent on application.



The magistrate took a very serious view of the matter. Looking over the desk, he fixed the wretched creature in the dock with a glance warranted to quell.

"Prisoner," he said pompously, "you stand there charged with begging."

The prisoner looked very sorry for himself, but ventured to offer a protest.

"Your worship," he whined, "I have never begged."

His worshipful worship grew fiercer and fiercer, like the bear in the fairy story, and words failed him.

"Never, your honour," continued the prisoner. "It was not my fault if, while holding out my hand, to feel if it were raining, a lady dropped a penny into it."

"A month!" snapped the magistrate. And it was so.

"Yes, it was a very bad case," said the oculist reminiscently. "Do what I could the poor fellow still had trouble with his eyes."

"What was the matter?" asked his friend.

"You see, he saw everything double," explained the eye-doctor. "He had to give up his berth at the bank because he couldn't add the figures correctly."

"Oh, how sad! Poor man, what did he do?"

"It wasn't so bad for him in the end," said the great man, with a chuckle. "You see, a gas company heard about his case, and offered him good pay to go round and read their meters for them!"

The teacher was very earnest—far more so than his pupils—and the subject was about the terrible outcome of laziness and idleness.

With due solemnity, as befitted the occasion, he drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who dislikes work, and who cadges for all he gets.

"Now, Charlie," said the teacher to a little boy who had been looking out of the window instead of attending closely to the lesson.

Charlie was instantly on the alert. "Tell me," continued the master, "who is the miserable individual who gets clothes, food, and lodging, and yet does nothing in return?"

Charlie's face brightened.

"Please, sir," said he, "the baby!"

They were discussing the new lodger.

"He slips in and out of the house so quietly," said the grass-widow boarder, "that I think he must have been a married man once."

"Perhaps it is that," says Mrs. Hashcroft, as a troubled look came over her face, "and maybe he is in the habit of getting behind with his board."



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Our new recipe book—"Desserts and Candles"—shows many new and happy uses for "Crown Brand". Write for a copy, to our Montreal Office.

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Car, Completely
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What groceries did Brown advertise?

List of
Groceries
Kept in
John
Brown's
Store

- Apples
- Catsup
- Biscuits
- Pickles
- Tea
- Tomatoes
- Allspice
- Baking Powder
- Coffee
- Farina
- Rolled Oats
- Stove Blacking
- Dates
- Cabbage
- Flour
- Matches
- Soap
- Molasses
- Butter
- Mustard
- Borax
- Oranges
- Sugar
- Vinegar



HERE'S A REAL PUZZLER FOR WISE HEADS

JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's Store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels, and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea, and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (currants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list at the left of the picture by way of suggestion can you find what the other twelve represent?



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Famous Indian Motorcycle.
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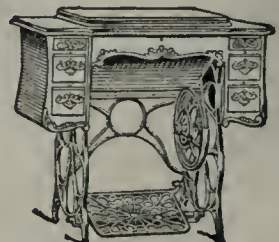
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Prize
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Drop Head Sewing Machine

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE TO ALL
You are not asked to spend a cent of money or buy anything

A FEW HINTS—To aid you a little a suggested list of groceries kept in Brown's Store is alongside the picture. A good plan is to study the list and write down the name which in your opinion best fits each picture. All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trademark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures. Note that 10 points toward the prizes are given for each correct answer and that if your answers gain only 200 points you win first prize. (See Rules).

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Frankly this great event is intended to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Every Woman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry

- Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.
- Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives or friends.
- Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.

- If different members of a family compete, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
- The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the Judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 200 Points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and so for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close

- April 30th, 1917, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.
- Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service, the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.
- Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Address, Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited

131 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



Little Betty and her mother were having lunch. One of the dishes was sardines, and mother thought she saw a chance of inflicting one of those nice, useful object-lessons on her child.

"These little fish, my dear," she began, in her kindest voice, "are sometimes chased by the larger fish."

Betty gazed at the sardines in silent surprise for a moment, and mother thought she was swallowing her words of wisdom.

Then the dear little maid burst out: "But, mother, how do the larger fish get the tins open?"

He was a mean man, quite mean, in fact. The other day he called upon his grocer, and made several purchases; but, even when he had paid his bill and received his parcels, he was not satisfied.

"Please wrap up all my goods!" he ordered severely.

"I have done so," replied the grocer, in a pained and saddened voice.

"But you haven't!" persisted the mean man.

The grocer scratched his head in perplexity.

"That thumb of yours," raved the customer, "you weighed with my butter. The other you weighed with my bacon! Wrap 'em up, please!"

Then, as a crowning afterthought, he added:

"They'll do for the dog!"

The workman was engaged in excavating operations, he was digging.

The wayfarer of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?"

The workman looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed wayfarer, "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Saturday," replied the workman, and resumed operations.

The Assistant: "The Professor is in the laboratory conducting some chemical experiments. The Professor expects to go down to posterity."

(From the laboratory): "Br-r-r Bang!"

The Visitor: "I hope the Professor hasn't gone."

How shall I wear my watch?



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DISAPPEARING EYE

WHAT an added pleasure its convenience gives to the wearing of a Watch. In an instant you can change your Waltham from a wrist watch to a regular watch, and wear it in a variety of pleasing ways. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight when its use as a wrist watch is not desired. Your Jeweler will gladly show them to you in a variety of grades, as low as \$18.

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\$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned, unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our \$100 Cash Offer to Churches, or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY .: TORONTO, ONT.



Powder by day as often as you like— — but do let your skin breathe by night

If you really want to have and keep the charm of "a skin you love to touch" don't, *don't*, go to bed a single night with powder flakes still lodged in the delicate pores!

They are sure to clog these wee breathing places of the skin and make them grow coarse and large. A dry rubbing or grease cleansing merely force the powder flakes, mingled with dirt and oil, deeper into the pores causing blackheads and blemishes. Instead—

Spend five minutes this way tonight

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face *with the cake itself* just as a man does with a shaving stick. Wet the tips of your fingers and work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather gently into the pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, finish by rubbing the face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. For a sensitive skin substitute a dash of *ice water* for the ice itself.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

Use this treatment *persistently* and powder as much as you like. Your complexion *cannot help* taking on step by step that permanent clearness, freshness and charm which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get *your cake* today.

Write today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 712 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.**

Try Woodbury's Facial Powder, too. Four tints. Special two-part box. 25c everywhere.



Molly Up the Mountain

By Lucille Borden

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

L ISTLESSLY as she did everything, Judith took the letter from Miss Kent's hand and dropped it in her lap, without so much as glancing at it.

Across the avenue a few hardy sparrows were disputing their right to places on the snow-clad boughs in the park.

As she turned to watch them again it came over her vaguely that the nurse had hesitated in giving the letter, had made a little impulsive movement afterwards as if to take it back. It really didn't matter. Her eyes almost unconsciously sought the address, and then beyond control the color flared to her cheeks. She waited for the burning glow to die out before speaking; "I don't need anything now Miss Kent. You may go if you like. Please close the door."

The doctor was waiting outside.

"Well?" he asked.

"She changed color when she saw the writing and said that I might go. It's the first order she has given me."

"Suppressed emotion. I was right. The next phase nervous prostration. I think we have the case pretty well in hand. She may not call you for a long time but be ready to answer when she does. I'll stop in on my way back from the hospital."

Judith listened for the click of the door then got up and quietly turned the key. Her secret was her own; she would not endure prying eyes. If the blow had to fall she would



Listlessly as she did everything, Judith took the letter from Miss Kent's hand and dropped it in her lap, without so much as glancing at it

meet it alone. Her breath came and went as she tried to force the envelope open with a hand that shook.

WITH every nerve taut she sat upright on her couch by the window and started to read.

February 28th, 1916.

Up the Mountain.

My Judith dear:

You are so persistently in my mind that I can't shake you out of it. I didn't mean to play you a nasty trick. I didn't know. It was only last night I found out. It really was your own fault for being so secretive. Why were you?

But then, why was Cameron? There are some families who tell everything they know and others who are all born reticent. We always talked over everything and as I look back over the years and years, I realize it was I who did all the telling and you who did all the listening. You must have thought me an awful fool and a worse than egoist. If I ever prayed for discretion it never came. Silence usually helps, but it wasn't right of you Judith in this case. It wasn't fair to me, your best friend, it wasn't fair to Cameron, and above all it was not air to Eric Stafford.

If you'd only hinted at it when you gave us the letter to him everything would have been all right, but we thought he was merely one of all the people you met and liked when you were in London, and let it go at that. If my letter is a jumble forgive it, there



It was nine o'clock before we realized that we were hungry and that it was no use foraging; that we could not spend the night up there together and that after that night nothing in life or death could ever separate us again

is so much to say and I hardly know how or where to begin.

Out of all the confidences of a girl's life there is usually one, the biggest one, she keeps to herself. I think your being Cameron's sister made me shy about telling you the things he—didn't say. There wasn't much the others said and did, I didn't let you know, he was different. You must have seen it, I've loved him all my life. It began up here in the riotous summers when he taught me to swim in the grassy, froggy pond and not to be afraid. Then in the winters, those never-to-be-for-

gotten winters when Father stole us away in his sleigh and Mother stayed fashionably in town, he taught me how to skate and use the skis and snow shoes and we lived like glorified Indians, he was my Big Chief. You remember that was what we called him. It was play to you, but little as I was, he was my Big Chief then and he has never been anything else to me. The year I came out no party was a real party without him. If he wasn't there, then I wanted you. You seemed like a part of him—and you always will be, Judith.

Two things happened to baffle me. I suppose the first couldn't be called a definite thing unless it was in my own imagination, but he never seemed to care. Of course he danced with me, and played all the games, but he did the same with all the other girls. I was horribly jealous at times, not of any one in particular but just because I couldn't seem to hold him.

Then we went abroad. That was Mother. Father really did not want to go. The old mountain drew him as it did me, winter or spring or summer or autumn. Even on the ship we'd close our eyes and pretend we were there. Sometimes we'd find clumps of arbutus on the rocks, and fill our arms full of laurel. Father would tell me where to put it; then we'd open our eyes to find a steward standing in front of us with a tray of salty tea. It was dreadful at first. London began by not being too dull, then it grew lovable. Lord Eric was most kind and Father found him congenial. Between his title and his fabulous richness Mother believed him a sort of archangel. I didn't think much about him at all though he gave me a beautiful time and followed us from England to Italy.

POOR Father grew ill in Rome you know, and Lord Eric did everything a man or a friend could do, and after Father died I somehow turned to him. I wanted to come home then but Mother would not. It was quite two years later you know, after Egypt. I don't believe we would have come home when we did if it hadn't been for the property.

Eric said he wanted to see America and would Mother object to his sailing for America on our ship? Mother would not, would be glad to have him, so he came.

At first he spoke constantly of you and asked all sorts of questions, some of them absurd I thought, except that the English of one's own world are so very simple and direct. He thinks you are very like me, but I think it is because we are the only American girls he has ever known at all well. He had never made love to me in our travelling together here, there, and everywhere; it was only after we had sailed that I began to notice a certain intensity in things that I had perhaps taken before as a matter of course. Mother stayed in her cabin the first days out and Eric and I were together a great deal. I must say this about him; he never bored me, and was tactful enough to go away when he saw I would rather read or dream.

Then, out of a clear sky he proposed to me. I said no. I said it for two days. But I had reckoned without Eric. He

had never, as far as I knew, been refused anything, and he simply would not believe me.

On the third day I began to think about it seriously. Cameron had written exactly two letters and sent me three Christmas cards in the three years we had been away. One of the letters was condolences about Father. Being a chatterbox I had written him regularly, sometimes pouring out all my troubles without even expecting an answer—though I was disappointed when no answers came. Suppose, just suppose he were in love with some one else? Suppose it was not in him to love anything but his ambition, his literary aspirations? I began to weigh up my own nasty little balance; your brother's nebulous career and all that Eric was—and could be to me. My little-girlhood died in the weighing. That night I put on a frock designed for me in Paris—tulle, the shade of a starlit sky with a diamond crescent at my breast. The stars *were* there, and the sky and faint music—and—Eric. I promised to marry him as soon as possible. The next morning with the sunlight flashing everywhere, he gave me something he had had made for me in Egypt, hoping I would wear it, a ring with two little diamond sphinxes holding a flaming deep ruby between them. It was very beautiful but oh, so heavy.

WHEN I caught sight of you and Cameron on the wharf a little fiend took possession of me. All the jealousy I had suffered, Cameron should suffer too, so I flirted deliberately with Eric as we leaned together on the railing though even then I noticed how he watched you. Looking back into a subconscious mind, I remember how pale you were and how alarmingly lovely. But the thing that struck me forcibly was the look on Cameron's face. He never even glanced at Eric. His eyes looked into mine and looked and looked with the expression I had hoped to find there years before, and he took both my hands in his and told me that I was to go with him, he would take me home. Then I heard Eric's voice say: "Give me your keys Molly, I will attend to everything." I handed them to him realizing that this man had the right to tell me to do things and I must do them at his bidding all my life, and that standing beside me was Cameron, *Cameron* who was all the world to me and that he had no right at all. Do you remember that we left you standing there? Of course you do. You were with Mother and Eric. We didn't go home. It was a taxi and Cameron shouted to the driver, "The Park, and drive till I tell you to stop!"

Well, we drove and drove and he



There are some families who tell everything they know, and others who are born reticent. We always talked over everything

told me in an outburst all the reason he had never let me know before. All that he had in the world had been his love and the little wind-swept camp up the mountain. Even now he didn't have a great deal, but it was enough; his successful book, a professorship at Yale—and the camp for summer times. He told me how you had finally consented to live with your mother's sister when he had gone to New Haven, and how she wanted you to stay with her always.

His not writing had been a terrible trial to him and of me. As you see, I failed. But how was I to know?

I let him talk. I was starved, Judith, starved through and through for the very thing I was getting and couldn't take.

When he had told it all, and waited, surprised at my silence, I just drew off my glove and held out my left hand for him to see that hateful blazing ruby.

He turned white, set his lips and sat perfectly still for a moment, then quietly opened the window and called to the driver: "Nine East Fifth-fifth Street as fast as you can."

We swung around corners at the most outrageous rate and I didn't care whether we were killed or not. I don't believe Cameron did either.

Mother was distinctly not pleased with me when I got in but I was beyond even Mother's displeasure.

NEXT day when you came you told me that Cameron had gone back

to New Haven. Knowing you both so well I was certain he had told you nothing of what had happened. Then Mother began to get ready for the wedding. It was the way you took that wedding that completely deceived me.

I shall never forget the day my wedding dress came home. You said it was too beautiful for anyone in the world but me under the circumstances. When I asked you what circumstances, you said "Eric" and laughed.

I thought you meant because of what he is, and has, and could make me, but now I know it was Eric himself you meant.

As the day came nearer and nearer I began to grow homesick to death for the mountain. All the concentrated joy of the years lay for me between two tumble-down camps. The pungently spicy smell of summer weeds and wild flowers that belonged nowhere else, the aroma of burning pine cones came over me like a spell.

Finally I decided. I would make some excuse on the day of Eric's bachelor dinner—pretend I wanted to spend that last night at the convent, and go—alone to my mountain.

Mother seemed to think a day and night of utter quiet would be the best thing for me, so I packed my suit-case and made straight for Millerton.

When I arrived I went to a livery stable and told the man in charge that I wanted to go up the mountain for spruce boughs. Could he let me take a horse and buckboard? He was a trusting person and sent me off with his old nag and delapidated turnout without question. The nearer I came to the spicy hemlocks and pines and spruce, the silly old pond and the clouds, the higher my spirits rose, and I dreamed of a time, Eric off with some men at his shooting in Scotland, when I might come home to my mountain and play I was a little girl again.

It was growing twilight when my antique Pegasus pulled around the curve at the top. The sun, not knowing in the least how I felt about it, was going to give me a wedding present, the most gorgeous sunset I had ever seen. I sat there, the reins lying loose in my hands, absorbing its beauty and its fragrance. Then, Judith, something happened.

I HAD been so wrapt in my dreams that the scent of burning wood seemed part of them. Gradually it came over me that if there were smoke on the mountain, I could not be alone, and when I saw that it came from your own camp chimney, I realized that something must be wrong. It never occurred to me to be afraid. I

hopped down and tiptoed across the snow to the windows.

All I could see was that there was a fire in the big living room, nothing else. Ghosts, even happy ones, couldn't make a fire like that so I crept around to the door to find out who it could be.

I saw a man lying in front of it, flat on his face.

If you've ever heard a man sob, Judith—well—you don't want to hear it a second time.

Do you remember those dreadful old yellow boots of mine with cleets in the soles? We used to tramp over the mountain, you, and Cameron and I, and you made fun of my feet because they were so huge, and comfortable in those boots, do you remember?

I missed one at the end of my last summer on the mountain and thought one of the dogs had run off with it.

Well, one of the dogs hadn't. The man lying on the floor had it in his hand, and was sobbing over it.

Judith, it was Cameron. I stood there paralysed. I couldn't say a word, I couldn't move.

At last I could bear it no longer. I loved him more than anything in all the world and nobody made any difference. I went to him as if everything had always been perfectly simple, with no Eric at all. When I leaned down to gather his poor head in my arms he jumped as if he'd been shot and stood towering over me.

Then he said "Molly!" just once, and dropped the boot.

We talked and talked and talked and all shadows, all differences, all silly pride and misunderstandings fell away. I told him how it was about Eric.

It was nine o'clock before we realized that we were hungry and that it was no use foraging, that we couldn't spend the night up there together, and that after that night, nothing in life or death could ever separate us again, so we decided to go down.

Pegasus had disappeared.

We hunted, we called, we looked everywhere, all in vain.

Then Cameron said: "It wouldn't be the first time we'd footed it. How about it Molly?"

So I said "Come along," and we started. Half way down we overtook Pegasus. He had evidently decided that he was going home early, no matter what we did.

His eyes as we climbed into the old buckboard, were amused and condescending. I think I will buy Pegasus. He's such a part of my romance.

Cameron dropped me at the Lake Inn and went alone to Millerton where he put up for the night.

We were married in the beautiful

little Salisbury church yesterday, Judith. It was only afterwards that he told me about you, and Eric. He was rather splendid about that as he is about everything, and oh! indeed, my dear, dear Heart, I never dreamed.

Eric had never loved me, never really. He had been pushed into the affair by a combination of propinquity, Mother, and my flirting with him, for I did do it in a crazy moment.

There is nothing quite as upsetting to a girl as the flattering interest of a much older man.

Then besides, Eric is at the top of things in England. It all meant a great deal to me whose heart was smothered over what I thought to be Cameron's utter indifference. Nothing mattered much.

I suppose Eric, being human, was flattered too, because I, twenty years younger, made love to him deliberately, and Mother encouraged him.

Looking at things in retrospect I realize what his expression meant when he saw you at the dock—but being a good sport, he went ahead with his bargain.

Cameron told me you had vowed never to marry until he had a home of his own and someone to care for him. He has both now Judy, even if for the present the home is nothing but a few loose boards and a fireplace on top of a windy sweet mountain.

And it's here that we are going to stop until Eric has taken my best friend away, and that Mother misses me so that she will receive us both for better or for worse!

The only wedding present I ask of you, and with all my heart I beg for it, is that you will forgive me. I was only an episode, a mistaken interlude.

I know now that that was *ali* I was.

Cameron and I love you dearly, dearly.

Your sister,
Molly.

* * *

"Do you think we had better force the door?"

"Not yet. She has probably not had her sleep out. You say she has suffered from insomnia for three weeks?"

"Quite. But it is three hours since I gave her the letter and all the knocking has not disturbed her."

With the sound of a bell pealing through the quiet house, Judith fully dressed and radiant opened the door.

"Lord Eric Stafford has just driven up in his motor. I saw him from the window. Please tell the butler I am not at home to anyone else while he is here."

"Are you going down to the drawing room? Are you strong enough?"

"Why not?"

Tommy Canuck After the Great War

By H. M. Tandy

Illustrated from Photographs

GERMANY wants peace. So do we—God knows we do. But as this is written the Allies are seeing to it that Germany's recently loosened Peace Dove, bristling with threats and screaming frightfulness, shall find no spot on which to alight. Peace when she does come, must come as the out-rider of Victory, and the "consciousness of victory" is as strong in us as in them.

But, soon or late, Peace will come. And when it does Canada will have her own particular and acute problems to face, and prominent among them will be that of supplying some half million men, the cream of our people, with homes and work that is both profitable and congenial.

These men have preferred claims to consideration. To meet the situation we who stayed at home will have to display some of the ingenuity, enthusiasm and effort in providing for their future that we are at present lavishing on recruiting.

We cannot force these men back to the land, nor can we argue them back into taking this step. We must make our case as alluring as possible and lay it before them. They will go if they want to—not otherwise. They have done their duty, so we cannot appeal to them on patriotic grounds to "Take this farm and work it for your country's sake and your own."

There is no use disguising the fact that in many quarters farming has a bad name. It is considered hard, un-

profitable and uncongenial work. Those who dwell in cities are apt to group themselves about the portrait of "the Man with the Hoe" sigh in pity and go their several ways.

ARE these the facts? Should men regard farming as the last of all vocations to seek and the first to avoid? If this is so can we, as an honorable

proceed?" something in this manner.

Farming requires an investment in land, buildings, outfit and stock. This, as a matter of finance, is comparatively easy of solution.

Farming requires knowledge, of which commodity we have an unlimited supply in the Agricultural Colleges and stations throughout both west and east.

So the situation, broadly speaking, is this—some glorious day Tommy will be coming home, hundreds and thousands of him, and the scalp of Germany will be dangling at his belt. He will accept our thanks and our applause graciously. Then he will peel off his tunic, roll up his sleeves and enquire "Well, what's to do?"

We will then produce our list and read "Brown & Smith, Iron Moulders, can use 15 men. Pots &

Pans, who make enamel ware, can use 17 men. Greenleaf & Sons want 50 men for their lumber camps" and so on "or you can go farming as per Government Bulletin No. 15."

Tommy having no experience in farming and believing it to be a most undesirable state of existence, will join the staff of Pots & Pans and pass up, unconsciously, the chance of a life time.

For the truth is that Farming is better than a job with Pots & Pans, better than working in Greenleaf's lumber camps, and has it over the Brown & Smith proposition like a tent IF MEN ONLY REALIZED IT.



Millions of open fertile lands in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

people ask those who fought for us to take up such a life?

It is not the intention here to discuss the economic side of providing farms for returned soldiers, or the problems of finance and organization involved, but simply to throw some glimmer of light on the question—Are we justified in asking our returned soldiers to go onto the land?

Any extensive efforts in this direction must of necessity be made in Western Canada, particularly in the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, where lie millions of acres of open, fertile land. But in order to induce returned soldiers to settle there we must, to my mind,



Pitching hay is not work for the under developed.

A farmer works long hours? Yes it is true he does, but most of the employees of Pots & Pans rise painfully at 5.30 a. m. in order to "ring in" an hour and a half later. Makers of time recording clocks have never yet been able to work up a profitable business among the farmers.

"Farm work is hard work," one so often reads. Well maybe. Pitching hay or loading sheaves is not work for the underdeveloped it's true, nor is playing pool suitable training for shovelling grain. But on the other hand riding a sulky plow, a binder or a mower would seem like a happy outing to the men who work for Greenleaf & Sons, and farming in Western Canada in a yearly average, throughout the seasons, is just as pleasant and interesting work as man can find to do on earth.

THIS war has been called "The Great Adventure," and the aptness of the phrase applies most of all to those who left "office jobs" to fight. In Canada and England, and in every country no doubt, there is a class of boys who take to "office jobs" spontaneously, in many cases co-incident with the donning of long trousers. The supply of office help, prior to the war at least, was always ample. Boys in cities and in the country, alas, sought "office work" as naturally as a young duck seeks a slough, and to continue the simile any business would do the boy just as any slough would do the duck. The nearest business—the easiest to get into—the one that maintained the shortest hours—that was the desirable business.

Some of them did splendidly. Some of them became "Heads of Departments." Some of them carved their names deep in the walls of finance and commerce. Some of them waxed fat of purse and person.

Others did none of these things. Others have lost their hair and their youth and their identity and gained little. And if you would care to investigate you will find many a "Zoo" where worn out "office help," pensioners in fact, crawl sleepily in and out among the records.

These men were young and strong once, the very kind of men that would adorn a farm. But it's too late now. They are in the discard. Their race is almost run and the *Man with the Scythe* is gaining, gaining.

They might have done better for themselves. They would have, too, except they had the wrong sense of values in their youth. They thought then farming was hard work, distasteful work, unintellectual work. And so fervently did they believe this that any office was better than the best farm.

Well, "youth must be served" they say. But, to complete the argument, "age must pay."

But many of the boys will come back from war with the knowledge that an "office job" and the prospects that attach to it, will not do. They will know that The dignity of Labor is not simply a cute little grouping of words, and that a man whose work brings the sweat out on his body is probably running closer to natural laws than he who passes sunny afternoons attempting to locate the missing penny in the Trial Balance.

They will not be afraid of Nature when she storms and blows and blusters. The thrice-breathed air of an office will not be sufficient for their stronger lungs. The silly politics of office routine will raise a smile in them I think.

These men are coming back from the Great Adventure with hard, fit bodies, to which, perhaps, the filing of invoices or the posting of ledgers will make no great appeal.

These men will want to farm—many of them have told me so. And if they want to farm, why farm they must. We stay-at-homes must see to that.

But another point. War is dangerous, sickening, loathsome—but there is never a lack of company. Farming by its very nature throws a man on his own resources—during much of the time "he herds alone."

So it is important that the returned soldier who decides to beat his sword into a plowshare should have company.

AND this being so we will do well to make this concession to a deep seated characteristic of human nature, and instead of having a farmer here and there scattered about the prairie with great gaps of land between them the soldier-farmer should have the opportunity of settling in a colony if he so desires. Four families to a section can hardly be called overcrowding, yet it is company enough. Any man that feels lonely under those circumstances had better quit the game before he commences and put in an application for the job of ticket chopper at a movie house. One hundred and sixty acres is just space enough to give an active, ambitious man elbow room and still retain in some measure the family secrets as revealed by the clothes line on Monday morning.

A start in community farming has already been made in Alberta province by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Without dealing too much in details the plan, I understand, is something like this. One hundred and sixty acres constitute a farm. On this land a house is built as well as a barn and other necessary outbuildings. A well is dug, a certain amount of land is broken, fences are erected, and not only this but, incredible as it may seem, if the tenant has sufficient money to pay his living expenses for a year, the C. P. R. will advance him a sum of money, amounting to not more than \$1,000 for investment in stock. In return the company requires only a reasonable interest, in the neighborhood of 6 per cent., I think, and the principal is returned on the basis of half crop payments.

It is not likely that a study of land settlement schemes from the beginning of time will reveal a better plan than

this, or one more likely to succeed, for not only does it give a man the best possible chance of attaining success, but it provides him with friends and neighbors who have interests and aims in common with his own.

Community farming will also facilitate that great and good rural institution — borrowing — without which life in the country would lose too much of its sociability. Private Jones will buy a disc. Corporal Smith, on the adjoining quarter, will not buy a disc. He will buy a packer. But in effect through the magic art of borrowing, each will have both a disc and a packer. And not only that but the journeys and counter journeys that such borrowing involve will place Private Jones in possession of the knowledge that Corporal Smith stopped a nasty growth of Quack Grass by plowing the roots up to the sun.

Yes, put the boys together. We must not "baby" them, nor patronize them. They will turn from us in disgust if we try it. But they have done much for us. For the self respect of the Canadian people and the Canadian Nation, we must spare neither money nor effort to see that no Canadian returned soldier who decides to farm shall find any flaws or discomforts in the schemes we prepare.

IS there money to be made at farming? Well of course, that depends. Any one who knows the west can lead you to districts settled not many years ago by those who had absolutely nothing—or less—and who to-day are owners of quarters, halves, sections and more: cattle to turn off as regularly as fall comes around; horses and sheep and pigs—yes and who have No. 1 wheat in their granaries from last year. If these men had elected to work for Pots & Pans, or Brown & Smith, they would not likely have these things—or the equivalent thereof. For living is high in the cities they tell me, and savings melt swiftly in the gaps "between jobs."

A popular objection to farming is that which deals with fun and amusement—the pepper and salt which flavor life. But fun and amusement are comparative terms. Moving pictures are scarce on the farm, but horses to ride are scarce in the city and far beyond the reach of those who work for Pots & Pans. Theatres don't crowd the trails it is true, but ducks and prairie chickens do and there ARE those who would rather shoot on a Saturday afternoon than rush to a matinee.

A farmer does not lose his job at the whim of a man or a money market. If he wants a holiday—a day or a week—he takes it and no man sayeth him nay. Milk at 11 cents a quart, eggs at

Continued on page 171.



First the clearing, then the home, finally the pay envelope

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER IV.

IT is, I suppose, on the whole, a merciful paradox that we never are actually in the depths of despair when there is the most to despair about.

I had faced the task of outwitting a clever and perfectly unscrupulous villain and of overpowering two of his hired thugs with the most buoyant confidence. By scrambling over the wall and stepping out on the highway a free man, for the moment at least, I had given proof that my confidence was not ill-grounded.

My plan had succeeded beyond anything I could have hoped, the surplus being represented by the three soiled dollar bills and the handful of change in my pocket, and the probability that the guard would see that it was to his interest to take my advice and give me a clear start.

The truth was, however, that my case had never seemed so hopeless as at that moment. The very appearance of freedom that I had seemed to mock me. So long as I had remained inside that wall the other side of it had meant liberty to me. Now that I had succeeded in scrambling over, the troubles of the past seemed absurdly small, while my present difficulties loomed mountains high.

I was certain to be pursued, and for all I knew the pursuit might at this moment be upon my heels; and in addition to that, there came to my mind, for the first time, as I stood there, the thought—faint, remote, like the long-drawn baying note of a distant hound—that possibly after all, I was mad. I, a man without a memory! A man who believed himself to be some one else. he knew not who!

It might be that in climbing that wall and setting off down the road I was escaping from friends whom nothing but my own delusions had turned into enemies.

The terror of that thought had a salutary effect. It stung me into life and action again. The more intrinsic horror of it brought a healthy reaction of feeling in its wake. I took a coin from my pocket and sent it spinning into the air.

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry" the one addressed finally managed to stammer.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to enquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. The doctor wanted to read the manuscript. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks—where he had learned them, he could not remember—the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man.

"Heads, up the road; tails down," I cried.

"Down." The coin had decided it. I slapped it back into my pocket and set off obediently at a brisk pace.

I soon had the satisfaction of discovering that my coin had decided right. I was approaching a town, and a town was what I wanted. It was at towns that trains stopped, and I wanted a train that would carry me to the utmost limits of my three dollars.

I believe that this particular little city, whose outskirts I was just entering, has some reputation for beauty. Indeed, my own recollections of it include beautiful residences and the grateful shade of venerable trees; but, nevertheless, to me it is, and I imagine will always remain, a sort of nightmare.

At the sight of the first man who came walking toward me on the sidewalk it took every ounce of self-discipline that I could bring to bear to keep me from bolting like a frightened

rabbit. I had an absurd feeling that my looks must infallibly betray me as one in flight—more than that, as one in flight from Dr. Berry's highly respectable institution.

When, however, I had succeeded in passing the first man without stopping and saying to me, "Here you, come back with me to Dr. Berry!" I drew in a great gasp of relief. But I had the same sensation of terror, only a little milder, for every passerby I met.

The windings of the streets confused me. Yet I dared not ask my way for fear of betraying myself. If I were to summon my courage to the point of asking some one to direct me to the railway station, I should be quite at a loss, I reflected, if he were to ask, "Which station?"

If he were to supplement that query by asking me where I wanted to go, my plight would be desperate indeed. I had not the name of a single town in my mind. If I were to attempt to answer my inquiring friend truthfully and say that I wanted to go anywhere that was three dollars' worth of travel away from here, I should offer him no alternative but to call the nearest policeman.

For a while—I have no means of estimating how long—I wander aimlessly about, now breaking into a run, and then checking myself sharply. At last, when I was nearly in despair and all but exhausted, I found myself approaching the place I had been looking for.

My first glance about me, as I entered the waiting-room of the station, was reassuring. The long line of men before the ticket-window was evidence that a train was going to leave for somewhere before very long.

I took my place in the line, relying on what I should learn before I reached the window for the answer I was to make when the agent should say, "Where?"

The conversation between the two men immediately in front of me soon gave me what I wanted.

"How much is the fare anyway?" said one of them.

"Round trip or single?" inquired the other.

"Heavens!" said the first man "I don't want to come back."

This was evidently a joke, for they both laughed. The man who knew said:

"One way it is three dollars and a half."

The change in my pocket amounted to fifty-six cents. My destination was decided. I did not yet know where it was, but the man just in front of me was going there and the cost of going lay just within the limit of my worldly wealth. Whatever he said to the agent I would echo when my turn came.

There were perhaps twenty men between me and the window when I stepped into line. It was moving very slowly for some reason, and I had not got more than a quarter of the way when the door by which I had entered opened with a bang from the propelling thrust of some one in a hurry. We all looked to see who the newcomer was.

The rest of the men in the line turned back again after a mere glance. The person who had come in meant nothing to them one way or the other, I suppose, but as for me, I stood rooted to my place like a man in a nightmare, unable, under the numb paralysis of fear, even to turn my face away.

The man was Dr. Berry!

How he missed seeing my pale, terror-stricken face staring straight at him, I do not know. Of course, I had no other idea at the time than that he had come in pursuit of me, though events soon proved me wrong—proved that he had no idea that I had even escaped.

Even at that, I think he would have seen me had it not been for the fact that I was standing in line. The eye treats a long file of men, waiting as we were with a common object, not as a series of individuals at all, but simply as a thing which will require a given amount of time to pass a certain point.

The moment his glance had traveled over us without lighting on me, I regained my nerve again, turned quickly away, and held my place in the line. Dr. Berry walked straight to the window and spoke to the agent over the head of the man who was buying a ticket.

"Has that special train come in yet?" he demanded.

I could not hear the agent's reply, but evidently it was to the effect that it had not.

The doctor turned away from the window with the air of one who, after a great hurry, finds that he has arrived on time. He still showed traces of excitement, however, and instead of settling down to wait quietly, paced impatiently back and forth the length of the waiting-room.

He passed within an arm's length of me a dozen times, I suppose, and his

eye must have run over me in my place in the line fully as often, but his thoughts were elsewhere and he never noticed.

I realized that my danger would be much greater after I had bought my ticket and had become a detached individual again in the crowd that was waiting for the gateman to open the door and let us out on the station-platform. Well, there was nothing to do but to chance it, and I had taken much longer chances during the past twenty-four hours.

The man in front of me had reached



I saw the face of the man addressed as Duggleby

the window. He laid down three dollars and a half and said:

"New York."

The sound of those two words gave me an immediate feeling of something near to joy. It was a place that I knew; I was sure of that. I had had no conscious knowledge of that name a moment before, but the mere sound of it lifted a little the blank from off my past.

I shoved my own money under the grill, and was in the act of repeating the words myself, when the agent, with-

out a glance at me, craned his neck to see beyond me, and called aloud:

"Dr. Berry."

I swayed where I stood. Had I been able to command the mere physical strength for such an effort I should no doubt have bolted, but with my knees giving way under me such a thing was clearly out of the question.

"Yes?" said the doctor interrogatively.

"That special train you were waiting for is in," said the agent.

"In the station now?" repeated the doctor angrily. "Why was I not told?"

"It has only just come in, sir," said the agent. Then he called to the gate-keeper:

"Let Dr. Berry out."

The doctor was shouldering his way through the crowd to the door.

"Where did you say?" said the agent to me.

"New York."

The words were only a whisper. I had to repeat them twice before he heard, and impatiently slapped down a ticket before me.

The gate-keeper opened the door; Dr. Berry started out, then stopped short in the doorway. A man coming in at the same moment almost collided with him, but the doctor showed no sign of anger.

"Mr Duggleby!" he exclaimed. "I am very, very glad you have come."

I heard the name and saw the face of the man addressed as Duggleby as he stood a moment, resting his bag and silk hat upon the counter. And somehow the sight and the sound together seemed to ring a little bell of recognition away down within me.

I knew the name, I knew the face—a shrewd, intelligent, rather cruel, deeply lined, middle-aged face. That man belonged in my past.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOMAN IN THE CAB.

THE crowd in the waiting-room had forced me so close that either the doctor or Mr. Duggleby could have touched me with their hands. Luckily neither dreamed that I was anywhere but in the safe-keeping of the two bruisers, to whose tender mercies I had been entrusted. But I had a monopoly of their thoughts; there could be no doubt of that.

"It was utterly unexpected," the doctor was saying, "his coming back to consciousness that way. I really got a fright when the guard brought me the news. I didn't entirely get over it until I learned from him that by some queer freak his memory had got left behind.

"That would have been serious, and even as things stood I thought it well

to send for you. He is extraordinarily shrewd in a way. His mind seems to work all the quicker for not having any memory to ballast it."

Mr. Duggleby frowned and cast a quick glance about the crowd, which made me duck unceremoniously.

"This is not quite the place to talk about it," he said in a low tone. "You have a carriage here, I suppose?"

"My automobile is waiting," said Dr. Berry, and a moment later they disappeared through the other door.

Then the train we had been waiting for came thundering in, and I learned that it was an express. The three hour's ride on the train gave me ample time for planning. Detectives would, of course, be waiting for me at the terminal, but I thought of a plan by which I hoped to be able to give them the slip. Once it was decided upon, I leaned comfortably back in my seat and went to sleep.

I had eaten nothing since my half-finished, opium-drugged meal of the night before, and already the afternoon was well advanced. Sleep was the best substitute for food that I could get, and curiously enough, it came to me readily.

I waked, as it happened, none too soon. The car was all astir with the preliminary bustle which announces the expected arrival of a train at its terminus. Already we were jolting over the switches in the yard.

I sprang to my feet, hurried down the aisle, and in utter defiance of the protests of the brakeman, swung myself off.

The air was alive with the shriek of whistles and the clang of bells, and great blinding headlights peered this way and that through the gathering dusk. I was shouted at, cursed, all but arrested by one irate watchman, who must have thought I contemplated suicide, and had, no doubt, a good many hairbreadth escapes that I knew nothing about; but I emerged at last into the comparative quiet of a dingy, ill-paved street.

I had no idea where I was going—that is to say, the man who was only a little over twenty-four hours old had no idea—but I walked rapidly on with perfect confidence. I was just learning the lesson which in the next few days was to be of such incalculable service to me; namely, that I am never so sure of going right as when I have given myself over completely to instinct. When I do that I have a comfortable sense that the man I once was—a man who must have known many aspects of the world wisely and well—is in charge.

I went on so for some time, turning now to the right, now to the left, never under a moment's hesitation as to my true course, and when at last I found myself walking along another railroad track into another station, I knew that

the man I once was had guided me right.

I had no money for a ferry-ticket, but an arriving throng of passengers on a train that had just pulled into the station saved me from embarrassment on that head. Deliberately and quite unchallenged, I walked under a sign marked "Desbrosses Street" and out onto a ferry-boat.

A few minutes later I was threading my way among the maze of streets in down-town New York. The first stage of my fight was at an end. I was perfectly sure that I had eluded direct pursuit. No stealthy figure was tracking my steps as I made my way toward City Hall Park. I was in one of the finest hiding-places in the world, a great city.

Yet I knew that a moment of over-confidence and a single careless blunder might prove fatal even now. Two causes led me to drop down upon a bench in the crowded little square. One was the necessity I felt for laying out a plan of action, and the other the sheer exhaustion of hunger. That was really a great danger.

My enemies had no doubt learned hours ago from the guard exactly how much money I had set out with. If they were as shrewd as I believed them to be they would have inferred with reasonable certainty that I had come to New York.

At any rate, they would know that, if I had come to New York, I had arrived penniless. Acting on that chain of deductions, they would certainly station their detectives at those points where a half-starved and penniless man might be expected to turn up—the police stations, the hospitals, and the relief-depots of the Salvation Army.

I felt fairly sure after I had followed that line of thought to the end that if I were to faint from hunger here where I sat—and I knew I was not far from it—that act would mark the end of my brief liberty. I must get food at once and get it without begging for it.

I rose somewhat stiffly from my bench, and again put my affairs in the hands of the unknown stranger, myself—my real self, I mean—whose identity it was my task to ascertain. There was a certain peril in this proceeding, I knew. My instincts might be trusted to know this city, I was sure, but how could I be sure that they would not take me, like a homing-pigeon, straight back into the very citadel of my enemy?

However, that danger was one I could not possibly avoid. I would simply hope for better luck.

I walked northward past the bridge terminal, and with the perfect certainty of what must have been old acquaintance, turned to the right and plunged into the labyrinth of New York's lower

East Side. I walked a few squares, and stopped in front of a dingy little pawn-shop. The only thing I had to put in pawn was the clothing upon my back, but that was of fine quality and perfectly new.

The pawnbroker was doing a rushing business and I had a few moments of leisure to look him over before he could attend to my needs. He was a rare bird, I am sure, in that corner of the world anyway. There was nothing Oriental in his looks.

I felt pretty sure, from the look in his gray eye, when he finally turned it upon me, that he knew me, but he was far too discreet to acknowledge it, and I, under the circumstances, dared not give him a lead, dearly as I wanted to.

"I want to pawn these clothes," I said, when he asked me what he could do for me.

"All of them?" he inquired with a twinkle.

"The whole outfit," I assured him.

He took that reply with a roar of laughter.

"And go out naked?" he demanded.

"I couldn't allow that."

"Oh, there's another half to the bargain," said I. "I want to buy some others. The best I can get that will still leave me three or four dollars to boot in my pocket."

"You're not asking much, are you?" he said satirically, but there was a kindly undertone in his voice for all that. "Three or four dollars! What do you think I am going to allow you on them, to say nothing of what you will wear away? Old clothes are old clothes."

"These are not old, though," I told him. "You can sell them to a misfit house for ten dollars to-morrow. The clothes you will give me won't have cost you one. There is a hundred per cent profit; that ought to suit you."

I surprised myself more than I did him by my assurance in bargaining. If I were an old customer of his I was one who knew the ropes.

We dickered about it for a while, and presently I secured an outfit which would not absolutely condemn me as a vagrant at first glance and two dollars to boot.

"What name?" he asked when the bargain was concluded.

I was prepared for that question.

"Andrew Meiklejohn," I said.

He shot me a quick look. Evidently it was not the name he knew me by.

"And the address?" he went on.

That question I had not foreseen, and the result was that I answered instinctively. At the answer I gave him he broke for a second time into a full-mouthed laugh, and on second thought I could not wonder at it, for I had told him I lived at a prominent hotel. I suppose I betrayed some confusion be-

fore I could take my cue from him and treat my reply as a pleasantry.

"Getting it a bit mixed, aren't you?" he asked.

By that time I had recovered myself.

"Oh, let it go at that," said I.

I changed my clothes and walked out of the shop. My legs were in charge again, and they took me straight to a dingy little coffee-house, where I ate as I am willing to wager I had never eaten before. There were no drugs in that food.

I wonder if it was fate that took charge of my wanderings after I left the coffee-house. It was not instinct, not that well-informed stranger, myself, who had led me so unerringly, to the good-humored Irish pawnbroker, for I was on the track now of a discovery which my unknown self could never have foreseen.

I was strolling up the Bowery too tired to think or to lay my plans for getting the steady job which I knew would be the only guarantee against my falling, within a day or two, into the hands of my shrewd and relentless enemies.

I suppose I took the Bowery because it was pleasantly crowded with people who looked enough like me in my transformed state to prevent my being conspicuous. I was not even planning where I should pass the night. That question would solve itself, no doubt, in an hour or two. For the present I was perhaps the most utterly idle, purposeless wail on all that crowded thoroughfare.

I was strolling north on the west side of the street, and had no recollection of how far I had gone, when after dodging across one of the broader east and west streets—it may have been Canal, though I hardly think I had gone so far—I paused on the north curb. There was a little huddle of vehicles there, delayed for a moment to let the stream of cross-town traffic go by, and conspicuous among them by its comparative rarity in that neighborhood, was a private brougham.

My eye rested on it as it had rested on the others, listless, indifferent, but in the space of that single glance the whole face of the world changed. My heart stopped dead still. Then, at the end of a suffocating second it leaped forward again madly.

The interior of the carriage was brightly lighted and in the oval window I saw a woman's profile. Even now, when the memory of it is a week old, I

can hardly command my pen to describe it sanely. A small head, delicately erect, a mass of lustrous black hair which curved up under her black hat in a line unbroken by any stray locks, a face rather pale, and in its detail of nostril, lips, and chin, wonderfully finely chiseled.

The eyes, under their fine, even brows and in the shadow of her long curving lashes, were luminous, frank, steadfast, but they had, or at least I fancied they had as I recalled the moment later, a hint of tragedy in them.

And I, on the curb, a homeless and all but hopeless vagrant, stood staring through that little oval window spell-bound. The face was the face of the woman of my dreams!



He was a rare bird in that corner of the world

CHAPTER VI.

LOST!

THE brougham had started on again and was perhaps half-way down the next block before I had recovered from the daze into which the sight of her had thrown me. Then, stifling the outcry that rose to my lips, I set out in mad pursuit, running, dodging in and out among the vehicles, like a man demented.

Even at my best speed of course the carriage kept leaving me farther and farther behind. I thought I had lost her, but at that moment a trolley-car came flying along, its motors screaming with the stress of full speed. It was a distinctly hazardous proceeding to attempt to board it in full flight, but in

similar circumstances I should have jumped at an express-train.

More by luck than by anything else I succeeded in scrambling onto the running-board and into the car, sustaining no more serious damage than a painful wrench to my arms and whatever shock my feelings may have suffered from the imprecations of the conductor, who assured me I deserved to have been killed.

I paid him my fare, and then leaned out to look ahead. We were rapidly overtaking the carriage.

Once we ran alongside, and this time I noticed that the lady of my dreams was not alone in the carriage. A young man was sitting beside her, a very smart young gentleman, somewhere about my own age. He was good-looking—in the loose sense in which that term is used—but he did not look very good.

The expression on his well-made features was distinctly cynical, almost saturnine. If he had caught a glimpse of me, straining out from my seat in the trolley-car, that I might gaze to advantage on the wonderful face of the girl who sat beside him, and could have known the feelings with which I was looking at it, how he would have laughed! Or would he, I wonder? Perhaps his expression would have been grimmer.

The brougham was delayed by some slowly moving vehicle in front, and our car darted ahead, they turning in behind us on the track. We were nearing the bridge terminal where my car stopped, and I, fancying they would turn west toward one of the down-town ferry stations, feared I was going to lose them.

To my relief, and equally to my surprise, they stopped at the curb only a few paces away from the terminal itself. I slipped off the car and made my way back toward it. I came up well within earshot before I stopped. If it was dishonorable to listen to their conversation—well, let the dishonor be on my head. He seemed to be protesting against her leaving the vehicle.

"Really, it's absurd, you know," he said, "that I should put you down here and leave you to make your way alone through all that crush. At least, let me take you across the bridge. Then I will let you go wherever you like, and on my word of honor I will make no attempt to follow."

"No, no," she said, rising decisively as if to put an end to the argument. "It is a compromise as it is, you know,

and really, I can't let you come any farther."

He rose without any further insistence and helped her down to the curb.

"I am sorry it has all turned out to be so futile," he said. "I didn't know myself that father had gone until just a few minutes before you came, and I had no means of letting you know. I am sure he would not have broken the appointment if he could have helped it.

"I don't know what it was that called him away. His message only said that he had had some disquieting news and had been obliged to go down into New Jersey for a day or two. I know he took a special train, so you may be sure it was important."

"Oh, I understand perfectly," she said. "Two or three days don't matter much after all these months."

The words evidently meant more to the young man than appeared on the surface.

"You must not think too badly of us," he said. "I don't wonder that your father is suspicious. Inventors are nearly all like that. It is not a bit surprising that he should go off and hide himself and not let us know his address. But you must not share those suspicions yourself. That would be too absurd.

"Come, just to show there is no ill feeling, let me take you home. I won't look where we are going, and you need not tell your father I did it. So where would be the harm?"

"That's quite out of the question," she said, and her voice had a cutting edge to it. "Good night, Mr. Duggleby."

What I was thinking of, as I skulked there in the shadow, was what course I should take when the other man left her. There she stood—the woman I had said I would search the world to find. There was the face that had come in my dreams; that had encouraged me through every perilous moment during my escape from the asylum; and in my dreams when she had looked at me from under the shadow of those curving lashes, there had been love in her eyes.

Would they brighten with the same fire now if I were to stand before her, demanding recognition? The thing seemed absurd when I thought of the difference between us—she standing there beside the carriage from which she had just dismounted, patrician in every line and clad in beautiful tailored simplicity, and I—the shabby, penniless scarecrow which the events of the last twenty-four hours had reduced me to—shuffling off a few paces in the dark to avoid being "moved on" by the suspicious policeman.

My unknown self had been a gentleman, whether she knew him or

not, and it seemed rather cruel to him, as well as to her, to present to her this travesty on him. Still, my overwhelming eagerness kept me in doubt; held my decision trembling in the balance until the utterance of that last word, the name of "Duggleby."

I shrank back at it, perfectly instinctively, and for a few seconds my mind raced at lightning speed. There had been more than coldness in her manner to him; there had been dread. He was her enemy as well as in my present state mine. Yet the discovery of who I was would put an added burden upon her and I should be no better than a coward if I were to ask her to assume it.

There was comfort in the discovery, though. Her use of that man's name convinced me that my dreams had not lied to me. I was sure that if I were to say:

"I am in flight; I have just escaped from the asylum where Mr. Duggleby has had me shut up, and from which he meant that I never should escape"—just those words and no more, I should see a flush of recognition coloring the pale face, and should feel the clasp of two friendly hands—friendly if no more than that. Yes! There was comfort in that thought, at least.

I had let her walk past me and get half-way up the stairs to the elevated platform before it occurred to me that though I could not call on her for help, I might, at least, try to learn the secret which was denied to the Dugglebys. I could follow her to her home and then, when I was in a position to bring help, not to ask it, I should know where to find her.

I rushed up the steps two at a time, but she had been walking briskly, and I did not immediately overtake her. The train was standing at the platform ready to depart, and all I saw was the disappearing flash of her skirt as she entered it.

I had no time to reach the platform of the car she had entered, only barely succeeded, in fact, in squeezing past the closing gate of the car nearest me. I made my way through the train as rapidly as its crowded condition would permit, to the foremost end of the front car, and then all the way back again, scrutinizing every face.

It was a long time before I would admit to myself the possibility that I had been mistaken, but at last the fact became so evident that I had to admit it. Heart-sick, I sank into the nearest seat. My eyes had played me false. I had taken the wrong train. I had lost her.

CHAPTER VII.

I GET A JOB.

IT has since struck me that Fate was attempting to play rather a grim joke upon me when I discovered that

the destination of my train was Coney Island. While I sat there, heart-sick that the little gleam of hope which for a moment should have been vouchsafed me had been so quickly extinguished, I was listening involuntarily and wholly automatically to the jokes, the giggles, the light-hearted and rather empty-headed merriment of a crowd of people who could apparently be made perfectly happy by the simple process of shooting the chutes.

Why I did not get off the train and take another back to New York I hardly know. Probably because I simply lacked the initiative and the energy to do anything; or, perhaps, again Fate was serious.

At any rate, I did not move from my seat until the train had made its last stop. Then I drifted out with the crowd and was caught in the great current that flowed and eddied and swirled but never stagnated along that remarkable thoroughfare known as Surf Avenue, but none of all its well-assorted wonders had any power to divert or amuse me, even for a moment.

Presently, to escape from the glare and the glare of it, I found my way down to the beach.

I did not find solitude even here, but there was a good surf rolling in, and its thunderous diapason drowned out the strident human noises which had disturbed me. Under its influence the mad circular whirl of my thoughts, which I feared would drive me mad, if I were not mad already, was quieted.

One by one—or two by two, to put it more accurately—the strollers who had shared the beach with me went their way, packed themselves into clanking trains or noisy excursion steamers, and sought their homes. That strip of sand, with the great combers creeping up beyond, was all the home I had, and at last I had it to myself. And with the solitude came sleep—the heavy sleep of complete exhaustion.

In my former state I am coming to believe I must have been a vagrant or a millionaire. When I wakened the next morning, and pretty well on in the morning it must have been, judging by the height of the sun, I was not in the least distressed by the fact that I had little more than a dollar in the world and no notion in the world how I was going to earn another.

I shook the sand out of my hair, and then proceeded to invest nearly one-fourth of my worldly wealth in the luxury of a sea bath. The attendant at the bathing-house looked at me curiously, and I don't wonder, for the experience of encountering a tatter-demalion figure like mine at ten o'clock in the morning at Coney Island, wanting to spend twenty-five cents for the rental of a bathing-suit, must have been new to him.

It was no extravagance for me, however; perhaps it was the most sensible investment I could have made. I found I was a good swimmer, and the experience of battling with those heavy surges effectually washed away the doubts, fears, and disappointments which had threatened to paralyze my energy, and left me my own man again.

When it was over, when, refreshed in mind and body, I resumed, though somewhat ruefully, the outfit of clothing which my friend O'Brien had provided me with, I still had the price of a breakfast in my pocket. What more could a man ask?

But Surf Avenue, as I soon found, is rarely called upon to supply a casual wayfarer with breakfast. It was almost deserted, and I had to walk perhaps two hundred yards before I found a place that appeared to be open for business. I came upon one at last, however, a sort of combination concert-hall and saloon that was just opening up.

An extremely dirty, blear-eyed waiter was wiping off the sticky tops of the iron tables with a very questionable-looking mop. The room was a large one, containing perhaps two hundred tables. At the farther end of it a gaudily painted and indescribably shabby proscenium arch and drop-curtain proclaimed the existence of a stage.

An upright piano stood before the centre of it, and a

battered bass viol and a drum with cymbals attached hinted at an orchestra. The whole place reeked indescribably with the remains of the orgy of the night before.

But for the vivifying preparation of a sea bath I could not have thought of breakfasting there. Luckily, however, I was in no critical mood and I approached the waiter:

"Can I get some ham and eggs and a cup of coffee here?" I asked.

He eyed me with mingled reluctance and suspicion:

"Vell," he said in beery accents, "I subbose you can if you have got the brice."

"Go ahead and order it, then," said I, and I suppose my manner must have carried conviction though my appear-

of something, and it was rather puzzling to decide what it could be. I was no longer hungry, but I certainly felt that my breakfast had been incomplete.

The waiter unconsciously gave me the cue by lighting the stump of a half-unwrapped cigar. That was it! I wanted to smoke. It was simply another little piece in the mosaic I was constructing of the identity of myself, and I welcomed it accordingly.

I paid for my breakfast and bought a cigar, which reduced my worldly capital to a few odd dimes and nickels. Well, it was high time that I should be doing something. I ought to be back in New York at this moment hunting a job.

The reason I did not go was simply that the instinctive man in me—the man who had just demanded a smoke—was still in clamorous rebellion. What he was pointing toward now was the battle-scarred piano at the other end of the hall.

"It's utterly absurd," I told myself. "What if you can play the piano? Is this the time and place to try it?"

Yet he had led me right before, and perhaps he deserved some concession. The waiter was still lingering near my table. I pushed fifteen cents toward him. Then, leaving him stupefied with astonishment, I deliberately walked down the hall, seated myself before the piano, and began to play.

I had no idea what I was playing, but I knew that that row of white and black ivory beneath my fingers accepted me submissively as master. I don't know how much later than that it was, probably not more than four or five minutes, when the sound of heavy breathing at my elbow caused me to look around.

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He helped her down to the curb.

ance did not, for without further demur he walked away and disappeared through a greasy door which I supposed led to the kitchen.

The quality of the food, when it came after considerable delay, was much better than appearances had led me to expect, and I cleared my platter with enthusiasm. When I had finished, however, I was still conscious of a lack



Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White

A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesman back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesmen wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him, but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.



As the bookkeeper finished his story the train porter appeared and tried to light the swaying oil lights that had been called into service when the electric current had been broken. Night had approached swiftly and only a dim ghost like fog of flying snow could be seen from the car window.

"Looks like we will be here all night," said the dark one.

"Lord, I hope not," exclaimed the wholesaler. "I had one experience of that sort and that, indirectly, was what caused me to take out a policy on my business. I might explain, gentlemen, that the Lord has blessed me with a fair share of this world's goods and that ten years ago, the time I took out insurance, I was as well off as I am now. At least, I thought I was, but it was the realization of how shallow is the water over the reefs of business that brought me to my senses and sent me scurrying for protection. But here is the story:

"Ten years ago, about this time of the year, I was called to a western city on an important business matter. I am married and have two children, now pretty well grown, but at the time of my adventure mere babies. I left them with my wife in our comfortable home, guarded by several servants, and secure in their belief that the world was a mighty good place. They had never known what it was to miss a single comfort or luxury. My wife was in the same position. She was the daughter of well-to-do people and at their death their fortune was added to my own. Business was good and my affairs showed a steady gain. In fact, I was in a position to give thanks and as my train whirled away that night I sat in the smoking room with a good cigar and spent the time counting my blessings and planning new joys for my family. I had left my business affairs in the hands of my manager and my head bookkeeper. Both had been with me for many years and were as familiar with the details of the firm as I was.

"I remember picking up a newspaper just before going to bed and reading therein of a former business acquaintance who had met a sudden death and whose affairs were found to be in such a state that, although actually well-to-do his business rivals managed to ruin his firm before the tangle could be straightened. I remember shaking my head over the affair and mentally declaring that there was no excuse for such carelessness. I thought complacently of my own affairs and how well they would run on if anything should happen to me. This, at least, was my first thought.

"It was an hour later when I was in my berth that the thought came to me to go over my affairs in an effort to see what would happen if I should

meet with death without warning. The more I thought about it the more nervous I became. Certain notes were due and, while I had arranged to meet them, my arrangements had been made with a firm in another city. It was doubtful if they ever would hear of my death until too late. My office men would not know what to do in a matter of this kind. It would be weeks before my lawyers could clear up things and in that time the entire business might be ruined. I thought of certain verbal orders I had given, of shipments that would be dead timber on the firm's hands without my plan of turning them over. The plan was not perfected and I had hesitated to put it to paper until it was.

"The more I thought the more nervous I became. It was nearly morning when I finally drifted off to sleep and while I had resolved to put things in better shape on my return, I knew that there would always be some things that might endanger the business that no one but myself could handle.

MORNING came and I awoke with the feeling that all was not well. The train was standing still and it was very cold in the cars. I thrust my head out of my berth and gazed into the aisle. A half dozen men and women were talking together in low tones and I could see they were annoyed and peevish. I tumbled into my clothes and joined the group. It was only a moment until I realized the trouble. We were stalled in a snow-drift. In fact, it looked very much as if we were there to stay for 24 hours at least. The tracks were blocked before and behind us and a heavy wind was driving a cloud of snow before it. There was nothing to do but wrap up in our overcoats and sit down and wait. A brakeman told us of a snowslide just ahead and explained that we had missed death by less than a rod. This was not cheerful and I found myself in a blue funk. The day grew colder and colder and we soon suffered physically as well as mentally. However, I will not bore you with the details of that halt in the snowfields. Let me say it was nearly 48 hours before we finally steamed into a town with an extra engine ahead of us, our own having gone dead for lack of coal.

"The first thing we saw as we scrambled from our train was a half dozen newsboys with 'extras.' We discovered we were the cause of the extra. Report had reached the town that our train was under the snowslide and that every soul had perished. This story had flashed across the country and with horror I realized its effect on my wife and children. I dashed for the telegraph office and sent a hurry message to my wife and business asso-



After ten minutes of conference I was in possession of the facts. The report of my death had caused a rush of small creditors

ciates. A cheerful answer from my wife lifted the load a good bit, but another wire from my managers promptly laid it back on.

"For heaven's sake hurry home," he wired. 'Business going to smash.' I wired him back that I was coming and in a mixture of fear and wonderment I took another route home. In my office, as I entered, a calm hum of business in its usual channels greeted me. The clerks were busy and the typewriters clicked and the office boys were loafing beside my door.

"The sight was a relief. I had expected most anything else. In fact I had even pictured a sheriff standing before a padlocked door or a long line

of creditors awaiting my appearance with anger and a disposition to attack my person. My manager rushed out to meet me and led me into the inner office. After ten minutes of conference I was in possession of the facts. The report of my death in the snowslide had caused a rush of small creditors, always fearsome.

"This was the start and a thrill was felt all through the world in which I did business. Even the banks were affected and their men had called at the office. Notes came in, credit swayed and in 24 hours my firmly established business was on the verge of a smash. My manager had done

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The Measure of Values

By N. B. Watson

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

*Being a Tale Based upon the Appraisal of Values
from Different Points of View*

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, they say; and, faith, 'tis true, as I have usually found in my experience. When a wench wills a man will discover a way, and 'tis a pretty frequent trick they have of willing, even despite their parents and their guardians. I have an eye for a lover, and, if I cannot be he, I am content to let him be himself, more especially if the maid be not too much to my fancy. But there is no denying but what the girl I saw at the "Green Man" out of Shrewsbury was a mighty taking creature. She was a slim pretty wench that knew how to use her clothes, and that a nod and a toss were not all the weapons that a girl needs to her hand. She sighed and smiled like any angel at the young oaf at her side. Well, it was not that he was an oaf, for I am only calling him that in that he was of a rustic habit. He was passably well-jointed, and had a smooth ingenuous face that was ripe, you might think, for sheer folly. But he was tolerable, though the wench was too handsome for him with her style. And yet with the perversity of her sex, 'twas plain her heart was set on him, and that she would not merely ogle him, whatsoever she might do to others.

She sat t'other side of the room, eating of her food, and casting me mild glances now and then, in part of wonder, no doubt; but I am not unaccustomed to the battery of female eyes. So I gave her back her shot with interest, and presently, as if she thought she had done enough mischief, she turned to her man and gave him her attention. She hung on him, the sweetling, till I was driven to believe she was maybe as innocent of heart as of eye; and so I fell, too, and, having gotten a quart of good wine under my jacket, I mellowed towards 'em. Lord, they were turtle doves a-cooing, and the one helped t'other with a titbit,

and t'other would and would not. 'Twas pretty enough for idle eyes. But 'twas time I was away, and so I rose and made for the door; the which I had no sooner reached than there was a tap on my shoulder.

"The devil!" says I, whipping out my sword.

But it was only Master Turtle with a kerchief that had fallen from my pocket.

"Ye're a pleasant friendly youth, lad," said I, "and your sweetheart would tempt a monk," I said.

"Sir!" he cried, making as if to draw himself up; but I gave him a friendly push.

"Faith, my gosling," I said, "make no trouble of me. I am the kestrel that flieth; and my nest's in a wildness"; and then observing the girl to be looking on me with interest I made a leg at her. "Let her bloom, lad" I said, "I'll not do more than smell at an innocent flower."

"Sir, I am beholden," he stammered, seeming not to understand, but wishing to be civil.

"I'll warrant there's a snug household to be set up somewhere," I said, "and plenty of children to fill it. I give you my compliments."

"You are good, sir," said this raw innocent. "But we are not wed."

"Aye, and June hath not come," said I. "But 'tis merry May."

And somehow I was seized of a sudden with a notion, and I went back across the room to the table, calling upon the innkeeper.

"I will drink to a pretty maid's eyes—and to her happiness," said I, "and here's a good man maybe will indulge me in the toast."

"That I will," says he stoutly, looking mighty pleased.

So when the wine was come we drank, while Miss blushed and simpered to a nicety.

"To a full house!" said I, winking

at the young fellow; at which Miss blushed the deeper, and set by her glass hesitantly. "You will not boggle at the toast," said I to him.

"No, for sure," says he boldly, and drank it like a man, but it caught in his throat, and he fell a-coughing and a-spluttering.

"Lord love these innocents!" says I, seating myself, and staring at the girl with admiring eyes. She was fair like a May flower and dainty as blue skies in Spring, and it was a little time ere she could recover from her confusion.

"Name the day," said I, "and I will make free to send a wedding gift."

They looked on each other, and says the man, "Sir, you are good, but 'tis not determined."

"What!" cried I, "with that eloquent piece before me, you have not settled? If I waited a sennight I should deserve my peepers blinded," I said, "and not to tell black from white, or beauty from a beast?"

"O, sir, you mistake," he said, showing some earnestness. "The fault lies not with me."

"'Tis my father," she panted, speaking for the first time, and in a pretty rural accent.

I nodded. "Ay, old hunks. I see well. 'Tis often so. They will not remember youth and roses and the bloom of May. Rip me, I would learn him had I the old thing here."

"Joan's father," says the young man, being thus encouraged, "is of an ill name."

"Well, Joan's a pretty one to make up," I said, laughing.

"Nay, but sir, 'tis a hard situation," he went on earnestly, "and as you are so kind you may like to hear it."

"Say on, my hero," said I, ordering another bottle, and crossing my legs under the table.

"'Tis this way," said he, eagerly. "Master Appleton took a wife when

he was grown thin of blood and all that was human in him was burnt like a savaged heath in summer."

"He should ha' known better," said I, burying my nose in the pot.

"And as he grew older his blood ran thinner," said the young man, now fairly taken up with his story, "so that his riches became to him more than wife or child."

"Riches are good," said I, "but I have known women I liked better."

"Then, sir, you will see how tragic this grew," says he mournfully. "For the mother died, and the child lived on with this hoarding miser, that would not use her as his own flesh and blood."

"An old skinflint!" said I. "I would I had him at the tip of my toasting fork."

"So that his happiness is naught to him," says this ceremonious youth, "and though I can offer her an honorable place, being school-master to the village with no less than thirty pounds a year, he refuses, sir, his consent and grudges his daughter as he doth his hoarded wealth, and will not suffer me in his house, desiring a wealthier suitor for her that shall pay him for the bridal."

"So that ye are driven to meet thus?" I put in, with a smile at the girl that was as good

as words, for I was by this wondering what in the devil's name had made her take up with this long-winded, church-jabbering, mim-mouthed son of a curate.

"You have guessed rightly, sir," says he, "though I deplore the necessity."

"Deplore your wig and waistcoat," said I. "You should thwack old hunks until he cried for mercy."

"Sir!" he cried, in surprise.

"There is only one way with fools and madmen," I said, "and that's the cudgel. There be some that add women to the list," I said, giving the maid a look, "but not I. I am of another kidney."

"I fear we have taxed you with this idle talk"—begins this sacristan, but I stopped his mouth.

"Oh, drink," says I, "drink to a

better sense and more spirit, and confusion to old Hunks, the Miser." I winked at Miss, and tossing off my liquor, rose to go. If I was to reach my destination that night I must be a horse, and, to say the truth, I was weary of the parsonical youth, though I should have liked well enough to have had the girl for company longer. He rose and gave me a bow, this pew-opener, and I doffed to Miss, and so got forth.

'Twas a fine night, and, though



I walked gently forward along the lanes of the village, singing like an innocent child at nurse

'twas late for my errand, I walked gently forward along the lanes, pretty content in mind, and singing like an innocent child at nurse. Finally I mounted and had got a mile or so away when I descried against the twilight of the sky a man jogging along toward me; and at the same time I caught the measured tramp, tramp, tramp of a horse's pads, on the highway. I reined in, and waited, with the silly wine in my noddle; and of a sudden I burst out on the traveller as he reached the turn of the road where I stood. Lord, it was like roampadding of a sheep for all his squeals. He was an elderly thin man, something lanky, but bowed in his shoulders, and he carried a bundle and a great blunderbuss. This latter he slewed round about towards me with a cry of terror as I came up, as if it had swung on a

swivel, and bang went the contents right across the mare's crupper, starting her.

"Damn your silly head," said I. "D'ye think that is the way barkers should be used? I have half a mind to give you a lesson and take you for a target. Meanwhile and whilst I ponder it, friend, out with purse and baubles."

At that he thrust at his nag with a whip, and tried to make off, but I caught the reins and seeing the niny I had to deal with I gave him a caution.

"Look you, you shall have great wide holes in you by thunder you will, corporal, if you do not lend some sense to your actions. Think you, I have took all this trouble for to let you slip, strike me merry?"

I took him by the shoulders and shook him so that he nearly rolled out of the saddle, and set up a cry, "I have naught—I have naught," he says, "I have spent all at market. I call Heaven to witness I have naught."

"That's as may be," I replied, "and I will e'en take the freedom of sounding those lean pockets."

"Sir," he implored me, "I beg you will spare me. I am a poor man, and have but the savings I am taking to my unhappy daughter."

"Why, if there be a lady in the case," I said, "I will maybe call a change of tune. But, you miserable old serpent," I said, "you blow hot and cold, all in one moment. Disgorge my Beelzebub."

"Sir," he says, catching me by the lapel, "I am an old man and not much longer for this world. I beseech you, let me go down to my grave in peace and quiet."

"You will go down mighty easy and mighty quick," said I, interrupting him, "if you do not empty those pockets, and so I promise you." I pointed the barker at him, and with a huge sigh he stretched a tremulous hand for a pocket. But nothing came out by that; and on he went to the next, I jogging him with the pistol. Hence he fetches me out three bold fardens, and sighed again.

"Rip me," said I. "You rake, you ha' spent it all in the fair to-day. Fie, you old grayhead! 'Tis the wine you have swilled. I will help you to unload all of my loving-kindness."

And thus, despite his protests, I ransacked his pockets, and found therein a purse of good yellow guineas, the which did please me. But all the time he shifted about in his saddle, moaning and bewailing his hard fate, and I saw that he held a hand behind him. So says I, suddenly reaching out and catching at this:

"Shake hands on it, old friend," I said, and pulled his arm forth.

He uttered a howl of misery, for what was clutched in his talons was a bag, and in that bag, slit me, was a pile of goldfinches.

"Ho! Ho!" said I, but ere I could say more he had begun on his old note, crying that he was a poor man, that these were his master's, and that he should die dishonored, and the like of that. I stowed the bag about my waist, and was for giving him some lessons in truth and honesty.

"This learns us, old gentleman"—I began solemnly, when he broke in, paying no heed, and, to my surprise in quite another voice:

"Sir, you are a man of your hands," he said, "and one that takes the hazards, I suppose."

"All are one to me," I said merrily.

"Then," he said earnestly, "here is something for your digestion. You have a small spoil there, wrested from me, after hard years of labor and toil. But what if you had the chance to double, nay, to quadruple, it?" he asked, pushing his nag close to mine in his anxiety to be understood.

"What mean ye?" I asked.

"'Tis true," he said, "that I am a poor man. But I have labored hard and have collected some few pieces of gold. I should lose them with an ill mind. Yet I have, like yourself, a heart for hazards, and I will make you an offer," he says. I stared on

him in wonder. "You shall come with me," he pursued, catching my arm eagerly, "to my solitary house, and there you shall dice against me; and, if so be I lose, you shall have not only what you hold now, but all that is mine therein, which is four times this little. But if so be the lot falls to me, then you shall surrender what you have, and leave me in peace."

Now I sat looking on this strange creature with his strange proposal for some minutes in silence, for what he

mare abreast of the other nag and redoubled my watchfulness of my shifty companion.

"Sir," says he now in a trembling voice, "we are nearly at our destination, and I am obliged to you for your courtesy."

"You may quit civil terms," I said shortly, "until this occasion is celebrated. Where is your house?"

"Straight scross the green," said he mildly, and we turned the horses thither.

I was not afraid of a mere village, let alone a puling hamlet, but somehow I distrusted my companion, and I was not for being tricked by an old knave. So I was not taken aback when, our horses swinging into a lane off the green, we came abruptly under the lights of a tavern.

"Joshua! Peter! Help! Thieves!" screamed the old man, suddenly seizing my leg.

But the old villain had reckoned without Dick Ryder, though there are plenty that would have been put about by the unexpectedness of the trick. I seized his rein swiftly, leaving him to pinch my leg as he willed, and, giving his nag the tip of my boot simultaneously, in a moment we were in a sharp canter. The tavern lights slipped by, and

though I could hear the tramp of feet and the sound of voices, and guessed that some within had responded to his shouts, I had old bag of bones safe and sorry. And first I gave him a nudge in the belly that righted him in the saddle, for he was almost falling 'twixt the horses.

"You old Satan!" I cried. "Think you thus to cajole and cozen Galloping Dick? Gadslife, I'll take double toll of you forthwith."

"You cannot do that," he said sighing. "You have all."

"Well, riddle me if I do not riddle you," I said.

He showed no sign at that, but burst out after a moment as if he had been thinking.

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I swear you shall sit in Paradise and be no worse for it a whit—
only old stingy, sober-sides yonder

suggested perplexed me. And yet it tickled my curiosity. I could see the perils of it, but if he played me fair, there was something attractive in the notion. I am not a glutton for a guinea, but I like a game of chance. And so, said I, at last, revolving it all in my mind:

"Lead on, old beetle, and I follow. But beware lest you play me false."

"Sir, it shall be as I say," he answered, not without some dignity. And so we jogged along together in the direction he had pointed, but, as you may suppose, with one eye upon the lank old rogue.

Presently a twist of the lane brought us to an open green, in which twinkled a few lights, and I now pushed my

Books and Their Makers

By Bookshelf

With this issue Canada Monthly starts a book department. If its readers approve it, it will be carried on. Its origin is to be found in the scores of letters to the editor from time to time written by subscribers who are interested in books, and want to know more about new books and the people behind them. "Give us news of new books," says one, and "Why haven't you a section in Canada Monthly that will have a special appeal to bookish people?" writes another. For bookish people, then, this department will be included hereafter. It is in the hands of a competent and well-known critic. The method to be followed will be to notice all books, and to deal lengthily and broadly with outstanding new books. The department, in short, aims to be a causerie on books and their makers. Its editor will be glad to have any correspondence on literary matters, and where it is universally interesting, publish it: in all cases, replies will gladly be sent to correspondents. Canada Monthly feels that to be in touch with its readers by the medium of their taste and interest in things bookish is to be near them indeed.—The Editor.

Strong Canadians

I HAVE borrowed this title from a recent issue of the *British Weekly* of London, England. It was the caption for a letter-article from the pen of "Claudius Clear," who is none other than Sir William Robertson Nicoll, one of England's important essayists, and himself a dean among bookmen. His article dealt with two books, one of them Augustus Bridle's "Sons of Canada" (Toronto) J. M. Dent & Son, \$1.50 net. So far as Canadian books are concerned this is indisputably the book of the year, and should compel the interest of such of us as are glad to see important books by Canadians, not only because it is written by a Canadian, nor only because it deals with Canadians, but because it is a book which in its line, biography, must take its place at once as a rare and brilliant achievement. It is a series of studies of outstanding Canadians—strong Canadians. A book of this kind should have been written long ago, for we need to be told that the great ones of the earth are not all outside our own country. A prophet is not without honor . . . may be a hackneyed truism, but it is still a truism. We are apt to think of financial giants and political chiefs and titans in art and consider only those in the United States, in England, in the countries of the older world, in any old country and of any old nation rather than of our own. A book of this kind pulls us up short. One feels on reading it that one lives and works in a country that is itself producing great men, men whose achievement in whatever sphere is their's is outstanding and superlative. The thought con-



Augustus Bridle, the author of "Sons of Canada," the most important item in a year of Important Canadians

tributes to a national pride which, unlike some feeling that passes for that, has real and unquestioned justification. Yet though a book of this kind should have been written long ago I am unable to call to mind the name of any single writer who could have done it so well. Such a book waited for a mind like that of Augustus Bridle. We have few such in the country. It is not a little significant that Mr. Bridle left out of his "Sons of Canada" any studies of Canadian authors. It is just as well for in this field alone we have no really great Canadians (I am thinking just now of fictionists, particularly). We have famous novelists, it is true. Arthur

Stringer, Gilbert Parker, L. M. Montgomery, Ralph Connor. But if these are famous so was Bertha M. Clay. No one could accuse the man behind that *nom de plume* of being great! Stringer is a past-master at the art of telling detective and political stories. Mrs. Montgomery has enraptured hundreds of thousands of school-girls with her "girl" stories. Sir Gilbert Parker has made stories out of history and they have sold, which is a tribute to the penchant for history-study and a testimony to the fact that we have a storied past rather than that Sir Gilbert is a great writer. No Canadian has yet arisen whose novels deal intimately and interestingly with life. We have no Wells, no Bennett, no Galsworthy, no Edith Wharton, no London, who have rarely bothered to fictionise since they were busy in telling of life as they have actually seen it. And literature is life: life is literature. Mere novelising isn't. Mr. Bridle was probably unable to find any great Canadian novelist, so he omitted all our story-writers.

But this is the cart before the horse. What is *in* the book is important. Such figures as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Reverend Albert Carman, Sir William Peterson, Dr. A. S. Vogt, E. Wyly Grier, Colonel Denison, Baron Shaughnessy, and Dr. J. A. Macdonald are a few out of the thirty-four of the sons of Canada whom Mr. Bridle reflects. He does so in every case very admirably. His method may be said to be that of A. G. Gardiner, the brilliant editor of the *London Daily News* who in "Prophets, Priests and Kings" and other and similar books studied great world figures. Mr. Bridle, nevertheless, though he has Mr. Gardiner's impressionistic method, is, taking it by and

A "Poetry" Year

large, I do not hesitate to say, a greater than Gardiner. He is very different, for he is always Bridlesque, and he has managed, as Mr. Gardiner never has done and one ventures to think never will do, to leave all party prejudice and personal bias out of account. Thus Mr. Bridle out-Gardiners Gardiner. He sees his men as they are, and though he does not overlook their faults, he prefers to pay more attention to their virtues. Living and working in Canada as he does, and editing an important weekly paper, *The Canadian Courier* the author has proved himself as great in heart as any of his heroes.

Trifling details give place, in sketch after sketch, to broad and far more significant sweeps. Mr. Bridle doesn't bother much with the year a man was born, nor how old he was when he cut his teeth. But he is concerned in seeing his man as a whole, by and through his works. Reputation gives place to character. These are character studies, never mere recitals of reputation. The men studied are seen in the light of what they themselves are doing and have done. As one reads monograph after monograph one is impressed with the capacity of the author for swift and sure discernment. There is not one single study which is not faithful and finished. That is a tribute to the mentality of the man who has made the studies.

It would be difficult to take up any particular sketch. They are all indeed equally brilliant. One wonders, perhaps, at some omissions. I should like to have seen W. F. Maclean, M.P., sketched in this book. If ever there was an outstanding Canadian he is one. Sir Hugh Graham is another. In both cases, it is true, Mr. Bridle would not, could not have been wholly commendatory but then neither has he been in the excellent study of Henri Bourassa nor of Sir Robert Borden, nor of Sir Henry Pellatt. Can we not, too, exclaim at the exclusion of J. W. Flavelle? And did not John R. Booth deserve a place in this gallery? These may not be great men, but they are important figures. Perhaps Mr. Bridle is going to give us another book, along similar lines. I do hope so. His experiment in this is so certainly successful. "Sons of Canada" is the most important book by a Canadian in many moons. I venture to think its author had a purpose. Whether he had or no his book will bring home to us that, if a country be judged by the greatness of its human products, then ours is a great country. We owe Mr. Bridle much for showing us that. As a work, the book itself is well done. It is the work of a keenly analytical mind and a literary power and excellence rare in present day biographers.

PARTICULARLY important, too, is the output of Canadian poetry this year. In this regard Canada has had a banner year, for not only have there been several volumes published, but the quality of the contents is noteworthy. We cannot but take pride, as a nation and people, in the splendor and unusualness, both, of such poems as are contained in "Canadian Poets," chosen and edited by John Garvin (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, \$2.50). From time to time there have been many collections and anthologies of the work of Canadian poets. Some have deserved to live, and are still living. Some should have died immediately after birth. Mr. Garvin's book, however, is the most deserving of attention inasmuch as it is the work of a man of some discrimination in the direction of poetical criticism, and is a collection far fuller and more wide in scope than any of its kind which have yet appeared. In addition to that each author included in this anthology is sketched at some length for the reader and a photograph helps the reader to see what manner of person the writer is. The photographs are, frankly, nothing to write home about. The sketches are very excellent. Incidentally they reveal the fact that most of the Canadian poets, though Canadianized, are foreign—in most cases British—born. Their residence and work here, however, enables us to think of them as Canadians, in many cases, while of those who live and move and make their poems and their money without our boundaries we may at least claim their Canadian birth.

The volume is remarkable for the number of newer and younger poets quoted. Among these are such names as James B. Dollard, one of the greatest of Canadian singers, Norah M. Holland whose work has a virility and wild music all its own, J. E. Middleton, "J. E. M." of a Toronto daily, whose poem "Off Heligoland" moves stately from start to finish. This, by the way, is also included in "Poems of the Great War" (Macmillan, \$1.50). To these and such as them Canada owes a renaissance in poetic literature which makes thoughtful people reflect that our greatest poets are not those who have passed altogether. Marjorie Pickthall, perhaps, has the true poetic instinct more than any other of the younger poets, and is indeed already a singer known and loved by many thousands of readers of the reviews and magazines slipantly referred to as "highbrow". One wonders, rather, at the exclusion of Agnes Maule Machar, a well known and versatile writer of verse, and doubtless some

lovers of poetry wonder why the quiet and rarely beautiful work of Reuben Butchart is not there to be sampled. Very well might Mr. Garvin have dropped Virna Sheard and Helen Merrill, our faddists in verse. But "Canadian Poets" is a book to possess and to read and re-read. It is a notable achievement, complimentary alike to most poets therein represented, to Canada generally, and to its editor and compiler.

The Novel of the War

INDISPUTABLY the biggest and best of war novels is "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," by H. G. Wells (Toronto: Macmillan, \$1.50). This is not only the best novel on the war, but also the best of Wells's work. It is the story of England and the English and is more of a monograph upon the national temper and temperament when war broke out compared with that of to-day than anything else. It has little plot, but in its intimacy and power of description of and reflection on the Englishman, it is immense. Through Mr. Britling the man or woman who doesn't know England and the English can best and most quickly get to know them.

Mr. Britling, quite probably, is Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells treats the reader to a view of people and conditions in a Southern village, first, before war and secondly after war. With a masterly hand he depicts the change in things external, index to the change in the collective mind of England as the war turns out to be anything but the small twopenny-halfpenny affair which English people had at first thought. Mr. Britling is determined to see it through. How he does is told in the book. Mr. Britling loses much. His son is killed. His cherished views and attitudes, his poses and his affectations, typical of his countrymen—all are gone. The war makes Mr. Britling have the thing out with man and his fellows and God. History will set its seal on this book. No one but Mr. Wells could have written it. Everybody should read it and get from it sane ideas on the war as it affects the temper and temperament of England and the English.

A Nature Student

AN unusual book and one worthy attention is from the pen of a more or less new writer, Duncan Armbrest. His book, "The Beech Woods" is a type of which we could do with more samples. It aims to tell of the beauties of the ever-varying landscape in Canada and is really a series of

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Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

RECENT issues of most of our exchanges, especially the papers from the smaller towns and villages, have been chiefly devoted to discussions of their municipal elections; events that in some communities appear to compete with the war itself in public interest. In the larger cities it is noticeable that interest in municipal affairs, including the annual elections, has dwindled since the beginning of the war, and small space is given to them in the metropolitan dailies. Nevertheless our brother editors throughout Canada are still able to turn their minds occasionally from the great war problems of the day and the more transient problems connected with the election of mayors, councillors, reeves, et al, and produce thoughtful articles of more than local interest. The first example to hand is that from the *Kitchener News-Record*, which notes the birth of a new manufacturing industry in Canada. It says:

To a firm in Newmarket, Ont., a small town north of Toronto, belongs the credit of being the first Canadian concern to manufacture wooden lead pencils.

Heretofore the lead pencils used in this country have been imported chiefly from Austria, while some were purchased from English and United States' makers.

It is pleasing to learn that this Newmarket firm has been able to manufacture a lead pencil which is in every way satisfactory to the trade. As a consequence, orders are pouring in such numbers that their mills are kept busy supplying the demand.

The company has been manufacturing woodenware for seventy years but will devote its entire plant to the making of lead pencils and in the near future will move its heavy machinery, required in the manufacture of woodenware, to a new mill nearer the timber supply.

Here's to the Canadian lead pencil. May its lead always be of the right texture, be easily sharpened and hold its point. Here's hoping that the pioneers may build up a large trade for it through the support of pleased patrons.

Lloyd-George's Message

THE great event of the month, one of the great events of history, was the speech of David Lloyd-George upon assuming the Premiership of Great Britain. Every newspaper in Canada practically has commented upon it; and the opinion is unanimous that he spoke not only for the British Isles but for British people everywhere when he announced that there could be no peace without reparation, and adequate guarantees for the future. His message to Canada and to the other British Dominions is thus commented on by the *Mail and Empire* in a leading article:—

It is a rare thing, possibly one without precedent, for the British Prime Minister to send to the people of the overseas Dominions a message in his own name. Such communications usually come from the Sovereign, and are for the purpose of expressing the Royal approval of something that has been done in behalf of the Empire. Months ago the King made a general appeal for greater efforts on the part of his subjects to win the war, but it was addressed to the Empire at large, not specifically to the United Kingdom or the Dominion. Mr. Lloyd-George, Britain's new Prime Minister, is intent on the one business of bringing to bear the collective strength of the Empire against the enemy. It is to perform that task he was called to office. He means not to delay or omit the taking of any step that seems to him conducive to that end. He communicates with Canada in the same free and earnest manner in which he communicates with Allied nations. It was not to thank us, to commend us, or to convey complimentary sentiments of any kind that he cabled this message. It was to tell us that the British people are more determined than ever to leave nothing undone in the way of service and sacrifice to bring the war to a triumphant issue, and to say that he has confidence and there is the same determination in the people of the Dominions. He shows us what the spirit of the Canadian people to be the same. He goes

forward in the strong confidence that the will and the might of the whole British Empire are supporting him. Shall Canada disappoint him? Not if the men Canada has now fighting in the van of the war are a fair sample of our country as a whole. Mr. Lloyd-George understands his mission, and can be depended upon to do everything in his power to carry it out. We must all back him up. Canadians who have not yet answered the call for defence or for such other national service as they are capable of rendering ought to answer it now by stepping forward and offering themselves. The beginning of the Lloyd-George Administration ought to be seized upon as the opening of a new and more auspicious period in the war, as the time fitting for deferred volunteering to be done. Mr. George's message to Canada ought to be understood as a rousing appeal for assistance, and it ought to be answered by a rousing recruiting movement.—Exchange.

Noted Publisher Dead

MOST of our readers, we are sure, have enjoyed as much as we have reading the some of the opinions culled from Canada's weekly newspapers. It is an error common to many people who live in Toronto, Montreal and other large cities to suppose that the city papers alone mould public opinion. Some of the weeklies have quite as much influence, in proportion to their circle of readers as the great dailies. One of the best of the weekly papers of Canada is the *Orillia Packet*, one of whose publishers died a few days ago. His death caused much regret, and we republish a short sketch of his career from the *Collingwood Bulletin*.

By the death of Mr. Geo. H. Hale, of Hale Bros., publishers of *The Packet*, on Wednesday, Orillia lost a most estimable citizen and Canadian journalism a notable figure. Mr. Hale who had been ill for several weeks, would have been seventy years of age had he lived until Thursday. As it was it is believed he was the oldest newspaper man in Simcoe county.

Mr. Hale was born in Omemece, and went to Orillia from Lindsay in 1868 as foreman of *The Expositor*. Two years later, with his brother, W. M. Hale, he founded *The Packet*. He was a life-long advocate of temperance, and an ardent prohibitionist. During the Fenian raid he did guard duty with the militia, and for many years was actively connected with the 35th Battalion, Simcoe Foresters.

In 1874 he was married to Marion, daughter of the late James Gow. Besides his wife he leaves two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Mr. C. H. Hale, who is connected with *The Packet*, is chairman of the Orillia Water, Light and Power Commission, and president of the Simcoe Press Association.

Deceased was an Anglican and a staunch Conservative. He had a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of local historical events was remarkable. The funeral took place to St. James' Church, at 2.30 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Building Ships

CANADA is building ships for Norway. This is done with the permission of the Imperial government. The *London Times* says that the construction of large ships at present in Canadian yards for neutral owners "certainly seems remarkable" but not more so than the fact that vessels should now be allowed to be built in the United Kingdom for neutral firms. Since the beginning of the war, 1,820 merchant marine vessels with gross tonnage of 3,328,584 have been sunk. It will probably take ten years to replace the tonnage lost in war time. A great part of it is British. Canada's enterprise in building ships is laudable, but these ships should be constructed for British, not foreign, owners. The British Empire needs new tonnage now; it will need more after the war. Cannot the Empire's Governments and the shipping interests agree to build at present only for the family?—*The Monetary Times*.

New Coin Wanted

EVERY article which we buy has taken such a leap above its former price that we are learning to be surprised at nothing observes the *London Advertiser*. If a grocer should ask us 25 cents a bag for salt instead of 5 cents, we should in all probability hand him our previous "two bits" and walk away with the purchase, murmuring something about the high cost of living. Instead of merely grumbling about the high prices of commodities and the slimmness of our purses, we should try to do something to improve conditions.

If our eyes were open we should see that the very currency which we use is far from being conducive to economy. In Canada there is no coin between the 1-cent and the 5-cent piece. Consequently, many articles worth 2½ cents are sold for 5 cents, and articles worth 12½ cents are marked 15 cents or two for a quarter, merely for the sake of convenience.

The United States has demanded a 2½ cent coin and consequently the director of currency of that country has recommended the passage of a law authorizing such a coin. In the course of time Canada will doubtless also issue a 2½ cent piece. otherwise we will find the American 2½ cent pieces filling Canadian purses and tills. The economic value of such a coin is undeniable. The war has raised the price of many small articles from 5 cents to 10 cents simply because 10 cents was the next convenient amount. If a 2½ cent piece were in circulation these articles would be marked 7½ cents, and the purchaser would save 2½ cents on the article. In this way small amounts saved at the lunch counter and in the 5 and 10-cent stores would help to balance the increase expenditure for potatoes and eggs.

Naval Losses

A SUMMARY of the total losses of the various Entente navies in warships since the beginning of hostilities, according to German figures, has been given out by the Oversea News Agency as follows:

British warships, 123, of a total of 563,200 tons.

French, 29 ships, 53,900 tons.

Italian, 20 ships, 63,600 tons.

Russian, 16 ships, 54,800 tons.

Japanese, 4 ships, 9,100 tons.

Total, 192 ships, 834,600 tons.

We may not know until after the war just what the Teutonic losses have been. We do know, however, that after the Jutland battle the German losses were grossly understated in the German official report.—*Moncton Times*.

Boys in Khaki

AMBITIOUS and patriotic mothers in Peterborough whose boys are too young for military service have arrayed them in miniature uniforms of the King. There is no garb possible to devise that so becomes a sturdy Canadian of tender years, and boys so dressed have been noticed wherever they went, dignified colonels and captains often conferring upon them the distinction of the military salute.

But the wearing of uniforms by non-combatants has become too common. A man too proud—or too timid—to fight has donned the khaki and passed

as a hero among strangers. Frauds have been perpetrated under the protection of the King's outfit. An order has gone forth making it a misdemeanor to wear any resembling military uniform by a person not regularly enlisted. This edict applies to the case of children.

It is too bad that the boys can no longer appear in their cute military habiliments. No one would mistake these little fellows for the one who was trying to make his way in life under false pretenses. The sight of a boy of four or five years with sturdy frame encased in khaki has caused many a young man to consider his own duty in the matter and has sent him to the recruiting office.—*Peterborough Review*.

Experiences

EXPERIENCES grave and gay jostle together with unceremonious and undesirable familiarity in human life. In physical nature sunshine and shadow, night and day, cold and heat interplay as old-time actors in the Time theatre of the world. In the realm of human experience a similar abandon of anti-themal experiences is to be found. As an instance Rev. L. W. Hill last Saturday had a funeral, a marriage, a baptism and a call to another funeral in dramatic succession.—*Ingersoll Chronicle*.

President Wilson's Note

PRESIDENT WILSON'S note to all the belligerents and neutrals has been discussed by the press of Canada, whose consensus is that the message was at least untimely and that if it has any effect upon the war it must be a favorable effect with regard to Germany. We reproduce the words of the *Brantford Expositor*, which are typical of the tone of the press generally:—

President Wilson is usually unfortunate when he takes pen in hand to indite a diplomatic note, and his latest performance, in asking the governments of all the warring nations for avowals of their respective views as to terms on which the war might be concluded, and permanent peace ensured, is no exception to the rule. His action is no doubt well intended, but it is ill-timed and will be resented by the Allies as meddling interference in view of their definite refusal of Germany's request for a peace conference, and their positive statements as to the only terms upon which peace is possible. These terms are manifestly such as Germany will not accept until she is compelled to do so, and such as she will not now consider. This being the situation, the action of the United States in pressing for a peace conference, looks

like coming to Germany's help by placing the Allies in a false position before the neutral world. Certainly Mr. Wilson should not have addressed any such note to the powers without first having the assurance of all of them that it would be favorably received, and any such assurance has certainly not been given.

An American Heligoland

THE sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States, important though the transfer may be to Uncle Sam is discussed by the *London Advertiser* in one of the scholarly articles that is characteristic of it:

The acceptance by the Danish people of the proposal to sell their West India Islands to the United States bids fair to bring to a close negotiations which have been in progress intermittently since the days of Lincoln, and incidentally to terminate one phase of Germany's dream of an aggressive campaign in the western hemisphere. It remains with the Danish Parliament to carry out or reject the mandate of the people. The vote will show whether Prussian influence in the little kingdom is as great to-day as it has proved upon past occasions.

Uncle Sam is badly in need of these island possessions to establish a Heligoland for the Panama Canal. The necessity for a naval station and coaling depot was made apparent during the Civil War, and again during the Spanish-American War. Lincoln and his secretary of war, Seward, first broached the question of purchase with the Danish minister at Washington in 1865, and induced him to bring it before the Danish Government, which, however, refused to consider a deal. Negotiations were later reopened at Copenhagen and again failed.

The Danes were influenced by two conditions. They feared they might offend their big neighbor, Prussia, and they were obliged to consider the attitude of France, which sold Santa Cruz, the largest of the islands, to Denmark, with the stipulation that it should not be transferred without her consent.

In 1867, Denmark offered to sell St. Thomas and St. John for five million dollars each, and to sell Santa Cruz if France were willing. Seward offered half this amount, and Denmark replied, splitting the difference. Seward accepted the offer, the Danish Government ratified the treaty, but the United States Senate pigeonholed it through personal spite toward Seward. In 1870 the treaty lapsed and died.

In the meantime the islands were becoming a financial burden to Denmark, and in 1892 the Danish Government reopened negotiations, but the United States declined to move. An

offer was again made in 1896 and declined. In 1901 negotiations were reopened by the United States, and a treaty was made to transfer all the islands for \$5,000,000, France having given consent for the sale of Santa Cruz. It was then that Germany showed her hand. She had designs upon the Caribbean Sea, Venezuela and the Panama Canal, and succeeded in having the treaty defeated in the Danish Upper House, the Landsting.

The present war and the operation of the Panama Canal brought home to the Washington authorities the necessity for intrenchment in the canal zone. It was decided that when Germany was busy in the eastern hemisphere the time was ripe for renewing negotiations for the purchase of the islands, but the price involved this time is \$25,000,000.

Among the big world events the incident has received little attention, but it is a vastly important step in the military plans of the United States, and one which, possibly, could not be taken if Germany were free to make forcible objection.

An Efficient Recruiting Agency

NEWSPAPER space as a recruiting agency, either for industrial or military service, says the *London Free Press* is proving the most efficient agent that has yet been employed to bring before the people of Canada the need of the hour. The advertising campaign which is being carried on in the newspapers of this country calling for munitions and more munitions, and pointing to the vital part that shells are playing in the war in Europe is educating the people to be ready to respond to the opportunity to serve the nation and empire in the shell-making shops of the country.

Some of these advertisements are most striking in character. A recent "ad" told in a few words the whole story of the shell in war. How that it first broke up the entrenched positions of the enemy; how the attacking allied troops were protected by a "barrage" fire until they had reached the broken trenches, and how this "barrage" was suddenly lifted to a point behind the lines which prevented reinforcements being brought up for the succor of the enemy, or the escape of the enemy troops caught in the destroyed trenches. The remarkable ability of the allied gunners to drop shells at will within a fixed space of a few feet could only have been obtained by the perfect accuracy of the shell itself. Do we not see here the extremely essential part of the shellmaker?"

The call of empire to-day is to the people to serve in some capacity. First there is the call to the trenches. It

comes to the man who is physically fitted for arduous toil under often distressing circumstances. Hardly second in importance is the call to the man and the woman who can assist in the production of shells. Here the stamp of the medical officer is not required. The work of itself is healthful, and if the worker is not physically strong there are numerous lighter tasks to which his or her services may be applied.

Make it a Year

IN many United States cities special days have been set apart for various purposes, as, for instance, Clean-up Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, and now comes news of a Go-To-Church Sunday and a Be-Honest Afternoon, both New York institutions. Of course New York and other American cities know their needs. Perhaps these two last days were specially set apart as the result of the recent discovery that a New York boy had stolen \$10 in order that he might get to Boston to hear Billy Sunday preach. In any case it does seem a little curious that only half a day should be set aside to being honest. Can it be New Yorkers consider that quality less important than church-going, to which a whole day is given? Or is the need not so great? This is a matter that will bear some looking into.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

May Cure John D.'s Indigestion

IF the faith of John D. Rockefeller is equal to that of a man and his wife residing near here, he may be cured of his indigestion. The couple called on the American consul on Thursday to secure John D.'s address. They were told that "New York" ought to catch him, as he was fairly well known. They had a bottle of medicine with them, and declared their intention of sending it on to the oil magnate. If the medicine ever reaches the multi-millionaire, he will quite likely regard it as a poison put up by an enemy's hand, and will probably send it on, without his compliments, to some rival in business. If, however, he should take it and be cured the senders will be in the big reward which he is ready to give any one ridding him of his indigestion, and stand to make a fortune as great as that of the Standard Oil King, especially if he will give them a photo and testimonial for publication.—*Kingston Whig*.

Butter Would Have Increased Cheques

PAKENHAM cheese and butter factory, suspended operations for this season a couple of weeks ago, and closed the most successful one that the factory

has experienced since its first cheese was placed upon the market. The last monthly statement showed the gross returns for the month to be \$47.38 ton, and the net \$41.61. The total amount of cheese manufactured during the season was 149 tons, netting to the patrons \$55,760. To show the total product of the factory there must be added the output of butter, which was 7,540 pounds, and for which \$2,119 was received. This added to the output of cheese would make the total product of the factory for the year very close to \$58,000. If the butter product had been added monthly to the cheese cheques it would have given the patrons \$1.40 a ton more each month than they received for their cheese alone.—*Almonte Gazette*.

Back to a Monarchy?

LESS than thirty years ago Brazil revolted against the Emperor Dom Pedro, drove him so hastily from his country that his empress a few weeks later, suffering from the effects of exposure, died in exile. Now Brazil having built one of the finest royal tombs in the world is taking the remains of the emperor and empress back from Portugal for burial in the soil of the last monarchy overthrown in the western hemisphere. Some people see in it an indication that the Brazilians are tired of a Republican form of government and desire a return of the monarchy. If this is true the Monroe Doctrine is in for another jolt.—*The Belleville Ontario*.

Canadian Poets

JOHN W. GARVIN, B.A., has discovered more Canadian poets than we thought existed says the *Windsor Record*. In his published list there are some we never heard of. Here is Mr. Garvin's selections for the hall of fame; Charles Sangster, Charles Mair, Isabel Valancy Crawford, Charles G. D. Roberts, Arch. Lampman, Frederick George Scott, Wilfred Campbell, George Frederick Cameron, Bliss Carman, S. Frances Harrison, Duncan Campbell Scott, E. Pauline Johnson, E. W. Thomson, Ethelwyn Wetherald, William Henry Drummond, Jean Blewett, Arthur W. H. Eaton, Helena Coleman, Thomas O'Hagan, Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, Albert D. Watson, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Tom McInnes, Helen M. Merrill, Dr. J. D. Logan, Annie Campbell Huestis, Alan Sullivan, Alma Frances McCollum, Peter McArthur, Marjorie L. C. Pickhall, Arthur Stringer, Katherine Hale, Robert Norwood, Marian Osborne, Albert W. Service, Florence Randal Livesay, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, Grace Blackburn, George A. Mackenzie, Gertrude

Bartlett, William E. Marshall, Norah M. Holland, Father Dollard, Laura E. McCully, Lloyd Roberts, Beatrice Redpath, Alfred Gordon, Virna Sheard, J. Edgar Middleton, Arthur S. Bourinot.

Dancing and the War

IT is said that in a number of neighboring towns the Councils have decided not to rent the "Town Hall" for the purpose of a dance, or ball, while the war continues.

There are those who see in dancing a form of amusement too frivolous to be indulged in while the serious matter of the war is upon us. It is largely a matter of temperament or education. No doubt there are those who, even in the past year, have been indulging in this amusement or pastime who are not wanting in patriotism nor in sympathy with those whose boys or husbands are in the trenches says the *Lucknow Sentinel*. Those, however, who would dance as frequently and as merrily as they did before the war calamity came upon the world, must be regarded as light in the head as well as in the heels. After all there are not many such in the country, the towns or villages.

It is peculiar that dancing as an amusement is particularly aggravating to those in a sober or melancholy mood. The other evening in the Town Hall more than 400 people of Lucknow and vicinity laughed and cheered most heartily at light entertainment, and for the time forgot all about the world's sorrows. And we thought nothing of it. In fact it was alright. It may not be well to ban amusement too severely lest we come to take too gloomy an outlook.

Doubtless occasional forgetfulness, and indulgence in some form of light amusement will add to efficiency and better fit the nation to sustain the stress of war. And it may be well to let folk choose their own forms of amusement; not forgetting, however, that while the holocaust in Europe is under way and our own boys are there, undue hilarity must excite contempt.

Now someone will ask: What is "undue hilarity?"

Predicts End of War

THAT the war will be over before Christmas day in 1917 is the prediction made by the *Vancouver Sun*. The writer declares that Germany already has reached the point where she must cover real facts from her people.

The menace of a German collapse on the Anglo-French front is so overwhelming that one can hardly withhold some measure of admiration for the epileptic and spectacular methods by which the directors of Germany's war are everywhere trying to cloud

the issues and conceal the symptoms of the final paralysis, from her own people and from the world.

Meanwhile, undismayed by the partial arrest of the Russian advance, and the not inconsiderable success of the tremendous diversion, tactically impressive, but strategically insane, attempted against little Roumania, the watchers at home may well be content to draw from the daily bulletins of the protracted battles of the Somme and of Verdun not only consolation but a final presage of impending victory for the great alliance.

July 1st and the first week of September saw great if costly changes in the fortunes of the war in France and Flanders, a turning of the tide which none but the ill-informed or the impatient can mistake for anything approaching suspension or stalemate. The great scale of the preparations for those first glorious days has been justified. It is also being maintained.

The time is advancing without haste and without rest. Neither the equinoctial gales nor the first frosts and rains of winter have this time prevailed against the determination of the thin buff and tricolor line from the Vosges Mountains to Dixmunde.

If the cost, the daily cost, of this unparalleled battle is heavy in lives and limbs of our brave men, it was foreseen; it too was provided for in advance.

Midwinter itself will not stop the irresistible advance. A continually pierced and broken and receding line cannot straighten itself out, cannot maintain its spirit or its unity, cannot escape the accelerating chastisement of some signal disaster for months on end. Here and here alone through this anxious Christmas time, pregnant with so much change, so much hope, so much foreshortening of the once limitless perspective of war, our eyes should be fixed in confidence of the great reward.

And the names which will be household words in all the homes of freedom, before yet another Christmas dawns, will surely be those of Joffre and Haig, of Gallieni and Lord Kitchener, of Briand and Asquith and Lloyd George.

Cold Storage Abuses

COLD storage ought to be subject to a tax based on profits, a tax that would penalize the exorbitant trader. The men who are making fortunes out of cold storage by their ruthless holding up of the necessities of life did nothing to confer on the public the benefit of cold storage. It is doubtful if the inventor and improvers of the

Continued on page 171.



THE NEW SERIES 18 STUDEBAKER CARS

With Seven New and Exclusive Features

STUDEBAKER NEW SERIES 18 CARS, with seven new, special and exclusive improvements, are FINE CARS, warranted by us to completely satisfy the most particular and fastidious persons. We believe these cars represent the greatest automobile values ever offered to the buying public, and that persons accustomed to paying \$2000 or \$3000 for cars will, upon examination, concede that these Studebakers equal ANY such cars in quality of material, design, workmanship and finish.

Studebaker has \$13,000,000 invested in the most efficient and modern plants, in which it manufactures all of its engines, axles, transmissions, differentials, bodies and tops. Middlemen's profits (parts makers) included in the price of assembled cars and small manufacturers' cars are almost entirely eliminated in Studebaker selling prices. It is necessary to pay from 50% to 100% more than Studebaker prices for cars of corresponding value.

Seven New Improvements and Additions

GUN-METAL FINISH. Original, rich and exclusive finish of deep lustre and permanency. Fenders and aprons are rich, black enamel.

NEW AUXILIARY CHAIRS. Arm chairs, original and exclusive with Studebaker, patent applied for.

These large, roomy and comfortable chairs fold up and slide under rear seat when not in use.

REVERSIBLE FRONT SEAT. Original and exclusive with Studebaker, the front passenger seat is reversible so that passenger can sit facing tonneau or facing forward. Both front seats are adjustable to all leg lengths.

NEW STORM CURTAINS. Of the recent Blackmore

design and patent, opening with the doors and thereby preventing crouching and crushed hats.

IMPROVED BODY AND UPHOLSTERY. The body is elegantly finished and equipped—inside and out. The handsome footrail, wide scuff plates, wide doors, handsome door trim, carpeting, etc., all demonstrate quality and refinement. The upholstery is semi-glazed, straight-grained, genuine leather, made to special Studebaker forms, with the best curled hair and long coiled springs.

YALE SWITCH LOCK. Of pin tumbler type, Studebaker design, insuring protection against theft or unauthorized use.

NEW WINTER TOP. Made exclusively for Studebaker cars. Noiseless. Quickly and easily put on or taken off, and fitting perfectly.

Mechanical Improvements

Improvements have been made in the Series 18 Motor, insuring greater smoothness, flexibility, quietness and economy. All noticeable vibration has been eliminated by superior piston design and the stiffening of the motor frame.

The Studebaker-Schebler carburetion system has been developed so that both the FOUR and SIX are the most ECONOMICAL motors on the market in ratio to power. Studebaker lubrication has been further improved. The chassis frame is the same strong, light construction which has characterized all Studebaker cars. The full-floating rear axle construction remains the same in principle as heretofore, but has been further improved and strengthened.

The Four-Cylinder car still remains a forty-horse power car, the Six-Cylinder car still remains a fifty-horse power car. The most powerful cars in the world at their prices.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Chassis - - - - -	\$1195
FOUR Roadster - - - - -	1280
FOUR Touring Car - - - - -	1295
FOUR Every-Weather Car - - -	1570
FOUR Landau Roadster - - - -	1575

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.

STUDEBAKER

Walkerville, Ont.

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Chassis - - - - -	\$1495
SIX Roadster - - - - -	1580
SIX Touring Car - - - - -	1595
SIX Landau Roadster - - - - -	1785
SIX Every-Weather Car - - - -	1820
SIX Touring Sedan - - - - -	2245
SIX Coupe - - - - -	2310
SIX Limousine - - - - -	3430

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL
SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Tires that are kept inflated to the pressure recommended by tire makers, last twice as long as tires that are used with the air in them unmeasured.

Use a SCHRADER Universal Tire Pressure Gauge and double the life of your tires. Price \$1.25 at your dealer, or

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.
20-22 Hayter Street — Toronto
London Chicago New York
Highest Award at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

For Tire Life

Here is Money Saved

Fingers are dirtied, pencil points broken and considerable muss is made nearly every time a pencil is sharpened

With the New Pencil Sharpener all this is avoided—time is saved, pencils last longer and fingers remain unsoiled.

The handiest convenience for Office, School or Home. The Boston Pencil Sharpener will pay for itself many times over. Sent to any address postpaid for \$1.65. British Columbia, \$1.75.

Order Yours Now.

The A. S. Hustwitt Co.

44 Adelaide St., West,

TORONTO, . . . ONTARIO.

The "Challenge"
WATERPROOF
all-linen
COLLAR

THE CHOICE OF PARTICULAR MEN
SMART—STYLISH—ECONOMICAL
NO LAUNDRY BILLS TO PAY

AT YOUR DEALER'S, OR DIRECT, 25c

THE ARLINGTON CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED
54-56 PRINCE AVE.
TORONTO

MADE IN CANADA

Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 151.

his best and had made a splendid showing. He had finally got things to a point where \$25,000 in cash would make smooth sailing. It was then after banking hours and he realized that unless the money was in evidence before they opened in the morning that all was lost. He could not go to the banks themselves without exciting more suspicion. But he got the money. When he told me where, I could only gasp. He had loaned the money himself. 'But you have not got that much,' I stammered. 'Not in the bank,' answered my manager, 'but I got it on my insurance policy. I have been carrying \$50,000 for ten or fifteen years. It has taken every nickel I could spare above living expenses but it has insured comfort for my family. I knew the affairs of the firm were safe and I was willing to stand by your family and your name.'

"Gentlemen, the manager did not suffer from his deed you may be sure. As I talked the matter over with him the question of insurance came up. I needed no argument to show me what an anchor it could be in time of storm. I had been shown. I took out a big policy on my business that week and I have enlarged it several times since. It's the best investment I have."

A GRAY haired little fellow with a red, deeply wrinkled face had been listening to the stories in silence and it was not until the tale of the wholesaler had been told that his interest seemed to awake. He now leaned forward and nodded his head vigorously.

"That's right," he exclaimed, "insurance in business is all that is claimed for it. My own affairs were nearly wrecked one time on account of a death and the man was only an employe. A man on a salary of less than \$50 a week hardly seems to be in a position to wreck a big business, yet that is just what came very near happening to mine.

"I am a brass and ornamental iron maker in a western city. I might add that my firm is one of the largest west of Toronto and the output of my factory goes to a score of countries. Among my men a few years ago was a tall Scotchman from Glasgow. He was a designer of rare merit and whenever a particular job came in he was called upon to put his artistic ability to the test, I have three or four other men of excellent ability, but none that could compare with him. His design were always unusual, strong, artistic and beautiful. He was a steady old fellow and had but one bad habit, drink. I think it was that that held him in a position where he could only

hope for a salary not much larger than some of my skilled mechanics were getting. Under ordinary circumstances he could have been earning many thousands a year, but the big Eastern firms knew him and his weakness and would not hire him. I was not in a position at the time he joined my force to be particular over little things and I was, in fact, delighted that I could secure his services for a moderate salary. I believed I could arrange it so that his sprees would not interfere to any great extent with the work.

"For several years things ran along in fair shape with him and while he occasionally disappeared for days at a time to reappear weak and trembling from the effects of his debauch, he did not absent himself when any important deal was at stake.

"I was just congratulating myself on my securing his services when the blow fell. A contract was announced for the brass work of a great public building. The total was over \$75,000 and called for many pieces such as elevator doors and grill, ornamental lamp posts, stair railings, door plates and numerous other things. The designers of the building declared in their call for bids that it would be decided not only on price but on beauty and utility of designs. It was requested that whatever motif be used for one thing he used for all and it was suggested that inasmuch as the building had to deal with law that the figure of Justice and the arms of the province be joined with the provincial flower. It was not exactly the combination an artist would have chosen, but it made a big hit with the politicians and as it was a provincial job that was all that was necessary.

"Well, I called in my Scotchman and outlined the idea and asked him to get busy on designs. It was easy to see that he was delighted with the possibilities of the thing and he immediately went to work at it with an enthusiasm that I had never seen before. He worked in secret and even his fellow designers were refused admittance to his office.

"When the designs were completed he showed them to me. I was delighted and because of their wondrous beauty and the price I knew I would bid I already could feel the contract in my pocket. The designs and bid were submitted and sure enough I got the contract.

"My designer bore away the designs from the contractor's office and started for home. On the way he stepped into a saloon to celebrate the finish of his task. Several hours later he staggered out and a few minutes later stumbled headlong into the river. His body as never recovered. With him went the only copies of the designs. I found

Overland
TRADE MARK

Touring Sedan
(Springfield Type)

Four Model 85-4 \$1675
Six Model 85-6 \$1855
f.o.b. Toronto



Next Summer



This Winter

Double the Utility—Double the Comfort —and for a moderate price

Here is a car that is just as ideally suited for use in winter as in summer.

It is a closed sedan and open touring car in one.

—a practical, sensible car for every use every day of the year.

Closed, it has the appearance, luxury and protection of a car that is permanently enclosed. It's exactly the car for cold, inclement weather—or hundreds of occasions all year 'round when a closed car is desirable.

But with the windows lowered and the up-rights folded away it is open to every friendly breeze that blows—and has much more character and style than an ordinary touring car.

It is only the work of a minute to open it up or close it without getting out of the car.

The Touring Sedan has double the utility and double the comfort of any car that is permanently either a closed or open car.

The Touring Sedan is a beauty, either open or closed.

You can have a Touring Sedan on either a four or a six cylinder chassis.

The four has the famous 35 horsepower Overland motor in its latest and most improved en bloc type.

It has a 112-inch wheelbase, 4½-inch tires and those long, shock-absorbing cantilever rear springs.

The six has a 35-40 horsepower en bloc motor that is a marvel for power and

flexibility — 116-inch wheelbase—large tires—long cantilever rear springs. And think of the price!

These Overlands are the first full size Touring Sedans ever offered at a moderate price.

Such cars could not be sold at such prices but for the economies made possible by our enormous production.

See these Touring Sedans. Make your selection now—either a Four or a Six.


Do not wait. You can use these cars in the dead of winter with just as much pleasure and comfort as you can on the warmest days.

See the Overland dealer now and arrange for one of these moderately priced luxurious cars.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 779.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada.



**GENUINE
DIAMONDS**
Cash or Credit
Terms—\$1-2-3 Weekly

The Jacobs Credit System enables you to make beautiful Christmas presents without the outlay of much money. A Diamond constantly increases in value and lasts forever.

Write to-day for Catalogue, it is FREE.
We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly.

We trust any honest person.
JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers,
15 TORONTO ARCADE, TORONTO, CANADA.

PAY ONLY \$10.00



Only \$10.00 cash and \$10.00 a month puts a Thor in your home—the Thor that saves you work, saves you time, saves you money, it will save wear on clothes and cost of help. Push a button and it does the washing; touch a lever and it does the wringing; and it costs only 2 cents an hour for electricity. Over 125,000 women are happy in using the Thor Machine. No rubbing. The suds are sent through and through the clothes, and no wear on a single thread.

A WORD TO MEN.

You men who pay the bills, here is a chance to cut down some of the high cost of living.

Decide now to give her a *Thor* for New Year's

It is a lasting gift which will always be appreciated. Write now for our illustrated catalogue telling you all about washing.

Hurley Machine Company, Limited
413 Yonge Street, Toronto.

\$250 MOTORCYCLE TO BE GIVEN AWAY

For a little pleasant easy work for us in your neighborhood looking after our renewals and new subscriptions. No experience needed, anyone can do the work during spare time and easily win this fine machine. With a motorcycle you can ride miles and miles over-country, up and down the hills at almost any speed.

Write to-day for full particulars. Address
CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

myself in a terrible position. I had ordered heavily of brass and had installed new machinery and many other things that I could have afforded easily enough had the contract gone through. Now I was helpless. The contractors refused to take any other designs and, in fact, there was not time to make up a new set even if my men had been capable. The contract was called in and given to a trade rival.

"It was by the narrowest margin that I escaped bankruptcy. I needed \$10,000 so badly that I literally got on my knees to a local banker. I got the money, but my hair turned gray over night from worry.

"I made vows, you may be sure, that the thing would never happen again and that duplicates and other safeguards would be established. But in spite of this the thought came to me what would I do in case some great design was locked in the head of one of my designers and death should come suddenly. This led me to wonder what I would do if my sales manager should die, or my head bookkeeper. I had entrusted much of my business to them. Their sudden taking away would mean trouble of all sorts. It was not possible for me or any other man to carry in his head all the details of a great business like mine. I wondered if there was no way I could protect myself. I knew of none. That night going home on the car I heard the man next to me mention 'industrial insurance.' The words stuck in my mind and I asked a friend their meaning. He told me. To-day there is not an important man on my salary rolls that is not insured by me. If one of them dies to-morrow I will receive a cash benefit that will do much to make up any losses I should incur. It does not cost me much, as I have a blanket contract. I think it one of the best business moves I ever made."

THE tall man with the heavy glasses had been listening attentively to all that had been said and once or twice had commented on the stories. He reached in his pocket as the manufacturer finished and drawing out a small pocketbook poured a mass of coins in his hand. It was easy to see that they were "pocket-pieces" mainly foreign or very old coins. Among them, however, the gleam of gold could be seen and it was this precious bit that the man finally picked out and handed to his nearest neighbour.

"That is what signed my policy for me," he said. "I am a school teacher and the bit of gold you have there is one of two medals I bought as prizes for my boys. Four years ago I became keenly interested in the study of social science and I soon found that many of my students were equally interested.

My school was situated in a district populated to a great extent by foreign born citizens, and while Socialism was stronger than social science, at the same time the study of one led to the other and the children often were auditors at home of discussions of no mean merit.

"It was not long until a club was formed among the older boys in the school and I was elected president. We had as our chief object the study of economics and social science, although the social and athletic sides were not totally ignored.

"My own boy was a member of the class and of the club, and it was he that suggested an oratorical contest should be arranged with a medal for a prize. It was decided that the contest be held the last day of school and that the winner be decided by vote of the boys.

"In some way the news went out and a big newspaper printed the story. This led to the awakening of interest in the work among many people throughout the city and among them was a wealthy merchant whose interest in children was known throughout the state. He visited our meeting one night and was prevailed upon to make a short talk. You can imagine my delight when he concluded his remarks by offering a four years' course in a famous college to the winner. This, of course, added a great impetus to the enthusiasm and the boys worked over their orations and spent hours in pouring over books.

"It soon became clear from the short talks made in the regular meetings that the prize would fall between two boys. Their arguments were keen and forceful and they showed a depth of insight that would not have shamed a man student. I decided to have another medal struck off for the boy who came next to the prize winner. I did this in an effort to stay the tide of disappointment that would be sure to engulf the loser.

"On the night of the oration our school room was packed to the doors. Everything went smoothly and the boys outdid themselves. The vote was taken and Frank Wilson won the prize by a narrow margin. George Martin came in for the second. They were the two that all had expected to win. Even while we were congratulating them, however, the door opened and a policeman appeared. He beckoned to me and when I reached his side asked me to step into the hall. His errand was soon finished.

"A factory floor had collapsed and borne to death a score of men that had been engaged in working on a rush order. Among them were the fathers of four of my boys and among that four were the fathers of the two prize

winners. I will not dwell on the heart-breaking task of telling the boys in the flush of their victory this sad news or on the horror of the rest of their classmates. At the end of two weeks Frank Wilson appeared at my office and with tears in his eyes handed me the slip of paper that entitled him to his college course. 'I can't use it,' he explained. 'I have got to work now and support mother and the little ones. Dad didn't leave a dollar.'

"I had been afraid of this very thing and was at a loss to know what to say. I suggested laying the matter before the giver of the course, but this Wilson refused to listen to. It seemed too much like charity. He wished me to give the course to his nearest rival, George Martin.

"But Martin must be in the same position you are,' I protested. 'No,' he said, 'Martin's father carried insurance and the family will have a monthly income for years.' He choked a bit and then suddenly burst out, 'Why didn't Dad think of mother and the kids? It wasn't because he was stingy. He spent his last dollar on us. I don't understand it.'

"The boy rushed from the room. 'Well, later, Martin was prevailed upon to take the college course. My son stood third in the voting and Martin insisted on giving him the medal he had won. My boy gave it to me. The night he presented it to me I sat in the library of our little home with the golden disc in my hand and thought things over. I was receiving a good salary as salaries go in our profession and I even had a good bit in the bank, but—with pencil and paper I began to figure out what would happen at my death provided it was in the near future. I was horrified to discover that the money in the bank would not more than pay the rest of my debt on my home and funeral expenses. My wife and children would be dependent on their own exertions.

"I had planned big things for my boy and we had talked often of what he would do when he finished college and was embarked on his chosen profession. The thought came home with sickening force as I stared at the medal, 'What would happen if I should go to-morrow?' The words of Wilson came to me—'Why didn't dad think?' I had turned down insurance agents time after time because I believed I could not afford old line and was afraid of lodge insurance. As I stared at the medal, however, I suddenly realized I could not afford to be without it. I arranged for a policy the next day and I found that there were a dozen little items we could do without and use the money thus saved for the policy. I have carried it ever since and, in fact, increased it.

Buy Peace of Mind

We are offering for sale the things that every man should buy—peace of mind, freedom from care and protection from worry.

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London
Life
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Company
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Man.

In our Twenty Pay Life Rate Endowment Policy we not only protect your family while they need it but without extra cost provide for your old age when you will need it.

Why worry?

Here is a company that undertakes to do all the worrying—for you, your wife and your children. It is the shock absorber of this work-a-day world.

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Values

Continued from page 154.

"Sir, I acknowledge I was at fault," he said, "but to prove my truth this time, you shall do with me what you will, provided only you take the direction I point out. I was misled by false hopes through passing of the inn."

"Is't your house and the dice you are still hankering after?" I asked.

He assented, and I shook him well into the saddle.

"Very well," I said, after a little. "I am still free for a toss. Come now, hold up, old mawkin, and shut your mouth, or I'll leave you on one of those fields for what you are fitted for—and that's a scarecrow."

"I will obey orders," he said submissively. "I am in your hands."

Well, I will own it was an odd business, this compact with the old trickster, but I was in a gamesome mood, and cared not. And, moreover, I was assured that he had had a lesson in conduct and would not attempt his treachery again. In this I was right, for there was nothing happened until we had pulled up before a house in a lonely road.

"This is where I live," said he, and would have descended; but I was before him, and took him out of the saddle myself, leading him to the door. He opened it, and, still under my hand, fumbled for a flint and stock, and so struck a light. The room in which we found ourselves was large and gloomy, with flagged floors, and an old table with two chairs stood before a dying fire. I looked on with a grin while he made his preparations, which he did with a shaking hand.

He went to a cupboard, and not knowing what he would bring forth thence, I caught hold of his arm, at which he turned in a frenzy.

"You will get nothing more. 'Tis all hid," he cried excitedly. "Know this, that if you ransacked this house from floor to garret you would find nothing."

"Pooh!" said I, "'tis the dice I want, and let's see who is master."

'Twas the dice, after all, that he was searching for, and when these were gotten out we sat to table, the light between us.

"Faith, old man," said I, "'tis cheerless hospitality. Where is your bottle?"

He rose mumbling, and went to the cupboard again, whence he took a bottle and glasses, and poured forth some *eau de vie*. He fumbled with the dice.

"The first throw, my nobleman," said I, "and if ye win here's your guineas." I set 'em on the table, and his eyes greened over with delight.

But his fingers still shook. I rattled the box, and threw two fours. Out went his talons greedily to clutch the box, and he rattled and rattled till I thought he would never cease.

"Come, venture," I adjured him. "Launch your ships!"

There was a gurgle in his throat, and spasmodically the box went over. He had cast a four and a three. A scream escaped him, and he sat leaning against the table like a palsied man.

"You have no luck," said I grinning. "And now for the coffers!"

He made no move, so I clapped the pistol to his head.

"On my oath, I will fire," said I, "if you do not carry out your word, like a man of honor."

His meagre face, fallen into ridges with age and wickedness, I doubt not, was now swollen out like a baby's that gasps for breath; and he made a gulp of his breathing.

"Stay, good sir," says he, quavering and clutching of the table. "I have another course to propose—a merry course."

Well, I was weary of him and his tricks, and his whims, and his evasions; so I clapped cold steel on his grey hairs.

"Give up! Concede!" I threatened. He clasped at my arm with his claws, tremulously.

"I will give up. You shall have all," says he, gasping, "but there is something better." He gazed wildly about the stone room, and his eyes lighted on something that seemed to stir him to speech. "I have, good sir," he went on in a wheedling, carneying voice, "God hath blessed me with a lovely daughter—a beautiful innocent." He held up his hands as though in admiration.

"The more is she to be pitied for such a father," said I.

"Sir," said he eagerly, "we will have one more throw. Sir, the dice be ready to hand. And you shall wager your winnings and all against my lovely daughter, the beauteous innocent."

I was taken aback in fair amazement at the old goat's proposal, but I was not the one to stay at a good hazard, no, nor one to buy a pig in a poke. So says I to the lean old miser:

"Where is this daughter of yours whom you rate so highly?"

He stared about the room, as if listening. "She should be in bed," says he. "Oh, she is a pretty innocent, a lamb, and goeth early to her sleep. She should be in bed above."

For a moment I said naught, looking on him and wondering. I was not in need of his gold, damn him—

"What looking maid is she?" said I. "As like her daddy as two peas," said I, jeering. "Rip me, am I to risk

a golden fortune for a girl with a parsley face and carrots?"

"Sir, she hath a skin like a peach, she hath blue eyes; her face is cream; her hair is like waving amber," says he, with enthusiasm. "But I swear you shall see her, if you will consent."

Again was I silent, whistling a stave unto myself, but, sink me, I knew not what to make of it. Yea I was in the mind to think shame of this unnatural father that would barter his daughter for his gold. He hung upon me whilst I pondered.

"Well"—I began at last, taking up the dice, but in good sooth I scarce knew what I would say; but he, whose face had been working all the time, and at the back of whose sordid brain the thoughts and fears had been driving like mice in a wainscoting, broke in quickly.

"Nay, nay; I will exchange," he cried feverishly. "I will not toss. 'Tis unseemly, and against law," he says, "to put all fortune to the fall of a die. But I will make a bargain with ye. You shall take my daughter, exchange her against the gold."

"Bah!" said I, throwing down the dice, so that they scattered on the floor. "Bah, you limb of Beelzebub! You would sell your own flesh and blood, your own innocent lamb, your ewe-lamb, your lambkin that dances among the flowers. Pah, you old satyr, there's none so foul as you, I'll warrant, even in the purlieus of London town!"

"You will not?" he cried. "You refuse?"

"Aye, a thousand times, you muck-worm!" I said, and rapped on the table loudly with my barker. "Forth, then, with your treasury. Disgorge, old satyr, or I will blow your carcase into slithers. Up, man, and deliver!"

I shouted this aloud in my anger at his baseness; and then turned my head sharply, for a noise caught my ears. It came from a door t'other side of the room, and I fastened my eyes on it. As I did so it opened, and there was a light on the stairs and behind the light a figure of a woman, robed in some white night-rail, and a white and frightened face above it, crowned with golden hair.

"Damn my boots!" said I, open-mouthed at this apparition.

"Joan! Ah, Joan, my dear!" cooed the old man.

"S'life!" cried I, and gaped again, for, if you will believe me, 'twas no other than the girl I had met in the tavern that had looked so sweetly on me, and was with the young school-master.

"Father, what is this? Are you ill?" she asked, and then her eyes travelling across the intervening space to me, she cried out in fear.

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"Mistress Joan," said I, recalling my wits, "you need fear naught from me. 'Twas a point of argument your father and I had together. I pray you, go back to your slumbers in security, my pretty."

"Ah, is she not pretty?" whispered the old fiend, nearing me.

"Get you gone," said I curtly to him. "Get you away, lest I forget your age, and strike you."

"What is it, sir?" says the girl Joan, coming down a step into the room. "Why speak you so roughly to my father?"

At that a notion came to me, seeing her there in her beauty the more enhanced by her nocturnal habit and so said I with a sharp cunning to old hunks.

"Get you away, fool. I would have some talk with her."

"Yes, yes," said he eagerly, as if seeing his wishes carried forth, and the gold reclaimed; and he made off. But I was wise enough to see him locked safely in a further room. Then I motioned to Miss for a stroll down the garden path.

"Oh, what is all this sir?" she demanded fearfully.

"My angel, 'tis a clear case of rum-padding," said I briskly with a long congee to her. "But I swear you shall sit in Paradise, and be no worse for it a whit—only old stingy sober-sides yonder."

"I do not understand, sir," says she, looking puzzled. "Have you robbed my father?"

"You may call it that," I answered. "All that he hath is mine. But 'tis you I want," I said. "You with your pretty eyes and little smiles, and cajoling humors."

"Sir," she drew back afraid. "I do not know—I—'Tis but a jest. Oh, you cannot mean it."

"Why, 'tis all agreed 'twixt old hunks and me," I said, encouraging her to lose her fears.

She leaned back against the wall as if in a faint. "But I am promised, sir, to—oh," she wrung her hands, "I cannot understand this. I fear you. And I thought you had so generous a face!"

Now this touched me on the raw, and 'twas plain also that I had mistook her, and that she was other than her smiles and glances would prove her. Lord, 'tis as hard to know women as 'tis to win a battle. But I have sharper eyes than most men, and I soon spied what was wrong. She was indeed the innocent her miserable father had proclaimed her. And, faith, she loved young Sheep-face and was true to him. But that's the silly way of women. So said I, in a whimsical voice:

"Well, maybe I know when a bar-

gain should be dropped, and I'll keep that face you speak of, Mistress Joan."

"What bargain?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Why, 'twas an exchange of beauty for gold, and well worth it; so you can keep that for smiles in your mirror."

"With my father? You? A bargain?" she exclaimed, her face moving with wonder and then dismay; and then, as I was silent, she flushed red, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, he hath outraged me," she cried. "Oh, 'tis the last, the very last and worst that I could bear!"

It was like the cry of a child that is hurt and hath no refuge from the hurt.

"He is a dung-fork not worth tears," said I, consolingly. But she wept on. "Look you here, mistress," I said, "there is this schoolmaster of yours, and damme, I will set you up with your father's gold. He has lost his all to me, and I will exact it from him to the uttermost farthing."

"My father's gold!" she said, and stared. There was a change on her face, and she drew back. "The gold you have stolen from him!" she exclaimed.

"Rot me, 'tis better with you than with him," I said, with some impatience at such scruples.

She shook her head. "Perhaps you mean me well," she said dolefully, "I know not. But I may not take that which is wickedly taken."

The girl put me out of temper, and I saw now pretty clearly that she was not such a doxy as would have served me. But she was handsome enough, and appealing too, like a helpless kitten. And I was come to an end of my endurance.

"Oh, well," said I, taking a sudden resolution to be quit of all at a blow, "have it your own way. But I am master of the situation, and will do what I will with my own."

I went to the door of the room where the miser was, and unlocked it.

"Come forth," I said. "We may now come to terms."

He came out, with a brightened face, looking at one and the other of us.

"You will take her?" he hoarsely whispered.

"Aye," said I, "I will give ye back your money for her, and here 'tis."

I slapped the purse and the bag upon the table, which he greedily seized on.

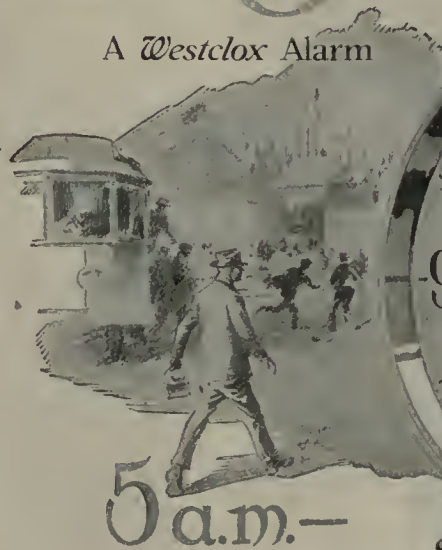
"And now the girl's mine," I said.

"Yes, yes," he assented, counting up his guineas, to see if they were right; but Miss looked on with a mighty scared face.

"Why, then," said I, "if she be mine, she is mine to do what I will with."

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"Yes, yes," said he, still counting.
 "You shall set that down on paper," I said, and forthwith made him furnish the implements of the craft.
 "Sir!"—began the girl, trembling, but I hushed her with my hand.

"Mistress, by this token, duly signed, ye're mine," I said, lifting the document. "And so I can dispose of you as I will. So go you to your jackanapes of a schoolmaster, and weep on his bosom," I said.

She gaped; and the old man's jaw dropped.

"Tis a trick," he began in a shrill and wheezy voice.

"If you shut not your mouth I will close it by other means," I cried. "You have your money, which is more to you than flesh and blood. And the innocent beauty is mine to bestow. She shall go to her lover, if I say so."

He was silent, and then resumed furtively on his guineas. But the girl came towards me, white of face. "I misunderstood you, sir—you are"—She stopped.

"Here's your liberty—here's your warrant," I said, giving her the paper her father had signed. "And what happiness you may get by exchanging a skinflint for a popinjay take a God's name."

And with that I went to the door, leaving her dazed, and the old man hanging over his treasure.

I mounted the mare and rode off, tickled with myself at my neat behavior; for I have never gotten out of a difficulty with more grace than on that occasion; and I have been in many a one in my time.

Books and Their Makers

Continued from page 156.

studies of nature in each succeeding season. Mr. Armbrist, known before as the writer of charming nature studies for magazines and periodicals, has a genius for seeing nature and perceiving it. He is no example of Eyes and No-Eyes, for not only does he see but he observes. The tree, the stream, the mountain, the dale, and God's creatures have a fascinating interest for him which he manages to convey to others. Thus started Charles G. D. Roberts, F. St. Mars, and latterly S. T. Wood. We can do with more people who aim to preach the beauties of the things around us and who do so so successfully that their texts remain with us to our joy and benefit. This book is illustrated by capital photographs by the author, and the publishers, William Briggs, Toronto, have turned out an exceptionally nice piece of book-making. The appeal of "The Beechwoods" should not only be because of its sub-

ject, the moods of nature, but also because it is Canadian and, too, because it is put up in gift-book style. We congratulate Mr. Armbrist and his publishers on "The Beechwoods."

OUR POET OF BEAUTY

REVERTING, if I may, for a moment to the output of Canadian poetry in book form this year, a collection of Marjorie Pickthall's verse, under the title of "The Lamp of Poor Souls" comes from the Oxford Press, Toronto. No one can read these poems without agreeing that Miss Pickthall is our national poet of beauty. We can claim her, for though she was not born in Canada she was partially educated here and at any rate came to Canada at a time when her mentality was plastic enough to be moulded, along lines more akin to Canadian than to English. This book comprises those pieces of Miss Pickthall's verse which formerly appeared in "The Drift of Pinions," now out of print, together with several newer ones. Some of the poems have a sombre beauty and a quiet philosophy rare even in the excellence of present day singers. Consider, for example, "Dimitte Mortuos":—

Remember? Nay they'll not remember
 Long, ere the spark
 Of every breath-warmed, love-lit ember
 Die in the dark.

Grieve? Would you burden them with
 grieving?
 Tears, while you slept?
 Or is this haunted world you're leaving
 Worthily wept?

Here on the shore, the sweet sea's giving
 Has left, O man,
 A flower of pearl, a flake, outliving
 Thy loftiest span.

Raise, with the hand that death is
 taking,
 The brimming shell,
 And wish them, half twist sleep and
 waking,
 Hail and farewell.

The imagery of this poet is like the varied and intricate and altogether splendid tracery that the branches of many trees make with the sky above them:

The beauty of poetic form which Miss Pickthall's verse displays, in my humble judgment, far more than any other Canadian poet, is of the quiet and sombre kind. It is the still and soft beauty rather than the florid handsomeness marked in the work of some others. There is nothing bold and challenging about it. And it has that half regretful and near-fatalistic turn. You see it too in "Vale" and "An

Epitaph." Yet she too can strike the note of joyful praise and her reader feels her creed that it is indeed good to be alive.

"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

Her power of apt quotation is striking. She is rich in classic allusion and rich, too, in its perennial suitability, which can't be said of every writer who rings in some cloistered ancient. "The Little Fauns to Prosperine" is a piece of verse which will live for this reason.

But everything Marjorie Pickthall writes will live!

Tommy Canuck After the Great War

Continued from page 143.

5 cents a piece, and beef and mutton prices hard in their wake have anything but a depressing effect on farmers. His bank credit is as good as he sets out to make it and the products of his labor find a quick market for cash. The tendencies and influences that bear on his life and the life of his children are not those that abide in sordidness, poverty and dirt. His is a man's job—not a job of wits and schemes and it leaves no remorse behind. If he misses some of life's frivolities, depend upon it, the compensations are great.

The soldier also comes home from war will bring along with him a deep grounded sense of values, and it is questionable if he will willingly submerge himself in the froth that fringes cities—at least that is what I seem to have read in the tired eyes of many of those who have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Current Events

Continued from page 160.

economy made great fortunes for themselves. There is no reason why any grasping persons who have done far less good to the world should be allowed to appropriate this good boon for their own enrichment. Next to taxing swollen profits out of the hands of such people, the most practicable thing would be to make cold storage a matter of public ownership and management. The producer of perishable foodstuffs would then be able to store his products and market them in a leisurely manner, instead of having to surrender them at the low prices offered at the critical moment, or have them perish on his hands. If he needs the money he ought to be able to obtain warehouse receipts that will serve his purpose for the time being.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

The War's Magnitude

THE magnitude of the present war is not better illustrated than by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., a distinguished British soldier, and Lord Kitchener's successor as commander in chief in India, who contributes an interesting article on "The Battle of the Somme," to the *Weekly Dispatch*. Referring to the number of men in action on the Somme front, General Creagh says:

"According to the French accounts the German line is defended in places by as much as a division every thousand yards, say 14,000 bayonets. This would give us a total of 52 divisions, or roughly 725,000 men, for the whole Somme front, a figure which squares with the assumption that half the forces the Germans have in the west have been attracted to this zone of fighting. We are told that the Germans have about 120 divisions on the Anglo-French front; half of these is, of course, 60 divisions. I do not think, therefore, we are wrong in assuming that on the enemy's side between 700,000 and 800,000 men are striving to hold the Allied advance towards Bapaume-Peronne.

"The Allies have at least the same number of men, so that we get the colossal total of a million and a half men engaged in the one battle, not counting the many thousands required to carry on the subsidiary services in the rear. The Germans are said to be using 2,000 guns on this thirty-mile front. I take this total to be much under-estimated rather than overstated. I shall not be surprised to find in all some 10,000 guns of various calibre engaged in the battle.


"Keeping this idea of a million and a half men and 10,000 guns shaping the proportions of the Somme battle, let us see what history has to offer us by way of contrast. Napoleon at Dresden had 120,000 men against 220,000 men; at Leipsic he had 160,000 against 230,000.

"The field of Waterloo extended but two-miles, from the Chateau of Hougomont on the right to La Haye Sainte on the left, or as far as the average front the British or the French have been attacking since July 1 every morning. In this campaign Napoleon had about 200,000 men and 350 guns, against Wellington's 105,000 men and Blucher's 142,000 men and 234 guns.


"Napoleon entered Russia in 1812 with 647,000 men and 1,372 guns, or with fewer men than the Germans require to man their Bapaume-Peronne defences and certainly far fewer guns."

So if the casualties from the Somme have seemed overwhelming to the people of Great Britain as well as to Canadians comments *The Stratford*

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

Herald., the immense number of the men employed on this front must be borne in mind, as well as the fact that the mortality has been small as compared with that around Ypres, at Loos, Festubert, Givenchy and Neuve Chapelle. Neither does the mortality on the Somme begin to compare with that which characterized the Gallipoli expedition. Another satisfactory aspect is that the number of lightly wounded is the principal feature of the medical side of the Somme fighting.

A Memorable Anniversary

IT is now more than a year since the murder of Edith Cavell shocked the world, and one of the few Canadian papers that recalled the anniversary is the Saskatoon *Phoenix* which observes:

One would have thought from the noble example set by this brave woman that the anniversary of her death would have been almost universally remembered. Yet hardly a newspaper in Canada even recorded the date as worthy of special mention. A correspondent to "The Nursing Mirror," an Old Country publication, wrote prior to October 13th, "May I suggest that October 13, the anniversary of the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, be observed as a special day of intercession to Almighty God for all nurses working both at home and abroad, that they may have courage, self-control, patience and strengthening of faith in a Higher Power given to them?"

The date cannot have been generally celebrated or else the event escaped all publicity.

The chief memorial to Miss Cavell to-day exists in Manchester Cathedral, where there is a brass plate underneath the painted window and plate to the memory of General Gordon. The plate to the memory of Miss Cavell reads "To the memory of Miss Edith Cavell this tablet is erected in appreciation of her work in Manchester. By command of the German military authorities she was executed in Brussels on the night of October 13, 1915."

May the nurses now in the service of the Empire be stimulated by her great example!

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 149.

It was the waiter, but the waiter strangely transformed. His eyes were shinging with excitement, and, yes, with something besides excitement. There were tears in them.

"Play that once more," he said, though his lips were trembling so that he could scarcely command the utterance.

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Circulation
Promotion
Department.

"What was it I played?" I asked, and then by way of explaining the apparent folly of the question, added: "I was thinking of something else, and really don't know myself."

"That wonderful second variation," he said. "I haven't heard it—" and then he trailed off into a jargon of speech in a language which I instinctively called "German," but could not understand.

His words were enough, however, to recall what I had been playing, and as I proceeded to obey him, the name "Beethoven," and the opus number of the sonata came clearly back to my mind. I played on and on in a sort of daze. The past was opening up behind me so rapidly! Such a horde of names and melodies of strange unclassified associations came pouring in on me that it is no wonder I was bewildered.

The necessity for going out and finding a job was forgotten. I had forgotten where I was. I only knew that my old unknown self was awaking, was busy with his memories, was wandering in the labyrinth of the past. Ah! if he could but find his way out.

The sound of footsteps recalled me to the present. My waiter was approaching in company with another man, a stocky, low-browed person, with a red face and long, well-oiled mustache, and what passed for a diamond in an expanse of very dirty shirt-front.

He did not speak to me at once, but began rummaging through a heap of soiled and shabby music sheets which lay on the piano. Presently he found what he wanted and spread it open before me on the rack.

"Play that," he said.

I glanced at it indifferently. It appeared to be a stupid and rather inane composition in highly syncopated time.

"You really want to hear it?" I asked.

He stared at me.

"No, I don't want to hear it," he said, "I want to hear if you can play it. This waiter, here, he came to me nearly thrown into a fit about how you could bang the box. If you can rattle off that rag you'll do."

"I get the idea," said I. "You want to see if I can play it."

"That's what I want to see," he answered.

For a moment my mind worked fast. Obviously here was a chance for a job—but such a job! Yet, I reflected, what chance had I for anything better? Where could I get employment expect in some such way as this without accounting for myself, telling who I was, where I came from, what previous employment I had had? I might be able to invent a past, perhaps, but I could not forge references.

On the other hand, the piano seemed



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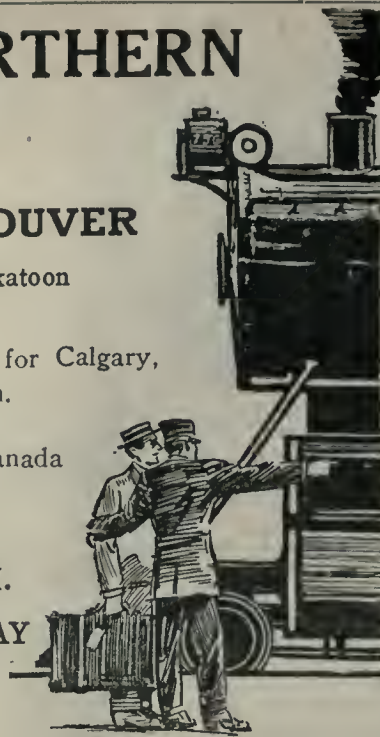
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to offer me a key that might serve to
pick the lock of my mystery. In a
moment I had taken my decision.

"I get a job, then, if I can play this?"
I asked.

"That's what I am telling you," he
said impatiently. "It ain't the regular
job, though, you understand. You're
to spell off the other fellow between
shows."

"Well and good," said I.

Then on the spur of the moment I
decided to dazzle him a little. I ran
my eye over the wretched composition
on the rack before me. Then I closed
it and tossed it back on top of the
piano. I checked his profane exclamation
with up-raised hand.

"Listen," said I. And then I played
it through, played it, I am willing to
bet, as that particular piece of clap-
trap had never been played before.

He listened, his eyes fairly starting
out of his head, until I had finished.
Then what he took to be the true ex-
planation occurred to him.

"Oh," he said, "you can't play that
on me. You knew it."

"No," I said, "I have never seen it
before or heard for that matter."

The waiter was nodding his head in
solemn wonder. I turned to him for
confirmation.

"The melody was stolen from the
'Blue Danube,'" I explained, "and the
harmonies amount to nothing. Any
man who knew his business could do
as much. Isn't that so?"

But the waiter was beyond words.
He just went on nodding his head por-
tentously. I also detected signs of ex-
citement in the proprietor. He made
me play a dozen different pieces, not
toward the end so much to try my
powers as to confirm his growing belief
that he had made a great find.

"You go on the regular show," he
said, after our impromptu musicale
had lasted some little time. "You
have got that other fellow skinned
alive."

That would have been satisfactory
had he stopped there, but as it happen-
ed, in the rather listless amusement of
astonishing him I had gone somewhat
too far. I realized this when I found
him considering the project of putting
me not in his orchestra but on the stage,
billed as a great discovery, "The Tramp
Pianist."

I tried to argue him out of this idea,
but my remonstrances made him all
the more determined.

"What're you beefin' about?" he
demanded. "You'll get three times as
much in your pay envelope, and then
maybe one of those wise guys from old
Broadway will come dropping in here
and the first thing you know you will
be drawing a hundred a week at Keith
& Proctor's. Didn't you never hear of

Nettie the Lady Baritone? She got her start singing for me."

His view of the matter left me in a rather serious quandary. He had not quite the eye or the bearing of a man upon whose candid good faith one could rely implicitly. If I were even to hint to him that there were reasons why I was anxious to avoid attracting attention, he would probably not be above using the hold upon me which this knowledge gave him to reduce me to a position of daily slavery and terror.

Already he was looking at me curiously, and I could see suspicion in his eye.

Then suddenly the solution of the problem occurred to me. It was so easy and so obvious that I almost laughed aloud.

"See here," I said, taking him confidentially by the elbow and drawing him off a little out of hearing of the waiter. "You don't recognize me, do you?"

He looked a little startled.

"Well, that's not remarkable," I went on, "because I am pretty well disguised. I would not tell it to anybody else, but I am really the Czar of Russia. Now, if you put me up on that stage with my face to the audience, some of these nihilists—"

I broke off there and glanced cautiously at the waiter.

"Do you suppose he is one?" I asked. "Do you suppose he is a spy?"

I could see by his eyes that the trick had worked. He was looking at me with the mixture of fear and contempt which an insane person always inspires in one of his order of mind.

I don't know that my story alone would have convinced him, but it fitted in too well with my unkempt appearance and my otherwise unaccountable performances at the piano for him to doubt it. I was some harmless lunatic escaped from an asylum.

If he could safeguard me from too much attention he stood a chance to keep me and to get my valuable services at the piano at almost no expense; but to put me up on the stage and make a feature of me would, of course, be fatal. No contract that he could get me to sign would protect him against losing me the moment my real identity was discovered.

"Where do you live?" he demanded.

I made a vague gesture.

"I am not at my palace now," said I.

"Well, now," he said, using grotesquely enough the coaxing tone in which people address children, "well, now, you stay here and live with me. I will board you free, and I will pay you two dollars per day. Does that go?"

And that was how I got a job.

To be continued.



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Director General.

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GOD SAVE THE KING



CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE great war has brought Nationhood to Canada in a greater measure, perhaps, than she would have obtained it during a generation of ordinary development. The spontaneous response to the Empire's call has established Canada, in the eyes of the world, as a powerful young Dominion whose possibilities are only just beginning to be known and only slightly developed.

What will Canada do to grasp this world-position opportunity? What will be the programme for development after this war for the peace and liberty of the world has been brought to a successful conclusion?

The Editors have obtained for the readers of CANADA MONTHLY a series of articles by experts, each of which will deal with some phase of this Nationhood development.

In this issue is presented an interesting and instructive article from the pen of Mr. J. S. Dennis, Assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in charge of the Department of Natural Resources of that great institution which has been such a powerful factor in the development of Canada.

Mr. Dennis points out that the larger portion of Canada's area must be developed through agriculture. In order to bring about this development we must have more farmers. He shows how these new farmers for Canada's great prairies are to be obtained.

Other articles in this series will deal with the possibilities of development in manufacture, mining and world commerce.

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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy; in the United States, \$1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London:
382 Clarence Street.

Toronto:
Mail Building.

New York City:
373 4th Avenue.

Chicago:
1115 Marquette Building.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.



Canada Monthly's School and College Directory



The successful business man was in a reminiscent mood.

"When we were poor," he said thoughtfully, "we looked forward to the time when we should have a little cottage in the country."

"Yes?" said the friend inquiringly. "Well, when we were rich enough to satisfy this ambition, we got tired of going to the same place every summer. It was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Yes?" said his friend again. "Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we shouldn't have to spend so much time in our town house."

"Yes?"—for the third time. "Well, we have them all now."

"And are you happy?" "I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up most of the time, and goes travelling abroad, but she knows she's got them."

"I want you to clean my shop-window," said Mr. Binks to Muggins, the village champion window-cleaner. "Do you think you can do it while I'm away for an hour or so?"

"Oh, yes; glad to do it!" returned Muggins. And while Mr. Binks was out he set to work with a will, and completed the job with a vengeance.

"Muggins," said Mr. Binks, entering the shop and glancing at the cleaner's work with approval, "you've done the job well. Why, there isn't a speck or a scratch to be seen on the whole pane. Here's your money, and an extra shilling."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with it," murmured Muggins, pocketing the money somewhat nervously.

"Of course I am. Why, I can hardly believe there is any glass there at all, it looks so clear!"

"Well, there ain't," said Muggins, moving rapidly towards the door. "Me and the ladder fell through the glass just after we started!"

Mr. Subbubs: "Sometimes I am inclined to favor woman's suffrage."

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CANADA MONTHLY

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Toronto, Ont.

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

There are few tragedies in a man's life more painful than when he has to begin to comb his hair carefully over the bald spot.

With old Jenkins it was a bad case. On his head each hair had its own place in attempting to hide the effects of Time.

He was playing the other day with a little girl—a sweet young damsel of seven, the age of curiosity and frankness.

Suddenly the child paused in her chatter, and her eyes widened with interest as she gazed at her playmate's head.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she breathed in awestruck tones, "what is those black strings on your head!"

"Boo-hoo—boo-hoo!"

The kind old gentleman traced the sad sounds to their source, and came upon a small, whimpering lad.

"What's the matter, my little man?" he asked sympathetically.

"I'm lost!" wailed the boy.

"Lost? Nonsense! We mustn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"

"D-don't know, sir!" whined the lad. "We've just m-moved, and I c-can't remember the address!"

"Well, what's your name?"

"D-don't know, sir!"

"Don't know?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"No-o!" sobbed the lad, breaking into a fresh outburst of tears. "M-mother m-married again this m-morning!"

"I try to do my duty," said the exceedingly sincere person, "and I do not hesitate to remind others of their duty."

"Go ahead," replied the easy-going citizen. "You may prove to be a very useful member of society. But when you get through you'll have as many sincere friends and admirers as an alarm clock."

"Bridget, did you hear the door bell?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why don't you go to the door?"

"Shure, ma'am, I don't be expectin' anybody to call on me. It must be somebody to see yourself."

"How came those holes in your elbows?" said the widow Smith to the irrepressible small boy.

"Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when Mr. Horner was saying to our Julia that he'd take her even if you had to be thrown in. He didn't know

I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I burst 'em."

He was something in the furniture line, and his special mission in life was to repair broken chairs and sole and heel damaged tables—"as per estimate, to your very esteemed instructions."

She was a young person, interviewing the furniture king concerning a mahogany table.

"But, madam," he demanded, "what ever has happened to the article? What are these scratches and small marks round the edge?"

"What happened to it, indeed!" replied the Y. P. "Why, baby insisted upon cutting his teeth round the edge of that table, and very well he did it, too!"

Then the furniture fakir smiled, for he, too, was a family man.

A bashful gentleman who visited a school kept by a young lady was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupil. This was his speech:

"Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do."

A tableau of giggling pupils and a blushing teacher attested the effectiveness of his words.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE
 REQUESTS
 THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO
 BEGIN NOW
 TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE
 NEXT WAR LOAN

JAN. 9, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
OTTAWA

As they sat together in the shadow of the old porch, talking of things we will not inquire into, though we can guess them—as they sat there, breathing the chilly air and endeavoring to stifle their shivers, a sudden squeaking broke into the evening stillness.

"What on earth is that?" asked the young man. "It sounds like a street fiddler tuning up!" he added, putting his hands to his ears as the sounds grew louder and louder.

The beautiful girl by his side smiled proudly.

"It is only father," she replied.

"Only father!" exclaimed the young man, jumping up abruptly. "Does his shoes make all that noise?"

"Yes, dear," answered the girl, helping him over the wall. "I didn't intend him to surprise us together a second time—so I sprinkled resin on his soles."

When O'Dearie sued O'Mee for the payment of five dollars, some people imagined that they were the most important people in the case. But this was not the opinion in Pat's district.

It was he who had seved O'Mee with the debated goods of O'Dearie, and he had been called to give evidence. When he returned home he wore a big swagger

"Shure, mither, an' it isn't aisy to be a witness," he boasted, "espeshully when the lawyers be such fools!"

"Were the lawyers fools?" exclaim-ed his mother. "Oi shouldn't have belaved it!"

"It's thru, though," replied Pat. "It's as thru as Oi'm sitting here, be-gorrah! They asked so many ques-tions, Oi'm thinking they didn't know a blessed thing about the case!"

A father had decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his youthful son.

Father spoke judiciously, but severely; he recounted the boy's mis-deeds, and duly explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, his wife the while standing by, duly im-pressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and incidentally to hear the culprit's acknowledgment of error, the boy, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said:

"Mother, isn't dad interesting?"



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The end of the war may unsettle many industries—*must* unsettle some, but agriculture will go on as before. The world must be fed and Western Canada is the country which logically will develop most rapidly when peace returns. *Now* is the time to prepare for those new conditions. Grasp the opportunity that the Canadian Pacific offers you in its farm homes.

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Many Farmers in 1916

sold their crops for more than the total cost of their land. You missed the opportunity then—will you miss it again? Find out how easy you may start on your own farm through the assistance of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Free literature and information on request.

Free Booklets—Write!

See for yourself the opportunities for independence and happiness that are yours in the great Canadian West. See for yourself how easy the Canadian Pacific Railway makes it for you to take advantage of these opportunities. Get all the particulars. Mail the coupon or a post-card for free literature. Don't delay. Act today. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain.



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Department of Natural Resources
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The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color. What is it that is keeping most of us from having this charm? A dull, sluggish skin!

And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

You can change this sluggish condition by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment: It will keep the new skin which forms every day, as old skin dies, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

Use this treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

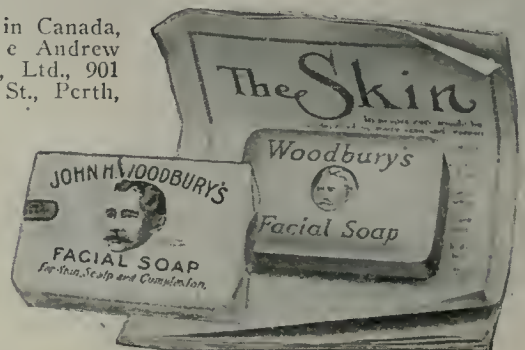
Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this skin treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send today for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 901 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your drug-gist's or toilet counter.



Canada's Economic Need— More Farmers

By J. S. Dennis

Assistant to the President of the Canadian-Pacific Railway

Illustrated from Photographs

IN Western Canada we have an idea that the bull's-eye of our Dominion target is located on our broad plains and certainly a large part of the solution of some of our present problems must be dependent on development in the West.

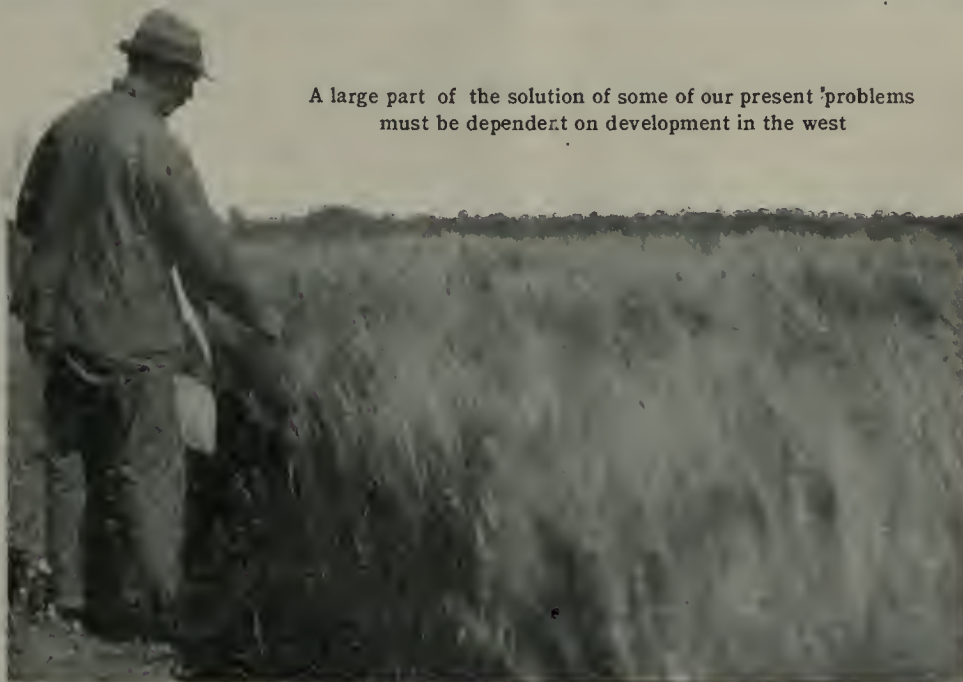
Beginning with Confederation, Canada has, from time to time, been faced by serious problems. Commencing with that of the consolidation of the then scattered Crown colonies into one

Dominion, we then had to face the acquirement from the Hudson's Bay Company of that great central portion, now comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; and later to undertake, what was then looked upon as a visionary dream, the linking together of all parts of the Dominion by the construction of a transcontinental railway. Later on again, we have had the problem of the construction of additional transcontinental

railways; the question of immigration; the improvement of our interior waterways; the serious questions of tariff, and inter-provincial differences.

Fortunately, all these problems were met and more or less successfully solved with the result that prior to the war, Canada was progressing rapidly and the future looked bright. Immediately prior to the war, we had a period of great prosperity and expansion, resulting from the great railway

A large part of the solution of some of our present problems must be dependent on development in the west





In the Western Provinces are vast areas of the finest agricultural lands ready for the plow without any preliminary clearing

construction programme throughout Canada and the coincident Dominion, provincial, municipal, corporate and private expenditures, all over the Dominion. We also had our greatest immigration movement during that period, resulting in an increase of our population by millions of people in the ten year term 1905-1915. This immigration, as shown by the Dominion government returns, originated, as follows:

Great Britain, 973,034
 United States, 875,876
 Other Countries, 680,394

Our prosperity during that period, together with the large immigration movement brought about a somewhat inflated condition, and when the war broke out, we were face to face with a check in our development. The war relieved this situation and removed the unemployment question, largely due to the enlistment of a large number of the men who had come from Great Britain during the previous period and who were out of employment in our cities, towns and villages.

THE war, however, has not removed certain serious problems. Our most pressing problems, as I see them, are Colonization, Returned Soldiers and Development. Occupying a territory greater in area than the United States, Canada has a population less than 8,000,000. Possessed of great natural resources in our forests, fisheries, mines, and vast unoccupied area of agricultural land, we are importing quantities of manufactured articles and food stuffs which should be produced at home.

In Canada, we have an unsound economical condition in the distribution of our population throughout the whole

of the Dominion. In Western Canada, with a total population in the four western provinces of less than the population of the Province of Quebec, we find the unsound distribution between the urban and rural communities of forty-three per cent. urban and fifty-seven per cent. rural. This condition also exists to a greater or less extent in the older provinces, and the distribution in the Dominion as a whole to-day is about forty-five per cent. urban and fifty-five per cent. rural. These facts are, of themselves, sufficient to indicate the pressing necessity for increasing our population as a whole and properly distributing the increase, so as to correct this unsound division between the producer and consumer. In speaking of "Colonization," I am using the term in the broad sense of not only obtaining and putting the proper man on the land, but also in colonizing the proper labor, whether skilled or unskilled, in his proper place. It is unreasonable to expect that the agricultural population in the older provinces can be increased with great rapidity, because they have no large areas available for settlement which do not involve the tedious process of land clearing before cultivation can be undertaken, but in all these older provinces, there are large numbers of unoccupied farms which should be recolonized, so as to increase the percentage of agricultural producing population. In the western provinces, however, where nature has blessed the Dominion with vast areas of the finest agricultural land, which can be put under cultivation without any preliminary clearing, every effort must be exerted to increase the agricultural population and correct the present unsound distribution of population.

Analysis of the two and one half million people added to our population during the period 1905-1915, proves that only a small proportion were looking for land, and that the vast number of the men, especially those from Great Britain, were seeking employment as laborers, either skilled or unskilled. Our effort in our future colonization campaign must be to obtain a greater proportion of immigrants to take up and cultivate our land and to discourage the immigration of laborers, either skilled or unskilled, to any greater extent than can be readily assimilated through extension of our industrial development.

DEALING with the problem of our returned soldiers, it must be remembered that all our men will come back from the Front feeling that they are entitled to take up their old positions, or to be provided with work the moment they are mustered out of the army.

In addition to our own returned soldiers, we must look forward to a great influx of men who are serving in the British army. After the South African war, where some 300,000 men were engaged, the British government statistics show that within one year after the close of the war, 100,000 of these men emigrated overseas. What may we expect from four or five million men that Great Britain now has serving in her army?

The United States is the source from which our greatest immigration may be looked for after the war. The population there is expanding rapidly and opportunity for obtaining cheap land or employment, decreasing correspondingly, and the openings in Canada and the Nationhood which has come to us through our share in the war, will attract people from the United States, whether native born or foreign, because they are accustomed to similar methods of agriculture and similar systems of schools, taxation, currency, transportation, weights and measures, and general methods of living, and a change of flag will not retard the movement of people in large numbers.

OUR third problem is the matter of development. Much of our industrial, business, municipal and transportation development in Canada prior to the war was in advance of what conditions justified, and we must recognize that our great constructive development programme is at a standstill and will be "marking-time" until we can materially increase and properly distribute our population.

Our railway construction programme, for instance, brought about a condition under which Canada has a greater railway mileage per capita than any

other country in the world, and as far as the western provinces are concerned, has resulted in one mile of railway in operation for every 116.3 of total population and one mile for every 66.0 rural or producing population.

We also had an industrial development on certain lines in advance of our markets, and generally, had built a superstructure on the unsound foundation of an insufficient rural population.

In the past, especially in the west, we have in many cases had unsound industrial development because it was based on the importation of raw material, while many of our vast natural resources were left undeveloped. It is, of course, economically unsound that a country like Canada, blessed as it has been by nature with vast and inexhaustible natural resources, should be importing a large percentage of her food stuffs and manufactured articles, and every effort must be exercised to correct this condition.

First, it is absolutely necessary that the whole question of our immigration policy should receive immediate and most careful consideration, and that a proper department to handle it, irrespective of politics or salaries, should be created by the Dominion government.

In this connection, it is suggested that the Dominion government should call a conference of representatives of the provincial government, transportation companies, banks, boards of trade, manufacturers' associations, trades and labor councils, farmers' organiza-

tions, and all those interested in the expansion and proper distribution of our population. This conference would, without doubt, result in the preparation of a clear cut programme to be followed by the proper department in solving this problem.

WITH regard to our returned soldiers and those of the British army who will come to Canada, arrangements must be made now to properly take care of them.

We must expect that as far as the men of the army are concerned, the larger proportion will be looking for employment in our cities, towns and villages, and to meet this problem, it is necessary that we should have a Dominion wide labor bureau, which would make a careful labor survey of the Dominion and would be in a position, when the proper time comes, to direct the labor to those points where it can be assimilated; otherwise, we will have a serious congestion of unemployed at certain points and a shortage of a certain kind of labor where it is needed.

Our development problem is a many sided one. It includes the readjustment of industrial activity in the East, now engaged in making war munitions and war supplies, so as to take up something of a permanent industrial character after the war, and it also includes a comprehensive study of our natural resources, so that new outlets for present products, and reliable data re-



View of a rich silver deposit

garding the location and character of our resources, may be provided, and new channels and proper methods and opportunities for their development indicated.

To meet the situation, it is suggested that the Dominion government should forthwith undertake a complete industrial survey of the Dominion and be prepared to follow it up by endeavoring to interest the men and capital in industrial development necessary to utilize our natural resources, and provide a market for both skilled and unskilled labor.

It must be remembered that prior to the war, large sums of money were obtained from Great Britain, France and Northern Europe for our development programme, and that we are now shut off from that market and will be shut off for many years after the war. We must, therefore, look to our neighbors, south of the international boundary to provide the money needed to continue our development programme, and steps to thoroughly advise them as to the opportunities for investment in Canada should, of course, be included in the development survey.



Canada has been blessed with inexhaustible natural resources

A Descendant of Prince Shamus

By C. B. Loomis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

WHATEVER story there is about it, this is James's story. And James said his story was his mother's story, and I've a suspicion that James's mother's story came down to her along the line of the Irish kings from which she said she was descended.

My meeting with James was unusual, and the better to describe it I will go back to five minutes before I first saw him.

I was reading the evening paper on my way across the North River to New York and came on a paragraph headed "The Boy Was Thanked." It told of a poor boy who, after picking up a wallet that a banker had dropped, chased him several blocks and finally restored it to him. The banker had opened it, had seen that his money was intact, and had then said in a tone of great kindness, "Thank you, my boy. You are an honest fellow."

It had struck me as I read that here was one of those *eminently* just men. The boy had done his duty and the banker had done his duty, which was to thank the boy kindly. Only I wondered how much imagination the banker had to let such an opportunity for gratifying it pass him.

The incident was still in my mind when I made way off the ferry boat and, grip in hand, sought to cross West street.

A snow-laden gust of wind caught me unprepared and whipping my hat from my head sent it rolling and bouncing down the street

in the direction of Liberty street.

Of course, four or five sprang for it, including myself, but the hat eluded us all and bowled down the car tracks, heading for one of those badges of New York's progressiveness, a horse car.

Suddenly a boy dashed out from the sidewalk, made a headlong dive and caught the hat just in time to save it from the imprint of a hoof. Dodging the horse's feet he turned and ran with it to me.

I reached out one hand to take it and put the other into my pocket so as to be unlike the banker.

There was not a cent of change there. "Carry your grip, sir? Haven't had a thing to eat for twenty-four hours," said the boy in a cheerful voice, holding the hat back and smiling an Irish smile that

disclosed very white and even teeth.

"Yes, but give me my hat before I catch cold. So you're starving are you?"

The boy had given up the hat and had seized my grip and he said, "It's no lie, sir. Were ye' go'n'?"

"Sixth avenue elevated," said I, wondering where I could get a five dollar bill changed so as to pay the boy for his trouble.

"I'll take it for ten cents."

He stopped as he spoke as much as to say that if the ten cents was not forthcoming immediately he wouldn't take the grip.

"I'll give you ten cents when I get a bill changed, but don't you want any pay for getting my hat?"

"Sure, Mike. On'y fer me it would have been stove in."

"Well, I'm *very* much obliged to you." And reach-out, I shook hands with him.

He took my hand, but he looked up into my face and grinned as he said, "Gee, I'd a' chased it over the sea wall for that."

"And glad to see it go, I suppose. Well, we'll call it a dime for getting the hat and you can carry the grip to oblige me, just for the sake of kindness."

"Fix it to suit yourself," said the boy, and I thought I saw a look of contempt stealing over his sunny face.

"What's your name and how hungry are you?"

"Jimmy Murren, an' I'm hungry as hell."

The boy amused me, and as the



"He never seen a gerrul that made him sorry he was livin' alone in his beautiful castle on the hill"

train I was bound for did not leave until 8.30, I determined to invite him to dine with me.

"Got anything in particular to do to-night?" said I.

"Well, I kin put it off if dere's money in anyt'ing else," said he, with a peculiarly winning grin.

"I was wondering whether we couldn't eat dinner together. I want to see if you're as hungry as you say you are, and I haven't had dinner myself, and Smith & McNell's is close by."

Then to jolly him along, I said (and there was more truth than fiction in it), "I used to eat there when I was a poor boy."

"Gee, was you ever poor?" said Jimmy, and I wondered whether there wasn't a touch of satire in his remark. I have never classed myself among the unduly rich.

He ran on: "I used to be rich, meself."

"You were rich?" said I, for a moment taking the announcement seriously.

"Oh, sure—say, youse ain't kiddin' me? Are we go'n' ter git dinner for fair?"

I turned into Greenwich street as an evidence of good faith, and said:

"There's no doubt about it. As much dinner as would be good for you after your fast. So you were rich?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, cheerfully and mendaciously. "Until me farder lost his fortune I was rich. We lived in t'ree houses on Fift' avenyer, an' I studied football up ter Columbia, and every time I seen a poor boy I lammed him one good. I never t'ought I was go'n' to be poor meself some day. But dis Chadwick woman needed me farder's money, an' he let her have it, an' den I kem down here to look for a job of carryin' grips an' I ain't went to Columbia since."

"You're not very hungry," said I, looking down at the bright and surprisingly clean face. "No hungry boy could give me a fairy tale like that."

With his disengaged hand Jimmy patted his stomach lovingly.

"Gee, der hungrier I get der better stories I kin make up. I tell de udder boys fairy stories an' dey blows me off—sometimes. Some of dem I made up an' some me mudder tol' me. She'd

her head full of dem—Irish fairy stories."

It instantly struck me that here might be a folk lore vein worth delving into and I felt that virtue was going to be rewarded—as usual.

We passed into the noisy and crowded restaurant and found seats in a corner, and Jimmy sniffed the air like a war horse.

"Oh, dat smell makes me hungrier. Sometimes, boss, w'en I ain't got der price I cross over der street w'en I pass a eatin' house, because der smell of t'ings cookin' always makes me hungrier."

"Well, get as hungry as you want



"On his way he met a strange boy that told him he'd hear his fate that day"

and we'll see what we can do."

I looked at the bill of fare, and then I looked at the bright little face before me. Yes, he did look hungry. Probably some boys would have spoken with a beggar's whine, but he was evidently a lad of temperament—and also of cheerful temperament, although temperament does not always connote cheerfulness.

"How would a thick steak and a fat baked potato and some fried sweet potatoes and mince pie and coffee do?"

"Ully gee! I won't do a t'ing to dem."

The boy clapped his hands in delight, and I could not help feeling (somewhat smugly, no doubt) that that banker had thrown away a golden opportunity when he dismissed that other boy with thanks.

"Say, boss," said Jimmy, when the order had been given, "are you richer dan mos' folks?"

Again suspecting satire in the question, I said, "No, I guess not. Probably not as rich as your father was when he lived in three houses on Fifth avenue."

Jimmy burst into a jolly laugh. "Oh, I was on'y kiddin'. Me farder was a street cleaner, an' he's dead two years ago, an' me mudder was a scrub-loidy till she got sick. She died of pneumonia in a hospital. I used to go up dere to see her on visitin' days, an' she saved me bits from dinner under der bed clothes. She was good to me. Say, boss, a boy's best friend is his mudder."

This was the first time I had ever heard the hackneyed phrase uttered seriously, and I was touched. Jimmy meant every word he said and I fancied that his bright eyes were clouded for a moment. And yet a street boy is not given to emotion.

He was silent for a minute, and then he said thoughtfully, "I wisht I could go to Ireland w'ere me mudder kem from."

"Your name is Mulrennan, you say," said I. "Didn't your father come from there, too?"

"Jeeze, no. He was born in der Nint' Ward like meself. Terence Mulrennan, he was an American, all right, but me mudder was Irish, an' she tol' me dat all der country is green dere, an' dere ain't no snakes dere—gee, but I'd like to see a snake; an' she used to say der boids sang out of doors dere. Not sparrers, but boids dat was singin' all der while. An' she said der sun was brighter dere, an' w'en I growed up she hoped I'd go dere an' see for meself. I t'ink it's pretty bright here most of der time. But dere's real fairies dere. She said so. She seen dem in der moonlight. Mustn't dat have been a cinch?"

Further talk along this line was interrupted by the arrival of dinner, which Jimmy attacked with such gusto that I felt quite sure that his hunger was the real thing.

For a while neither of us said much.

He was too busy. Finally, after a third helping of steak, Jimmy drew a satisfied sigh and said:

"Gee, boss, I'm near bustin'."

"Well, you'd better stop eating or you'll be sick. I ought to have thought of that."

Jimmy looked at me to see if he could see where the joke came in, and then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Dat's a noo one, boss. Sick from eatin' too much. I guess it's not many dat's sick dat way. Gee, I'd like to have dat disease every day. Sick from eatin' too much. I mus' tell der boys dat. Dey'll say it's one of me 'fairies.' Ully gee!"

Jimmy started to take a drink of coffee but choked over it, his desire for laughter not yet extinguished, and the result was disastrous to the tablecloth.

"Oh, dear," said he in alarm, feeling his throat. "What happened to me? Me t'roat feels twisted."

I told him he had swallowed the wrong way.

"Gee, it's near time I loined how to swaller, an' me doin' it fer twelve years."

I was sitting opposite Jimmy. He looked at me and smiled, then sighed again and suddenly his hand came across the table and gripped the top of mine from pure good feeling. I could not help warming to the little chap.

He was evidently revolving something in his mind, and at last it came out.

"Say, boss, will I tell you one of der 'fairies' der boys gits me to tell?"

"Well, I should say so."

There was to be after-dinner speaking, and I was only sorry that smoking was not allowed, that I might have leaned back and pretended that I was listening to some noted Irish wit.

"Well, wance upon a time," began Jimmy, and then he stopped and said:

"Boss, me mudder was descended from der kings of Ireland. Dat's no lie. She was on'y a scrub-loidy in dis country, but she said if I had lived long ago I would have been a prince."

"And as handsome a little prince as ever listened to a harp," thought I, as I looked at the wavy blond hair and the round blue eyes of the earnest lad

who was now paying for his dinner in the only way he knew how.

"I used of'en to t'ink dat it was funny she happened to be me mudder, because she was different from me farder an' never swore like some of der boys' mudders does. An' no matter w'ot happened her she was always t'inkin' dat better times was comin'."

"An' here's der story."

The boy was a born actor, for although his own accent was that of a New York street boy, as soon as he began to tell his mother's story he assumed an Irish accent which I have indicated phonetically as nearly as is possible with our inadequate alphabet.

"Wance upon a time there was a king of Ireland an' he had a son, an' the name of the son was Prince Shémus (Shamus). (Me mudder said dat Shémus was der same as me own name, Ja-mes.) Prince Shémus was that red haired that the clouds was lit up of a dark night whenever he would go out

of doors an' the eyes of him was like di'minds. An' Prince Shémus wasn't married, because he never seen a gerrul that made him sorry he was livin' alone in his beautiful castle on the hill.

"But wan day there was a fair in Bally—(Gee, boss, I never could remember der names of der places in me mudder's stories. Dey was Bally dis and Bally dat.)"

"Call it Ballyhack" Said I.

"(All right, on'y dat wasn't it.)—Well, he went to the fair an' on his way he met a strange boy that told him he'd hear his fate that day. And sure 'nough Boss, he did. He seen there a fortune-teller in a booth that told him the gerrul he was to marry lived across the says in America, although she was Irish. An' wid that out on the wall beside him was a pitcher of a golden-haired gerrul as white an' red as flesh an' blood. Oh, she was so beautiful that the prince fainted dead away an' when he come to him self he axed the fortune-

teller where would he find a gerrul like that. And the fortune-teller tould him to go down to the say an' he'd find a ship on the shore an' to get into it widout a worrid an' sail for America an' the rest would happen to him."

It was interesting to watch Jimmy as he warmed into his recital. He entered into the spirit of the tale, and I have not a doubt was oblivious to his incongruous surroundings save that he had an auditor. It was queer, too, that although the "th" in his ordinary speech was a shibboleth to him when he came to use the dialect of his mother he said "th" with ease where she would have used it.

"And Prince Shémus did as he was tould, and he laves the booth in the fair an' jumps on his cream-colored horse. (I forgot to tell youse about der horse. Me mudder always began wid tellin' me of der looks of der horse.) He was cream colored wid a white tail that swep' the ground an' gleami n' eyes, an' he was that gentle he could walk on you widout hurtin' you.

"Prince Shémus lept upon his horse an' rode down to the roarin' say, an' there ridin' on the waves was a white sail boat



"Me mudder said I was a descendant of Prince Shamus"

Continued on page 210.

A Quebec Roadhouse

By Estelline Bennett



The contrast between the quaint, narrow streets of Quebec and the wonderful country outside the walled city is worth a day's journey

IN Quebec a small quiet road house, little known to tourist or traveller, stands near the road on the way from the city of Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. It is a jealously guarded favorite among those who do know it and are connoisseurs of genuine old French-Canadian cookery. If it had been built for a ski-ers' club house or especially for a road house, instead of growing by virtue of the habitant's necessity from a habitant dwelling, it could not have been placed more perfectly in regard to distance, good roads for sleighs, and cross country tramps for ski-ers and snowshoers. It has come to be the upper-end of many a merry tramping or sleighing party.

It was a young people's ski-ing club that discovered it not more than a year ago and found that the *perdrix aux choux*, *torquaire*, and *croquignoles* were the sort that only French-Canadians know really how to make. It is owned by a French-Canadian and his wife who do their own cooking and receive the merry-makers as though they were specially invited guests. The living room, where supper is served, is in the most correct and charming French habitant style—the same sort and school of interior decoration that has been copied in the lovely habitant suite at the Chateau Frontenac. There are the hand-woven rag rugs, the old wooden rocking chairs, picturesque old furniture, thickly curtained deep windows, blooming geraniums on the window sills, and a disinclination everywhere to speak English. The place is beyond Kent House at Montmorency Falls and so far as being "discovered" is concerned, is absolutely unspoiled. It is like a one-night trip abroad—somewhere into the interior of France-before-the-war. But the supper is distinctly the French that is Canadian. It is French cooking adapted to the cold of the north.

"Don't tell people about it, Mother," pleaded the young ski-er who with a party of friends had come upon it unexpectedly one clear cold moonlight night when they were all tired and hungry. "Don't tell! No, it isn't selfish. It would just spoil it. These people don't know how wonderful it is. They're just serving their own sort of supper in their own way in their own old stone house—you know the sort, Mother—and it's great! You know it would be a pity to make it popular."

The road house business around the old city of Quebec is still in its infancy, probably for two reasons. For one thing the Quebecois are a thrifty home-loving people not given, by inclination to inviting strangers, either those who pay or those who do not, into their homes. They are not inclined to make their living at their own hearthstones.



And then you will ski or snowshoe back to the old walled city. If it were a dozen years ago you would find the gates closed against you

Into their homes they invite their friends. Their business affairs are things outside. For another thing, the hardy, outdoor-loving people of Quebec are more apt to picnic in the snow than to hunt for shelter. When they go ski-ing or snow-shoeing they make camp fires in the woods and have lunch or supper in the open. Snow Shoe clubs have their club houses at convenient distances and these have been wont to suffice. So the little habitant road houses, thoroughly French in the fashion of Normandy or Brittany of three hundred years ago and as foreign and alien to the American traveler as though they had just been transplanted from the forest of Fontainebleau, have all the unexpected charm of a white violet in the snow in early spring. It is not wonderful that the French-Canadians of the cities are jealous of their preservation.

The journey to this one between Montmorency Falls and Ste. Anne de Beauport is worth while in itself even if there were nothing at the end. The contrast between the quaint narrow streets of Quebec and this wonderful country outside the walled city is worth a day's journey. It is over a smooth even road packed hard with snow all through the winter. It glides out from Quebec over the St. Charles river a mile below the cross that marks the place where Jacques Cartier and the crews of his three vessels spent the

winter of 1539; past Maizerets, the two-hundred year old farm where the students of the Quebec Seminary go for a weekly holiday; through the village of Beauport where General Montcalm had his headquarters in 1759, and where the ruins of the old manor house he occupied still stand; through the village of Montmorency and past the frozen falls. In sweaters and furs and woolly cap one cuddles down in the high-backed red sleigh behind the fur clad driver and listens to the steady tinkle of the sleigh bells and the snap of the horses' feet on the snow and wonders what lure was ever found in the summertime. When summer does come one goes out in a cariole or an automobile, watching on the one side the big ships come up from the sea into the St. Lawrence river; and on the other, the Laurentian mountains turn a warmer purple, and straightway in fickle fashion he forgets how sparkling and beautiful a thing the winter was. And in the fall—the glory of Quebec is the fall, when the myriad maple trees turn scarlet and crimson and gold, and the river and the mountains are every shade of purple and blue. One may forget the road house for a little time in the summer and fall for the out-doors is more tempting than any fireside and besides, the distinctive French-Canadian dishes are concocted for the winter which is the long season.

These are some of the things you may have for supper at the little habitant road house on the way to Ste. Anne's:

Pedrix aux Choux—a partridge which after having been frozen had been cooked for several hours in a covered iron casserole with chopped cabbage and salt pork and a rich consomme.

Soupe aux Pois—which is different from the pea soup made in America by reason of the herbes saalees, which all habitant housewives make and city housekeepers buy in the open market in Quebec.

Torquaire—a most delectable concoction of pork chopped, pounded and kneaded with salt and black pepper and baked in a pie.

Croquignoles—a little more delicate, a little less rich, and a little more interesting, but generally speaking, the same old New England doughnut.

And then they will give you some kind of a sweet made with maple sugar and you will ski or snow-shoe or sleigh back to the old walled city. If it were a dozen years ago you would find the gates closed against you. For before the trolley cars on St. John Street and the stress of traffic on Mountain Hill crowded the gates out of their arches they were closed at nine o'clock and after that no one came in or went out of the city of Quebec.

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

CHAPTER VIII.

Synopsis.

A NEW FRIEND AND AN OLD ENEMY.

IT was during the leisure moments of the two weeks that I worked as pianist in Mike Lynch's saloon that I wrote the account of my adventures up to the point where I now resume it.

An extended account of that fortnight would have no place in this narrative. As I think of it now I wonder, alternately, how I endured it as long as I did, and on the other hand, whether I might not be there still if Fate had not, in her drastic and unexpected way, taken a hand in the game.

For a man of any refinement of musical feeling, the experience of banging away, night after night, the same inane, vulgar songs and dances could be nothing but torture. The spent, malodorous physical and moral atmosphere of the place; the leers and jests of strident-voiced soubrettes; the vulgar antics of clowns, disfigured to the point of nausea by what was known as "comic make-up"; the brawlers in the audience, besotted with drink; all these were subsidiary evils.

Much as I hated it, however, it is easy to see why I stayed. Any preliminary toward finding other work would involve quitting the job I had, for Lynch hardly allowed me out of his sight when I was not at the piano.

The violent adventures of the first two or three days following my return to consciousness had left me in a sort of lassitude, where any routine which comprised food and shelter and bade fair to keep me out of the hands of those two dreaded Dugglebys, father and son, was hard to exchange for another fierce tussle with the world.

The night that was destined to be the last of that experience, the night when Fate took her hand in the game, began like all the others. It was a stifling hot Saturday. All Coney Island was gorged with restless pleasure-seekers, and, as usual, the dregs of that great steaming mass of humanity settled in Lynch's saloon.

Indeed, the notoriety of this unsavory resort provided the only mitigating feature of its audiences. It was so bad that decent people often came

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry" the one addressed finally managed to stammer.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to enquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. The doctor wanted to read the manuscript. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks—where he had learned them, he could not remember—the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

to see how bad it was. These amateur sociologists never failed to afford me a good deal of quiet amusement, whenever they sat where I could see or hear them.

There had been no such pleasant diversion to-night, however, and at ten o'clock, when the orgy had got fairly into full swing, I was pounding away, resolved to get through the evening by sheer brute endurance.

Suddenly, during a lull in the noise coincident with the appearance of an alleged comic monologist, I heard the sound of an altercation at a table just behind me. There was nothing unusual in that, Heaven knows, and I should not even have turned my head, had it not been that the voice and the speech of one of the disputants were such as I had never heard before in that place.

He was a gentleman, evidently one

of those amateur sociologists I have spoken about, and he was laboriously trying to express himself in very broken and insufficient English.

I whirled around on my stool to see what it was all about. The man whose explanations were making so little headway was a gentleman of middle age, of highly intelligent appearance, but somewhat unfortunately for him he was in full evening dress.

By the time I had turned around so many people were talking to him at once and with such unnecessary wealth of gesture and expletive that it took me a moment to discover the true cause of his offense myself. It was no wonder that he was bewildered.

It seemed that he had seated himself, in all innocence, in a chair which had been only temporarily relinquished by a lady of the party which occupied the other seats at the table—a lady whose reappearance was momentarily to be expected.

The noise of expostulation swelled rapidly, two or three waiters were coming up, the comic monologist from the stage lent his voice to the altercation, and there seemed to be all the material for a fair-sized row. Once more the gentleman in his halting, laborious way, attempted to inquire what was wrong.

Then, to my amazement, he broke into most rapid and fluent speech. There was an instant of silence, and then from all the tables about came guffaws of laughter. As for me, I sat there on my piano-stool, spellbound for the moment by the double realization that he was speaking in another language than English, which my inner man instinctively labeled "French," and that I understood what he was saying.

I rose and walked over to him.

"Monsieur," said I in his own tongue, "possibly I may be able to clear up this little misunderstanding."

He looked up at me and gasped with relief.

"Thank God!" he said.

I explained the situation to him, where-upon he arose, of course, with a comprehensive bow of apology. I accompanied him to another vacant chair not far away, and ascertained for

him that no one else had a prior claim to it.

"I am a thousand times obliged," he said. "There were all the materials for a very unpleasant few moments, from which you, sir, were good enough to rescue me. I should not have ventured in here alone if I had suspected that my command of English would fail me in that ridiculous way at a crisis."

Unconscious of what I was doing, I drew up another chair and seated myself beside him. I was as oblivious to my present surroundings as I had been that morning two weeks before when I first seated myself before the piano. My old self absolutely dominated me. I was struggling again to organize, to coordinate, the horde of memories, associations, pictures, which the sound of this fine, pure French speech wakened within me.

I found him looking at me curiously.

"You will pardon my asking the question," he said, "but were you not the gentleman who was seated at the piano when I came in?"

That question brought the present back to me. I rubbed my hand vaguely across my forehead.

"Yes," said I. "Yes, I was."

"In that case," he said, "I am obliged to you for more than rescuing me from the consequences of my stupid blunder. It was a delightful, though somewhat mystifying, experience to have heard one of Tschaiakowsky's waltzes played as you played it, in a—a—"

"A den of this sort," I finished for him.

He shrugged his shoulders in mild deprecation.

"I hardly realized where my sentence was taking me when I began it," he said, "but I am obliged to confess that you have greatly piqued my curiosity."

"Apparently, it takes a certain number of mysteries to make up a world," said I. "Shall I strain your curiosity too far if I ask a question?"

"Proceed, monsieur," he said.

"I believe," said I, "that I am at this moment carrying on a conversation with you in French?"

His eyes widened.

"But most assuredly," he said.

"And further," I went on, "if it is a question you are willing to give a candid answer to, is my French the speech of a gentleman of education?"

I had simply surprised him before; now he was interested. He looked at me more closely with a puzzled frown.

"How can monsieur ask that?" he said. "You certainly are of French birth, are you not?"

I shook my head.

"It may be," I said. "I do not know."

He, as well as I, had forgotten for the moment where we were, but the

next moment we got a sharp reminder.

My comic mercologist had come to the end of his string of pleasantries and had given me the cue to the introduction of one of his songs. There was a moment of confusion when I failed to respond. He peered over the footlights into the little well where I was supposed to sit, and remarked my absence; and at the same time Lynch, from his post of general observation, discovered where I was. He bore down upon me in a rage.

"What're you doin' here?" he demanded, seizing me roughly by the arm. "This is no time for you to get lccncy. Co back to that piano, and be quick about it."

To make sure his orders were carried out, he retained his hold on my arm and piloted me down the aisle. There was a general craning of necks and scraping of chairs. The crowd seemed to be scenting another row. Rather humiliated by the situation in which I found myself, I asked Lynch to let go my arm, saying that I would go directly to the piano myself.

The sound of my voice had a curious effect on one of the men whose table I was passing. He was one of a party of three, the other two facing me. They were clearly of a much higher social order than the average frequenters of the resort, but this fact was not apparent from their manners, for they were drunk to the point of being boisterous. The third man, whose face I could not see, was presumably in the same condition, but at the sound of my voice as I spoke to Lynch in passing him, he started as if stung, and turned half round.

Luckily for me he turned the wrong way, and was balked in his evident intention of getting a look at me, but I caught a quarter view of his face, and that was enough to bring the old numbing terror back over me again. The man was young Duggleby!

The table where he and his companion sat was not more than three or four paces from my piano. I must have played the song perfectly automatically, for I have no recollection whatever of anything going on during the next few minutes, except the conversation of those three men. My ears picked it out from the midst of all the tumult. The noise I myself was making at the piano, the raucous voice of the comedian, the clatter of glasses and of plates, were all to me as if they had been silenced.

"I tell you I know him," Duggleby kept repeating, emphasizing his remarks by pounding with his glass upon the table. "Know him? I'd know him in Egypt."

"Oh, you're drunk," said one of his friends. "Shut up!"

And the second man said:

"They will chuck us out in a minute. You know they're glad of the advertisement they get by throwing a gentleman out of a sty like this."

"I know I'm drunk," said Duggleby. "Have I said I wasn't? Is there any man here who can tell me that I'm not drunk, or that I said I wasn't? But I'm not going to be drunk any more. I can't afford to."

"Ch, come," laughed one of the others. "The night's young."

"Not on your life," said young Duggleby. "You two can make blind fools of yourselves if you like, but I tell you for the time being I can't afford it. Drink what you like; I'm going to have coffee. I mean to be sober in ten minutes."

And it soon became apparent that by sheer will-power he was doing exactly as he said. My heart sank deeper and deeper, as every succeeding sentence he uttered showed that he was bringing his wandering wits into better and better control.

It was evident to me then, if it had not been before, how seriously my escape had alarmed those two rich, formidable Dugglébys. Evidently my success in finding the man I sought and reestablishing my own identity would spell disaster to both of them.

Duggleby was speaking again:

"Now listen you two," he said. "I am sober. Understand that and don't start a row when I get up to do what I am going to do now. There won't be any row unless you start it. But if one of you tries to hold me he's going to get hurt."

"I'm going up to have a look at that man at the piano. When I leave this place you get up and follow me out. I shall want your help."

And still I sat there, playing over and over again the jiggling bars of the dance tune that accompanied the flying feet of the comedian. What else was there to do? Evidently he never dreamed that I could have overheard what he was saying to his friends, for the sole purpose of the trick he played was to deceive me.

He deliberately assumed the condition he had actually been in not a quarter of an hour before. He staggered as he rose from his chair and came reeling down the aisle, smiling with the drunken satisfaction of one who thinks he is about to do something exquisitely funny.

That reeling gait is deceptive. A man can go faster that way than he can walk, except with the obvious appearance of haste. Before any of the waiters or the bystanders could come to my assistance, he had pulled me around on the stool, flung his arms around me, and embraced me as if I had been his long-lost brother.

The manoeuvre gave him time enough

to shoot one blazing, searching glance straight into my face, a look as little drunken, as swift, as purposeful as a fencer's thrust.

Of course it was over in a moment. Lynch himself was only half a dozen paces off, and before I could get my breath he and one of the waiters were bundling Duggleby off down the aisle.

I saw through the trick, but I am sure it would have deceived me had I not overheard his previous conversation. He wanted to avoid alarming me unnecessarily, and hoped that even if I recognized him and knew how much I had to fear from him, I should still believe his act to have been one of mere drunken folly, of which he would have no recollection when he should awake with a bad headache the next morning.

If that interpretation of his action were correct—and I could think of no other—I felt with sickening certainty that he must be at that very moment laying his plans to capture me before the night was out. I was safe, in all probability, for just so long as the crowd remained in the saloon and I stuck to my piano-stool.

When I reached that conclusion, the time which had crept so slowly suddenly began to fly. The minutes, the fives, the quarters, marked by the small clock which stood upon the piano, sped by as if on wings, and still I could think of no plan that seemed to promise even a faint hope of escape.

There were three of them, and undoubtedly Duggleby would be able to enlist more in his service, if he felt it necessary to make assurance doubly sure. They were clad in motoring clothes, I vividly remembered, and that meant an automobile. It turned me sick to think that that automobile was likely to make a record run out to Dr. Berry's asylum this very night.

I ran over in my mind the list of acquaintances I had made here in the saloon during the past two weeks, in the hope of finding some one to whom I could appeal for help.

Lynch himself was out of the question. The man, I was convinced, was a thorough-going rogue, and would take whatever course might seem to offer the best immediate cash return. Indeed, I had very little doubt that Duggleby had fixed him already. He was nowhere in sight.

I turned about for a second and cast a glance at the entrance to the saloon,

at the far side of the hall. Already people were going out in streams, but I fancied that amid the crowd I saw one figure holding its place, a figure clad in a long motoring-coat.

My margin of safety now could only be reckoned by minutes. The waiters were yawning; the performers who came on the stage were of the sort known in the slang of the Rialto as "chasers." In another half hour, at the most, I should be abandoned to the mercy of my enemies.

And then from a source from which I never dreamed of expecting it aid came. A waiter brought a visiting card and laid it on the piano-rack. It was engraved with the name and title of "Dr. Charles Marie de Villiers," of Paris, Member of the French Academy of Medicine. On the back was written in French:

I believe you are in difficulty.



The table where he and his companions sat was not more than a few paces from the piano

Will you not accept such aid as I may be able to render you?

It was indiscreet, but I could not help swinging abruptly around on the piano-stool. There sat the Frenchman, the man in evening dress whom I had assisted earlier in the evening. It had never occurred to me that he had not left the place hours before.

I caught his eye, and he shot me an almost imperceptible signal to turn back again to the piano. He, too, had

probably seen the man in the motor-coat waiting in the doorway, and he had perceived that his aid would be immensely more valuable to me if the spy had no suspicion that it was about to be given.

The mere knowledge that he was there, that he had waited to help me, that I was no longer alone with my back against the wall, acted on my mind like a powerful stimulant. A plan flashed into my mind on the instant. Pulling a sheet of music from the top of the piano, I wrote upon it as fast as I could make my fingers fly:

"A thousand thanks. I am going out through the door that leads into the kitchen. I will wait at the other side of it. If the spy at the door disappears, or if he comes down the aisle, as if in pursuit of me, pound on the table with your glass. They will think you are calling a waiter."

I wrote, of course, in French. then I nodded to the waiter who had brought me the card:

"This is the sheet of music the gentleman wishes to see," said I. "Take it over to him."

I figured that upon seeing me disappear the spy would do one of two things; either bolt around outside the saloon to the rear entrance to warn the people there to be ready for me, or else pursue me through the saloon itself. In either case I should answer the doctor's signal by coming immediately back into the saloon.

If the spy rushed around to the back door, as I thought it more than likely he would, the doctor and I could walk out of the front entrance unmolested. In case he pursued me—well, it would be only man to man, and I imagined that I could give a good account of him and still make my escape through the main door.

It was only a moment before I heard the doctor's signal. The spy had disappeared, as I thought it more than likely he would. The doctor and I walked rapidly toward the door.

"You have repaid my small favor a thousandfold," said I, "for unless I am altogether insane I was in a very serious difficulty when you came to the rescue. I hope soon to have a chance to thank you more adequately for having got me out of it."

"I have not yet got out of it," he said shortly. "Don't make that mistake. That young man who sobered himself by sheer force of will and then shamned drunk to get a look at you is no fool, and it was he who stood guard at the door yonder. He had put on his friend's motor-coat and cap. Oh,

no, we are not done with him yet."

There was a sort of repressed thrill of joy in his voice as if, except for his sympathy for me, he found an adventure of this sort very much to his taste.

"Well," said I, "if you will walk with me as far as the platform where the express trains leave for Brooklyn, that will make my safety secure enough."

"I won't put you on a train," he said. "I have an automobile here, and I sha'n't leave you until I have got you home."

I laughed. "I have no home in the world," said I.

He made a sort of grimace at that, but rather as though my admission made the adventure all the more agreeable to him.

We had got out into the street without molestation. Surf Avenue was emptying fast, but there was still enough of a crowd to make the picking out of any individual a difficult matter.

"He's lost us, I think," said I.

The Frenchman only shook his head. "Well, then, what do you think he means to do?" I questioned.

"If I knew," he said shortly, "the excitement of this affair would then be at an end;" and then he added:

"Don't talk any more; don't say another word. My automobile is in the shed there, down this alley. Here's where we lose or win."

Just beyond us was a blaze of light which made the little alley all the blacker. This circumstance seemed to trouble the doctor.

"I was fool enough not to have crossed the street," he whispered, "and come up from the other side."

We turned to the left and started down the alley toward the automobile-shed. I noticed there were two cars there. A second later the doctor uttered an exclamation of alarm, and the next moment my arms were pinioned from behind.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

DUGGLEBY'S two friends had me in a grip which no man, not a Hercules, could break.

In the light of calm reflection it is easy to see how my keen-eyed enemy had been able to spring his trap with such certainty of success. He had, no doubt, detected the keen interest the French doctor was taking in me long before I received the visiting-card with its offer of aid.

He had, no doubt, guessed that a French gentleman in full evening dress would not have been likely to come to Coney Island by so plebeian a method of transportation as the elevated railway or the iron steamboat. A half hour's search among the garages at the island would have sufficed to locate the doctor's automobile.

Then, when, from his position at the door, he had seen the signal pass between the Frenchman and me, he had done an audacious but perfectly reasonable thing. He had withdrawn his two friends from their now unnecessary watch at the other entrances to the building, and the three of them together had lain in wait in the dark little alley.

Duggleby's own automobile, a big red American car, stood alongside the trim gray machine which was waiting for us. Of the doctor's chauffeur there was no sign.

Duggleby himself had taken no part in my capture, but stood drawing on his gloves, ready to mount to his seat at the steering-wheel. He was disposed to be ironically polite to the doctor.

"That gentleman is going to ride with us," he said, nodding to me. "I am sorry to deprive you of his company, but I expect to enjoy it greatly myself."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. His manner expressed a slight shade of annoyance, but nothing more than that, and his words made my heart sink like lead:

"I have no serious claim to oppose to that of monsieur," said he, "especially since his seems so pressing."

Then he turned to me with another shrug and an expressive little gesture of his hands. He spoke to me in French, and everything about his manner and his inflection seemed to indicate that he was making a polite apology for leaving me in the lurch. But his words were:

"Be of good heart. When I range alongside, be ready."

As he turned away he made a small blunder, or what looked like it, which, after the perfect coolness he had shown throughout, took us all a little by surprise.

He turned and made as if to enter Duggleby's car instead of his own. Then perceiving his mistake with some appearance of embarrassment, he turned away and clattered into the other machine.

Simultaneously I was bundled with scant ceremony into the tonneau of Duggleby's car, his two friends taking their positions one on either side of me.

"No!" said Duggleby emphatically, in answer to the whispered suggestion from one of his friends. "It's no use, I tell you. We can't tie him. How should we go through town like that? Keep your shoulders behind his; that's all that's necessary."

The doctor's chauffeur, who had arrived at last, was cranking unsuccessfully at his car as we shot out of the alley and into the broad, almost deserted street. The plight of the

French car seemed to afford some amusement to my captors.

"He won't get away in a hurry," said one.

"Trust Duggleby for that," said the other.

"What was it he did to it?"

The first man leaned behind me and whispered hoarsely behind his hand:

"The cock between the gasoline tank and the—" he began, but his whisper, which was easily audible to me, had reached Duggleby's ears also.

"Shut up, you fool!" he said.

There was silence after that, until Duggleby himself broke it:

"Do you know," he asked—"I don't suppose you care to tell me, but you really might as well—do you know why the doctor pretended to make a mistake so that he could get a look into my car?"

None of us answered. He laughed shortly.

"You want a name to be called by, do you? Well, then, do you know, Mr. Andrew Meiklejohn?"

Of course he had no idea that he could get any information from me, even if I had it. I think his only purpose in addressing me at all was, if possible, to engage me in conversation. He must have been intensely curious as to what sort of thoughts and memories were in my head. Even a deliberate attempt to mislead him might reveal much. So I maintained an unbroken silence.

He drove that car, as I imagine he does everything else, with a fine blend of judgment and audacity and a very high degree of manual skill. Fields, hedges, buildings, clumps of trees, were pouring past us in appalling confusion, which proclaimed all too plainly the terrible speed at which we were running. Up over our heads the big arc lamps which lighted the driveway rushed by like an orderly procession of comets. If we kept up that pace it seemed unlikely that any car in the world would ever range alongside, but I kept up my courage and blindly pinned my faith to the doctor.

Suddenly I became aware that I could see my own shadow on the polished back of the seat in front of me. The arc lamps overhead could not cast that shadow. It could only come from a light near the level of the road, from the search-light of an automobile. Slowly the shadow grew more distinct as the light which defined it became brighter.

Fast as we were flying, a silent gray car behind us was flying faster still.

I did not turn my head, did not move my quietly relaxed body in the smallest degree, but every nerve, every muscle, every thought, every faculty of mind and body, was ready. I found it easy to be of good heart now. Neither of

the two men beside me appeared to notice anything. One of them, indeed, seemed half asleep. But the man at the wheel was alert enough to make up for it.

The first flash of silver light on the corner of his mud-guard, of a light that could only come from behind, was enough to tell him the whole story. He did not turn his head any more than I did.

"Look out behind, one of you," he commanded, "and see if you can see anything."

At that both men turned with a start.

"There's a pair of head-lights," said one, "coming down the road after us to beat the devil."

"Is it the French machine, or is it not?" demanded Duggleby. "That's what I want to know."

"It don't say anything about that on the head-light," replied my other guard, "but he's burning up the road all right. We're not exactly standing still ourselves—"

We were going so fast that the pressure of air on our faces made it difficult to breathe, and the man's words were torn from his mouth and blown away like a smoke-wreath in a hurricane. But with all our speed, the reflection on the polished seat in front of me grew brighter and brighter. How that car was rushing on!

My two guards, breathless and hatless, were craning around to look. They seemed to have quite forgotten me. I never stirred from my upright position between their knees, never moved my head, never took my gaze from the shadow of myself on the seat in front.

Its position with reference to my own made it perfectly clear that the car was coming up exactly behind us, which seemed a curious thing to do if it hoped to pass. I suspect the maneuver puzzled young Duggleby not a little, for he asked irritably:

"What's he doing back there? Can't you make out?"

Before either of them could answer, I saw my shadow move suddenly to the right. Our pursuer was pulling out to the left, with the evident intention of passing us.

The new position of the shadows told Duggleby exactly what it had told me. It was the move that he had been expecting, and he was ready for it. Our car deflected to the left also.

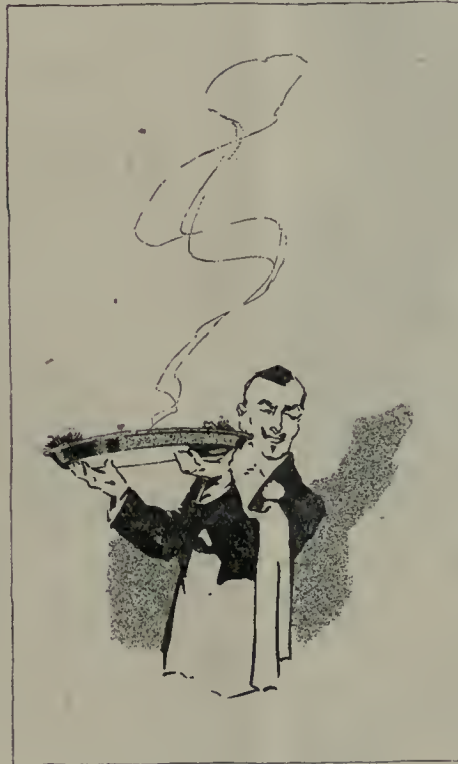
The next moment, by a trick of steering which would have done honor to the winner of the Gordon Bennett cup—a trick which would have spelled instant disaster had it not been executed with consummate skill—the driver of the pursuing car made a sharp reverse curve and ranged alongside of us on the right.

The two men in the tonneau with me were gasping in plain undisguised terror. The car was passing us so close, even at that appalling speed, that the hubs of our wheels could hardly have been three inches apart.

"Be ready when I range alongside."

That sentence of the doctor's was ringing in my mind. Well, I was ready, and one or more long seconds would probably reveal to me for what.

Suddenly the man at my right uttered a horrified outcry, and in that instant I saw an uplifted hand shoot out from the covered body of the doctor's car, a hand that held, poised and ready to deal a terrible blow, a heavy steel spanner. The thought in all our minds at that instant was that the doctor meant to brain Duggleby with it as he passed by. If he did, that



I nodded to the waiter who had brought me the card

blow would kill five men. At the pace we were going, at least, it would be a miracle if any one of us in either car escaped alive.

The blow fell, but not upon Duggleby's defenseless head.

I knew now why the doctor had wanted a look at the dashboard of the big American car. The spanner fell with terrific force upon the little mahogany box containing the spark-coil and vibrators, wrecking it utterly. There would not be another explosion in one of Duggleby's cylinders that night. The car would keep on going just so long as its momentum lasted, and not another feet. Already our speed was slackening rapidly.

I have said that my two captors had forgotten all about me in the excitement of the moment. When the blow fell I was braced for the effect of it, and thrust myself sharply backward. Duggleby's command that my guards should keep their shoulders, behind mine had not been lost on me. But it had apparently been lost on them. The sudden slackening of our speed and their curiosity to see what had happened combined to make them lean far forward.

In that instant Duggleby showed his true mettle. He did something which neither the doctor nor I had foreseen, and which, except for the stupidity of his two friends, might have foiled the doctor's plan for my rescue.

Across the road in the shadow of the trees a narrow driveway, flanked by two heavy stone pillars, led into what appeared to be a large private yard, surrounded by a high brick wall. A second after the blow was struck, Duggleby turned sharp to the left and made for this driveway.

For a moment it looked as though we were to be dashed to pieces against the farther pillar, but the man at the wheel had calculated better than that. The thing was only just possible, but he made it. The doctor's chauffeur, evidently unprepared for such a maneuver, was holding straight on down the road.

Duggleby's plan was at once apparent. Before the doctor's car could be stopped, and before he and the chauffeur could come in pursuit of us, I was to be dragged out of the car, tapped on the head with something heavy, if necessary, and hidden away in the woods behind the house. In the game of hide-and-seek which would ensue, the odds would be in my enemy's favor again.

But as it happened I was ready, and my two guards were not. I was pressed against the back of the tonneau-seat, and they were both leaning forward when our car made its unexpected and violent swing to the left. That alone would have been enough to throw them off their balance for a moment, but I did not rely on that.

Seizing the man at my left about the waist, I flung him with all my might against his fellow, who went half-way out of the car with the violence of the shock.

Then, like a flash, I sprang to my feet on the seat of the tonneau and vaulted out into the road behind. Of course I had a bad fall, but that was only to be expected. In a second I was on my feet again.

Before Duggleby knew what had happened, I was outside the gate and running down the road to meet the doctor. In two minutes more I was

Continued on page 219.

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White



"That money just carried us along till times were better. We're better off now, but might have been dead or worse."

THE farmer for whose benefit the stories had been told had up to this time remained silent. As the school teacher finished his story he spoke: "I reckon that old gentleman in the corner there is a farmer, like me," he said. "I don't deny but your stories are interesting and there is ground for thought in 'em, but I'd like to hear from him."

The old gentleman thus mentioned smiled slightly and cleared his throat. "You are right," he said. "I am a farmer or rather I was, up to a few years ago. I carry insurance and while a lot of things led up to my taking out a policy, there was one thing or rather one chain of events that brought me to the point. I was married some 15 years ago and three years later we had two little ones. I had been canvassed by insurance agents two or three times while in town and once by an agent who drove up in a buggy to the farm. I was willing to admit their arguments, but I could not see my way clear to spend the money somehow and besides I had the same feeling that a man has when a 'lock agent' comes around. I figured he was trying to sell me something I did not need and that made me antagonistic.

"This chap in the buggy did sell a policy to my neighbor on the left, young Siles Watkins, but Si's brother Frank, who lived to the right of my place, turned down the offer. Both were middle-aged men and both had families pretty well along toward manhood and womanhood. We three often met and it sometimes made me think the way Si talked and the satisfaction he seemed to get out of his 'protection,' as he called it. Frank just laughed and said it was too much like gambling with death to go into.

"Well, the next summer the hot winds hit us and our crops were a failure. The next year the grasshoppers came and the year after was another drought. It just about ruined the country. I was forced to sell out at a big sacrifice and move. Si and Frank allowed they would try another year.

"It was ten years afterwards that I went back to the country. Si and Frank were both dead. The year after I left a flood had broken the dam up the valley and Si had gone down in its waters. Frank had fallen from the barn roof a few months later. I had heard that Frank's family, the mother, the girl and the two boys, had moved to town. Si's folks stayed on the farm.

"Well, as I stepped off the train at the depot I came face to face with Jim Grey, the constable. He had a young fellow with him and I could see the gleam of a handcuff on his wrist. Jim was taking him to the prison farm. I stared at the poor fellow, a thin, pale,

frightened young lad, and something familiar about him led me to ask his identity. It was Frank's oldest boy. He had been caught stealing. I had just time to wring his hand when the train pulled-out.

"Over at the hotel I asked about him. The clerk told me the story. Mrs. Watkins had moved to town when Frank died and had started a little millinery store. They had sold the farm for a song. Couldn't do otherwise, it seems. It was pretty hard scrimping, I guess, because Frank was a generous provider and the family had never known a want. It was especially hard on Millie, the daughter. She had to give up school and her pretty clothes and her piano. She had planned on going to college too, but she just had to settle down with her mother in that shabby little store. I guess the disappointment must have sort of preyed on her mind or something, because it wasn't long before the women in town used to whisper when she went by and the drummers in the hotel heard about her down the road. She would appear in some new bit of finery and wear it defiant like, as if she knew the whole town knew where she got it. Wasn't long before her brother, the oldest one, heard about it, and then the youngest. He was still in school and the day he heard it he came home crying, the young savages there had taunted him about it. Nobody knew what became of him. He just disappeared that night. Bill, he's the oldest, began to change too. He was working in a grocery store and taking his wages home regular to his mother, but the shame of the thing seemed to get him. It wasn't long till he took to drink and the stealing followed. Mrs. Warren had gone to live with Si's folks out at their farm. Up to that time she was too proud to take help from 'em.

"Gentlemen, that story worried me a lot. I just couldn't seem to rest comfortable until I had hired a rig and gone out to Si's. It was spring and the things were green and pretty, and the orchards were pink and white with blossoms. When I got to Si's place the farmer heart of me just jumped. The fields were just perfect and the grain was coming up strong and even, and the fences were all up and the barn was new, and the house was painted and looked prosperous. Some real blooded cattle were standing in the creek and the chicken yard looked like a snow storm with the bigness of the flock of Leghorns. Mrs. Si was standing on the porch as I drove up and she looked happy and contented like. There was just one shadow. A little old woman in a black dress that was sitting in the sunshine with her head bowed and the tears falling in her lap.

It was Frank's widow. There was nothing I could do but shake her hand—hard.

"Mrs. Si took me in and during the day she told me the story all over again. 'I just thank the Lord,' she said, 'that it wasn't my family. I sometimes think that perhaps if we had been in their position it might have all happened to me. We are all human and weak and hunger and poverty, are mighty strong in their temptation. It was the foresight of Si in having insurance that saved us. I tell you that money just carried us along till times were better and let us live and work. We are well off now, but we might have been dead or worse.'

"I have a family myself, gentlemen, as I told you, and they were just the age that Frank's children were when ruin came. It didn't need no more to tell me what to do. I took out a policy when I got back home and I've kept it up, thank the Lord, ever since.

But one man remained of the ten that had gathered together for the "experience meeting" as the insurance man had dubbed it.

The travelers now turned to him expectantly.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I don't know as I am qualified. My policy was first taken out when I was 18 years old and was really taken out by my father in his own favor. He paid the premiums and I was little more than a lay figure. However, four years later when I married I had the policy changed over to my wife's name and kept it up myself. My story would deal with the day I determined to allow it to lapse and what prevented it. If that will pass muster I will give you the yarn."

The travelers readily agreed to this and the last of the ten began.

"I am a real estate man by profession," he declared, "and while I am now doing well enough the first few years of my married life saw me in pretty tight places many a time. We figured things down to the last penny, my wife and I, and cut out every unnecessary expense. We seldom, if ever, went out, as this would mean expense or the return of hospitality a little later, with its cost of food, flowers and what not. The first year business was bad, but the next year it was worse, and one Saturday night my wife and I sat down with a bit of paper to face the problem. We talked and planned and figured. It was almost hopeless, but at last we thought we could see our way clear for the next month by putting off a bill here and there and paying only parts of others.

"Just as we were about to pass over the matter my wife suddenly exclaimed, 'The insurance.' I could only stare



A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesman back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesmen wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him, but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.



blankly. Then I remembered my quarterly payment was due the next day. I had enough money in my pocket to meet it, but there were a score of other things that seemed absolutely necessary. 'We'll have to let it drop,' I finally ventured. 'There is nothing else, John,' answered my wife. 'Although I hate to. What would become of me if anything happened to you? I would be helpless?'

"It was true enough, but I could only shake my head and declare that nothing was going to happen to me. In fact, I soon insisted on this fact so strongly that I began to believe it myself and my hopes rose and I did not feel so badly about the lapsed policy. This was in the old days, gentlemen, before the policy holder was protected as he is now on first lapses. If I did not pay the premium when it was due I lost the policy.

"Well, the next morning I started out with my horse and buggy to meet a prospective customer. I planned to start early and stop in at my insurance company's office and inform them of my desire to drop the policy. I had a rather sleepy old horse and one that I had driven for years. On my way down I scarcely gave a thought to my insurance, my mind being taken up with arguments to use on my land prospect. My way led me across several street car tracks and then down the main street of my city. As I drew near to the corner where I turned the sound of music came to my ears and I remembered that the circus was in town. In fact, in another minute I saw the gleam of sunshine on the tinsel and gilt of the wagons as the parade

swept down the street. I drew into the curb and waited as interested as a boy in the wonders of the show.

"As the parade drew nearer and nearer I suddenly noticed my horse. Her ears were erect and her eyes rolled back while she stepped nervously from side to side. I laughed outright. 'Whoa, Nell,' I called, 'you're too old for such tricks.'

"The words were hardly out of my mouth before she bolted. At first I was merely angry and jerked and hauled at the reins with a savage hand. The next moment I was frightened. One of the reins broke close to the bit and with an added lunge the old horse tore away down the street. Ahead of me I could see a large vacant space of several lots and along the front of them at right angles with my course lay a car track. A car was humming swiftly along and it needed but a glance to see that horse and car would meet unless a miracle intervened.

"I tell you I faced death for the next minute with all its horrors. I have heard that people in like places often see a flashing review of their lives with all their bad deeds standing out especially clear. With me I saw not the past or even the near future when I would probably be a mangled bit of flesh, but the distant future after I was gone and my wife was left alone. I saw only her agony at the news, her sorrow at the funeral and then the weary road of the future she must tread alone. I saw her slaving away her life in factory and sweat shop, in store and mill.

"And then it came to me that my policy was still good.

"I just had time to give vent to a little mental prayer when the crash came. It was just a great noise, a flashing of lights and a sinking away into a cloud of blackness. When I came to I was in the back room of a drug store and someone was bathing my head. A doctor was bending over me and telling me that I was not hurt beyond a bump on the head and a few bruises. I managed to get to my feet and in ten minutes I was all right, though still shaking with nervousness. I left the store and caught a street car for home. I had not gone the first block until I was ringing the bell for it to stop. I almost ran across the street and caught another car going in the opposite direction. In ten minutes more I was thrusting my money at the insurance man's clerk and demanding a receipt. It took some hard sledding to make it up, but I did it and though times have been as hard or even harder with me since I have never considered for a moment dropping my insurance."

As he finished the farmer for whose benefit the tales had been told drew from his pocket a fountain pen. "I want to sign an application," he said. There was a shout of delight. "Whose story convinced you," they shouted. With a smile he answered and the successful man shook hands with him warmly. "Why did that story convince you?" they asked. There was a sudden jar and the train so long still moved slowly on its way. The wreck was cleared away at last. As the train moved on faster and faster the farmer told why he was convinced of the desirability of insurance.

WHAT DID HE TELL THEM?

The Weary Hands

By W. D. Nesbit

SLEEP comes to weary fingers first of all.
 Though o'er the drowsy eyes the lashes fall
 And soothing peace sweeps in upon the soul
 As though the vast eternal ocean wide
 Came in a silent, heart-enthraling tide
 Upon whose breast no crashing billows roll.

Sometimes it seems that sleep creeps in and
 stands
 And pityingly holds us by the hands
 While day's hard tasks still linger in the mind—
 But softly lie the fingers wan and worn
 With all the heavy burdens they have borne,
 For sleep is ever sweet and ever kind.

How gently fall the fingers that are tired—
 Awearied of the quest of things desired,
 Awearied of the labors of the day
 They clutch at sleep insensibly; and rest
 Comes to them in a portion doubly blest,
 And toil and task are half a world away.

O, weary hands all over all the earth—
 The hands that do the work that is of worth,
 Or calloused hands, or hands both white and
 small—
 When night sends us her mystic lullabies
 That whisper in the murmur of the breeze,
 Sleep comes to weary fingers first of all.

A Believer in Luck

By Helen Brooks



FRED HOPPER rolled his half-read newspaper into his overcoat pocket and pushed and elbowed his way through the subway crowd. He passed through the familiar uptown streets, thronged with men and women hurrying home from work, and turned eastward, thinking, as he had thought nearly every evening for the past ten years, how good it would be to get off his shoes and collar and sit down to dinner.

"Let's see, it's wash day. Rose will probably have stew, or something easy."

Turning into the flat-building which sheltered him, he began his weary tramp up the four flights of shabbily carpeted stairs that led to his apartment. As he opened the door a steaming, soapy odor of boiling clothes gushed out from the kitchen. Mrs. Hopper glanced up without greeting him. She rested a parboiled hand on the tub against which she was leaning, and with the other pushed back a damp, straggling lock of hair.

"Go in and sit down," she said. "The table's set and I'll be in in a minute."

Her husband remained staring in the doorway. "Well, you're a fine housekeeper, you are, with washing hanging round till half past five and no dinner."

"I told you I'd bring it in presently. I've had my hands full to-day; Tommy's been home from school, sick. If I could only send the washing out, I'd warrant your dinner would be on time." She wrung out the last piece and dropped it into the basket beside her.

The angry red surged upward from Hopper's collar. "That's right, throw it up to me that I don't make enough to live decently on. If ever a man was worth more than he's getting, I am. I've worked like a dog for the company for ten years, and what credit do I get? Some little sawed-off comes in there and gets raised inside of a month, and it's all my fault of course—throw it up to me!"

Grumbling, he strode into the front room, pulling off his collar with an angry jerk and throwing it violently on the table. A little girl was sitting by the window, reading; at sight of him she ran toward him eagerly, crying, "Halloo, papa!"

"Go into the bedroom, May, and bring me my slippers," he ordered, spreading out his rumpled paper on his knee.

Mrs. Hopper made several trips to and from the kitchen and presently summoned him to dinner. The meal progressed silently, his wife too tired to talk and the little girl afraid to risk her father's displeasure. Afterwards he began searching for his pipe,

pushing the books and papers on the table aside in his irritation.

"Where's my pipe?" he demanded. "Can't I ever have anything left where I put it?" His wife found it for him and brought him a match. Presently, with his feet elevated on a chair, he threw back his head and began puffing, gradually forgetting his recent irritation. Rose fell to work on a basket of socks badly in need of darning.

"I wouldn't be surprised to see something doing at the office before long," he said, after a pause. "There's a lot of talk among the operators, and Stetson told me on the quiet that the president and the superintendent had a long talk together yesterday."

"You mean there's likely to be a strike?" asked his wife. He noticed how worn and old her face was growing. "I hope you won't get mixed up in it." She let her hands fall idly in her lap. They were graceful hands, despite their roughness.

"Lord, no! The clerks have nothing to do with it, it's only the operators gassing about their rights, and shorter hours, and a ten per cent. raise; it's been going on for weeks. They've got as far as sending a representative in to see the president, and if that representative don't get the satisfaction they want, they'll strike; and I hope to God they do! I'd like to see the Metropolitan Telegraph Company stung good and plenty. They haven't used me right. If I knew of another job I'd get out darned quick." He spat violently.

"Well," Rose replied, picking up the stocking in her lap, "they'd get somebody else in your place all right, and you wouldn't gain much. Fred, I hate to see you always taking sides against the people you work for—you ought to be with them. It's your bread and butter. But I don't see why they don't raise you."

"Aw, what do you know about it, anyway?" He grew belligerent again. "I've given up trying to please you. You're picking on me all the time, no matter what I try to do."

She did not reply, shutting her lips tightly on the bitter words that sprang to them, and there ensued a long silence, each following different thoughts. The children needed new clothes, and she was wondering how much of his month's salary would be left after the current household expenses had been paid. His mind had returned to affairs at the office.

"Carter's very low," resumed Hopper, after several minutes. "They don't think he'll pull through the night. Gee, that's a swell job—four thousand per! I wonder who'll have the luck to step into his shoes?"

The darning ball fell from Rose's hand as she turned eagerly toward

him, her face lighting with a sudden hope. Despite years of gradual disillusionment, her heart still retained its recurrent, pitiful faith in him. It was the one thing that rendered her present existence endurable.

"You're in his office and you've been faithful for years—you don't suppose they'd—"

Her husband laughed shortly. He was one of those exasperating men who never answer a question directly. "I guess not! My luck doesn't run that way."

But long after he slept that night she lay awake, thinking of the past and of the appalling fact that in the near future there would be another to provide for—another whose insistent needs would mean a further drain on their meager income, already stretched to provide food, clothes, and an education for their two children. She had not yet summoned the courage to tell her husband. This new burden would bring him no joy, and the dread of awakening the irritation which was growing on him of late stilled the words on her lips. She knew that her failing strength was paying its tribute to the uphill pull of years and she saw the future stretching before her, gray and interminable. Suddenly covering her face with both hands and stifling her sobs in the pillow, she wept.

The next morning as Hopper neared the huge gray Telegraph building which stretched over half a block of the busiest downtown section, he felt impending trouble in the air of restlessness that pervaded the place. Men and boys hung about the doorways, scattering quickly when any of the officials passed in. As the morning wore on a vague uneasiness filled the building, despite the fact that each man went about his duties as usual.

Messenger boys hurried to and fro on the main floor, the bookkeepers, clerks, and stenographers in various departments worked on busily, and on the top floor telegraph instruments clicked unceasingly, with every operator at his key. Reporters, hearing rumors and scenting news, came and went, and were dismissed again and again with the assurance that there was nothing in the story of a threatened strike.

Hopper knew better. He had seen the union representative disappear within the private office of the president, and had watched till the man emerged with glowering countenance. Evidently the Company intended to stand firm. He knew what it meant, and his soul sickened at the siege that lay ahead. The Company would win, of course. He recalled the strike of 1898—the recklessness and arrogance of the operators that marked the begin-

ning, the gradual weakening of the belligerents and their final return in groups of two and three, gaunt, hungry-eyed, and threadbare, begging to be taken back at a third, sometimes a half, less than their former wages. He could still see the officials' stern, set faces, the angry mobs that waited outside the entrances to the building. One of the things that had impressed him most was the rumor that throughout the siege the president had carried a revolver for self-protection.

His hand trembled as the scene came vividly back to him, and a drop of red ink glided off his pen and fell upon the neat page of his ledger. It was characteristic of Hopper that his desk was a marvel of precision. Its drawers disclosed neat packages of labeled letters, references, and accounts; his files were never mixed, date following date with accuracy. Each month he presented his statement on the same day, following his custom of years. His mind, trained in its course, made its rounds mechanically. It was a matter of pride to him that in all the years he had audited accounts he had never made a serious error nor been called to account by one of his superiors.

The day passed quietly, and another morning started with no apparent change. Hopper began to hope that a compromise had been effected that would avert the threatened calamity. He put on his hat as usual at precisely a quarter of twelve and went over to the little dairy lunch which he patronized. He drank his glass of milk, ate his sandwich and invariable piece of pie, lighted his fifty-for-a-dollar cigar, and passed out. He was essentially a man of habit and any departure from the routine of his life, however slight, disturbed him. He mingled with the noon-time crowd, intent upon his disquieting thoughts. At the entrance of the Telegraph building he recognized two detectives, apparently loafing, and realized then that there was no chance that the trouble would be settled amicably.

Fausing for his mild, daily flirtation with one of the telephone girls, an associate hailed him from behind a desk in the receiving department.

"Hear the news?" he asked. "Carter's dead! I just sent up the telegram. Died this morning, early. The superintendent's all broke up over it. Gee, it's fierce, ain't it—a strike comin' any minute and him gone?"

Hopper shot upstairs in the elevator. As he got off at the fourth floor sounds of angry altercation reached him. Two operators were quarreling.

"To h— with the Company," said one, a whiff of liquor accompanying the words. "We'll show 'em a thing or two, the dirty dogs! It won't be

long, now," he said, thickly. "Do you know who's backin' us? Mason, the national leader. He used to be one of us and he's got a million dollars behind him. Where'd it come from? I don't know and don't care. He's got it, that's all. We'll show you something pretty all right."

Hopper shrank at the sinister tone of the man, with its suggestion of violence. He was glad that his own minor position protected him from any participation in the forthcoming battle. Under the circumstances he felt that he would not exchange places with the president for any price.

The suspense ended the following day. At ten o'clock came the report that the strike was on. Some one had jumped upon a desk in the operating room and blown a whistle. Instantly the storm that had been gathering for several weeks burst and cleared the air so tensely charged with excitement. Heavy footsteps resounded down the marble stairs, and loud, defiant voices echoed through the corridors. The men surged from the building, cursing, threatening, cheering, the majority making their way, some already unsteady with liquor, to the neighboring saloons, a few remaining in

groups projecting their views and opinions to the crowd that had paused, curiously, at the entrance, until they were taken in hand by the police.

In less than half an hour the buzzing excitement in the big building, subsided, and an air of intensity took its place. The perfect organization of the big corporation gradually brought about a semblance of order. Stenographers and clerks who could "send" and "receive" messages were immediately sent upstairs, and in a short time enough operators had been installed to handle the company's immediate business.

To Hopper, sitting at his desk on the floor below, the sudden quiet which followed the brief excitement made

him vaguely apprehensive. A summons from the superintendent did not tend to restore his peace of mind; his uneasiness gave way to foreboding. Was there some serious error in his recent report which he had overlooked? He rose from his chair and stood still a moment, gathering himself together. He always shrank from an interview with the superintendent, whom he disliked without attempting to analyze his aversion. Opening the official's door softly, with anxious solicitude, he stood, smiling, his hands unconsciously rubbing themselves together. With a desire to propitiate, he began at once:

"I'm so sorry, sir, to hear of Mr.

details, and don't bother me with them. Mr. Doyle will take your former position. That's all."

The superintendent turned to his desk. Hopper could hardly believe he had heard aright. He made no attempt to go. "That's all," repeated the official a trifle impatiently, and the newly appointed chief clerk drew himself together with an effort. The other's impersonal attitude chilled the profuse thanks he would have uttered, and he left, silently.

In the quiet of the outer corridor he could feel the blood beating in his ears. Chief clerk of the Metropolitan Telegraph Company! The fact that he had

at last come gloriously into his own dazed him, and the suddenness and lack of ostentation with which it had been accomplished left him gasping. If only the superintendent had come to him and given him this appointment in the presence of his office associates! The one big moment of his life had come sneaking upon him and taken him unawares. After the first glow of exultation there swept over him a faint resentment that there had been no blare of trumpets, no envious eyes to watch his triumph.

There was a murmur of surprise here and there as he strode in and ostentatiously unlocked

his new desk; a few congratulations, and the little ripple of interest passed. The desk was just as Carter had left it a few days before, when he was stricken. As Hopper surveyed its comfortable appointments in contrast to the flat-topped affair he had just left, a disconcerting sense of the responsibility of his new job smote him. The pigeonholes crammed with important papers, the wire basket filled with letters yet unsigned, even the two thick cigars of a fine brand unfamiliar to Hopper that lay carelessly on the blotter, gave forth an indefinable impression of the competence of the man whose place he was taking.

Continued on page 213.



"Tommy—poor, backward little Tommy, would be sent to private school"

Carter's death. I know how you must feel it; you and he were such good friends —"

"There's no time for that now," returned the other man, transferring his attention from a pile of papers before him. It seemed to Hopper that his face was noticeably drawn and lined since the day before, and he contrasted it complacently with his own fresh coloring. "I want you to take charge of his desk. I haven't time to look up a new man in our present straits, so I'll give you a chance. You've been in Mr. Carter's office longer than anybody else—probably you've acquired some knowledge of his duties. Do the best you can, attend carefully to the

Books and Their Makers

By Bookshelf

THERE is nothing more welcome these days to the man in the street—that vague personality which makes public opinion—than a more or less authentic account of how things are at the Front. "At the Front" is the one field for speculative conversation and writing: everybody's thoughts are there some of the time. Everybody's interest is there, has been there, will be there, and should be there too! Hence the acidity with which anything is listened to and anything is read, when the speaker or the writer has been "At the Front."

There is some wheat but there is more chaff, and the man in the street may be pardoned if he expresses himself now and then as being "fed-up"—to steal the soldier's phrase—at the large percentage of chaff and the smaller of wheat. "At the War" by Lord Northcliffe (Hodder & Stoughton) is all wheat, for which praise be! It is packed from cover to cover with description of facts, and facts in all their baldness, often pleasant, sometimes the reverse. The average man and woman who reads the newspapers doesn't like the sound of Northcliffe's name. Many would wish to know if any good thing can come out of Northcliffe. They may be forgiven for so asking. He has been a very nuisance among men, a prickly thorn in the flesh of governmental Britain these many days. But if one may divorce his somewhat ugly personality from his book, the latter is a most importantly educative and entertaining book. It is so, primarily, because it is all-round in its theme and treatment. Its author gets a great deal into his 288 pages, a very great deal. One glimpses the soldier setting forth to France, and



Stephen Leacock

innumerable phases of his life there: his training, his raiding, actual conflict, air-service, and so on. Specially good is the section dealing with the extraordinarily efficient transportation system. One is amazed at the mental fertility of that part of the Allies' organization in large, and Great Britain's in small, to take care of railroad and other traffic. Moving men in their scores of thousands and supplies in their millions of pounds was an immense task facing the staff in France. In this book you may learn how it has been attended to and marvel at the organism in its present nearness to perfection. Lord Northcliffe is evidently mightily impressed with the colossal and splendid work of the British Red Cross Society and Association of the Church and Salvation Armies and Y. M. C. A. kind. He devotes much space to details not only of their organization behind the lines, but also to the kind of work they are doing, and, even more important, to proving that the money which the publics of Great Britain and the Greater Britains have subscribed, is well and wisely

spent. He does us all a service [in this regard, no less than that he does the associations referred to.] If he were any but the [unfortunate egoist he is, he might well leave out his continual hints that he "and my newspapers" were the first and are still the chief "works" of these immense machines of service. But egoist is Lord Northcliffe's second name.

The book is [brightly written throughout. It is repertorial always, never literary, for Northcliffe could not be literary. But his genius for collection and dissemination of facts is undoubted. He is a veritable Mr. Gradgrind in this

regard. "At the war" is an unquestionably important contribution to war literature. All the profits from the book will be given to the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John.

As to Humor

FOR all those (few!) real humorists who delight and entertain us by their writings we give humble and hearty thanks. There is so much drivel that passes for wit, and so much silliness that uses humor as a stalking horse that the genuine articles are the more welcome. Our professional humorists are often silly, frequently nonsensical, now and then humorous and, remarkably occasionally, witty. But "Bullets and Billets" is the real thing. It is an unusual book by an unusual man. The author is Bruce Bairnsfather: the publishers, Gordon and Gotch, of Toronto. Captain Bairnsfather is the greatest find of the war in the realm of art. He is talked of from one limit of the Empire to the other as the greatest humorous cartoonist and

artist of the war. His "Fragments from France" have been surpassingly clever and have amused the British Empire. But if, in his "Fragments" Bairnsfather has slain his thousands, in this new book he slays his tens of thousands. The cartoons are as appetizing as ever and their appeal is heightened by the letter-press, which has the same refreshing laughter in every line that is true of the drawings. Bairnsfather's humor is never forced: it is natural and simple, and for those reasons effective. He tells of life at the front and tells well, by description and drawing both. We need someone like Bairnsfather to cheer us up now and then. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." There is so much to cry over these days that we may well try to see the other side of the medal. Bairnsfather is the surest of mirrors.

"A Sunny Subaltern"

THE spirit of cheer and optimism breathes through "A Sunny Subaltern: Billy's Letters from Flanders," published in Toronto by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. The letters are those of a Canadian boy, a lieutenant at the front, to his mother. They were so naive and refreshing and sunny that his mother, I learn, gave permission for their publication and here they are in book form. The writer leaps from grave to gay and is never false in his tone. In the grist of war there is much tragedy as well as some comedy. "Billy" tells of both and does it amazingly well. His reader laughs with him and cries with him by turns. The net result of reading the book, however, is that one catches the buoyancy and gay courage of its author, and looks confidently, with "Billy," to a happy issue out of all their troubles, for the boys in France and Flanders.

STEPHEN LEACOCK has, by this time, given us much. He adds to

the publication of his hilarity by "Further Foolishness" published by Mr. Gundy. This is a miscellaneous jumble of humor and near-humor, in the ratio of about (conservatively) one to five. But at that the near-humor may bring a wan smile to the cheek of the reader, while the humor should contribute to uproarious laughter. For Leacock when he is funny is *funny*. All sorts of things are dished up in "Further Foolishness" to make it appetizing. Those skits dealing with peace and war are topical and here and there clever. "Germany from within out" is one of the best things in the book. It is really good burlesque well done. On the other hand "Abdul Aziz" is thin. Leacock seems to be better in his modernistic satires. The whole section "Movies and Motors, Men and Women" is irresistibly funny, and for that section alone the book is worth buying and reading. A chapter dealing with "Grass Husbands" is excellent in its satirical power. "The White House from Without In" is good, too, but is unfortunately based upon a somewhat puerile conception of the views of Mr. Wilson. Altogether "Further Foolishness" fulfills its mission. Its title is very true.

A Really Big Novel

LAST year one of the most important novels was Ernest Poole's "The Harbour." This author has bettered even that magnificent achievement in "His Family," one of the sanest, brightest novels in years. It is of the life-novel class, if the hyphenated term may try to express what I mean. It is really the transcription of human experience, individual yet universal, conceived and executed with a passion for truth-telling in human relations and with all five senses full-alive to the beauty, and tenderness, the tragedy of the old-fashioned home-life in a world changed and fermenting.

In the story of Roger Gale, who came as a country lad to a young New York of horse cars and hoop-skirts, who built up a successful business in newspaper clippings, lost his wife at the prime of life, and settled down in the old home with three daughters of utterly different minds and temperaments. Ernest Poole has compressed into the pages of "His Family" a bit of veritable New York, vividly alive; a microcosm encompassing the past with its sacred tradition and the present with its modernism and revolt; the whole touched to sudden radiance by visions of a lost domestic life deeply moving in their beauty, and by scenes of a newer city life—a life of cafes, of motors, of feminine freedom of glamor and wealth.

Ernest Poole has set out to tell the tale of a human soul—the soul of Roger Gale—and it is in the delineation of this parent of a passing generation, of his tender relations with his daughter, whom he discovers, too late alas, to be grown up and incomprehensible, that Mr. Poole displays the humanities of his great art, the vision and spirituality of a writer who sees behind the physical mask of people and things and who understands that whatever significance, temporal or eternal, belongs to the process of generations and the conflict of ideals, it is to be sought alone in the human soul.

Every lover of the genuine things should read this story of Ernest Poole's. This is the stamp of Ernest Poole's work. And through his pages, behind his words, I see a calm, clear-eyed, kindly face—the face of one who is both a watcher and a participator of human relations and who is wise enough and too thoroughly imbued with the science of the age to miss the great truth which eludes the lesser mind—namely, that the facts of life, the tangible materials of existence are but the skeleton, the frame-work of human intercourse.

At the Brink of Death

By Bertha F. Gordon

BEFORE I leap and lose myself below,
Give me one moment's look beyond the brink.
Volumes of fog, vast piles of rolling mists,
Make war upon each other like the waves.
I hear strong humming as of mighty winds,
And shock and crash, as if a myriad
Of toppling worlds were crushed and ground to
dust.
And from their dissolution, whirling, rise
Sharp fumes and strange; and all the tingling air

Seems full of unseen thorns that prick and burn.
My soul is in my hand—I shall not fear.
Now shall I test the temper of that sword
That I have spent my life to weld and shet.
Through ills I dream not of, through agony
And ruin, I shall cleave my fiery way.
The heart within me burns like glowing wine,
And as the husk of earth slips from my soul,
The thrill of dawning godhood stirs within.
I swing my sword, and with a cry I leap.

Current Events in Review

*Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire*

AN editorial from the *Toronto Mail and Empire* which we reproduce in full calls attention to a type of soldier fighting in this war, the highest type indeed both in peace and war, the man of conscience who fights because he believes it to be his solemn duty to fight. Thousands of people who have read of "C—H—" or who will read of him must pray that he will return unwounded to Canada. He is the sort of citizen who can be ill spared.

C—H—

News has come to his home that C—H—, a young man who lived in or so near Toronto as to make no difference, has been gazetted a lieutenant. To those who knew him the case of C—H—, for in this instance the good old custom of the censorship must be followed, and credit withheld where it is due, is one of the most inspiring of the war. It has been generally supposed that the great majority of the soldiers who enlisted in the first contingent, who threw down their tools of trade at the first blast of war and rushed to arms, were lured by adventure, that they were fighting men who never backed away from an argument, and who would rather be in a muss than not. That may be so, but perhaps most of us knew an exception to the rule. C—H— was such an exception. He was not a fighting man. Probably he had never struck a blow in anger in his life, even when he was a schoolboy. He was not thirsting for adventure. He was not tired of home: nor did he yearn, so far as anyone knew, to see the great world outside of the narrow circle in which his life had been spent. C—H— was what is often contemptuously called a "goody-goody boy." He never played truant. He always went to Sunday school, even long after he was old enough to wear a moustache. He sang in the choir. He shook hands at the door. Maybe he gave his "experience" now and then. He was a good boy, and he looked it, and this may have been what exasperated a lot of people who knew him casually.

When the war began our friend C—H—, who was a Methodist, a Grit, and no doubt a member of the anti-cigarette and abolish-slang societies, had been married for a couple of years. He had one little baby. The only son, he was also, in a sense, the chief support of his father and mother and a sister, for the father's business had been slowly crumbling before the fierce assaults of local competition, and it was C—H— who was keeping the little ship afloat. A very short time after the war broke out C—H— said to his father, "Dad, I feel I ought to go." It must have been a blow to the father, and what a blow to the young wife and mother we can imagine; but if they sought to point out to C—H— that he was not a fighting man, that he had tremendous duties and responsibilities at home, that the place was full of single slackers, it made no impression upon C—H—. He enlisted as a private and soon this lad who had been gently, tenderly brought up, was roughing it in the mud at Salisbury Plain. He went to France later, was promoted from private to corporal, from corporal to sergeant and to sergeant-major. Now he is a lieutenant. Incidentally he has won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. His father is dead in the meantime; his business is gone. His wife, his sister and his mother pick up the paper in the morning with trembling fingers, for C—H— is still on the firing line somewhere in France. It would appear from all this that there are worse places than Sunday schools for building up character, that the best soldiers are not the roughnecks, and that you may know a man for years and know nothing at all about him if you have failed to make allowance for the part that devotion to what he believes to be right plays in his actions.

A FEATURE of the editorial page in the *Toronto Globe* on Saturdays for some time past is the nature article. It is an open secret that it is written by Mr. Sam Wood, who not long ago, published a book, entitled "The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist." Some

of Mr. Wood's articles are to be found in the *Ontario Readers*, and his Saturday contribution is always eagerly awaited by a large circle of readers. A typical article is "Snow's Enchanting Miracle," which recently appeared.

Enchanted groves may linger in the memory, among treasured heritages from the glowing imagination of childhood. It brings a renewal of the old delights to find them all about us, when the white magician suddenly transforms the surviving woods from a mixed entanglement of obstinate evergreens and naked birches, maples, and elms to a grand harmony of immaculate waves and sprays, fixed in invisible crystal, and intensified by the impressive charm of silence. Atmosphere, the softening influence that mellows lights and shades, subdues all tints and colors to a quiet, fascinating harmony, and helps fancy to distort fixed and moving objects into strange unrealities, alluring or portentous according to the mood, has no existence in the enchanted groves of winter. Every object is fixed in crystal. Every branch and spray with its clinging load of snow, every feather and tassel of evergreen with the white that transforms its natural outline, is distinct.

Perhaps we have missed the borderland between fact and fancy, between obtruding realities and the realm of the mind's magic, by seeking it among the deepening shadows of evening, where darkness opens eyes that cannot endure the glare while fireflies trail their momentary spectral gleams. It is not in the darkening forest shade or in the dusk that hides the shadowless prairie, but under the clear glare of the winter sun that the dark-eyed, solemn-visaged Indian traces the five-toed moccasin tracks of the Windigo in the snow. It is not where the moonlight struggles down through the leaves, or where the deepening shadows blur the lines between crouching weeds and struggling shrubbery, that the creatures of many fleeting fancies rise against and dethrone the grim, relentless autocrats of logic, but out in the clearest day, where the searching rays of the sun are

aided by a countless multitude of immaculate reflections. There the Red Man, with his strange inheritance of discernment, tradition, intuitive perceptions, and childlike simplicity, becomes aware of those portentous tracks in the recording snow—tracks that warn of an impending calamity to him or a member of his household.

We may envy older and wiser people their fairies, trolls, pucos, and leprecauns. We may even wish for an admonition of the future in the wail of the banshee. Perhaps the enchantment is all about us. We loose our fancies among the shades of night to hunt the ever-elusive creatures that are always just beyond our ken. We should learn of the older race to whom this continent belongs. We should release our fancies in the open day as the falconer pursued his quarry, for it is the glare of the winter sun that transforms the woods into fairyland. Even if the silent, slanting, and searching rays do not disclose the track of a Windigo, or if no hiding leprecaun darts away in terror the enchantment of a grand decorative transformation will abundantly bless every devout pilgrim.

Germany's Crimes

IT is well that the people of Canada, irrevocably committed to this war and as one in a determination to continue until victory is won, should keep before them the kind of enemy they are fighting. Not many people, we suppose, gave Germany's so called peace overtures more than a passing, contemptuous, thought. We are indebted to the Halifax *Herald* for presenting a list of crimes committed by Germany, some of them perhaps not fresh in the public mind:

When the rulers of Germany in making peace proposals claim to be moved by humanity and their duty to God, it is well to remember the following acts of inhumanity, perpetrated cold-bloodedly. The Lusitania crime was exulted in by press and public, and a medal struck to commemorate the horror.

Lusitania torpedoed and sunk without warning. Over 1,000 perish, including many women and children.

Murderous Zeppelin raids with the avowed object of mere frightfulness.

Armenian massacres, directed by German officers.

Five hospital ships, clearly designated as such, torpedoed and sunk.

Refugee ship torpedoed in Channel; 30 drowned.

Poison gas introduced in warfare.

Liquid fire.

Red Cross fired on in the field and used as cover for German guns.

Unspeakable atrocities on Belgian civilian population. Men shot and women and girls outraged.

Belgian towns sacked and burned.

Historic monuments of civilization wantonly destroyed.

Civil populations of Belgium, France, Poland, and Serbia deported to Germany to work as slaves.

Nurse Cavell murdered.

Captain Fryatt murdered.

British prisoners in typhus-stricken camps at Wittenberg and Gardelegen abandoned to death, after deliberate neglect by their guards.

British soldiers ill-treated and starved in prison camps.

Undefended towns shelled from the sea. Many civilians killed and wounded.

East African wells poisoned.

Natives of Cameroons and German South-West Africa murdered, mutilated, and tortured because of sympathy for British invaders.

Unfit Soldiers

IN the early part of the war, thousands of men who offered themselves for enlistment were rejected because they failed to come up to the standard of that time, which many thought unnecessarily high.

Yet, when after a long training in Canada, the soldiers went to England, the percentage who turned out to be unfit according to the standard over there and were sent home, was very high.

During the first part of 1916 the standard was apparently not lowered, but many men who could not come up to the standard were taken perhaps because the commanding officers were anxious to fill up their battalions.

Later on in the year, the standard was lowered and thousands of men were accepted who had been rejected previously when they tried to enlist.

If the standard has been reduced too much here because recruiting is not as good as it formerly was, the men who are too old, or otherwise unfit for hard service, are destined to be rejected in the final test in England. An enormous amount of money has been wasted since the war began in training and sending men to England who were not up to the standard of physical fitness required. Before the standard was reduced, the percentage of rejections in England was very high. It is reasonable to suppose that it will be very much higher with a reduced standard.

Before the standard was relaxed, there were many men accepted who should not have been. Under the low standard, it is likely there will be a great many more of these.—*Vancouver Sun*.

Lloyd-George's Speech

LOYD-GEORGE'S great Guildhall speech, and his message to the Overseas Dominions, in which he fore-

shadowed an epoch making change in Imperial affairs attracted great attention in the Canadian press. Almost unanimously his words have been approved. Partizanship has been for the time being suspended, and with the cordial approval of the leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, Sir Robert Borden will leave shortly for England, there to become a temporary member of the British war cabinet. In discussing Lloyd-George's message which it calls "wonderful" the *Ottawa Journal Press* can claim to speak for the press of Canada. The *Journal Press* says:

The statement of the Prime Minister of the Imperial Government, Right Hon. Lloyd-George, is one of the biggest, one of the most epoch-making documents in the history of the British Colonies.

We have used that word advisedly, because the Lloyd-George Statement emphasises the elimination from the geographical and administrative vocabulary of the British Empire of that word which has ever been objectionable to the sensitive.

Not once in the Lloyd-George statement is that word used, either directly or indirectly. The Prime Minister studiously gets as far away from it, or anything like it, as he possibly can.

We are; instead, it is to be noted, "Five democracies, all parts of one Empire," and "Overseas nations."

The Prime Ministers of these five nations are not asked to go into any mere "conference" with the Imperial authorities. They are "to be temporary members of the war Cabinet," the holy of holies so to speak, of the Imperial Government; they are to "sit in executive Cabinet of the Empire"; and, again, a policy for the whole Empire is to be decided upon by these men "sitting in plenary council together."

The declaration of Lloyd-George is enough to make the great Joseph Chamberlain rise up from the grave and shout "Bravo!". Chamberlain had visions that seemed at the time Utopian but even his visions never stretched to the lengths that Lloyd-George now outlines and that are near accomplishment.

The visions have become realities because old things have passed away and all things have become new, Precedents? Precedents have been shot to pieces. Listen again to Lloyd-George:

"The war has changed us. Heaven knows, it has taught us more than we yet understand. It has opened a new age for us. We want to go into that age together with our fellows overseas, just as we have come through the darkness together, and shed our blood and treasure together."

For Canadians, from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is a wealth of inspiration in the Lloyd-George message. Evidently it was very carefully prepared; and as it was prepared so it should be read, not once, but many times. It is a message that we should engrave on our escutcheons; and if we have not yet, in the hurly burly of ordinary life, thought it is worth while to have escutcheons, the Lloyd-George message should inspire us to create them.

Yea, more, in the vastness of the prospect that Lloyd-George pictures for us a prospect the vastness and beauty of which was drawn for the world the other day by another great British statesman, Arthur J. Balfour—let us forget the retrospect of our petty party politics. What boots it our domestic affiliations in the shadow of such a crisis, in the bright light of such an achievement?

Remember only Canada is about to send one of its foremost sons into this great war and peace council of the Motherland. The Kipling version "Daughter am I in my mother's house but mistress in my own" has outlived its usefulness. We have grown up. The Motherland calls her "five nations" not merely to ask their advice, but to help her settle the problems that have been thrust upon her, to share with her the enormous responsibilities that these problems entail, to join with her even as we have "raised and placed in the field armies containing an enormous proportion of our best manhood," even as we have gone "through the darkness together and shed our blood and treasure together."

WHAT IS TO BE CANADA'S RESPONSE ?

A Civilian Army

ONE writer in discussing the surplus of Canadian senior officers in England ascribes it to the calling of "civilians" without experience into military service. This, as the *Toronto Star* replies, does not seem to explain much. Britain sent her effective army to Mons and the Marne, and since then has raised an army of five or six million men. How could such a force be officered except largely by "civilians" without previous military experience? And after all, where, except right in this war, could a man get experience that would have practical bearing on the present gopher-hole method of warfare?—*Halifax Chronicle*

Tax on Wild Land

A COURT decision which frees a ranching company from liability in connection with the Alberta wild land tax because its land, fenced and used regularly for grazing purposes, even though the cattle herded there

are not owned by the ranching company, makes very clear just what the intent of the wild land tax law really is says the *Calgary Herald*.

As framed it might be interpreted to have a scope broader than advocates of a wild land tax intended. It seems most difficult to get any legislation framed and made law that may not mean something other than its authors desired, such are the peculiar vagaries of the legal minds entrusted with this work.

The wild land tax as originally designed is a good bit of legislation. Its purpose is to collect something by way of special tax from owners of wild lands—lands that are not being used in a productive sense in any way but merely held waiting for the golden day of big profits to come to their owners. Railways come, roads are constructed, telephone lines are built, schools and churches arrive, all at the expense of the people who pay taxes. With these improvements the wild land owner finds the value of his holdings increasing and he figures on reaping where he has not sown. If he does not like the wild land tax he may either improve his land or sell it to some one who will.

Is Ice Cream Justifiable ?

WE have a large amount of sympathy with the movement which is going on in various parts of Ontario for the prohibition of the manufacture of ice-cream, on the ground that it devotes to the service of an absolute luxury a vast quantity of cream which could be employed in the provision of butter and other necessities observes the *Montreal Financial Times*. The promoters of the movement appear to be sanguine that their proposal would have the effect of causing an immediate reduction in the price of cream and butter, and are thereby ensuring for themselves the opposition of the agricultural community; but we doubt very greatly whether such would be the case. The price of these commodities is settled in the main and for most of the time by the export bid, and the chief result of the curtailment of the consumption of cream in luxury forms in Canada would be the increase of the amount of cream and butter exported to the United States, and a consequent further improvement in our export balance and our domestic wealth.

It is high time that something was done to put a stop to the luxury-mongering which is going on in Canada to a degree unprecedented even in the days of our most brilliant expansion. It is hard, doubtless, to resist the insidious example of the United States, where the vast and sudden accretion of wealth, unaccompanied by any sense of national responsibility, is playing havoc with the simple habits of even the most rural

population. For that very reason the task of resisting this example should be undertaken by the Government, which has all the necessary powers in the matter, and seems to have secured those powers simply for the sake of not using them. Ice-cream comes up early for consideration, merely because it is a conspicuous example of the unnecessary thing which uses up supplies required for the production of necessaries. There are doubtless many other things whose consumption should be checked, taxed, regulated or prohibited if we are to go about this war with any real efficiency.

The British Army

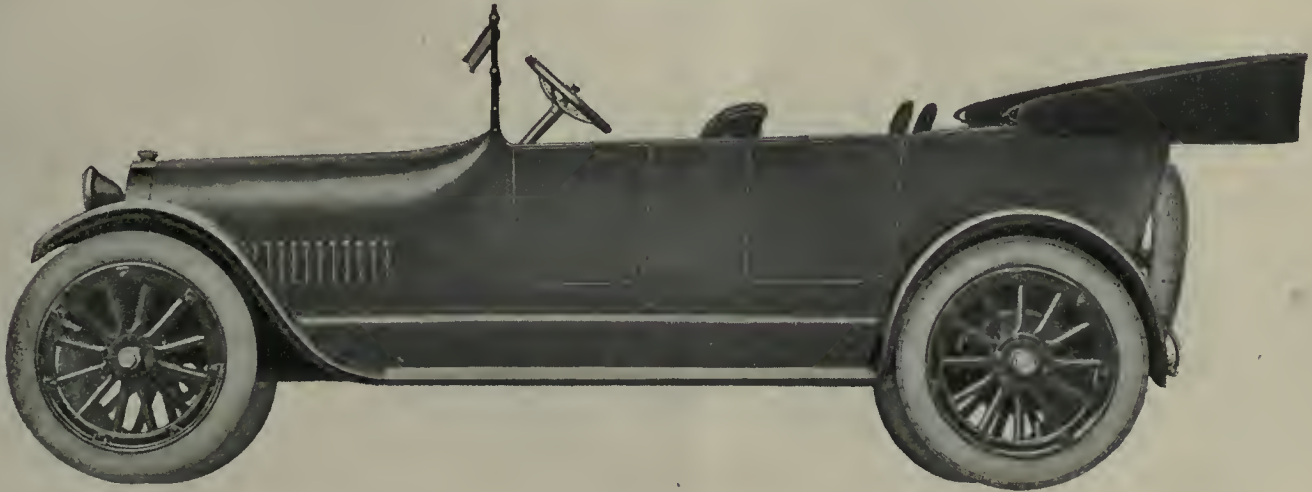
WITH Germany launched on a career of super-frightfulness at sea, the British navy will be tested as never before. Britons, however, are confident that the latest submarine problem will be solved as successfully as was the earlier problem presented by the under sea boats. A well earned tribute to the British navy is contained in the following article in the *Moose Jaw News*:—

The sinking of a score of British and French merchantmen on the Atlantic by a German raider is bad enough; but it serves to show what would have happened had Britain not control of the seas. Instead of the commerce-destroyer with its toll of twenty ships, there would be many such, all doing great damage. Indeed, but for the British Navy there would be no British commerce to raid. It would have been driven from the seas as completely as German commerce has been.

Napoleon, in discussing war losses is reported to have said—"You can't have omelettes without breaking eggs. So in naval warfare losses are inevitable. As long as the German Navy rides safely in Kiel Canal or in the waters of Helligoand, British commerce will be in danger; but such losses are to be considered in the light of comparison, and of the possibilities of damage, had the Kaiser's ships been able to come out boldly.

It is quite possible that the announcement of these losses may occasion criticism of the admiralty, even as the raid of the Channel transport service during December produced an outburst against Mr. Balfour's administration; but, at the same time, it must be assumed that the maintenance of an air-tight blockade is impossible. The German Navy is a great fact which cannot be ignored, and it is daringly and capably led. For these reasons it should be considered most fortunate that so little damage has been done. In the meantime the noose which the British navy has drawn about Germany's neck grows tighter.

Continued on page 219.



POWER—COMFORT—LUXURY

In comfort, roominess, convenience and easy riding qualities the Series 18 Studebaker cars are the finest cars on the market within hundreds of dollars of their prices. The upholstery is in high-grade, semi-glazed, straight-grained genuine leather—long, genuine curled hair is used in the cushions and seat backs. The seats are form-fitting—giving restful comfort for long trips and tours.

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JAN. 9, 1917

FINANCE DEPARTMENT
OTTAWA

A Descendant of Prince
Shamus

Continued from page 190.

with not a soul aboard of her, an' she a furlong from the shore an' no anchor to hold her. Into the water he charged his horse, an' into the water the horse went an' swam to the ship and then gev a le'p an' jumped on her deck without a sound from his hoofs.

"An' Prince Shémus went below the deck, an' there was a stall for the horse an' a fine soft bed for himself, an' a table with bread an' wine upon it.

"'Glory be to God an' Mary,' says Prince Shémus, 'what more would I want? An' is there hay for the horse?' says he. So it's more he *did* want. An' he went to the stall, an' there was hay for the first day out an' there was fresh water in a pail. An' that was lucky. for the water around him was salt—bein' the say.

"'An' what about the second day out?' says Prince Shémus to his horse, an' the horse nodded his head, an' says Prince Shémus, 'It must be all right or I wouldn't be here.' An' he went up on deck an' they was a mile from the green shores of Ireland an' Prince Shémus felt his t'roat grow choked wid the thought of l'avin' th' ould sod, but he thinks, 'Tis wid the good wife I'll be go'n' back.

"So he goes to the cabin an' he drinks the wine an' ates what bread there is an' feels ready for what may come.

"An' he feeds the horse the hay an' gives him the water to drink an' when he went up after that there was no land in sight an' the say high on the two sides of him, an' they go'n in a valley of water.

"An' at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red (me mudder always said the voids der same way, an' it makes it sound better), an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall, an' Prince Shémus

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watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say. An' he seen a storm comin' out of the north. An' well he knew that his cuckle shell of a boat was not wan to live in a storm, an' he goes down to see what is to be found, an' there is a bottle of holy oil.

"An' when the storm comes up he breaks the bottle of holy oil over the say an' the ship sails to where is a foreign shore, an' that's America."

Up to this point in the story I had been reminded of various tales I had read when a boy, but Jimmy's mother had evidently changed the story in order to give it an interest for the boy that sometimes attaches to familiar local color.

Jimmy's cheeks burned with excitement as he went on. However it may be with some after-dinner speakers, he was enjoying himself.

"An' Prince Shémus le'ps upon the horse's back an' the horse le'ps from the boat, an' the Prince turns to look behind him an' the boat has gone.

"Well, it's lucky it lasted me across" says he, an' rides upon the shore an' comes to the City of New York. (Me mudder said this was hundreds of years before the sky-scrappers was built.)

"An' he rides up Broadway and every one seen he was a prince an' hansommer than any man that had ever been seen in America at all, at all.

"An' the gerruls lined the sidewalks an' threw kisses to him, an' he lifted his velvet cap off his head an' bowed right an' left.

"Well, though he bowed right an' left an' made his horse prance on his two hind legs to hows he was to'robred, Prince Shémus did not see a single colleen he'd give the wink of his eyelid for. None of them looked like the gerrul he seen on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"An' he come up to a little green lane in the woods that stood where Fourteenth street is now, an' he looked, an' the crowds had left him, but there sat an ould woman sellin' apples. An' no wan came to buy them, an' the woman looked sorryfil.

"An' Prince Shémus was kind hairrted an' he was hungry, too, an' he says, 'Give me a red apple.' (Me mudder said all der apples in Ireland



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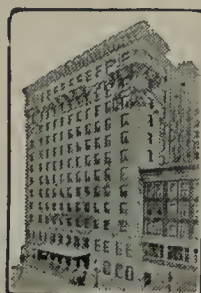
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is green.) 'Give me a red apple,' says he an' chucks an Irish shillin' to her. (An' me mudder always used to say that an Irish shillin' was made of better silver dan an English shillin'.)

It can easily be seen that Jimmy's mother suffered from nostalgia and longed for the green shores of Ireland. Probably the stories she told the boy were a comfort to her.

"Th' ould woman drops a curtsey (dat's der same as bowin', ye know, boss), an' she says in Irish. (In der Irish language, yer know. I can't speak it, an' me farder couldn't, but me mudder could. It was funny to hear her.)

"Th' ould woman says in Irish, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' if anny wan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"An' Prince Shémus knew he had no knife in his pocket, but he puts his hand there an' he pulls out a silver knife after all, an' he cuts the red apple in two halves, an' the next second out flies a gerrul from the apple as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus only clasps his hands an' looks at the beautiful colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.


"An' th' apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple, an' th' ould woman says, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife an' cut the red apple in two, an' if annywan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"And Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' he pulls out a silver knife an' he cuts the red apple in two halves an' the next second out flies a gerrul as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus on'y clasps his hands an' looks at the colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An' the apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple an' the ould woman says, "Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' bad scran to you if you don't answer annywan that spakes to you.'

"An' Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' he pulls out a silver knife. An' he knew that sorra bit would there be another gerrul come out of a red apple, for there were no more red apples and no more shillin's, so he shut his eyes so as not to be carried away wid the sight of beauty, an' whin the gerrul said, 'Give me a drink



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Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
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Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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of water,' he says 'Certainly I will,'
an' he hol's out his hand an' into it
th' ould woman puts a silver cup filled
to the edge with fresh could water.

"An' Prince Shémus hands it to the
gerrul wid his hands tremblin' an' she
drank it an' says to hin, 'You are my
husband.'

"Indeed,' says he to the colleen,
'but you're the good guesser.' And he
turns to thank th' ould apple woman,
but she had gone away like a flash of
heat lightnin'.

"Well, when the New Yorkers saw
it was a rale prince an' a rale Irish
princess—for the gerrul from the apple
was the same as the gerrul on the wall
in the booth at the fair—they axed
him to live in a palace an' be their
king, but Prince Shémus said he'd
rather be nothin' but a prince in Ire-
land than a king in America.

"But he thanks them kindly, bein' a
prince, an' him an' the beautiful prin-
cess walks down to the shore an' the
horse walks be the side of them, for
the prince was too merciful to make
the two of them ride the wan baste
and the princess wouldn't ride alone.

"An' there on the shore was the
white little sail boat, bobbin' an'
poundin' like a cork in a basin, an'
Prince Shémus put the princess on the
horse's back an' he carried her to the
ittle ship and then came back for
Prince Shémus, an' when the two was
on board there was two bottles of wine
an' two loaves of bread, but on'y the
van cup, bein' they was lovers; an'
they went back the way he had come
through the valley of the say, on'y it
took them twice as long because there
was twice as many aboard.

"An' when they got to Ireland the
king of Ireland was waitin' for them
in Dublin Bay, an' he kissed the prin-
cess an' kissed his son, an' there was
eastin', an' drinkin', an' dancin', an'
ghitin' till you couldn't rest."

Jimmy sat back in his seat and
ropped his hands in his lap. His
eyes were dancing and his cheeks were
glowing, and he was a pretty spectacle
of a boy. He straightened himself up
in his ragged coat and he said with
ardorable pride:

"Me mudder said dat I was de-
ended from Prince Shémus."

A Believer in Luck

Continued from page 203.

He was determined that no compari-
son should be drawn to his own detri-
ment. He sent, importantly, for a
enographer and fell to work dictating
tters to her with a great show of
energy, changing a comma here, a line
ere, a word at the end and finally
lling the girl back to reconstruct an
tire paragraph, nervous with the un-

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CANADA MONTHLY

Mail Building, Toronto, Ontario.

Circulation Promotion Department.

accustomed responsibility devolving upon him. He lingered over phrases that particularly pleased him, raising his voice to impress the men about him and dropping it to a confidential murmur, broken by embarrassed pauses when the right word eluded him. He breathed a sigh of relief when the order was over.

Some claims for damages lay on the desk. He turned them over irresolutely. The strike had jostled the office work out of its routine and brought new duties into his department. Men were working shoulder to shoulder each helping the other. Sommers, his assistant, noticing his obvious desire to avoid possible criticism, respectfully offered suggestions which the chief clerk received coldly, but on which he acted privately. The friendly offer of assistance from other men he repelled also, intimating by a general stiffness of exterior that, as chief clerk, he would no longer tolerate the familiarity which had hitherto expressed itself in good-natured slaps upon the back and loudly voiced pleasantries.

While he was considering his next step the hall door opened suddenly and a man entered, reeling and shouting a string of oaths. He advanced unsteadily to Hopper's desk and, shaking his fist in the chief clerk's face, dared him to fight. Hopper had risen an instinctively retreated a few steps. Before he could gather his scattered wits together, Sommers's hand shot out and grabbed the intruder's coat collar, jerking him forward violently.

"Get out," he ordered, "and be quick about it or I'll have Jimmy throw you down the stairs."

The man blinked, his bluster falling from him. "Why, you know me, Bill? I didn't mean no harm," he muttered thickly.

The chief clerk turned and surveyed Sommers balefully. The instinctive antipathy he had felt for the young man from the first was merging into active dislike.

"You think you're a smart little fellow now, don't you?" he sneered, disagreeably. "Maybe you don't realize that I'm in charge of this office?"

The two men regarded each other in silence for a moment; Hopper's eyes dropped finally. "Why didn't you put him out, then?" asked Sommers quietly. "I'm not afraid of you, you know," he added.

"Well, there's no use in making a row," Hopper said, sullenly. "You attend to your own affairs and I'll run mine." He was thinking that he would transfer the young man to another office when the strike was over and he no longer needed his assistance.

When Hopper reached home that night his natural secretiveness had finally triumphed over his desire to

dazzle his wife with the glamour of his success. He felt at times an active resentment against her for openly doubting his ability, and now that he had proved his worth he decided, in somewhat the same spirit that a child saves the icing on its cake for the last mouthful, to delay the satisfaction of surprising her. He did not even mention Carter's death. The fact that he had the advantage over her in knowing something that would completely change her opinion of him, put him in good humor.

During dinner his effervescent spirits and trite pleasantries amazed her. She noticed that the potatoes were slightly scorched, the water having boiled away from them while she was setting the table; she waited nervously for his caustic comment, apologies and explanations on the tip of her tongue; but he ate them without noticing. After dinner he played with the little girl, romping and laughing. A faint flush of excitement tinged Rose's face; she caught her breath sharply and ventured a tentative question which he jocosely turned aside.

Later on, under the protection of his jovial mood, she made her pitiful confession to him, haltingly, with beseeching eyes. To her relief he took it quietly.

"Don't worry, old girl, we'll pull through all right," he said, encouragingly. The kindly tone broke down the floodgates of her self-control and she sobbed convulsively on his breast while he patted her shoulder from time to time with a pleasing sense of his own magnanimity, soothing her as one would placate a nervous child.

The next morning Hopper was loath to start downtown. "Plenty of time. I know my own business," he replied when his wife, with anxious eyes on the clock, urged him to go. The officials of the Company opened their desks well along in the forenoon, and to do likewise had occurred to him a desirable way to impress the office force. The brief "good morning" from the other men which greeted him on his arrival pleased him. He found his desk piled high with letters, telegrams and memoranda. The wire basket bulged with important papers. It annoyed him to learn that his assistant had a duplicate key and could open his desk at will.

Sommers handed him a telegram which had been received earlier in the morning. "I took the liberty of attending to this," he said. "I knew it was urgent."

It was dated at the main office in New Haven, Connecticut, and read: "Last two men gone out. Send assistance immediately. E. C. Jones, Mgr." With it was this type-written report: "Sending five men to N. H. 4.02 Express, Hopper."



The Hours We Don't Forget

The Same Good-Nights, for a Hundred Years, Will be Said Over Dishes of Puffed Grains

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D & A
GOOD SHAPE
BRASSIERES

The chief clerk smote the papers in his hand. "I'm not responsible for this, young man," he said, with an attempt at dignified sternness. "I didn't send these men, and if any trouble comes, count me out. I'm running this office, and anybody who butts in takes the consequences."

He turned impressively to his desk. Despite his resentment at the young man's initiative, an unspeakable relief filled him that the responsibility of the thing had shifted to another.

At home Rose Hopper was sweeping her sitting room, arranging the furniture mechanically over the threadbare spots in the carpet, while her mind dwelt on the change in her husband, which puzzled and disquieted her. Stooping to remove a newspaper thrust behind the radiator, the picture of a woman on the front page caught her eye. Something in the pose, the half-laughing mouth, suggested an old photograph of herself taken during her engagement. She was about to drop it with a sigh, when her glance fell on an item at the bottom of the page. It was a notice of Carter's death. It flashed upon her that there must be some connection between this and her husband's new attitude. It was not the first time she had been left to discover by chance things concerning him which she had every right to know.

The sharpness of her sudden intuition was so like physical pain that involuntarily she put her hand over her heart. He had been made chief clerk. How characteristic of him not to have told her! Doubt crept like insidious poison into her thoughts. Why had the big prize been given to him? Where were all the other men in the office? The next moment, conscious of her disloyalty in the face of his achievement, she slipped to her knees in tears and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving and apology. Only the night before she had lain awake weeping over the barrenness of her lot, bewailing her hardships and the sordidness that stared her in the face day after day. "Forgive me, God," she murmured over and over, "I didn't know, I didn't know."

The sunshine that seemed suddenly to illumine her path dazzled her unaccustomed eyes throughout the day. She remembered he had spoken of the chief clerk's salary—\$4,000 a year! She repeated the words to herself again and again, thinking of the luxury this sum represented. She had noticed a little fur set in some shop window. May should have it, or one like it if it should be gone. Fred himself needed a new suit—the shiny elbows of the one he was wearing troubled her. Tommy—poor, backward little Tommy—must be sent to a private school where his mental defects might possibly



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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

be remedied, and where he need not be the butt of the other pupils.

A hunger for the graceful, small luxuries of life which she had never known brought a faint flush to her thin face. There flashed into her mind visions of elegant gowns she had seen exhibited on wax models behind plate-glass windows, with plumed hats to match them. Secretly she had always longed for a big black hat with one huge, uncurled plume drooping gracefully over the brim. She was only thirty-eight after all. Perhaps the taste and knack for sewing which had enabled her to do much with little before the children came, had not deserted her. She would spare no pains in making herself attractive in the future. Her husband would find her an inspiration instead of a dull, colorless accompaniment to his success. A sense of returning youth and hopefulness sent the blood coursing through her veins. She went about her duties exaltedly, rejoicing with him all day, in spirit.

At lunch time Hopper crossed the street to the big restaurant patronized by the more prosperous business men in the vicinity and ordered an elaborate luncheon, lingering in the pleasant, unaccustomed atmosphere of lights and music. He had looked forward to meeting some one he knew, the president, perhaps, or another one of his superiors, and he glanced eagerly about for a familiar face. The men at adjoining tables, however, were all strangers. Used to dealing in dimes and nickels at lunch, his check appalled him. He handed the waiter the exact amount and hastened back to the office. Catching a glimpse of the superintendent through a half-opened door, he learned from the office boy that, pressed for time, that official had taken a hasty bite in his office.

A few minutes later the superintendent sent for Hopper. "It's that confounded New Haven business of yours," growled the chief clerk, addressing Sommers. "He's probably sore because we've crippled our force."

The superintendent, whose mind was weighted with innumerable important matters, asked the chief clerk briefly how the various offices were faring. Hopper took this as a preamble to the censure that would presently fall on him as the result of Sommers' action in regard to the New Haven telegram. He mentioned the matter.

"I'm glad you got the men off promptly," interrupted the superintendent. "They needed them there worse than we do here. That's what I want you to do—take care of those details and relieve me of them for the present, even at the risk of making a few mistakes.

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



For the Rising Generation

BIG BEN at his best—at seven a. m.—opening little folks' eyes—there's a race to hush him—a pillow battle—merry laughter—and mother to tidy the kiddies for school.

Big Ben's little men bubble health and cheer, and they feel as big as Daddy with a clock all their own. They trust *Big Ben* to make their dreams of "When I'm big" come true—Big Ben smiles a promise to them all.

He gives 'em extra playtime, after porridge and milk—a chance to peep at lessons that the Sandman made so hard. He gets 'em to school long before the last gong and this habit lingers when the children grow up.

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Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

Western Clock Co.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

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CANADA MONTHLY

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Hopper felt himself to be floundering beyond his depth; something was wrong. A sense of failure oppressed him. He concluded it was foresight he lacked. There was, somewhere, undoubtedly, a chance waiting for him to prove his value. He burned with a fierce determination to find this opportunity, and to establish a reputation for himself, no matter in what direction it lay.

Seated at his own desk he was still thinking the matter over when Higgins, the chief operator, who had stuck loyally by the Company, came into the office and drew up a chair beside Hopper for a moment's chat.

"Did you hear about old man Cary's going down to the Meriden office and trying to help them out?" he inquired. "He used to be manager there, you know. The old fellow's over eighty now. The Company retired him years ago after his accident; he's been paralyzed ever since. The poor old boy insisted on being wheeled down to the office when the men went out there. He 'sent' for an hour, and he's a good sender yet. After that, of course, he was all in—cried like a baby when they took him home. Pretty plucky, wasn't he?"

Hopper nodded absently. Higgins, warming to his subject, continued:

"He's the best-hearted old fellow alive. He took some shares in a mine out West once from a fellow who owed him money. Nobody thought they were any good, including the old man himself—he took them only so the other fellow wouldn't feel so bad about not being able to pay him. Do you know, the blooming thing paid a dividend the other day, and Cary pulled out about eight hundred dollars. He's foolish with joy—says it will bury himself and his wife fine. Cheerful, ain't it?" He laughed uproariously.

"How much did you say he got?" inquired Hopper, intensely interested now. An idea was beginning to take shape in his mind.

"About eight hundred. Why?"

"I was just wondering how lucky he'd been," laughed Hopper. "You know I believe in luck."

It seemed to him that fate was playing into his hands and giving him the very card he wanted. In this piece of information, given so carelessly, he saw his opportunity. During a pause in the afternoon's routine, he made a few cautious inquiries about the ex-manager. All the older men knew Cary and had a good word to say about him. Hopper's questions' awoke a flood of old anecdotes and reminiscences. In the midst of them the chief clerk went back to his office and compiled his data, making a neat report to lay

before the superintendent. While he worked his mind revolved busily about the matter. It was not what he would have selected with which to make his effect. He would greatly have preferred something more spectacular—the discovery of a shortage in some one's accounts, for instance.

Once or twice as he prepared his row of figures, uncertainty assailed him; he brushed it aside with the reflection that, after all, one cannot always pick and choose, and business was business. Saving the company's money was an essential, and he determined to consider only essentials in the future. The superintendent himself had urged him to take the initiative. Fortified by this reflection, he decided to lose no time in tendering his report—delays breed dangers, and some one else might get in ahead of him.

His assurance melted somewhat as he confronted the superintendent and began to talk. The discomfort he always felt in the other man's presence chilled the words on his lips. The sensation of floundering beyond his depth returned. It was the one thing he had been unprepared for. Sudden doubt gripped him and left him weak-kneed. After all, he might have been better off to have let the matter alone.

"Well?"

The monosyllable fell upon him like cold steel and he realized that he had paused in the carefully rehearsed recital that had said itself mechanically. Panic-stricken in the face of an impending crisis, he realized that it was too late to draw back. Pulling himself together with an effort, he proceeded with dry lips and moist forehead:

"He has this eight hundred to live on now and it seems to me unnecessary for the Company to keep on paying his pension of seventy-five dollars a month"—the figures danced grotesquely up and down on the paper before him—"until it's gone. Of course I'm sorry for the old fellow and all that, but business is business, you know, and I felt it my duty to call your attention to this."

A silence, heavy and fraught with meaning, endured. Conscious of the other man's eyes upon him, the chief clerk raised his own. The superintendent had risen, and before his look Hopper cowered; his ambitious and high hopes fell from him one by one, nothing remaining but the cold, hard contempt in the other man's eyes that was shriveling him.

It was impossible that the simple little proposition he had made could move the superintendent to such quiet fury. It was preposterous, unwarranted. The official's sense of proportion seemed completely gone, yet he lacked the power to put in a word in his own defense; utter misery of mind held him mute.

He became conscious that the other man was speaking—had been speaking for some time.

"However, I realize my mistake now. Never while you are in my office, no matter in what position, presume to interfere in affairs which nature has deprived you of the insight and sympathy to understand." His voice changed. "I am sorry for you—for your own sake and that of your ultimate success."

The finality of the words rang in Hopper's ears; a sudden mist blinded him through which he groped for the door. He understood from the man's manner that the official was done with him, and his mind strove vainly to adjust itself to the superintendent's view-point. Huddled against the wall outside, the neatly figured report in his hand, he struggled for composure.

In his own office he saw, through the half-opened door, that only Sommers and the office boy remained, the latter whistling a syncopated melody as he picked up scraps of paper. Hopper went in slowly and sat at his desk in utter desolation, his face in his hands. Minutes passed; some one touched him on the shoulder. It was Sommers, who spoke quietly, avoiding the other's eye.

"The superintendent says he is able to relieve you of the extra work now and you can go back to your old desk in the morning."

With a snarl Hopper rose and faced him. This man was no superior.

"I suppose you take this one?" he sneered finally, his face twisted. The younger man turned away.

There was no click of typewriters to drown Hopper's sudden oath. "Without half a show," he muttered. He walked unsteadily to the outer office for his hat and coat, pitying himself passionately like a man ill used and thwarted by a perverse fate.

He knew now how a wounded animal must feel when it crawls to some dark hole away from the eyes of men. On the way home it seemed to him that each strange eye he encountered in the street looked at him in silent contempt, mingled with a reluctant pity—for what he did not know. The bitterness welling up in his heart suffocated him. He longed for physical combat, for something to hurt mortally.

His wife met him at the door as he tramped up the stairs. He heard the rustle of silk as she started toward him, and stared dully. She was wearing an old gown that had been in her meagre trousseau. Even in the semidusk of the hall he noticed that her hair was fluffed becomingly about her flushed face, bringing back a semblance of youth.

"Ferd, have you got anything to tell

me? I saw in an old paper that he was dead—"

The shining, near-sighted eyes, searching his face stabbed him like a knife; he could have struck her in the sudden fury which maddened him. "Don't look at me that way—I can't stand it!" he muttered, through set teeth.

The glow faded pitifully from her face at his words, as if a devastating hand had passed over her features, leaving them pinched and old. "Who—got it?" she whispered.

He pushed by her, roughly, and she drew away, frightened at his bitterness. "Sommers, of course. You surely didn't think I was the lucky dog?"

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 197.

leaning back among the luxurious cushions of his car and skimming like a bird toward Brooklyn.

My Frenchman leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur:

"Drive a little slower," he said. "there is no hurry in the world, and I dislike reckless driving extremely."

Then, with a smile, he leaned back beside me.

To be continued.

Current Events

Continued from page 208.

War Trade

WAR trade has placed the United States in a very strong position financially. Never before did it shelter so much wealth or so much gold. Nor was Canada ever so well off as it is to-day. Farmers, manufacturers and workmen are in receipt of incomes out of which they should lay aside something to tide over any period of uncertainty which may follow the war and which, at the worst, should be short-lived. The attitude of Canadians as they enter the New Year should be one of optimism steadied by economy, thrift and an unflinching determination to see the war through to a successful conclusion in company with their Allies.—*Toronto News*.

Labor and the War

THE British Labor Conference steam-rolled the pacifists in fine style. British Labor is an intelligent body, and knows perfectly well that all the bettered social conditions for which it fights would be swept into the discard by the iron broom of a German victory. Almost as ruinous to social and economic reform, would be a stalemate; for that would mean that the Entente Allies

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A cup of Oxo is always good. It can be made with an Oxo Cube and hot water with very little trouble. When you reach home after a hard day at the office, a cup of hot Oxo will do you ever so much good, and lessen the risk of a chill.

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would be compelled to concentrate on military and naval preparation to resist the next inevitable pounce of the Teuton tiger—and if the nation must be taxed to the bone to sustain armaments and its man-power must be conscripted into the army, it will have little time, money or room for measures of social amelioration. Social reform is the child of established and secure peace; and British Labor has wisely decided that it must fight on until this form of permanent peace is secured.—*Montreal Star*.

Enlisting Boys

IT IS a wise move to prevent the enlistment of boys under eighteen and that the practice of enlisting them "in order to make a showing" must cease. Heretofore some boys under 18 have enlisted only to be discharged later, when their regiment being ready to go overseas, it was discovered that they were under age. Thus in their desire to make a recruiting showing by enlisting mere boys, some too zealous recruiting officers have put the country to a wholly unnecessary expense, by enlisting boys, who, because of their age, would under no circumstances be allowed to go overseas.—*Perth Expositor*.

"O Canada"

THERE seems to be no doubt that "O Canada!" will be recognized, as the Canadian National Anthem "The Maple Leaf" was written for school children says the *Victoria Colonist* and its words and music was admirably suited for that purpose, but they are entirely too light for the greater purposes for which a national anthem is employed. The words now in use in the English rendering of "O Canada!" have a fine devotional ring, especially in the appeal of the refrain. We do not hesitate to say that it has no rival among songs of its class, the nearest approach to it musically being the Russian National Anthem. And yet we find Mr. Arthur Stringer objecting to it on the ground that it is too dirgelike. In reply, a writer of the *Woodstock, Ont., Sentinel-Review* says:—

If Arthur Stringer could stand beside the "Road to Glory—and Berlin," upon which troops march to the Somme and hear company after company stumbling by in the darkness to the lilt of "O Canada," while the whole country is a mass of flashes and the thunder of the guns keeps the ground all a-tremble, and every one of the half-seen figures grotesquely burdened with their overland kit is just, as every boy, thinking of the morning and of the home he'll probably never again see; then I think Arthur Stringer would forget that dirge stuff.

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To this the *Ottawa Journal-Press* adds:—

To this might be added the remark of a well known Ottawa lady who recently returned from England leaving two sons and one daughter at the front: "It was such an inspiring thing to see our fine young Canadian soldiers marching to the point of embarkation for France singing our own hymn 'O Canada.'" I never before quite realized the beauty, the grandeur, the dignity, the seriousness of that essentially patriotic hymn of praise."

Munitions

THIS, as has often been said, is a war of machinery. It is being fought by the man in the tool shop as well as by the man in the trenches. Without the support of the former, the latter would shed his blood in vain. Amassing has been the growth of munition output in the British Isles. Only comparative figures are available for obvious reasons, but these as collected and presented by the *Daily Ontario* of Belleville, make a wonderful showing. The *Ontario* says:—

Excepting the development of aviation, few more romantic incidents have marked the present war than that of the enormous expansion of the production of munitions by Great Britain and her daughter countries; we may even call the United States a daughter country though a rebellious one. The rate of expansion in different classes of production is marvellous. Whatever the weekly production during the first year of the war was, it is placed at the unit one. The unit is merely used for purposes of relative comparison. To every single eighteen pounder produced per week in the first year of the war, 43 are produced now; of 4.5 field howitzers, 46 as against 1; of medium guns and howitzers, 66 as against 1; and of howitzers above six inches, 323 as against 1 per week. These are startling figures, but they are not the maximum of the probable British output. They only mark the speeding up to the present time. Great Britain is now producing in eight and a half days the total of her output of 75 mm. shells during the first year of the war, that is for the whole year. In eight days now, she produces the total of her entire output in the first year of projectiles for field howitzers and in five and a half days that for medium guns and howitzers. In about one day she produces a total equivalent to her entire output in the first year of the war of products for heavy guns and howitzers, in other words that in this class of munition her output is increased 365 times. England is manufacturing at the present moment three times as many 155 mm. shells, five times as many 200 mm. shells, and three times as many 230

mm. shells a week as she manufactured during the whole of the first year of the war. The number of shells completed or filled during the week ended Nov. 26, 1916, exceeded by about 30 per cent. the stock of munitions held in reserve at the outbreak of hostilities.

So rapid has been the development in some respects since the speeding up commenced that Great Britain has actually ceased to manufacture certain classes of guns. She has overtaken her requirements.

Here are some other startling statistics, issued by the ministry of munitions in England respecting other branches of arms:—

The output of rifles is, for certain technical reasons, particularly difficult to increase. For every 100 rifles manufactured during one week in June, 1915, 160 were manufactured in June, 1916, and 173 in November, 1916. The number of rifles repaired and put back into service is about equal to half the total production of new rifles. The production of rifle and revolver cartridges has nearly trebled during the last year. Taking the weekly production in June, 1915, as 100, the weekly production in June, 1916, is represented by 280, and in November, 1916, by 290. The increase in the manufacture of explosives has been extremely rapid. For every ton of explosive employed in September, 1914, 350 tons were employed in July, 1915, and from 11,000 to 12,000 tons in July, 1916. The following figures show the average amount of explosive used in charging shells. These are based on one week in January, 1916, which is represented by 100:—

Weekly average for April.....	180
Weekly average for July.....	590
Weekly average for October.....	920
November 19-25, 1916.....	1120

The production of trench mortar ammunition and grenades has been so much developed that any further increase hardly seems necessary.

Decorations for Canadians

NO less than 2,715 Canadian soldiers have been decorated for merit since the war began. The Adjutant-General gives the following list:


These include French and Russian decorations, and are as follows: Victoria Cross, 6; Knight Commander of the Bath (civil), 1; Knight Commander of the Bath (military), 1; Companion of the Bath (civil), 3; Companion of the Bath (military), 6; Knight Bachelor, 1; Companion of St. Michael and St. George, 28; Distinguished Service Order, 114; Military Cross, 329; Bar for Military Cross, 9; Royal Red Cross, 35; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 371; Clasp to Distinguished Conduct Medal, 4; Military Medal, 1,138; Bar to Military Medal, 21;

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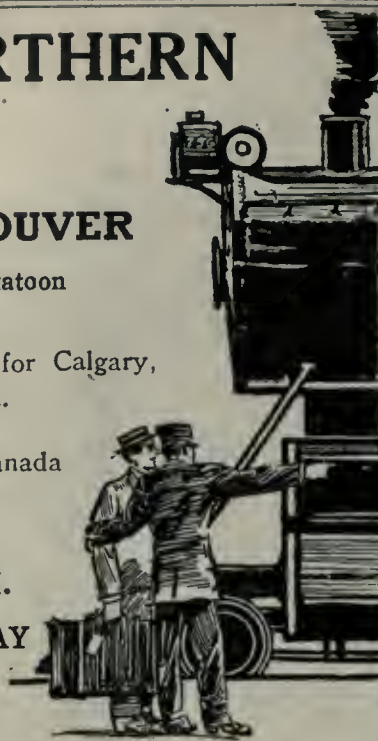
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Meritorious Service Medal, 22; Mention in Dispatches, 542.

French decorations have been awarded to Canadians as follows: Legion of Honor, 14; Croix de Guerre, 15; Medaille Militaire, 12.

Russian decorations have been awarded to the following number: Medal of St. George, 24; Cross of St. George, 15; Order of Ste. Anne, 2, Order of St. Stanilas.—*Victoria Colonist*

Innovation in Education

A MONTREAL department store is trying out a new plan to cope with the present day labor problem. This is to employ school girls, with alternate weeks of work in the store and attendance at school. The *Montreal Herald* has the following comment to make on the innovation:

The employment of women upon work formerly done chiefly by men is rapidly increasing, and that not only in the countries now at war. In the United States many men have found making munitions to be more profitable than their ordinary vocations. Women have taken up the work laid down by them. Thousands of girls are now employed in Montreal offices in positions formerly filled by men and doing the work well. Some of them are very young, and anxiety is expressed about the effect it will have upon their education. It is worth while to remember that a large proportion of education is not obtained in school. A big departmental store is trying to solve the problem by employing girls in alternate weeks, one week in the store and the next week in the school.

The principal objections will probably come from the schoolmasters, who are apt to have rather limited ideas as to what constitutes education, who regard examinations as the great test of capacity, and who may find their programmes rather demoralized by the new system. It will be interesting to see how far the girls who go to school every other week are behind those who go every week. The scheme is to organize the girls in couples. While one is at school the other will take her place in the store, and vice-versa. There are many girls at work in offices and stores who would be none the worse for a little more schooling, and many in the schools who would be all the better for a little business training. The change of employment will be no doubt attractive to a lot of the girls. If the object of the school is to equip the pupil for business life the system now being tried would seem to be admirable. If the subjects of study are well selected the pupils will attack their lessons with greatly increased interest and energy. A girl employed in a book department will be a better

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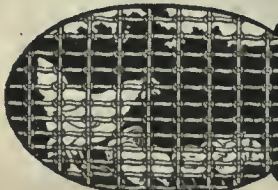
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saleswoman if she knows something about books. She will learn more about the art of selling in the store than she will at school. There are better places than school to acquire gumption—a colloquial expression which is defined as "Ready perception and discrimination; quick discernment and adoption of the elements of practical success; acuteness; common sense." On the other hand, she may actually learn more about the materials she has to sell at school than she can in the store. If she has to sell lace she may become a good judge of its quality by actually handling it, but she is all the more likely to interest her customers if she can tell them where it comes from and how it is made. Of course, there is a danger of her becoming pedantic about her wares; but that she will soon get over. That is where the gumption comes in.

There is no reason why this novel educational system should not be tried with the boys also. The average working boy could do with a lot more education than he has. He would acquire a lot of practical knowledge, he would learn something about his limitations, and get rid of a lot of superfluous freshness. If his studies were designed with some regard to his chosen occupation it would be all the better for him. Very often his occupation is not determined by choice. Very often he drifts into a job and drifts out again. He is ultimately a grocer's assistant, a dry goods clerk, an electrician, or a real estate man by accident. There was something in the old apprenticeship system besides slavery after all. The jack of all trades and master of none was exceptional.

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HENRY FORD denies with emphasis that the present material prosperity in the United States is due to war conditions. He proves his contention by citing his own case. His business is prosperous, but he has not had a single war contract. Such is this man's logic. Even Ford would not deny that in the work of munition making thousands of Americans have waxed wealthy and hundreds of thousands of American workmen have been kept busy at abnormally high wages. The vast profits and the high wages have stimulated the demand for luxuries, Ford cars among them. That is why Ford's business is so prosperous even though he has never filled a war contract.—*Hamilton Herald.*

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 Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada.



CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

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What Chance Has Canada?

PROF. A. B. MACALLUM, of the University of Toronto, in a recent speech before the Empire Club estimated that the war would impose an annual charge of \$500,000,000 for a century and he showed the need for vast additions to production and the utilization of every possible element in natural resources. "Nations must work and economize" he said, "and even strain their energies to carry this staggering load, labor will be conserved and imports cut and exports increased; the highest skill will be demanded in every department of life for competition which will be the keenest the world has ever known and perhaps ever will know. What chance has Canada if she does not employ the most advanced and most approved methods in her industries?"

One answer to this question is the work of the Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research recently organized by the Federal Government. In this issue R. Goldwin, Smith, Financial Editor of the *Toronto Daily News*, shows how, through this council, Science and Industry have formed a partnership which will have far-reaching results for the Dominion.

The co-ordination of science and industry in Britain and Canada is not only being made effective in bringing the war to a successful close, but will so augment the productive power of these countries after the war is over that the liquidation of the rapidly accumulating national debts may be accomplished without undue burden on the people.

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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy; in the United States, \$1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London: 382 Clarence Street.

Toronto: Mail Building.

New York City: 373 4th Avenue.

Chicago: 1851 Peoples' Gas Building.

HERBERT VANDERHOOF, President.

SIDNEY R. COOK, Treasurer.

J. B. MONTGOMERY, Vice-President

RICHARD G. TOBIN, Secretary.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.



Canada Monthly's School and College Directory



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL
SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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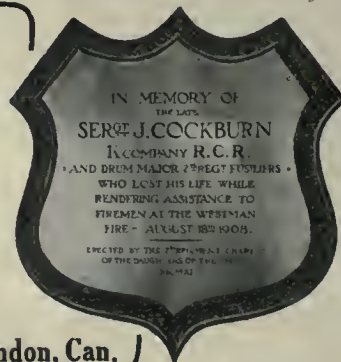
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For Calendar apply MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal.

FOR THE MEN WHO HAVE PAID THE PRICE.

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SCHOOL OF LIP LANGUAGE,
Dept. C 35 Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

A ludicrous story is told of an Edinburgh Bailie, whose studies in natural history seem to have been limited. The following case came before him one day:—

A man who kept a ferret having to go into the country left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The man was very angry, and brought a claim against him for damages.

The following was the decision of the learned Bailie: "Nae doot," he said to the neighbor; "nae doot ye was wrang to open the cage door; but," he added, turning to the owner, "ye was wrang too. What for did ye clip the brute's wings?"

They were discussing the rights and wrongs of a strike, and stout and strenuous were the arguments on either side.

"Look here! Say I ain't tellin' the truth! Look here!" said Bob, producing a newspaper and flourishing it under Joe's eye.

But Joe ignored the offered literature. "I don't want to see no newspaper!" he said loftily. "Wot I knows I knows!"

"And that ain't much," said Bob. "Don't want to see the newspaper, 'e don't. Why? 'Cos 'e can't read. Undeicated—that's wot 'e is!"

Immediately Joseph's ire rose. "I'm as well educated as you, Bob," he said with dignity; "but, as I learned in a night school, o' course I can't read in the daytime!"

Mary Ann and William were rural lovers, devoted to one another, sweet and seventeen. They met the other day in the village post-office, but William was with his respected master, and could not speak to his sweetheart.

He winked at her, however, but was severely pained that no bright smirk came from her in reply.

A few days later he received an explanation in the form of a letter.

"Dear Bill," the epistle ran,—
"The reason I didn't laff when you laffed at me in the post-office t'other day was becoss I had a boil on me face, and I can't laff."

"If I laff, it'll burst. But I loves you, Bill, boil or no boil, laff or no laff.—Mary Ann."

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A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

Farmer Jenkins believed in the good old-fashioned idea of giving all the farm hands and labourers a real good Christmas feed at the festive season. So he determined to give them something to resemble last year, and ordered the feast to start with soup, to be followed by goose, roast beef, and unlimited supplies of plum pudding.

The farm hands duly assembled, and having fasted all day so as to be in good trim for the Christmas feed, were prepared to make the supplies look foolish. Roast goose and beer were all they expected.

"Ere, what's this 'ere?" said a disappointed son of toil, when a huge plate of soup was placed before him. "You've forgotten the goose and stuff; I don't want all gravy!"

The cloakroom man at a large restaurant fell suddenly unwell and a substitute took his place. The new man was told not to give out any coats or hats without proper identification, and so when an old gentleman demanded his hat and explained that he had lost his check there was a great to-do on the part of the substitute.

"But that's my hat the shabby brown one," said the old gentleman. "It's got my initials in it—F. X. G." The substitute looked inside the hat,

and sure enough the initials were there. "Humph!" he said suspiciously. "You might have seen these initials somehow."

"But here they are on my shirt, too," said the old gentleman, unbuttoning his waistcoat. "See? F. X. G."

"You might have stolen the shirt," said the substitute.

"Good heavens!" shouted the old gentleman, and he tore open his shirt and undervest. "Maybe this will satisfy you! Hey?" And he pointed to the letters F. X. G. tattooed on his breast in blue.

The substitute stared at the tattooing closely; then at last he handed over the hat. As he did so he said reluctantly:

"Well, since Nature wrote them initials on your skin, I guess they must be yours for a fact."

It was little Howard's first term at school and one day he returned home wearing a very discouraged expression.

"Why, Howard," asked his mother, "what is the trouble?"

"I ain't going to school any more," replied the boy.

"Why, dear?" asked the mother.

"'Cause," explained Howard, "'tain't any use, mother, I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

He was not a good card-player. He admitted it—his game was pin-pong. But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes.

After a particularly glaring error, the pestering partner turned upon him with real anger.

"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's lead, sir," exclaimed the novice hotly, "It certainly wouldn't be yours!"


His partner snorted, and subsided. But, in the next hand, he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here!" he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have!" retorted the novice, with warmth. "But I'm keeping it for your funeral!"

What you want to do first," said a Toronto man to an Ontario farmer whom he was advising touching certain needed improvements in and about his place, "is to have that mudhole in the road fixed."

"You experts and reformers don't understand local conditions," said the farmer, scornfully. "Why, I've purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I've made haulin' automobiles out of that mudhole!"



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Old Grouser felt extremely ill, and sent for the doctor, who examined him carefully, and looked rather grave.

"Oh, doctor," cried the old man, "do you think I'm going to die?"

"My dear sir, of course not," answered the medico, smiling. "I assure you that's the very last thing that is likely to happen to you!"

The persistent book traveller was plaguing Mr. Crusty in his usual persuasive way.

"This book, sir," he said, "is invaluable to parents. When your children ask you difficult questions, you can refer to this and give them the answer, without having to confess that you don't know."

"I haven't any children!" growled Crusty.

"For your wife, then. It will keep her amused and entertained all day long while you are away at your office."

"I haven't a wife. I live alone here with my cat."

"Then this book is just the thing you want! When you get really riled, this is a beautifully heavy volume to throw at the cat."



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CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

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Each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make enough jelly to serve twenty people, or it is so easily measured that one can make an individual dish.

Wm. Charles B. Knox
President.

KNOX ORANGE JELLY
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. 1 cup orange juice. 1/2 cup cold water. 2 cups boiling water. 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; then add orange and lemon juice. Strain through cheese cloth into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

NOTE—If desired, add fresh or canned fruit or chopped nuts when making. Serve with or without whipped cream.

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for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps for pint sample.

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A little boy reached school with very untidy hair, and his teacher asked him: "Why don't you brush your hair?" "Ain't got no brush, sir," replied the boy. "Why don't you use your father's brush, then?" asked the teacher. "He ain't got no brush either," was the reply. "No brush! Why hasn't he a brush?" asked the teacher again, in astonishment. "He's got no hair," was the gloomy reply.

The minister was calling upon old Mrs. Wylie.

"I hope you read the Bible every day?" he remarked gravely.

"Oh, yes," she responded eagerly, "I'll just show you the chapter I read."

She produced the Book, and opened the pages.

Between them lay a pair of spectacles.

"Well, I declare," she cried, "here are my spectacles that I've lost for the last fortnight!"

Tim Mulvey, a faithful old employe of a Regina minister, lay very ill.

Upon hearing of his illness the minister went to his bedside and talked to him for a considerable length of time, during which he asked:

"Have you forgiven all of your enemies, Tim?"

"Shure I have, sir. That is, all except Pat Flinn," replied the patient.

"But you must forgive all if you hope to reach Paradise," the minister announced kindly.

"Well, all right, thin," replied Tim, meditatively. "But I if get well I'll break his head."

Some time ago some school-children were set the task of reading an article about Lancashire, and were afterwards asked to write an essay on this part of England.

Looking over one of the essay papers, the teacher found the statement, "The people of Lancashire are very stupid."

"Where did you get that idea, Maggie?" said the teacher.

"Oh!" replied the little girl, "out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population."

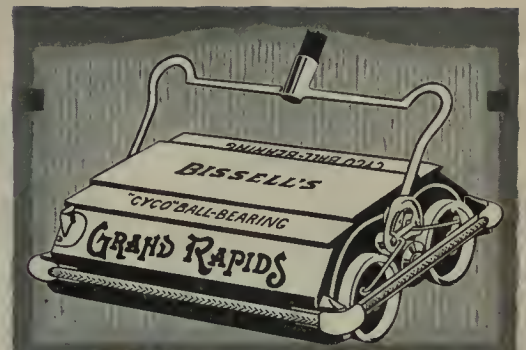
"If you are innocent," said the lawyer to his client, an old darky, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi."

"I don't specs we kin," said the old darky doubtfully.

"At what time was the ham stolen?" "About 'lebben er'clock, dey say."

"Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?"

"No, sah, I was hidin' de ham."



Bissell's Carpet Sweeper

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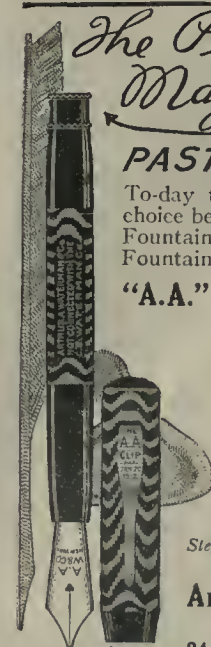
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Science to the Rescue

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING THROUGH THE COUNCIL ON SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH TO HELP THE MINER, MANUFACTURER AND FARMER

By R. Goldwin Smith

Financial Editor Toronto Daily News

Illustrated from Portraits

Decorations by F. M. Grant

SCIENCE and industry in Canada have formed a partnership. Whatever other good things have evolved out of the crucial experience of the world-war, the importance of the new relations established between these two fundamental factors in the economic life of the nation can scarcely be overestimated.

When the war broke out, the Empire found itself confronted by an enemy whose efficiency was deadly. Numerous problems vital to the Empire's existence presented themselves that had to be solved immediately. The United Kingdom had for generations basked behind the shelter of her invincible navy. She awakened gradually to the fact that she had not only to withstand the Germans on land, with their big "Bertha" guns, poisonous gases and hosts of trained and thoroughly equipped man-power, but to defend her islands from the Zeppelin and the open sea from the submarine. Britain to-day is one vast workshop. The Scientific laboratory is no longer isolated. Science and industry are under one roof and they are there to stay. Canada, whose destinies have been menaced in common with those of the United Kingdom, has followed Britain's lead, and combined her forces of science and industry. The immediate purpose of the union is to help to win the war; the ultimate purpose is that the Dominion shall advance to the front rank among industrial nations. In this union seeds have been planted that promise to convert Canada's almost unlimited possibilities into realities, and to give complete expression to the inventive genius of her man-power.

The immediate purpose of the Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research is to win the war, the ultimate purpose is that the Dominion shall advance to the front rank among industrial nations. In the union of science with industry seeds have been planted that promise to convert Canada's almost unlimited possibilities into realities, and to give complete expression to the inventive genius of her man-power.

The partnership was established in Canada when, a few months ago, under the auspices of the Federal Government, an Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research was organized. This Council is comprised of eleven scientific and industrial experts of the foremost rank, all men of achievement in their various spheres of activity. They were well chosen. The Council has as its permanent chairman, Dr. A. B. Macallum, of the University of Toronto, and its other members are Dr. A. Stanley Mackenzie, Dalhousie University, Halifax; Dr. F. D. Adams, McGill University, Montreal; Professor J. C. McLennan, University of Toronto; Dr. R. F. Ruttan, McGill University; Professor S. F. Kirkpatrick, Queen's University Kingston; Dr. W. C. Murray, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon; R. Hobson, Hamilton; R. A.

Rose, Consulting Electrical Engineer, Montreal; Tancrede Bienvenue, Montreal; Arthur Surveyer, Consulting Engineer, Montreal.

Some of these gentlemen have won international recognition. Dr. Macallum, who had served in the University of Toronto for thirty-two years, owes his reputation to his researches into the composition of the blood. He has proved that iron is a constant constituent of the fundamental life substance in every cell, a fact not previously even suspected. Professor McLennan has won distinction for his researches into the constitution and properties of the cosmic ether, a problem which has almost baffled investigation. The whole Council, who are offering their services free, will contribute their wealth of experience in an effort to coordinate, with the assistance of the Government on the one hand and that of practical industrial interests on the other, all the skill, scientific knowledge and energy of the Dominion for the exploitation and development of the nation's vast resources. Such practical men as Mr. Hobson will be a valuable asset to the Council, for he has established one of the largest steel industries of Canada on a highly efficient basis.

Heretofore science and industry have gone their own ways in large measure officially independent of one another. While the interdependence of one on the other has been generally recognized, they have never worked wholeheartedly together. Captains of industry were aware that without science there would have been no steam-engine or electrical machinery; no telegraph or wireless. Practical men were suspicious of scien-



Dr. Frank D. Adams



Robert Hobson

tists, however, and were inclined to regard their efforts as "pure" and not practical. This prejudice is being eliminated. On the other hand, an idea must be realized in order to be of public use and this requires the practical manufacturer. The cooperation of these forces creates an epoch in the nation's economic life.

The origin and purpose of the movement is obvious to those who have followed the course of events since the outbreak of war. In Germany science and industry have been cooperating with admirable intensity for thirty-two years. That is why it is taking the Allies so long to defeat the Central Powers. We are fighting, not merely men, but mighty achievement in these complementary fields. Great Britain, which, with the exception of her naval propaganda, had allowed science and industry to follow the course of "laissez faire," wakened to the situation, counted her needs and has worked marvels in two years. Much has been written of the manner in which Germany has "stolen" and utilized inventions of outside peoples, especially of Britishers. The chief physical and chemical inventions sprang from Britain and France, but the German Government and universities adopted them and with the help of their industries applied them with infinite detail. One result is that the world's supplies of special machinery, dyes and chemicals and numerous other manufactures have come chiefly from the Central Powers. The Allies and the United States have determined to put a stop to this. The Allies do not propose that Germany shall rebuild her shattered fortunes on our necessity, when we have the wherewithal to supply our needs within our own borders, and can do it, if we apply ourselves. For the realization of this purpose, among others, the Council was formed. Such a determination does

not necessarily involve permanent hostility towards Germany. It is rather the method by which Canadians may themselves achieve industrial greatness.

It is significant that the organization of the Council was inspired by and acts under the auspices of the Federal Government. The function of the Council is advisory rather than executive. The latter power rests with the Government. The Ottawa Government, at the instigation of Sir George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, appointed a group of Federal ministers, known as the committee of the Privy Council, and in them has been invested the executive function in respect to any Government action resulting from scientific and industrial research. This Committee is comprised of ministers, within the scope of whose offices the enterprise comes. They are the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Mines, Minister of Inland Revenue and Minister of Labor. The Council is responsible to this Committee.

The man behind the whole movement in Canada and who launched it is Sir George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce. Sir George has been in close touch with trade matters in the United Kingdom since the war began. A year ago Mr. Arthur Henderson, now a member of the British Cabinet, urged that every department of science in Britain be called upon to cooperate with the industries in bringing Britain to the maximum of efficiency, not only to carry on the war to a successful issue, but in order that Britain's productive powers should be so augmented after the war that the liquidation of the rapidly accumulating national debt would be accomplished without undue burden to the people. The whole nation responded to the call. Britain's exports have shown a sub-

stantial increase every month during the past year. The suggestion was passed on by the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law to the Governments of the overseas Dominions, with the result that similar cooperative organizations are underway in the various nations of the Empire. Moreover, the purpose the scheme has in view is not merely that science and industry should cooperate in the various sections of the Empire but that the whole Empire should cooperate. By this means each nation may become self-subsistent as far as possible, and the Empire, standing together, may become commercially, practically independent of the rest of the world. Such a scheme does not necessarily involve any suggestion of hostility towards outside nations in economic relations, but that the Empire and every part of it shall supply its own needs and sell to rather than purchase from other people.

During a speech recently, before the Empire Club, Toronto, Dr. Macallum said: "I have known Germany for thirty years. I was there thirty years ago. I knew the extent of her wealth and resources. Germany, then, relatively to England, was a poor country. She has since forged ahead so rapidly that she was able to undertake this war. How did she do it? One statistician published the statement some months ago that since 1884 Germany has spent £460,000 a year in research along scientific lines and in aid of her industries. Great Britain spent very little. For the last forty years she gave the Royal Society for pure research £4,000 a year and during the last eight years the National Physical Laboratory has received £7,000 annually." The purpose of the British Government now is to spend more money in these and allied lines. It is the determination of the Canadian Government to do the same.

The revolution created in Britain already by the realization of the cooperative scheme has been notable. One instance among many will suffice to illustrate. Before the war it happened that one of the largest refining plants in England found their supplies of a particular flux required by them in the treatment of ores entirely cut off. The firm had been accustomed to import the flux from one of the mines under the control of one of the Central Powers. When forced to look elsewhere, it was discovered that deposits of this same



flux occurred within ten miles of the plant. A railway was immediately built and now the firm is securing the flux more cheaply at home.

Coming back to the Advisory Council in Canada, their work has been clearly defined. Three important departments of Canadian industry are agriculture, minerals and metals, and electricity. Agriculture is fundamental and the Council in its investigation has found that the Government has already given and is giving careful attention to its propagation. One of the branches of agriculture on which the Council is focusing is forestry. Probably in respect to the forest resources more than any other asset Canadians have been guilty of prodigal waste and neglect. The country's forest resources may be enormous but they are not inexhaustible by any means. It is estimated that Canada has between two and three hundred million acres of commercial timber, but the annual output is approximately only that of Germany where timber is cut on an area of only 24,000,000 acres. The German output, however, is from lands which have taken one hundred years to bring to their present perfection as timber producers. A visit to the forest areas of Canada reveals deplorable conditions. Fires have swept hundreds of millions of dollars away. Destruction by hostile organic life has been almost as costly. The destroying pests have swept in wide belts through the country. Great areas, suitable for timber, have been deforested and abandoned with out a thought for future generations. Various methods have been utilized by European nations for forest preservation. The Council has considered these and has recommended that certain investigations be at once carried out through the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior to ascertain which of these methods can best be applied to the Canadian forests for the purpose of preventing the destruction which now threatens them and making them a great and permanent source of wealth to the people of the Dominion.

Another important problem before the Council is hydro-electric power and its uses. The project has been carried forward to a high state of efficiency in Canada, especially in Ontario. This province has no coal, but electric power is an adequate substitute. Probably no provinces in the world have been naturally blessed with such vast quanti-



Dr. A. B. Macallum



Sir Geo. E. Foster

ties of water-power as those of Canada. Cataracts abound on numerous voluminous rivers in almost every section. Hydro-power has other uses than for supplying electricity. At Niagara Falls, Ontario, cyanamide works have been established, from which thousands of tons of fertilizer are produced each year. Most of the output, however, goes to the Southern United States, to the cotton fields, where it is in great demand. This country has already been threatened with the withdrawal

by the United States of coal supplies. The rapidly increasing consumption in the United States may necessitate this. In any case Canada's electric power requirements are rapidly overtaking the supply, and should the nation be prevented from importing coal from the United States, the need will be immediate and insistent. This is a problem that, the Council thinks, needs attention, not merely that the country may have plenty of power, light and heat from water, but that the agricultural industry may be provided with fertilizer to maintain the productive power of the soil. By means of hydro-electric power nitrogen can be extracted from the atmosphere in abundance and at a low cost, and Canada has the water power with which to propagate the industry on a comprehensive scale.

Canada has its coal deposits, but they are far from Ontario. Furthermore, while the coal fields of the western prairies are fabulously large, the coal is of low-grade in its present state. It is lignite, possessing relatively low heating power, and hence is of little use for manufacturing purposes. The Council has investigated the matter and believes that by a special treatment there may be produced from this lignite two grades of high class briquetted fuel, one similar to anthracite, or hard coal, and the other resembling soft coal in character. At the same time valuable by-products may be secured. The Department of Mines and the Commission of Conservation have already carried out a good deal of investigation in connection with this problem and the former department is now making some further studies for the Council. If they give satisfactory results, the Council will advise that an experiment to turn out this high-grade fuel on a commercial scale be started and the possibility of producing this fuel at a cost considerably lower than



that at which coal from the United States is now laid down in Manitoba and Saskatchewan be demonstrated on a large scale and the coal actually placed on the market. With an abundant supply of good, cheap fuel the conditions of life on the great plains in winter will be much improved.

An important recent departure in Ontario, as a result of the invention of an improved method of recovering potash from feldspar, is occupying the attention of the Council. If the Council recommends the invention to the Government, and there is every indication that it will, a commercial revolution will be the result. Canada has valuable deposits of feldspar in practically all the provinces. Dikes are found in Labrador, Quebec, Ontario, the North-west Provinces and British Columbia, and they are of high grade and rich in potash, the percentage running in the more important deposits from 8 to over 16 per cent. potash. Heretofore most of the supply of potash of North America has come from Germany. Germany has also profited by her feldspar deposits in the manufacture of pottery. The time approaches, it is believed, when the Allies and the United States will no longer be dependent on Germany for supplies. Potash is one of the best fertilizers known.

The feldspar industry of Canada has been carried on on a limited scale in the past. Some 20,000 tons was the Country's high record yearly output.

The industry has been chiefly centered near the Ottawa River, on both sides. The biggest reduction plant is located at Parham, north of Kingston, and the feldspar deposits are close by, at Verona and Bedford. Another small plant operates during one period of the year on the Villeneuve property some distance from Hull, Quebec. Most of the feldspar is exported to the United States where it is made into pottery. The domestic consumption is about 2,500 tons annually, the use being for pottery, enamel ware, abrasive wheels, roofing and artificial stone. Another use for feldspar is dental spar. It is also an important element in cement. It was in connection with a cement plant that a successful process of recovery of potash from feldspar was

invented. The commercial recovery of potash will render the feldspar industry profitable and the expectation is that, with Government encouragement, plants will spring up wherever deposits occur in quantity and of suitable grade. A valuable deposit occurs at tidewater in Eastern Quebec, another near Parry Sound, Ontario, and there are valuable dikes exposed in the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere.

The refining of other minerals found in Canada in quantity, has been largely

iron, lead, feldspar etc., are impregnated with a variety of other minerals and chemicals, such as cobalt, sulphur, arsenic and others too numerous to mention. Most of them have great commercial value and if they can be severally recovered for the market they will multiply the profits of industry.

The Council's activities are comprehensive. One thing that will be brought to bear upon the country's resources is the national, university and private laboratories.

The Council is coordinating these, preventing overlapping and applying them to the most practical uses. The Council is calling to its aid the private and public libraries. Literature dealing with the problems in hand will be rendered available both to students and practical men. The Council will study the man-power of Canada and where genius and skill are shown they will be given every opportunity to apply themselves in a practical manner in the laboratories and manufactories of the Dominion. Every process brought to the attention of, or discovered by, the Council will be given an adequate trial. Meanwhile the most practical and pressing problems are receiving instant attention. All possibilities for extension and expansion will be realized and every agency will be so coordinated that a community of interest will be built up. Knowledge, mutual helpfulness and consequent prosperity will spread from coast to coast. Studentships and

scholarships will be instituted that men and women of ability may pursue studies and research work in their special lines and thus become experts. Rewards have been offered for discoveries, such as commercial radium deposits, and every encouragement will be given for discoveries such as processes of manufacture. The energy of the whole Empire has been concentrated on the manufacture of numerous varieties of war materials. Plants have been established to this end. When peace comes the larger majority of these very materials may be utilized for peaceful pursuits at least in some degree, and it is the determination of the Council that as little as possible of the capital expended strictly for war requirements shall be wasted.



The cooperative research scheme is Empire wide. The whole Empire, as well as each individual member, shall coordinate its forces. By this means each section will become self-subsistent, as far as is possible, and the Empire, standing together, will become, commercially, practically independent of the rest of the world. Such a scheme does not necessarily involve any suggestion of hostility towards outside nations in economic relations, but that the Empire and every part of it shall supply its own needs and sell to, rather than purchase from, other peoples.



carried on outside the country. This is an economic loss to Canadians, and it is the purpose of the Council to put a stop to it in future as far as possible. The minerals include zinc, nickel, mercury and the more precious metals, tungsten, molybdenum and platinum. Already a zinc refining plant has been established in British Columbia on a successful basis and the prospects are that this will be followed by others. Since the war broke out ore deposits, rich in both molybdenum and tungsten, have been reported to the authorities. Methods of recovering these are under consideration. The assistance of science may be especially valuable in connection with Canada's minerals. Ores which contain the country's chief minerals, gold, silver, nickel, copper,

Press-Agenting a Paganini

By Marian MacClelland

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

ISAACS had been warned by the European agent with whom he had closed the contract that the "Second Paganini," as Monti, the young Italian violin virtuoso, had been hailed by the foreign press, had all the vagaries of musical genius in general, with a few Latin idiosyncrasies thrown in.

"Watch him like a cat the day of the first concert," wrote Isaacs' informant. "He'll be on the verge of nervous collapse. There's no knowing when he'll whip out his hypodermic and begin squirting morphine into himself. One squirt will steady him. More than that, and he'll go to pieces. Take the needle from him even if you have to use force, or you'll never get him to the concert hall, let alone onto the stage."

The young violinist, whose exploitation Isaacs had undertaken, had set Italy on fire, and, most remarkable of all, made London sit up and, for the moment, forget the classical traditions of Joachim. In fact, it was a London audience which had been roused to such enthusiasm, that when he tucked his fiddle under his chin and played the Paganini G-string arrangement of the prayer from Rossini's *Moise*, it had detached the horses from his carriage and drawn him in triumph to his hotel. Moreover, Conway—James Conway, the famous English violin collector, of course—had been moved to take the famous Paganini "Strad" from his cabinet and had himself placed it in young Monti's hands, not as a gift, it is true, but as a loan for an indefinite period.

It was this episode of the Paganini "Strad," together with the popular acclamation of Monti as the "Second Paganini," and, most important of all, a certain resemblance in his photographs to the accepted likenesses of Paganini himself, that had led Isaacs to consider the possible availability of the young virtuoso for a tour of the American continent. He put little faith in London musical opinion, and was aware that a virtuoso might fire all Europe without igniting a spark in America.

But the "Strad," his appellation of the "Second Paganini," and a loek of the great fiddler in the photographs of Monti, set him to deep and earnest thinking.

Isaacs had been a press-agent before he became a concert manager, and he still considered every enterprise, before going into it, from the press-agent's point of view.

Unless he could see a lot of good newspaper stuff in the attraction he was asked to handle, he "cut it out." But with his Baxter Street temperament and his Broadway imagination, he now had visions of himself "working the press" in a series of "stories" about the "Second Paganini" and the Paganini "Strad." Why not even go further and work the prevalent psychological fad by hinting that Monti played Paganini so well because he was none other than Paganini himself, a reincarnation of the great violinist. Any one might know this by observing and listening to him when his bow passed like a magician's wand over the strings, evoking music such as had not been heard since the mortal remains of the epoch-making master of the violin had been laid at rest in Genoa! How eagerly the great and gullible American press would take the hook if baited with such a story, properly attested and cleverly written. Isaac knew what that meant in increased box-office receipts.

Isaac was not one of the small fry among concert managers, whose chief function it is to "get up" debuts for aspiring, but mistaken, young men and women—chiefly women—who think they have a "call." When the notion to do something struck him, he did it quickly. Money flew. If it came back with big profits, well and good. If it flew out of sight, why good-bye, and better luck next time. This, by the way, was "next time." The long-haired pianist on whom he had banked the previous season had not been a success, which greatly puzzled the manager. All other long-haired pianists whom he had managed had made money for him. But whether Monsieur Kimowski's hair had been too long, or just not long enough, Isaacs never could tell—the discriminating American public is so extremely critical in such matters. In consequence, however, his present gamble on the young Italian virtuoso represented all of the money that he had left. It was "make or break" for him.

This it was that had made the day just passed—the day of Monti's debut—the most desperate in his whole experience as a manager. He had taken his cue from the warning sent him by his European agent and had literally watched the violinist like a cat. What a day! There had been but one circumstance to relieve in any way

the strain on his nerves. For on the mantel-shelf, and evidently placed there by Monti himself, Isaacs had observed a print copied from the only existing daguerreotype of Paganini. It was a full length, the figure tall, emaciated, in quaintly cut clothes, a nose curved like the beak of a bird of prey, huge hands with claw-like fingers—"talons," Fétis had called them—holding the violin in position, the bow poised for the stroke, truly a wonderfully vivid piece of portraiture, full of action and showing that uncanny look which all of Paganini's biographers write about at length.



Swiftly pushing up a sleeve he jabbed a needle into his forearm



There was a silence, one of those breathless climaxes of rapture, then the rush of the storm

"The pale, cadaverous face on which genius, sorrow and hell had engraved their lines," wrote Heine—and there it was in the daguerreotype.

It was elsewhere, too. For Isaacs noted, and chuckled to himself as he did so, that he had not been mistaken when he thought he detected a look of Paganini in the photographs of Monti. It was even quite plain to him that the young virtuoso had become aware of it and had studiously emphasized certain points of resemblance between the wizard of the violin and himself, so that the effect, even if on a slighter physical scale, at least suggested a likeness to the daguerreotype. Monti was neither as tall nor as painfully thin as Paganini, has been described, but there were similarities of which he had been shrewd enough to take advantage. To begin with, his clothes were of old-fashioned cut, as if, in spite of his youth, he desired to date himself from a prior generation. His nose, although not so pronounced as Paganini's, was sufficiently aquiline to recall it, and it protruded prominently from a thin, pale face on which early poverty and privation had left deep lines. His fingers were long and thin, his hair was jet black, and his eyes shone with the restless, roving light of genius.

Moreover, there was a general suggestion of the uncanny about him, the best thing of all from Isaacs' point of view. For the manager recalled countless stories about Paganini, in which the violinist figured as none other than the devil himself taken to fiddling. Paganini's music—the famous "Capriccios," the "Bell" rondo, the concertos with their inexorable demand for flawless technique and purity of tone, from the deepest notes of the instrument to weird harmonics in the highest register

—were the grand features of Monti's repertoire.

Yet, as a whole, the day had been a wretched one. Isaacs considered himself fairly familiar with that very uncertain thing, the temperament artistic. As a manager he had endured some curious manifestations of it, but never anything so abnormal as with Monti. He was used to the nervousness which artists exhibit on the day of their debut. The almost unvarying signs were extreme exhilaration, alternating with paralyzing trepidation, and a thousand-and-one eager questions about musical conditions in this country, American audiences, their manner of showing favor or the reverse, and the standard of American criticism. Usually, too, when the strain was at its height, a singer would relieve the tension by a series of vocal skyrockets or solfeggios, or a pianist would go to the piano and run over part of the evening's program in fitful, spasmodic fashion.

But Monti! Never in his experience had Isaacs assisted at such utter dejection. It was as if the violinist had gone completely to pieces under the strain; and by the time the afternoon had worn on toward early evening, he was a wholly pitiable object. The few words he had spoken had been monosyllables, and these were in reply to questions asked by Isaacs in futile efforts to start conversation by way of relieving the cheerless situation. Thus the only satisfaction he could gain from his session with Monti was to glance from the virtuoso to the portrait of Paganini and note the resemblance. Yet even this satisfaction dwindled before the question that arose in his mind as to whether such an utterly wretched looking object as the virtuoso was at the moment could be dragged to the con-

cert hall, to say nothing of being expected to play. His appearance hardly could be explained by anything short of a complete nervous breakdown.

As Isaacs, beset by these doubts, looked at him, he was further alarmed by a dull, glowering light in the virtuoso's eyes, deep sunken in their sockets. It seemed as if he felt he was being watched and sullenly resented it. Suddenly Monti bounded to his feet and, darting for the mantel-shelf, seized something that flashed in the light and swiftly pushing up a sleeve jabbed a needle into the fleshy part of the forearm. Before the violinist could repeat this Isaac was upon him. But like a slippery eel he eluded the manager. Scrambling over chairs, dodging behind tables, he led the chase around the room till, as if maddened by Isaacs' determined pursuit, he suddenly turned and made a quick pass at him. Isaacs put out a warding hand, felt a sharp pain in his extended palm, and, drawing it back, found the needle sticking in it, while from behind a chair Monti regarded him with an impish leer.

Angrily Isaacs drew the needle out of his hand, bent and twisted it, and threw it out of the window. After this a curious change came over Monti. From his chair he peered at Isaacs with an occasional twitching of the lips and a



And from that violin issued sounds rich, exquisite, glorious

wink, as if he and the manager had been partners in something highly reprehensible, whereas all Isaacs had done had been to prevent an uncanny specimen of the genus virtuoso from squirting himself so full of morphine that the debut, which the musical world was awaiting with such impatience, would have ended in the disgrace of a non-appearance and in bankruptcy.

There was, however, less tension in the present situation. Isaacs even was sensible of an agreeable lassitude that began to creep over him, a feeling of relaxation which, after the exciting episode he had just passed through, diffused an atmosphere of optimism and geniality about him and even imparted a roseate hue to the room where before there had been only the glare of the electric lamps. Monti took up his violin. Not a note from this instrument, the same from which the great Paganini had drawn magic tones, had Isaacs heard. Monti had attended no rehearsals, but had contented himself with sending to the conductor of the orchestra a copy of the accompaniments with minute directions regarding tempi and expression.

Even now he simply ran his fingers over the strings—long, thin fingers, like spider's legs weaving a web of silence. Yet Isaacs seemed to hear strange harmonies, like ethereal voices calling from afar. Or were they distant chimes? And then he became aware that a clock was striking the hour at which it was imperative they should leave for the hall.

* * * * *

Just how they got there always remained a mystery to Isaacs. He simply found himself sitting in the artists' room, and the conductor of the orchestra was bowing out the "Second Paganini" on his way to the stage. Isaacs had an indistinct idea that he himself should be doing something, saying something—in fact asserting himself in some way. But an inertia that positively was luxurious reconciled him to an unaccustomed lack of authority and freedom from responsibility. The room became delightfully warm and hazy, and a delicious sensation of drowsiness crept over him. He closed his eyes. After a long, long

time, and as if in a dream, it seemed to him that he heard music. It was an orchestral tutti, perhaps the prelude to one of Monti's solos. Yes! For now he heard an exquisitely clear, yet wan and pathetic note trembling on the distant air like the vox humana of a celestial organ. It slowly dawned on Isaacs that the concert on which he had staked everything was going on, might indeed have been going on for some time without his knowing it, and that that weirdly beautiful note was being played by his violinist. And somehow, but how was not entirely clear to him, he no longer was in the artists' room, but had reached the curtained loggia from where unobserved, he could see the stage and the audience.

The conductor, the orchestra were in their places, the former beating time, but both he and the players, whenever they could raise their eyes from their desks, looked in mingled awe and wonderment toward the front of the stage. Isaacs followed the direction of their eyes, and there he saw a violin, the

And from that violin there issued sounds rich, exquisite, glorious; sounds vibrant with human emotion in all its gradations, from half-suppressed sobs to cries of anguish, from first sighs of love to songs of triumph and rapture. Tone-pictures formed themselves—moonlit mountains of the North, wind-swept prairies of the West, sunbursts of the South, languorous twilights of the East, hanging gardens of Babylon, ocean surges pouring over the last peak of vanishing Atlantis, mysterious rites of long-ruined temples in forgotten jungles, pageantry of dead races, dream women in vistas who swooned with the perfume of myriads of flowers, everything beautiful the world ever has known or dreamed of, everything, everything, everything, shaping itself in sound, only to dissolve like pictures thrown upon clouds!

And the audience! Isaacs saw women, their eyes suffused with tears; a man unconsciously tearing his programme into bits and letting them flutter into the aisle beside him; young girls holding hands and gazing far into the distance the music was creating for them; a famous sculptor groping in the air with his fingers, as if striving to model what he heard; an artist who had come to sketch a portrait of the virtuoso sitting there, his pad on his lap, his pencil poised for the stroke that never came because he was revelling in sounds that stirred his soul; the blond critic, his head bowed low, listening, listening, listening intently, as if he, who had followed everything in music for a quarter of a century, never had

heard aught so wonderful.

All this Isaacs heard and saw like one in a trance. On and on went that marvelous violin like a voice from another world, till at last it seemed to expire in a low, half-broken sob, then a glissando of weird harmonics, as if the strings were spun moonlight kissed by the ray of a star; then the G string, the lowest note of the instrument, vibrating with the moan of a lost soul—and the music ceased.

There was a silence, one of those breathless climaxes of rapture. Then

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The Song of the March Wind

By T. A. Daly

I AM the minstrel, the maker of mirth,
 And the forest my harp is;
 From the fibres asleep in the heart of the earth,
 Where its woof and its warp is,
 I fashion the Spring
 With the song that I sing!

I, that am breathed of the mouth of my God,
 Am His music in motion;
 And His breath on my wings shakes the slumbering sod
 And the floor of the ocean;
 And I fashion the Spring
 With the song that I sing!

I am the breath of your nostrils, O! man,
 And akin to your spirit;
 But our God's voice was mine ere your singing began,
 So rejoice when you hear it,
 For I bring you the Spring
 With the song that I sing!

violin, the Paganini "Strad." Long, claw-like fingers were creeping, climbing, sliding over it. The strings, the whole body of the instrument were in tense vibration. Through the limpid varnish—that secret which died with the last of the Cremonese masters—the exquisite tracings in the grain of the wood were visible all a-tremble, like so many nerve tendrils, under the stress of highly wrought emotion. The graceful edges of the f holes showed a faint blur, a tremor so rapid that the most delicate instrument could not have recorded it.

“When the Sap Begins to Stir”

By Estelline Bennett

Illustrated from Photographs



There is a unique zest in tapping the sunny side of the great tree, driving in the wooden spouts, and if the day be warm, watching the sap begin to flow in a thin, silvery stream

MAPLE sugar is as distinctly North American as Indian corn and war bonnets with eagle feathers. It is unknown any place in the world outside of Canada and the United States, and the early-spring “sugaring-off festival” which closes the sugar camps in Algonquin Provincial Park is distinctly a North American fete.

It is perhaps more of a Canadian holiday than native to the United States, because the trees that stand stark and grey above the sugar camps, a few weeks later fling out through all the woods Canada’s national emblem—the maple leaf.

Both in Canada and the United States, the process of making maple sugar was learned from the Indians and never has been transplanted to any of the countries of Europe. Maple syrup, an absolute essential to the American with his waffles and griddle cakes, is unknown abroad. A dozen or more years ago a traveler brought home word of a little shop, a Canadian shop, in London—the only one in the city—where maple sugar was sold, but the only purchasers were Canadians and Americans.

No one knows how old is the process of making maple sugar. The Indians were slipping through the woods on their snow shoes, tapping the trees, boiling the sap over open fires, and hardening the sugar in the snow before Jacques Cartier or Champlain or Columbus turned their sailing vessels toward the west. Maple sugar held such high place in the affections of the Indians that the first sap after the trees were tapped was sacrificed by the medicine men to the Great Spirit. And so proficient were they in making the syrup and sugar that comparatively little has been added to the methods the Indians taught the white men.

A sugar camp is still a sufficiently primitive thing to seem half a plaything and is scarcely less attractive than a summer camp frankly set for pleasure. And for him who goes first into the bush as I went that glorious spring into the sugar-camp in Algonquin Park, at sugar making season, the sight of the shanty erected in the middle of the clearing, the huge black kettle set up on a circle of stones, and the long rows of shallow pans of sheet iron arranged over rudely constructed furnaces of boulders is a novel and fascinating picture. He finds, as I found, a unique zest in going about on snowshoes, tapping the sunny side of the great trees with the inch augers, driving in the wooden spouts, and—if the day be warm—watching the sap begin to flow in a thin, silvery stream before all the spouts are set and the pails ready. There is the distinct thrill of artistic creation in the boiling-down process that begins the second day

when the man with the low sled and barrel has collected the sap and poured it into the big kettle over the fire of dry boughs. It requires nice judgment and the skill of an expert to know when the sap has boiled down to the precise stage when it must be dipped out into the pans to be boiled again until it is thick and syrupy, and to know the precise moment—no sooner and no later—when it should be dipped into tubs for the "sugar-sand" to settle out. The syrup must then go back into the pans to be boiled again until it hardens in the snow.

It is the custom in Canada's sugar woods to make a real picnic festival of the "sugaring-off". "That is one thing the pale-face does differently from his Indian teacher," said the old woodsman to me as we sat in the glow of the camp-fire in Algonquin Park, watching the sap boil, "the Indian braves built the fires under the kettles but the squaws did all the rest of the work. Now the pale-face men do all the heavy work and the women come into camp for the fete." They make it a festival indeed with piled up lunch baskets; and many a romance has grown up around the camp fire in the bush where the merry-makers tell stories at night and make candy by hardening the maple syrup in the snow. There is even a story of a wedding celebrated before the fire in a sugar-camp. One man

tells of how he won his wife because he knew the difference between real maple syrup and that made from corn cobs and kane. But now that she is a safely married woman, the wife explains that he really couldn't tell the difference but that she, behind her father's back, indicated the right saucer by means of an old piece of broken mirror. Nevertheless, those who have made sugar in camp in the very early spring, are not easily fooled by corn cobs and kane or any other substitution of an ingenious chemist.

This "Sugaring-Off Festival" comes while the snow is still under the Canadian maple trees and the snow shoe is the only sure smooth way into the woods. It is somewhere between the French-Canadian's two great celebrations, that of their patron, St. Joseph, and the grand national holiday in honor of St. Jean Baptiste's Day, and out of it has come not only romance and a great home industry which perhaps some day may grow into something bigger when Europe has learned the charm of maple sugar, but also the distinctive national sweetmeat of French Canada. It was when the Quebecois went back to their homes from the sugar camps of Algonquin Park and other forest wonderlands and remembered the flavor of the maple syrup hardened into a confection on the snow in the woods in the cold young spring that they evolved a little more

elaborate but very similar candy.

They call it "sucré a la creme" and it is made of one cup of scraped maple sugar and two cups of thick cream boiled together in a saucepan until it forms large bubbles or hardens in water. It is then stirred, taken from the stove, and beaten until it thickens. Chopped nuts are sometimes added just before it is taken from the fire. It is poured into a buttered mould and sliced when cold. It is served as a sweet on all Quebec tables and is the favorite confection of all French-Canadians, young and old.

Any plan for utilizing all the resources of the Dominion should include the increasing of the maple sugar industry. The average yearly crop in Canada is valued at \$2,500,000. At the present time there are some 55,000 Canadian farmers making maple sugar or syrup in commercial quantities, the average output for each being annually about \$45.00. This is a mere fraction of the amount that might be made, for on the average not over one-fourth of the trees owned by the 55,000 farmers are tapped and there are large numbers of farmers who have maples in their wood lots which are not tapped at all. In addition to this, there are along almost every concession line in older Ontario roadside maples that are capable of producing at least enough syrup and sugar for home use. The work of tapping

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It is the custom in Canada's sugar woods to make a real picnic festival of the "sugaring-off"

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER X.

MONSIEUR BARRAS.

I EXPECTED my rescuer to begin at once to ply me with questions, and somewhat wearily I rallied my wits to answer them. I soon found, however, how far I had underrated the tact and consideration of the French doctor.

"Oh, of course, I am curious," he said, as if he had read my thoughts, "but my curiosity can wait. You're not to talk at all until I give you leave. Just lean back and take it easy."

I was only too glad to obey him, and I never even looked out to see where we were going, until at last the car stopped at what appeared to be his destination. Then I laughed a little.

"Well?" said the doctor, turning to me interrogatively.

"I think I know this hotel," said I. "I happened to give it as my address to a pawnbroker two weeks ago. Why the words came into my head then, or why I recognize it now, I don't know."

A liveried lackey was opening the door for us, but the doctor, who was sitting nearest the door, did not at once descend. He leaned forward first and spoke to the chauffeur, addressing him in French:

"You may tell the consul-general with my compliments," he said, "that you are unquestionably a jewel of the first water. There is no doubt in my mind that he has in his employ the finest automobile-driver in America. When I see him to-morrow I shall dilate on that theme at length." With these words, he handed the man a gold piece.

"You are quite right," I said in confirmation. "I never saw such a piece of driving in my life."

Once he had me safe in his room and settled in an easy chair, the doctor ran his hands over me with a practised touch, then rang for his valet. He absolutely forbade me to attempt any explanations or ask any questions whatever. He and the valet between them got me out of my rags, into a warm bath, and thence to bed, and I must have been asleep before my head fairly touched the pillow.

The next thing I knew it was broad

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry" the one addressed finally managed to stammer.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to enquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. The doctor wanted to read the manuscript. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks—where he had learned them, he could not remember—the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

Here he is recognized and captured by Duggleby who apparently is determined to return the patient to the sanitarium. A French doctor whom he had befriended comes to the rescue and takes him into his car.

day. The doctor, standing with his back to me, was gazing meditatively out of the window. When I spoke to him he wheeled around, cast a brief though searching glance over me, and remarked:

"No need to ask you how you are. Do you realize that you are an extremely resilient young man?"

"I will confess to being a hungry one," said I.

"Naturally," he observed, "since it is three o'clock in the afternoon."

He promptly telephoned for luncheon ordering it served in his sitting-room, and until I had finished eating it, did most of the talking himself, amusing

me greatly with his impressions of his brief visit to America, with conversation about everything under the sun, in fact, except of myself.

I was aware all the time that nothing I said or did escaped his close, intelligent scrutiny, but the manner of it made it pleasant rather than otherwise.

When at last, clad in a suit of his silk pajamas and a Japanese kimono, I leaned back in my easy chair and lighted one of his exquisite cigarettes, he brought the subject of our conversation suddenly around to myself.

"I admit," he said, "that at eleven o'clock last night I thought myself too old and too wise ever to hope to find another completely insoluble enigma, but you have baffled me at every point. Every theory that I have formed concerning you has promptly broken down. I am as excited about you as a ten-year-old boy about a box of chemicals. Are you going to be able to solve yourself?"

"No," said I; "I hoped you were going to do it for me. But it won't take me very long to tell you all I know. I mean that literally," I went on. "All I know, every memory, every conscious memory that is inside my head, I can tell you in the course of an hour."

"Good," said the doctor. "Go ahead."

I was about to begin my narrative when I thought of something better.

"In one of the pockets of that vile bundle of rags you stripped me of last night you will find the whole thing written down. I did that because I no longer regard my memory as a safe depository."

"Written in English?" asked the doctor quickly.

"Yes," said I, "I had no idea I could talk French until I heard you speaking it."

"Better and better," said the doctor, and in two minutes he was lost in the eager perusal of the manuscript which makes up the first chapters of this story of mine.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour after he had finished reading, he sat in a profound abstraction, smoothing out the pages of my manuscript with his

nervous fingers. It was with a good deal of difficulty that I suppressed the questions that were trembling on my lips. At last he looked up at me with a smile of singular charm.

"I have asked a great deal of you," he said at last, "and have given very little in return. Nothing, in fact, beyond what you may have inferred and what small information you could get from my visiting-card. That told you that I am a physician.

"I may add," he said with some hesitation, "that I am a man of some reputation as a scientific investigator; that my studies have been along the line of abnormal psychology, diseases of the mind from the most serious and fatal to the—no, I cannot use the word 'trifling' regarding any of them.

"And you will not misunderstand me, I hope, nor think it indicates any lack of sympathy for you as a human being in deep distress, when I say that as a 'case' you give promise of being one of the most curious and stimulating in all my experience. I am absolutely delighted with you."

He shot a quick glance into my face to detect, if possible, the effect of his words.

"You want to ask me something," he said. "Go ahead."

"You can guess, I think," said I, "after reading that manuscript of mine. Am I mad, indeed, or am I sane? In trying to find out the identity of the man I was, am I pouring water into a sieve?"

"Am I to live in incessant dread of the same obliterating hand that has once been laid upon me?"

His eyes glowed with purely human sympathy. I was not a case to him then; I was a man, I felt sure of that; yet his manner when he spoke was quite detached, quite impersonal.

"In the first place," he said, "as you sit there talking to me now, the machinery of your mind works as perfectly as mine. It has worked absolutely without a flaw from the first moment of our acquaintance. This manuscript in my hand shows a far more normal mind than that of many a man high in the world's affairs.

"Your handwriting, all your physical reactions that I have had the opportunity of observing, are those of a man in perfect health of mind and body. You may be sure I should not have taken you so completely into my confidence regarding your own case if this were not true."

"Then," I said, "you pronounce me a perfectly sane, normal man?"

He laughed.

"If you were that," said he, "I should

have no interest in you at all, except as an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance whom I have been instrumental in rescuing from embarrassment. I cannot pretend for a moment that you are normal.

"You recognized this building instantly when we stopped before it last night. Have you any recollection of ever having been here before? You remarked that my friend's chauffeur had done the finest piece of driving that you had ever seen. Can you recall a single instance when you have ever ridden in a motor-car before last night?"

"You recognized the faces of Messieurs Duggleby, the face of the woman in the cab, and yet your own, which you see in the mirror every day, is totally unfamiliar. Yet your mind, in dealing with affairs of the present, is sane enough, perfectly enough balanced to make it safe for you to face the situation as it stands."

"And do you believe," I asked, "that I shall ever succeed in putting these two parts of myself together?"

"Oh, let us not ask for prophecies," he said, "nor look for miracles. It's

"Now," he went on, "listen to what I have to propose: I want, with your permission, to make your case my life-work until I have solved it. I am returning to France in two or three days; on Wednesday, to be exact. I wish to take you with me. I cannot remain here, nor, so long as that very resourceful young M. Duggleby is at large, can you remain here either with safety.

"Besides that, I am strongly inclined to think that in France you will find more of the materials which go to make up your lost past than you can discover in America. I reached that conclusion largely, though not entirely, from the perfection of your French speech. I have an extremely sensitive ear, yet not a sentence, an idiom, an inflection of yours, has ever rung false upon it."

I was profoundly moved.

"I did not know there was such kindness in the world," said I. "Yet, I am afraid I cannot do as you suggest."

He wheeled upon me suddenly:

"As you are a sane man, *monsieur*, give me a reason, one serious reason."

"There is an obvious one," said I. "I have no money."

He frowned with the first appearance of displeasure he had shown.

"I am not drumming up trade," he said. "I have the good fortune to be rich."

I was silent.

"Ah! the lady in the cab!" said he.

I nodded feebly.

"Duggleby is her enemy as well as mine," said I, "and after the display of his resources with which he favored us last night, I dread more than ever leaving her to the machinations of himself and that precious father of his."

"Answer me," said the doctor with a smile. "Which of these two weapons would young M. Duggleby find the more formidable—quixotic chivalry or plain common sense? How much tangible service can you render that lady in your present condition?"

"It is not you as you stand today; it is your lost self, the self you must find, who will be able to be of assistance to her. If you remain here and permit your enemy to turn you over into the hands of a villain who

calls himself a doctor—have you thought of that, my friend—you will leave her defenseless indeed."

He was so clearly right about it that I yielded without further demur. Then he allowed his smiling gaze to travel over me from head to foot.

"A pair of scissors for your hair," he said—"that, my accomplished valet can



I was surprised and somewhat amused to find how deep the transformation was

much healthier to look back over the progress you have already made. Think how much you have learned by sheer observation and deduction in little more than two weeks, the time that has elapsed since you asked that first question of the man who was dozing at the other end of the bench in Dr. Berry's asylum.

furnish at once. Clothing—that will have to wait until to-morrow morning when the shops open. Your passage to Paris, that I think I can contrive to engage to-night. What remains?"

"That seems to me a fairly exhaustive catalogue," said I.

"No, no," he said, "there was something else. I had thought of it a moment ago. Ah, I have it. A name!"

He led me over to the mirror.

"*Monsieur*," he said, bowing with playful ceremony, "I do myself the honor to present to you *monsieur*—M. Simon Barras."

"I am honored indeed," said I, bowing to the figure in the glass, "I trust our acquaintance may prove a pleasant one."

"*Soit*," said the doctor.

CHAPTER XI.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

THAT was Sunday. By Tuesday night my transformation from a nameless waif of a Coney Island music-hall into M. Barras, nephew to the famous French physician, was complete.

I was surprised and somewhat amused to find how deep the transformation went. When the Frenchman's valet had skillfully attended to my hair when the tailor, the haberdasher, the boot-maker, had all added their quota to the equipment of a well-to-do young gentleman of France, I found that I felt the part as well as looked it.

The doctor came into my room just before dinner-time on Tuesday evening.

"I have spent two days studying over you at the Astor Library," he remarked.

"Indeed," said I, "I didn't know that the medical library at the Astor—"

"Medical library!" he interrupted. "I have been reading the files of the New York *Planet*, assisted by that useful little volume, the *Planet Index*."

"I see," said I. "You took the name of Duggleby for a clue and worked out from that. You should have let me help you. I could have borrowed a suit of your clothes to go to the Astor in."

"That was exactly what I did not want you to do," he said. "I have already a clue to your identity which I think may lead somewhere, but I would not hint to you what it is for the world."

"I am afraid I fail to understand you," said I, a little puzzled, and possibly just the least bit nettled, too.

"You shall know in good time," he assured me. "Meanwhile, I am anxious to try some experiments. They will be valuable so long as you are relying on your instincts and your memories for the past. The moment you begin to be influenced by the seeming probability that you are this person or that, your instinct will become corrupted by an

irresistible tendency to try to make a case, and my experiments will be nearly valueless."

Naturally, I was extremely curious as to what form these experiments would take, but I saw that he did not wish to be questioned on the subject, and resolutely attempted to dismiss all speculation about them from my mind.

His preparations for one of them I could not help observing. We were to sail at one o'clock, yet he asked me to be dressed and ready at eleven. I was sure that this unusual allowance of time was not due to any excessive precaution against our being late.

There were two cars at the entrance when we came out; a limousine with all our luggage piled into it, into which the doctor consigned the valet with instructions to drive straight to the pier, and our own vehicle, which the doctor commanded to drive north. We rolled rapidly up the avenue to the park entrance, crossed over to Broadway, where we rode north to Eightieth Street; turned west again, and finally again north.

The doctor's only instructions to me were to keep my mind as blank as possible, and above all, not to try to remember things or to recognize them. If they came into my mind of my own accord, well and good; but I was not to attempt to push my discoveries further than they would go of themselves.

Finally, at a signal from the doctor, we stopped before a large modern house.

"Come," said he, "I have no great confidence that my friend M. Vidal is at home, but if he is we shall have time for a few minutes' call upon him."

We ascended the steps together and the doctor rang the bell. When the butler opened the door he stepped promptly inside and presented one of his cards together with one of my own. (I may say, in parentheses, that the doctor had not forgotten that detail in the equipment of his new nephew.)

"M. Vidal is at home, is he not?" said the doctor.

The butler looked blank.

"What name did you say, sir?" he asked.

"M. Vidal, M. Hector Vidal," said the doctor in apparent surprise.

"You must have mistaken the address, sir," replied the man respectfully. "He does not live here."

"I have made an extremely stupid blunder," said the doctor. "Thank you."

As he preceded me out of the door I thought I heard him give a short laugh which seemed about equally compounded of amusement and annoyance. A young man was running up the stairs. To my extreme astonishment he was no less a person than my would-be abductor of a few nights previous, young Mr. Duggleby.

He seemed as astonished as I was.

Of the three of us, the doctor alone preserved an attitude of perfect composure.

Young Duggleby had only cast the briefest sort of a glance at me and, as was natural enough, had failed utterly to recognize me. He was looking at the doctor with an ironical smile which could not wholly veil a certain grudging admiration.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he was saying. "Can't I prevail on you to come back into the house, you and your friend?"

With that half-amused smile still on his lips, he turned toward me as he included me in the invitation. The smile disappeared. He stared at me a moment in perfectly blank astonishment, and then, as he recognized me, a look of vindictive hatred spread over his handsome face which made it terrible to see.

The doctor remained quite unmoved. If his hand tightened a little on the walking stick he carried, the action was not perceptible.

"My nephew," he corrected politely, "M. Simon Barras. I am sorry we cannot accept your invitation, sir."

Young Duggleby stood rooted where he was on the steps. We got into our car and began to roll smoothly away. Looking back through the little window we could see him standing there when we rounded the corner, the look of vindictive hatred still upon his face.

"Of course, the object of my experiment is apparent to you now," said the doctor, as we sped on toward the steamer pier, "I wished to see if you recognized the Duggleby house. I was watching you rather closely and I think you did not. Am I right?"

"Yes," said I. "It was quite unfamiliar to me."

"The encounter with M. Duggleby," he went on, "was quite unlooked for. I had even taken the precaution of making sure that he was out of the house before we started."

"Well," said I, "there is no serious harm done, is there?"

"I am not sure," said the doctor thoughtfully. "He is a resourceful young man—most resourceful."

I was more than ever inclined to agree with the doctor an hour or two later when, standing on the promenade deck, watching with interest the process of getting the iron leviathan away from her berth, I saw among the crowd on the pier which had assembled to see us off, the figure of the young man. I pointed him out to the doctor.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "we are by no means done with him."

We had almost continuous rough weather, but as both the doctor and I were excellent sailors this fact did not detract from our pleasure in the voyage. Indeed, it added to it if anything, for it left the decks pretty much to ourselves, and we had too much to think about

and "scuss to care much for other companionship.

The doctor and I spent our days either in buffeting with the wind and spray on the weather side of the deck, or in chatting and dozing in our steamer-chairs in a sheltered corner.

I found the light half-slumber, such as one takes in a steamer-chair, more conducive to dreams than the heavier sleep of the night. In fact, my day-dreams soon came to have an almost regular place in our daily program. Some days, for hours at a stretch, I would waken from one dream-adventure, tell it to the doctor, and drift off forthwith into another.

"They are curiously difficult to classify, these reminiscences of yours, whether you're awake or asleep," he said with a puzzled air one day. "You seem to sweep pretty much the whole gamut of society.

"You dream of squalid streets, of hungry children, of lurid places full of smoke and flame and half-naked men toiling in them, and the next moment you jump to what appears from the description to be a French chateau; and you are no better when you are awake. You were sure the Irish pawnbroker knew you, yet you instinctively lived at a very expensive hotel. Oh, it will all fit in, I dare say, but it makes the puzzle a complicated one."

A moment later he asked, quite unexpectedly:

"By the way, do you feel particularly at home aboard ship? I mean, is there anything about marine architecture that strikes you as particularly familiar?"

"You are thinking of the Morton-Dugleby shipyard, I suppose," said I.

"No inferences," he said quickly.

"Well," I said, "I do know my way about, but I fancy my familiarity is no more than a few trips as a passenger in transatlantic liners would give me."

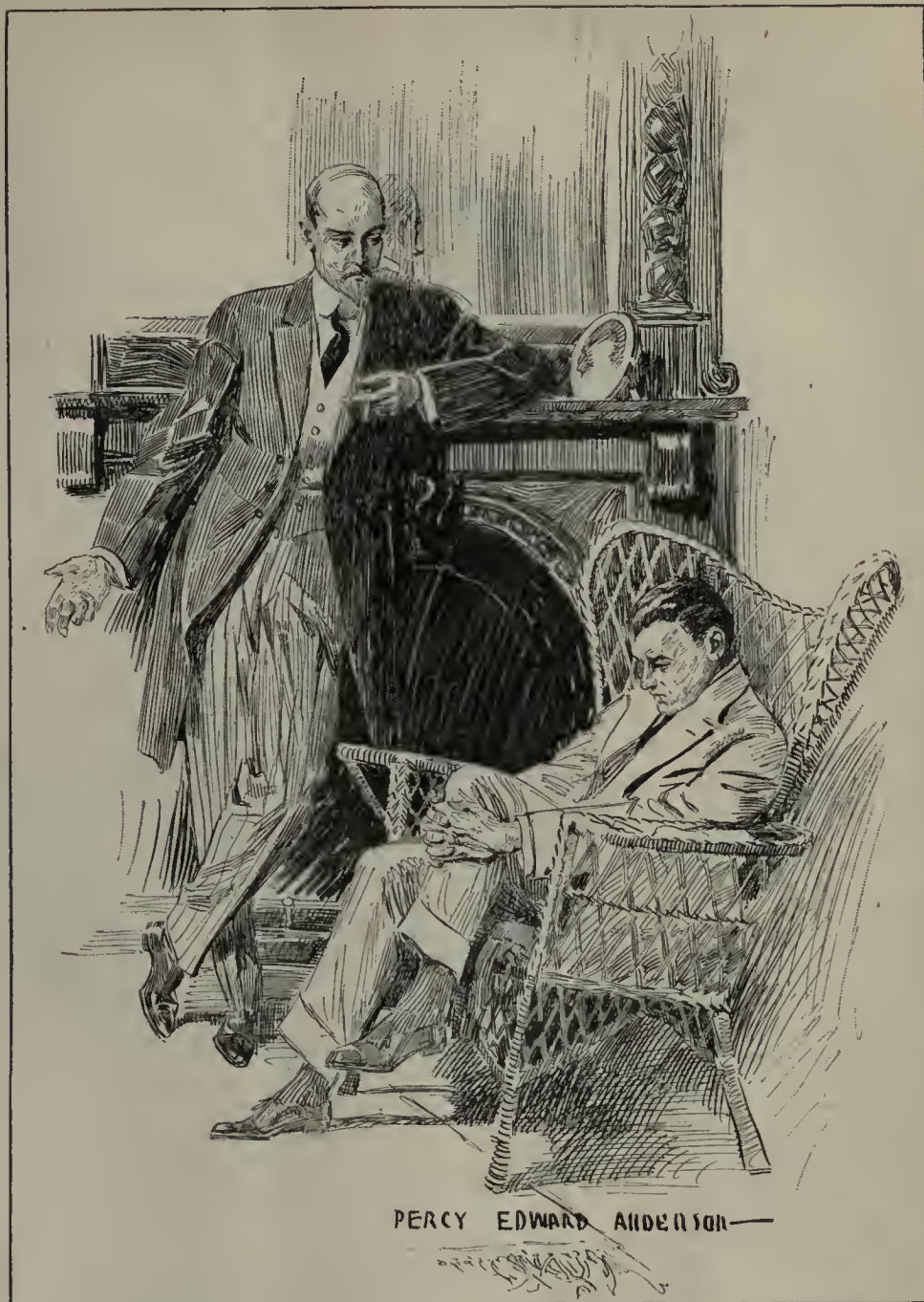
"How did you ever hear of the Morton-Dugleby shipyard?" he asked.

"I read about it in a magazine," said I, "something about building a battleship there, I think."

"Well, don't read any more magazines," he returned almost irritably, "until we get to Paris. The ones you will find there won't do you any harm."

That was our last day out, a much calmer one, by the way, than any we had had previously, and for the first time my view of the horizon was interrupted by a steady procession of passing figures.

The doctor resumed his reading, and presently I dozed off to sleep. The dream that came to me in that half-submerged slumber was one I shall never forget. It was nothing much to tell about, but its amazing vividness and the thing that happened immedi-



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

"I have spent two days studying over you at the Astor Library," the doctor remarked

ately upon my waking from it, are enough to write it indelibly in my memory.

I was in a small, very plainly furnished room—kept with extraordinary neatness—which evidently served as a general living-room for more than one person. A simple supper, with places laid for three, was spread in the center of it, beneath a shaded lamp. I was seated at a small, upright piano in a corner of the room, and at my right hand, and facing me, she sat—the lady of my dreams—the girl whose face I had seen through the cab-window the night I came to New York.

There was an anxious look in her face, and at last, giving over pretending not to notice it, I stopped playing.

"Don't worry about it, Virginia," said I, and that was the first time in all those dreams that ever I had found a name for her. What "it" was I did not have the slightest idea.

"I know," she said, "I shouldn't; at least, I shouldn't let him see that I am worrying about it."

Before I could answer her, we heard a step on the stairs.

"There he comes," she said, and then called out with assumed gaiety:

"Supper's been waiting for you ever so long, father. I am in doubt if I will give you any."

It was an old man who entered, an old man with a long gray beard, and the sight of his face horrified me. It was blazing with anger, but beneath the

anger I could see strongly marked the lines of a great despair.

"They have tried to steal my secret," he cried. "They rifled my laboratory last night."

I wakened at that, and sleepily sat half erect in my steamer-chair. Then with a start I leaned forward, sank back again, and rubbed my hand over my eyes. Had I truly wakened after all?

There, passing right in front of me, was the man with the long, gray beard. A woman was walking beside him, on the side away from me, where I could see no more of her than an elbow and a wind-blown skirt. Trembling so that I could hardly stand, I, nevertheless, managed to get to my feet and look after them.

She was there! Virginia, the woman of my dreams! Unless, indeed, I was dreaming still, or unless—unless I was mad after all.

I turned to the doctor, my face working with uncontrollable agitation.

"Do you see them?" I asked wildly. "Those two figures walking there, an old man and his daughter?"

"Yes, certainly I see them," said the doctor quietly. "Why not?"

"And have they been here all the while, passengers on board this ship with us? It is impossible!"

"Not at all," said the doctor. "We are seeing plenty of new faces to-day. The bad weather has kept them below, that's all. Do you recognize them?"

He spoke with as little apparent interest as though we had been talking about the weather, though it would have taken more than a quiet manner to calm the mad whirl of my thoughts just then.



The girl whose face I had seen through the cab window the night I came to New York

"I was dreaming of them," said I, "dreaming of Virginia and her father, and then I opened my eyes and saw them standing before me."

"Is she the young lady you have dreamed about before?" he asked calmly. Then, as I only stared at him, he added: "You have never told me her name."

I dropped back limp in my chair.

"I suppose I couldn't have told her name before," said I. "It came to me in the dream and I repeated it unconsciously."

From a pocket in his coat, the doctor drew out a passenger list.

"There is a Miss Virginia on board, certainly. Her father's name is Heatherfield. Does that bring anything back to you?"

"No," said I, and my voice broke in a sob of despair.

"Softly, softly," said the doctor. "We are not asking for miracles, you know. When your memories classify themselves and become consistent my task will be done. Be glad of the name you know and don't despair over the one you have forgotten. The fact that you don't know your own doesn't trouble you."

He broke off abruptly, for a deck steward stood before us offering beef tea. I shook my head in refusal, but the doctor ruled otherwise.

"Drink it," he said, "and then get yourself together. I want you composed to try an experiment."

"What is it?" I asked unsteadily, but already I was doing his bidding.

"Simply to indulge in a short promenade here on deck with me," he answered.

As I foresaw, we set out in a direction opposite to that taken by the two figures of my dream, and the object of the experiment was to see if we could detect any corresponding recognition of me. I felt my whole fate was hanging in the balance, the whole question whether I was essentially a sane man or a lunatic. If they knew me, then, of course, I was a sane man. More than that, it would mean that my search for my lost identity was practically at an end.

The other alternative I hardly dared contemplate. If they were to walk past

Continued on page 258.

The Soul of Maraite

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Charles Sarka



MARAITE, I like do anything you like," said Lililku, the chief. Mrs. Harvey Jamieson tilted back her pink parasol and from under its becoming brim looked at the chief almost as she would have looked at a white man—almost, but not quite. She was thinking that all men, black or white, were amazingly alike in their methods of expressing the early stages of admiration. Had not Harvey himself, whom she had successfully and gloriously married, and all the other men who had "paid attentions" and finally slipped away—had not every one of them begun with the simple statement that "he would do anything for her?"

And here was a—well, a nigger! Certainly a handsome man, clear brown of skin, with six feet three of height, and a pair of shoulders that no white in the Maroro Islands could match, but still. . . a nigger. Here was this . . . nigger . . . saying exactly the same sort of thing in his turn.

It was piquant, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson thought. She was a good Australian and believed from the bottom of her heart (not a very long way down, it is true) in the ideal of a white Australia—that ideal to which the young Australian nation has nailed its colors, and which it is ready to die defending, if need be. But the general feeling against the incursion of niggers, black, brown and yellow, into business, agriculture or society in Australia seemed somehow wanting in particular application here in the Maroro Islands, a very long way from Sydney, with the geranium-colored tropic sunset burning itself out beneath the black-silhouetted fronds of the palms, and the chief Liliku standing on the foam-white coral sand beside her.

The parasol was scarcely needed now. She shut it with a coquettish snap and looked up under her eyelashes at Liliku. She was sitting on the sand, with her white muslin afternoon dress becomingly spread out round her. Mrs. Harvey Jamieson always wore ready-made white muslins trimmed with cheap embroidery in the afternoons, and she always tied blue ribbons about her waist. Her name

was Gladys. It might have been Doris or Ruby or Muriel, but it happened to be Gladys. It could not have been anything but one of the four. She wore immense pads under her hair, which was quite yellow and quite natural. She used white rose on her handkerchief, and she said "Go on!" when she wished to be sarcastic. Otherwise there was nothing serious to object to in Mrs. Harvey Jamieson.

You would not have minded her bush-girl accent much if you had known her, because her eyes were really very blue indeed, and her upper lip was as short and her eyebrows as close to her hair as if she had been an illustration in a popular magazine. And you would never have been unkind to her, or blamed her overmuch for anything she did or left undone, because you would have felt she was one of the small honey-birds of life, meant only for sweet things and sun, like the little gayly painted creatures that were flitting and twittering about the gold bells of the beach hibiscus behind the yellow head of Gladys and the black, frizzed curls of the chief Liliku.

She said, "Go on!" now, because it was the appropriate reply to what Liliku had said. She did not really mean

to flirt with a nigger, but there was no harm to the best of white Australians in talking to one, talking in the magic red and amber sunset, with the warm sea murmuring on the white, white sand.

"My grycious, but it brykes on the shore just like people syng something you can't understand!" said Gladys of the yellow hair.

Liliku did not listen to her. He was looking at her, with all the fire of the burning sunset in his great brown eyes. This was not the first time that the "Maraite" (chieftainess) had come down accidentally to meet him on the shore in the quiet hour before sunset, and if the chief—who was a highly educated Maroran with a certain thin veneer of Christianity and a hesitating, occasional belief in his complete equality with the whites—if Liliku, lord of a dozen villages and inheritor of an ancestral thatched palace in the hills, misunderstood the Maraite's motives, he only thought as any other man of his race would have thought under similar conditions.

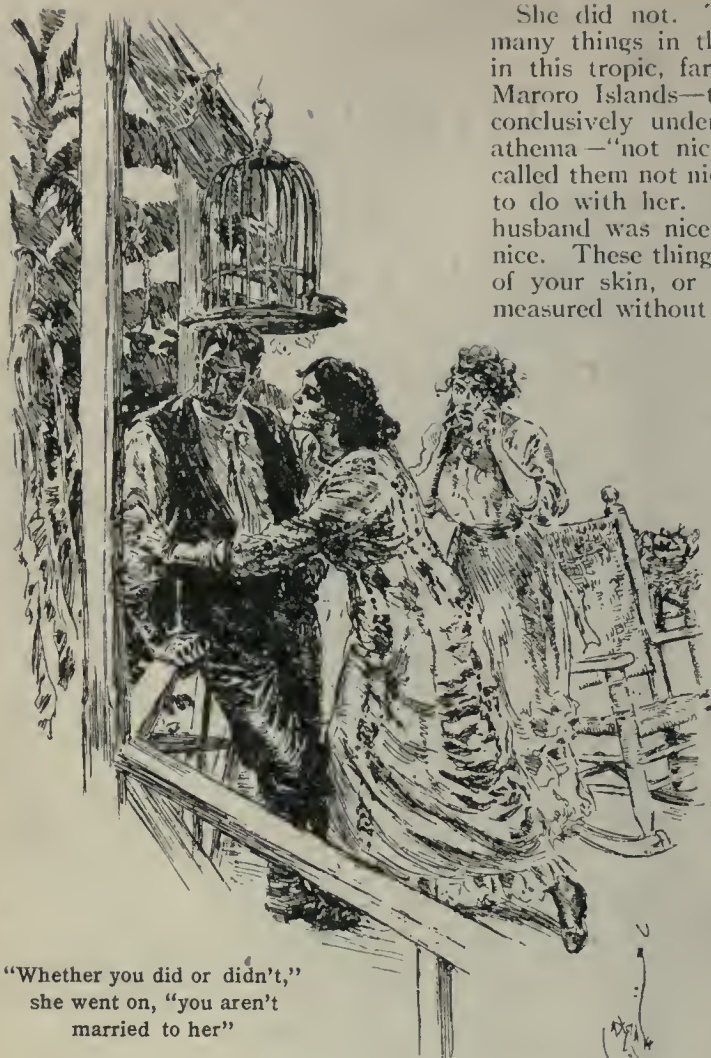
The truth was that Mrs. Harvey Jamieson found her life in the capital town of Maroro dull at times, and her small social triumphs lacking in savor. Life had gone almost too well with Gladys Munt, orphan, brought up by an "institution" and trained to state-school teaching, since those days in the little bush town of Westralia where she had met, flirted with and finally married Harvey Jamieson, the hemp-estate manager, home on a holiday, whom all the girls of Woollaringa had wanted quite as badly as she did herself.

The absence of a "pretty wedding" had been the only drop of bitter in her cup, for Harvey had proposed to and wedded her after a very brief engagement, during a holiday visit to Perth, where she knew no one, and the registry office marriage had seemed to her a degradation that almost destroyed the pleasure of her triumph. She had no interesting newspaper reports to frame and hang on the drawing-room wall, no bridal photograph, and worst, no wedding presents.

Here in Maroro, where Harvey had brought her almost immediately after



"Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, aflame with indignation, slapped Liliku's brown face"



"Whether you did or didn't," she went on, "you aren't married to her"

the marriage, that mattered very little after all. She was pretty, stylish Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, with the completest set of cane and plush furniture, and the largest number of silver bonbon dishes, and the greatest variety of shop-made muslins in the whole group. And she had been to Government House, once to write her name in the book, and once to a garden party that included the whole island, from the Colonial secretary down to Liliku himself. The other women were all more or less jealous of her, and thought she flirted with their husbands—which she didn't, anything to speak of, being really rather fond of her own sandy-mustached Harvey. She had no children; they would have been an unspeakable trouble.

So, at the end of a year of perfect happiness, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson found the world so flatly perfect, that—in short, that she was sitting on the beach in the sunset with the extremely amorous Liliku standing beside her, staring at her with sparkling brown-diamond eyes, and putting a construction on her presence that would have horrified Gladys down to the very soles of her cheap, smart shoes if she had divined it.

She did not. There were a great many things in the world—especially in this tropic, far-away world of the Maroro Islands—that Gladys banned conclusively under one universal anathema—"not nice." When she had called them not nice, they had nothing to do with her. She was nice. Her husband was nice. Her position was nice. These things were like the color of your skin, or your height strictly measured without shoes or extra hair.

They were you.

There were women in the islands who were not at all nice. Gladys knew that some of those women even admired and flirted with the handsome brown Maroran men, who were, when all was said and done, a good deal better-looking than most whites. But the cheap, wholesome little soul that had been served out to Gladys at the beginning of all things clung instinctively to the orthodox and normal.

The splendid beauty of Liliku, who might have been placed on a pedestal for succeeding ages to wonder at, just as he stood there in his thin silk shirt and tunic, leaning against the curving bole of a young palm that was not more graceful in its new-sprung strength than he—this had no power to make her heart beat faster by a single throb.

What did attract and interest her was Liliku's undoubted admiration for her. This was, of course, perfectly natural—"the desire of the moth for the star" as some one had said in a novel she had once read. Of course the star didn't take any account of moths; that was not in the nature of stars.

"Maraite, I like do anything you like," said Liliku again, with a tremendous sigh.

It was very gratifying—and he looked quite as Harvey had looked the day he proposed to her, allowing for the difference in color.

"You can bring me flowers if you choose," said Gladys, with another glance.

Liliku tore the scarlet hibiscus blooms out of his hair (like a true Maroran, he went crowned with flowers night and day) and laid them on the sand beside her.

"I give you all the flowers in Maroro. You all same one flower, you-self," he murmured, suddenly dropping to the ground and seating himself near her.

Mrs. Jamieson jumped up; the native must be kept in his place.

"You can send me flowers to the house, I like them there," she said. "I'm going in now, Liliku, it's getting dark."

Liliku jumped up, too, and stood towering over the little bunch of blond prettiness, dark, immense and splendid. He was between her and the roadway.

"I think more better," he breathed. "I think more better—you not never going home any more!"

"Liliku, what do you mean—who do you tyke me for?" demanded Mrs. Harvey. "Go awye at once!" She was flushed with indignation. Had the moth actually dared to ask the star to—Oh, was the horrid nigger making love to her?

"You coming awye, I think!" persisted Liliku, in unconscious mimicry of her accent. "You coming awye to my town—I great chief—you all same queen there—you too much beauty girl—Liliku he love!"

Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, aflame with indignation, answered never a word, but stood on tiptoe, slapped Liliku's brown face as hard as she could, kilted her muslins about her ankles, and ran for the house.

It was only a hundred yards away, but she was completely out of breath when she reached it, for she was sobbing with rage all the way as she ran. Liliku did not follow. She mounted the veranda steps unseen in the dusk, ran along the planking with steps that resounded through the whole house, burst into her room, and dropped into a basket chair, storming and crying to herself.

"The nass-ty nigger!" she said. "The ungrateful pig! Just because I talked to him a little to pass away the time—only three times I was down on the shore—and I never said a word, so help me, that Harvey mightn't have been listening to any dye! If he knew, he'd—he'd half kill the brute—only I daren't tell him."

She was up by now, still sobbing gustily, but making haste to get ready her evening tea gown, to smooth her hair, to pour water into the bath. Harvey would be back soon from the plantation, and she always liked to look nice for him. Harvey was very fond of her, though they had been married a whole year. He was a good husband, and she had a nice house and a nice position, and perhaps she had been a wicked girl to go down and talk to native chiefs on the shore in the evening. Though, indeed, she "never meant a gryne of harm by it; she was as pure in her mind as an yngel, what-

ever nass-ty niggers might think."

Harvey Jamieson, when he came home that evening, was inclined to think his wife had a touch of malaria, she was so feverishly restless and excited. She looked smaller than usual, too, and very pale, though her eyes were bright. Harvey gave her a stiff whisky and soda, which was his idea of tender attention, and they sat long together on the veranda after dinner, watching the stars dance among the shifting palms. Gladys felt that things were settling down to normal again. It was like coming to sound, safe earth after tossing on a windy sea for half a day. There are souls who love the stormy sea more than the kind green land; there are those who

In mighty anguish than in trivial ease.
Live more free

Gladys Jamieson was not of such.

Next morning, when Harvey's horse was brought to the veranda steps at seven o'clock, Mrs. Harvey was there to see him off to the hemp-fields, after his cup of early coffee. She shared it with him, and made herself companionable in the way that Harvey liked—joking, chaffing, jovial. It was something of a strain to her to-day, for she was still a trifle depressed by the events of the day before and by the impossibility of telling them to her husband. Gladys hated secrets, especially between married people, and often had been heard to boast that she and Harvey had "every thought the syme."

He was off at last, however—off on his big bay horse, cantering down the brown road toward the distant streak of clear, glaucous green that showed where the sisal hemp began. Gladys looked at him admiringly as he went. He had the true Australian seat on a horse, and his head was well set on his shoulders. She could not imagine how women who had men of Harvey's race to admire them could ever look twice at—I am afraid Mrs. Harvey called them "black caows of natives." Those three afternoons on the shore spent in drinking cocoanuts and making "revareva" plumes with Liliku loomed up like a positive crime in her mind. She was the best of White Australians to-day.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, clothed in a white muslin eaten up with insertions and infested with baby ribbon, settled herself on the front veranda, with her real porcelain tea set and solid silver teapot in perspective, and waited for callers, although, as the monthly steamer was in to-day, visitors were scarcely to be expected. On steamer days everyone was so busy with mails and parcels that idle visiting was not needed to pass the time. Mrs. Harvey had no mails. She seldom did have any, being almost devoid of near relations; a friendless little soul enough but for the all-sufficing Harvey.

In the intervals of her fancywork—the constructing of a very heavy and clumsy bead hand bag, crude turquoise in color—she looked up and down the long road that led to the bungalow, where the swinging shadows of the great green banana flags were already growing long and thin, and the noble tower

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"Maraité, 'I like do anything you like"



Canadian Vacations for Canadian Women

By Grace Baylis

Illustrated from Photographs



The whole back country of settled Ontario is one great mass of lakes and streams and forests

THERE never was any country better designed for vacation purposes than this broad Canada of ours. But a suspicion creeps into my mind with the coming of summer each year that as a Nation we do not realize how valuable an asset we have in the forests, lakes and mountains of our big Dominion.

Our cousins to the South appreciate the magnificent holiday territories of Canada far more than we. During the past ten years I have been summering in the various Canadian resorts and I

*We run with rushing streams that toss
and spume,
We speed or dream upon the open
meres;
The pine-woods fold us in their pun-
gent gloom,
The thunder of wild water fills our ears,
The savage vigour of the forest creeps
Into our veins, and laughs upon our
lips;
The warm blood kindles from forgot-
ten deeps,
And surges tingling to the finger-tips.*

have often found in the hotels and log cabin camps of Algonquin Park, Lake of Bays, Muskoka Lakes, and even in the Tent City, just opened last year, at Jasper Park in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the guests registered were from United States points. From Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg and Chicago there come to our resorts each year, hundreds of business men and women who find in our Ontario Highlands the restful, consoling and rejuvenating holiday that

they need. The call of the wild is the still great voice of mother earth herself and if we can escape into the woods and the wilderness for a few weeks or even a few days each year we may obtain that renewal of spirit that will allow us to face our daily tasks and difficulties with the calm confidence that comes from a feeling of well being.

AS I pushed the nose of my canoe over the clear waters of Little Island Lake in Algonquin Park last August, I was hailed by two young Dianas who were camping on a beautiful point jutting out into the lake. Here were two girls, leaders in the Social Set of the large American City in which they live, who were literally having the time of their lives. They had been married just a year before and had spent their honeymoons at one of the large summer resort hotels. During this trip they had seen something of the camper's life and had determined, when their husbands found release from office cares in the coming mid-summer, to go into the very heart of nature. I visited their camp with its neatly arranged tents and fittings hired from the outfitting store in the Park. Never have I seen girls more radiantly happy.

Their husbands were away that morning securing fresh supplies for the camp and the girls had just finished tidying up. They were about to finish their fourth week of camping with its freedom from convention, its beautiful canoe excursions through tortuous channels and over beds of water lilies and of wild rice and short portages through the leafy trails. They were dreading the hour which was fast approaching when they would have to break camp and return to the hotel at the railway station to don again their street clothes. "It has been the greatest adventure we ever planned or dreamed of," said one of the girls, and the healthy glow on her tanned face told of perfect health.

BUT the camping is only one side of the holiday attractions in our Canadian resorts. Many women prefer to have all the comforts possible on their vacation as well as delights of the wilderness and desire also some social life. To such I would say you will find all these attributes of a perfect holiday in the Highlands of Ontario. The whole back country of settled Ontario is one great mass of lakes and streams and forests. I have found countless clean sand beaches between

the water's edge and the upward climbing forests behind and this wondrous wilderness has the advantage that it is easily reached from many of our Canadian cities. Most of my excursions into the Highlands of Ontario have been from Toronto. As you journey on the Grand Trunk line up to Muskoka Wharf and Huntsville, you pass by well kept farms and through what is obviously a prosperous farming community. Later the aspect of the countryside changes; it becomes wilder and more thickly wooded and the gray grim granite begins to show its clenched knuckles through the greenery.

Then the Lakes appear and finally you pass a decline to Muskoka Wharf where a walk across the platform takes you to a fine steamer—the size of which surprises you—and the lake journey is begun. This is part of the homeland of the Hurons. The word Muskoka is derived from the name of the great chief of the tribe Musaquado signifying clear water. In the first place you are amazed at the extent of the lakes which appear so small on the map. You had perhaps expected to see some charming miniature such as Windermere, some pretty historic pond such as Como or Mag-



Speckled Trout fishing on the Pettewawa, Algonquin Park

giore through which a tiny vessel would travel fretfully. But in any other country than Canada the Muskoka Lakes would be called "great." Secondly, the multitude of islands and the diversified shore-line cause you to wonder how the captain of your steamship finds his way. These lakes are a veritable maze, a watery labyrinth, the haunt of novel illusions and evasions. Against the steep woodlands nestle pretty cottages and summer villas the owners of which have fallen in love with Muskoka. Nearly all these charming summer homes harmonize with their surroundings of wistful waters and brooding woods. Thirdly, you become conscious that there is magic in the fleeting soft airs that a new peacefulness is possessing your soul, that you are changing into one of Tennyson's lotus-eaters. The explanation? But you do not worry about explaining things to yourself. The Muskoka air

is an antidote to all forms of worry—except, of course, the wish to eat and drink, which springs eternal in the human stomach.

JUST as fascinating as Muskoka is Lake of Bays. If you visit it in the Autumn as I have done the glory of its colorings will never fade from your memory, the red flame of the maple on the rock shores merging with the blue of the water.

My companion on the excursion was a lady who has spent a portion every year finding new beauties in Switzerland, Italy and the whole of the wonderful Mediterranean. She described the trip into the Lake of Bays as one of the Magic Carpet Journeys and it is really so.

Leaving the train at Huntsville we get to the Wawa (Algonquin for wild goose). At Norway Point one travels

by a miniature steamship to Fairy Lake and Peninsula Lake and thence by one of the shortest and quaintest railways in the world over a mile long portage which places you on the shore of the Lake of Bays. This stretch of water is certainly one of the most beautiful in Canada, the land of beautiful lakes. perfume breezes blow across the lake at all hours of the day and night. You may bathe in its cool waters, take boating excursions to the various points along its shore line. The murmur of gentle waters is everywhere interwoven with a whispering of the trees.

Why not, my Canadian sister, explore for yourself this year some of the glories of these regions which nestle so close to your own homes and yet appear to be so little known? Their appeal cannot be defined in the cold words of black and white, you must see with your own eyes and drink in your own impressions.

Railroading to Recruiting

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

THE word patriotism is usually interpreted to mean love for one's country, but the dictionary gives another meaning and a broader one, for it defines it as that feeling that is directed to public welfare. Therefore any man, who directs his energies for public welfare is patriotic and there are many phases of public welfare, or one might use the term national service.

Before the war broke out, one of the most active places, where public welfare was being directed, was the province of Alberta and one of the most active directors in Calgary, the chief city of that province, was and is, the man whom this story is about, Norman S. Rankin. He was then head of the publicity branch of the Department of Natural Resources of the C. P. R., that railroad which has been of such national importance in settling the prairie provinces of Canada, that it is regarded in the light of a national institution. His duties, as one might infer from the name of the department, were to advertise and exploit the resources of Western Canada, particularly Alberta, a very important and far-reaching work in the mission of developing a country.

When war first broke out, like other patriots, he was anxious to do his share of national service, and accordingly directed his energies along the line of the publicity work connected with the raising of the Canadian patriotic fund.



Capt. Norman S. Rankin

He occupied the honorary office of publicity agent for that fund for Southern Alberta and the result obtained, a greater subscription than solicited, speaks for itself.

Then like two hundred and fifty co-workers from that department in the C. P. R. in Calgary, he decided to take the step, the greatest degree of patriotism-enlistment.

Because his work had been along publicity and advertising lines, it was a most logical thing that Captain Rankin, for that is his military title now, should gravitate into the position of recruiting officer for one of the Canadian Overseas battalions. He had

organized, in his seven years of railroad work with the C. P. R., a wonderfully systematic campaign of publicity, that had been a large factor in drawing hundreds of "Homeseekers" to the west and this experience, as well as personal example made him just the man needed by the 191st battalion to urge men to enlist.

In his recruiting campaign, Captain Rankin resorted to the most modern methods of advertising, lantern slides in moving picture houses, posters for bill boards, similar to those used in England at the beginning of the war, follow-up letters and campaigns, recruiting addresses in theatres, churches, at lawn socials and women's clubs, in factories and business houses. Through the generosity of his friends and public spirited men, a moving picture film, depicting the 191st on parade, the securing and swearing in of recruits, at Sarcee camp, the battalion's summer home, Brigadier General Cruikshank, General John Hughes, Lt. Col. Bryan, was created and used throughout the recruiting area effectively.

Captain Rankin has been greatly helped and encouraged by his colleagues in the C. P. R. Enlistment, has been given a great impetus by this railroad, by the fact that all positions are kept for men who volunteer for active service. The men are only on leave and each man who enlists is paid

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Current Events in Review

*Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire*

National Service Literature

ONE of the most valuable of recent literary contributions to the great cause is a booklet by Professor Stephen Leacock, entitled "National Organization for War." In this booklet, Dr. Leacock makes an urgent call for national thrift and national saving. He attacks in vigorous style the evils of extravagance at this crisis in Canada's history, and by trenchant phrase and apt illustration disposes of various common errors in regard to individual spending of money during war time.

This pamphlet was originally published by Dr. Leacock himself, but the National Service Board were so convinced of its value in connection with their Thrift Campaign that they have had it republished and have undertaken its distribution. Copies may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the National Service Board at Ottawa, or by applying to the National Service Director in any Province.

After summarizing the present war situation, Dr. Leacock states that we only deceive ourselves if we hide the fact that the fate of the war hangs in the balance, and he says:

What are we to do?

Our soldiers in the field have done, and are doing, all that heroism can inspire and all that endurance can fulfil. Are we doing our share at home? We go about our tranquil lives scarcely disturbed. Here and there, the swift dart of death, that strikes "somewhere in France," reaches, with its double point, somewhere in Canada, a mother's

heart. We pause a moment in our sympathy, and pass on. To and fro we go about our business. We pay our easy taxes, and subscribe to our so-called patriotic loan, so issued that the hungriest money-lender in New York is glad to clamor for a share of it. We eat, drink, and are merry, or, at least, not sad, professing a new philosophy of life as our sympathies grow dull to the

engaged in providing materials of war, food, clothes and transport for those that were fighting, with such extra food and such few clothes as were needed for themselves while engaged in the task.

This is a war economy. This is the fashion in which the energies of a nation would be directed if some omniscient despot directed them and controlled the life and activity of every man.

What we do must be done from below, using, as best we can, the only driving force that we know—the will of the individual. We must find a means that will begin to twist and distort our national industry out of its present shape till it begins to take on the form of national organization for war.

To do this we must exchange war prosperity for war adversity, self-imposed and in deadly earnest.

The key to the situation, as far as we can unlock it, lies in individual thrift and individual sacrifice. Let there be no more luxuries, no wasted work, no drones to keep, out of the national production.

Every man, to-day, who consumes any article or employs any service not absolutely necessary, aims a blow at his country.

Save every cent. Live plainly. Do without everything. Rise early, work hard, and content yourself with a bare living. The man who does this—if he uses the saved money properly—is doing war work for his country. He may wrap his last year's coat about him and eat his bread and cheese and feel that he too, is doing something to show the world the kind of stuff that is



THE REAL ESTATE AGENT

Kaiser: "Can I interest you in a choice plot?"

pain and suffering that we do not share.

Are we, the people of Canada who are at home, doing our proper part to help to win the war?

If a war were conducted with the full strength of a nation, it would mean that every part of the fighting power, the labour, and the resources of the country were being used towards a single end. Each man would either be fighting or

New York Times

yet left in it.
 But first let the Government—of the dominions, the provinces, the cities and the towns—itsself begin the campaign of thrift. At present vast sums of money are being wasted in so-called public works, railways in the wilderness, cement sidewalks in the streets, post offices in the towns—millions and millions that drain away our economic strength. In time of peace these are excellent. For war, unless they have a war purpose the things are worse than useless. The work of the men who labour at them is of no value, and the food and clothes that they consume must be made by other men.

Let us be done with new streets and new sidewalks, new town halls and new railways, till the war is done. Let us walk in our old boots on the old boards, patriots all, with dollar pieces jingling in our pockets adding up to twenty-five for the latest patriotic loan.

Let us do this, and there will pour into the hands of the Government such a cascade of money that the sound of it shall be heard all the way to Potsdam.

And here enters the last step to be taken under National Thrift to convert ourselves into a war economy. The Government goes with its money to the manufacturers and interrogates them. What can you make, and you, and you? You have a plant that has made buggies and fancy carriages. These our people will not buy because now they walk. But what is it that you can make?—can you turn yourself to making trucks, waggons? You, that made boots and have lost half your trade, what about a hundred thousand boots for the army? You, that made clothes, what about doing the whole thing over in khaki?

The needs of a War Government are boundless, endless. The list of its wants is as wide as the whole range of our manufactures. The adjustment is difficult. Not a doubt of it. It cannot be done in a day. But with each successive month the process would go on and on till we would find ourselves, while working apparently each for himself, altered into a nation of war-workers, every man, in his humble sense, at the front and taking his part.

Meantime we at home are doing nothing, or next to it, for the war. While we go about our business as usual men are breathing out their lives for us, somewhere in France.

What shall we do?

Canada's Farm Crops

CANADA'S Farm Crops for the season of 1916 total \$808,054,000 — The Census and Statistics office has issued its annual estimate of the yield, quality and value of the grain crops of Canada for the season of 1916. Returns of the average yields per acre, of the average

weights per measured bushel, and of the average prices per bushel received by farmers were collected in December, after completion of threshing, and for the three prairie provinces a large number of returns estimating the average yields per acre of wheat, oats, barley and flax were received and brought into the compilation.

Previous estimates of the areas sown to wheat, oats and barley in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta for the years 1915 and 1916, have been corrected by the preliminary results of the census taken in June, 1916, and for 1916 the corrections include also rye and flax.

In 1916, the census returns, after the deduction of areas estimated to be unproductive, are for wheat, 11,872, 600 acres; for oats, 6,198,100 acres; for barley, 1,239,400 acres; for rye, 67,500 acres, and for flax 600,700 acres.

A final statement of the harvest results of 1916, to include all crops, is dependent upon completion of the census compilation, a work that is now being proceeded with.

Total areas and yields of grain crops in Canada. The total harvested and the total production of principal grain crops of Canada in 1915 and 1916, as

principal grain crops for 1916 are as follows:

	Bushels.
Wheat.....	21½
Spring Wheat	16¾
All wheat.....	17
Oats.....	25¾
Barley	25
Rye.....	20
Peas	14½
Beans.....	12¾
Buckwheat	17½
Mixed grains	25¼
Flaxseed.....	11¾

For wheat, oats, barley and flaxseed these average yields, although inferior to the excellent returns of 1915, are higher than those of 1914.

As is well known, there was an increase in the average prices of grain received by farmers in 1916. These prices are considerably higher than those of 1915, and are even higher than the prices which ruled in 1914 after the outbreak of the war. The average prices per bushel received by farmers for the grain products of 1916 work out as follows:

Fall wheat, \$1.53; spring wheat, \$1.29; all wheat, \$1.31; oats, 53c.; barley, 82c.; rye, \$1.11; flaxseed, \$2.05; peas, \$2.22; beans, \$5.40; mixed grains, 90c.

The total farm values of the principal grain crops of 1916 are now estimated as follows:

Wheat.....	\$ 289,374,000
Oats.....	187,759,000
Barley	34,010,000
Rye.....	3,205,800
Peas.....	4,816,000
Beans	2,228,000
Buckwheat	6,375,000
Mixed grains..	9,076,300
Flaxseed.....	14,581,300

Including the root and fodder crops, the total value of the field crops of Canada in 1916 is now estimated at \$808,054,000.

The totals comprise grain crops, \$558,172,400; potatoes and sugar beets, \$50,094,000; and fodder crops, \$199,787,600.

The total of \$808,054,000 for 1916 is higher than in any previous year with the exception, of 1915.



Ailanta Journal
 Is it the last desperate stand?

corrected by the census returns of 1916, are therefore now estimated as follows:

	Acres.	Bushels
Wheat.....	12,879,500	220,367,000
Oats.....	9,835,100	351,174,000
Barley.....	1,651,100	41,318,000

For other crops the estimated total production in 1916 is as follows:

	Bushels.
Rye.....	2,896,400
Flax.....	7,122,300
Peas.....	2,172,400
Beans.....	412,600
Mixed grains.....	10,077,000
Peas.....	2,172,400

The average yields per acre of the

Why the United States Should Fight

PROF. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, of Harvard University, in an article on "Neutrality, Armed Neutrality, and War," in *The New York Times*, says there are only three ways to settle such vital controversies as exist between the United States and Germany:

The first is diplomacy; and diplomacy by note, protest, or agreement, has entirely failed. In consequence, our Ambassador to Berlin has been with-

drawn and diplomatic relations have been suspended.

The second is yielding. Aside from the general question of asserting the national rights and character, yielding means a breaking up of American commerce; we should suffer many of the disturbances and inconveniences of war without a chance to defend our rights. Yielding would put the United States out of commission as a great commercial power.

If we can neither successfully negotiate nor frankly give in, then we must prepare for war. Not because we like it, not because war will bring us conquest or glory, but because we cannot help it. If we could help it, or can still help it, war on our part would be a crime.

The United States remains in a totally different situation from any of the ten Allies; we are seeking no spoils at the end of the war, no return of captured territory, no share in a European concert. If we fight, it will be a defensive war, in which national dignity and honor are factors; but the main question is one of national existence on those terms which alone can make a nation powerful and secure. What happens when a great nation allows other powers to make decisions for it may be learned from China, no matter how great her wealth, actual and potential, her area or her population.

There is no half-way about it. The integrity of a nation is like the virtue of Caesar's wife; if it is questioned, it has ceased to exist. Non-existence may not much harm an individual living in an orderly community which protects him, but the non-resistant nation is a suicide. The maelstrom is too much even for this great country. We cannot keep out of its current—we can only steer away from the vortex. If war in the present conditions is petty, non-resistance is ignoble. We resist in order that our children may have peace.

Livestock on Credit

THREE years ago the Saskatchewan Legislature passed a law providing for the expenditure of \$500,000 in purchasing livestock to be sold on credit terms to farmers. Up to date 1,834 head of cattle, including 235 pure-bred bulls, have already been sold, as well as 6,275 sheep. The classes of stock supplied consist of pure-bred bulls of the right type and of suitable age for breeding,

grade cows of popular breeds, purebred boars and rams and grade sows and ewes. The terms of payment are that purchasers able to pay cash are required to do so, and that all purchasers must pay at least 25 per cent. cash. Unpaid balances are payable in one or two instalments, with interest at six per cent. Up to \$400 worth of stock can be bought by paying one-quarter cash, and up to \$1,000 worth can be bought by paying one-half cash. All bona fide



THE TWO VOICES Punch
Holy Willie: "Stop that cursed screaming! I can't hear myself sing"

farmers in Saskatchewan who are members of any agricultural society, grain growers' association, or co-operative association are eligible to receive this assistance. During the fall season, when stock shipments from the prairies are most numerous, the Department maintains an experienced cattleman in Winnipeg to make purchases.

The Real Issue

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization in Columbia University, in a recent issue of *Collier's* affirms that the real issue of the war is "World Democracy vs. World Absolutism." He says:

It is not, then, merely because blood is thicker than water that the destinies of the United States are inseparably bound up with the fate of Great Britain and of France. The population of the United States is one of the most heterogeneous in the world, and the argument from the English and French ancestry of our older American stocks naturally does not "go" with our more recently arrived citizens. But this admission does not dispose of the matter.

It is a characteristic piece of befuddled thinking to suppose that it does. Blood is thicker than water, but in the life of nations there is something more cohesive even than blood, and that is the common luck. Those men get together and pull together, if need be fight together, who share a common opportunity and face a common fate. Those nations have understanding with one another and, if necessary, ally themselves to one another in war, whose luck it is to confront a common peril. This adamant practical fact, and not any sentimentalism of blood, nor any gushing silliness about altruism or international brotherhood, holds the democratic peoples together in the face of the last terrific onslaught of absolutism. As democratic nations, the United States, Great Britain, and France will stand or fall together, or, if by miraculous good fortune we should survive after the European democracies have disappeared, it will be only because we shall then be strong enough in single-handed combat to hold our own. We shall endure as one of a group of democratic peoples among whom good understandings and co-operation prevail, or we shall survive after we have been tried as by fire.

Germany Beaten—But Not Aware

From the *New York Sun*.

WHY is there so much discussion of peace and its terms just now? Because the war is over. It is only necessary to stop fighting. The war is over because the questions out of which it arose have been determined. The subject matter of the controversy has been removed from the field. What remains is a struggle for quite different purposes.

It is no longer within the power of Austria to work her will in the Balkans, to extend her influence and promote her interests there with the aid and

support of Germany. The road along which Imperial Germany hoped to rise to dominance through the extension of her influence in the East, through the humbling of England, the subjection of Europe, is no longer open to her. The accomplishment of those great designs has been put out of the question by the defeat of Germany and Austria, a defeat now as evident and certain as if it were actually acknowledged in the written treaty.

The issues upon which the Central Powers went to war have been determined against them. They keep up the fight, not to extend their dominion and make it secure, but because they are unwilling to acknowledge defeat. That is perfectly natural, it is in accordance with the traditions of war. A country that has as much fighting power left in her as Germany does not admit that she is beaten. A very great part of the German people do not even know that they are beaten. They are not permitted to know where and how far the fortunes of war have gone against them. When all the rest of the world is informed of the fall of Monastir, the Germans are deluded by the announcement that the forces of the Central Powers have "occupied trenches" to the north of that city. But the bystanders often see more clearly which way the battle tends than the principals themselves. The impartial world, even that part of the world which is not impartial, but much inclined to one cause or the other, knows that the Central Powers have lost the fight.

Two great forces make for the continuance of the struggle. One is the firm resolve of the Allied Powers that the war must end in a way that will make its renewal impossible, that will assure the peace of Europe for a century. When they talk of "crushing Germany," the meaning is that the military power and the military ideals, the Imperial arrogance of Germany, must be destroyed. In Germany the chief motive for continuing the struggle is the desperate need of the militarists and Imperialists to save themselves, the dread of what they know will happen to them when the war ends in their defeat. It is an interest separate and distinct from the interest of the German people. Could the people be made to see and understand that the dynasty and the military and agrarian classes are fighting for themselves, not really for Germany or for German subjects, that the dreadful burdens they

are bearing, the sacrifices they are compelled to make are not in their own behalf but to save the ruling classes from overthrow, there would come a day of reckoning in Germany that would very quickly end the fighting.

Disabled Canadian Soldiers

THE Military Hospitals Commission at Ottawa, in a recent announcement, says that 2,081 soldiers were under its care at the beginning of November. Of these, 426 were at Sanatoria for tuberculosis, and 1,616

are bearing, the sacrifices they are compelled to make are not in their own behalf but to save the ruling classes from overthrow, there would come a day of reckoning in Germany that would very quickly end the fighting.

Every disabled soldier is medically examined on arriving at Quebec. If he is no longer in need of hospital treatment, he is sent home free of expense and discharged with a pension or gratuity according to the extent of his disability.

If he needs further treatment, he is taken to the hospital or sanatorium where the treatment most suitable to his case is available, and, if possible, to the institution nearest his home.

Men who cannot resume their former work on discharge from hospital are advised and enabled to take special training for new occupations. This is provided free of cost; and while the men are being trained the Dominion Government maintains them and their families.

Men needing artificial limbs are taken to Toronto, where these limbs are made and supplied without charge. Men with serious nerve disorders are treated specially in the Ontario Military Hospital at Cobourg.

Each Provincial Government has appointed a Commission to help discharged men in securing steady and remunerative work. The Dominion Government, and other authorities and employers, systematically give preference to returned soldiers when filling vacant positions.

The public can and should cooperate heartily in this urgently necessary work, by encouraging the men to take fullest advantage of the curative and educational opportunities given them, and afterwards by seeing that they get work. Local committees have been formed for this purpose in many towns, but much

more has to be done in this way.

Occupation is often as necessary and beneficial as rest itself, in its curative and strengthening effect on body and mind. Classes are therefore held at the hospitals, for instruction and practice in many arts and industries, such as carpentry and wood-carving, metal and leather working, typewriting and book-keeping, mechanical drawing and elementary engineering, gardening, bee-keeping and poultry-raising.

These all help to increase the capacity of the patients, and to lessen the effect of any injury they have received, by getting them into practice for such industries as they can profitably undertake. The medical and educational officers try first to discover what each man is most likely to succeed at, and then to fit him for it as thoroughly as possible.

Continued on page 271.

The Prairie Rose

By F. Alister Murray

*The same Hand sketched the prairie
That tuned the little thrush.*

The rainbow for an easel,
A willow for the brush,
God dipped it in the sunset
And lo! the desert's blush.

*And the rose was not forgotten
In great Creation's rush.*

From softest silken feathers
That grow on angels' wings
He made it richer garments
Than purpled Persia brings.

*For God's surpassing kindness
Shows most in little things.*

He feeds the rose on dewdrops
Distilled in realms above.
He bathes its leaves in sunshine
And perfumes them with love.

at Convalescent Hospitals, 682 of the later being outpatients—while 39 members of the force were in asylums for the insane. Of the 426 cases of tuberculosis, it may be added, almost exactly half were discovered in time to prevent them from leaving Canada for the seat of war.

According to a statement prepared by the Militia Department, up to October 5, 1916, the number of soldiers sent back to Canada because of medical unfitness was 6,208. Of these, 961 were suffering from wounds, shell-shock, or the effect of gas; 122 were insane; 245 were afflicted with tuberculosis; while the remainder, 4,880, were suffering from other diseases and disabilities.

All Canadians ought to know what is being done by the Military Hospitals Commission, acting on behalf of the whole body of citizens, for the restora-

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OVER 290,000 Studebaker cars in daily use throughout the world stand as living testimonials to the soundness of Studebaker dependability. But, regardless of this reputation for superior quality and service, the built-in value, the sturdiness and distinction of the line was never more convincingly presented than in the new Studebaker Series 18 cars

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axle construction that absorbs all road shocks and insures safety and comfort at all times, ample room and real comfort for five grown people, and auxiliary arm chairs in the tonneau for two extra passengers, that slide under the rear seat when not in use; and the most accessible chassis throughout of any motor car built.

See these wonderful "Made-in-Canada" cars now. An investigation and demonstration will convince you of their exceptional value—of the luxury and distinction of appointments and appearance that make Studebaker cars the preferred types among people of refinement and discrimination.

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SIX Landau Roadster - - - - -	1785
SIX Every-Weather Car - - - -	1870
SIX Touring Sedan - - - - -	2245
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SIX Limousine - - - - -	3430

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She Couldn't Go Her Corns Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again. How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Other millions of men and women have found relief this way. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours. New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns. Many tests conducted by experts show that the first application removes 91 per cent. Stubborn cases require a second or third treatment. Why wait longer? Why suffer?

BAUER & BLACK,
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Makers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c at
Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion
Plasters

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 246.

me on the deck without a sign, it would make it almost certain that my identification of them was the mere delusion of a madman.

They were coming down the deck toward us now. Rapidly the distance was narrowed to ten paces—to five, now we were almost face to face. And how I searched those faces with an eagerness that must almost have cried aloud from my agonized eyes!

For an instant her glance rested on my face. A very faint flush colored her cheeks, her finely marked, expressive brows moved a little with disdainful annoyance under my undisguised stare. And that was all.

They were gone! In her mind I figured at this moment simply as an underbred, impertinent young person who stared in an unmannerly way at pretty girls.

The doctor's strong, steady arm locked itself in mine to give me support, and Heaven knows I needed it. I walked on stiffly like an automaton. When we came opposite our chairs I stopped, but the doctor, with a light pressure on my arm, signified that I was to keep on walking.

"Not again," I said, "I can't do it again."

"Think a minute," said he. "Think how your appearance must be changed. You look like a true Frenchman; you are walking with one whose nationality cannot be denied. You have a French name on the passenger list."

"Don't look at them when we meet them again, but talk; talk to me, casually, about anything at all. Tell me how you escaped from Dr. Berry's asylum, or how you played the piano at Coney Island. And talk in English," he added after a moment's pause. "I had nearly forgotten that detail myself."

Again they were approaching us.

"Don't look at them," he repeated to me. "Trust me for that."

Somehow, I do not know how, I managed to rally my faculties for this second ordeal. I felt myself moving forward with the casual gait of a mere stroller upon the deck. I found myself talking in English, though I have no idea at all what it was I said. Again the distance narrowed between us. Still my voice kept its even, casual conversational accent.

Owing to the direction of the wind, they had come within two paces of us before the sound of my voice fairly reached their ears. When it did, they stopped with one accord, and now it was they who stared, stared as if it had been the figure of one long dead that stood before them. I did not look, could not look, for the whole world was whirling around me in a mad reel.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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H. V. F. JONES, Ass't Gen'l. Manager



JOHN AIRD, General Manager
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CAPITAL PAID UP, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVE YOUR MONEY

and thus help Canada to do her share in the Great War.

INTEREST ALLOWED AT 3% PER ANNUM ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS OF \$1 AND UPWARDS AT ANY BRANCH OF THE BANK

The gentle compulsion of the doctor's arm walked me on, and in a second we had passed them. He has told me since, though I find it difficult to believe it, that my voice never broke, that the even flow of my narrative never faltered until they were out of hearing behind us.

"Well," said the doctor as we dropped into our chairs again, "that is settled! Those people know you—the real you that we are trying to find."

For once his quiet professional reserve had melted. There was a thrill of excitement in his voice which matched my own. Presently; however, he undertook to moderate a little the transports of hope which the look in my face and the excited inflection of my voice betrayed.

"Don't promise yourself too much," he said. "Don't think that this mystery of yours is going to be solved in the twinkling of an eye. To do that is simply to court disappointment."

"But they know me," I insisted vehemently. "You yourself admit as much. You cannot believe that they would refuse to tell."

He made no reply, and after a moment of silence, I went on:

"Unless you believe that they, like the Dugglebys, are among the number of my enemies, unless you believe that that girl—a girl who looks out on the world with those eyes—could bear a deliberate part in the conspiracy to rob me of myself, and that's unthinkable."

Still he was silent.

"Isn't it unthinkable?" said I.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but it is not the only alternative."

"I can conceive of no other," said I.

"It is possible," he said quickly, "that this Mr. Heatherfield and his daughter regard you, in turn, as one of their enemies."

"How could that be?" I demanded.

"When I know that," he said gravely, "I shall know your secret. At any rate," he went on, "you can hardly go to this gentleman and ask him if he will not be good enough to tell you your own name. The situation requires tact and some slight preliminary acquaintance. Remember, too, that we expect to land within a few hours."

The course we finally agreed upon was that I should wait for a chance to approach Mr. Heatherfield when he was alone, and begin a conversation with him after the manner of casual deck acquaintances. If I should succeed in doing this and should find him kindly disposed toward me, then I might tell him as much of my story as was necessary and ask him my great question.

Of course, it was indispensable to such a program that I should approach him at a moment when his daughter was not at his side. The two seemed to be absolutely inseparable, and one after



*A rush of live steam—
a flood of boiling water—
and the varnish wasn't harmed!*

THIS is one of those astonishing Valspar stories that come in our mail almost every day.

Essexville, Mich., March 8, 1915
Messrs. Valentine & Company,
New York City.
Dear Sirs:—Last summer I built a residence for myself. The floors and new work are all oak and after having such success with Valspar on my boats, I thought it would be just the thing for our "house" the inside finish.

I gave the floors two coats of Valspar. Some little time after we moved in this fall, when letting the air out of one of the radiators (we have a hot-water heating system) I broke the valve off and the result was that a stream of almost boiling water came out and ran all over the floors and covered them with two inches of very hot water. *This water was so hot and made so much steam in the rooms, that it caused the wall-paper to come off in some places.*

This water stood on the floors until we could get it mopped up, so hot you could not touch the cloths, towels, etc., which we used in soaking up the water. I thought sure our floors were ruined, but it never hurt them a particle. I would not have believed that any varnish could stand anything like that without turning white.

I saw this myself, so there is no chance for a dispute.

Taking into consideration the slight extra cost, I would advise anyone to use Valspar if they want a finish that will stand almost anything.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN R. COTTER.

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VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Read the letter opposite about the Valspar that was drenched with *live steam*, drowned in *scalding water*—and was none the worse for the experience!

Tell your architect to specify Valspar, the absolute washable varnish, all through your house, inside and out.

Be sure you get **Valspar**. If your paint or hardware dealer does not carry Valspar, write us direct and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

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Oxo Cubes are also a splendid safeguard against the little ailments which give mothers such anxiety. A daily cup of Oxo during the long dark winter months will ward off many a chill, and lessen the danger of being exposed to damp, inclement weather.

An Oxo Cube in a cup of hot milk is a nourishing and easily-digested diet. For delicate and anæmic children it is invaluable.

A Cube to a Cup

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes

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The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

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another of the precious hours crept away, driving me almost into a frenzy of impatience as they denied me the precious opportunity I sought.

Well along in the afternoon, however, when the sight of our tender approaching from the harbor at Cherbourg almost drove me to disregard the doctor's advice and chance everything on more drastic measures, at the final moment the opportunity came.

She left him to go in search of something and would doubtless be back almost before I could begin the conversation I hoped to draw him into. He was standing at the rail, gazing landward with thoughtful eyes—troubled eyes, I imagined—in an abstraction which it seemed an impertinence to break. Indeed, I took my place at the rail beside him without his appearing aware of my presence.

"There is some compensation for our stormy voyage in a day like this," said I.

The sound of my voice and my presence there at his elbow seemed to startle him.

The look he cast at me brought vividly to my memory the doctor's hypothesis that they might regard me as an enemy. He barely answered my question with a curt monosyllable and turned as if to move away, but I had too much at stake to be easily discouraged.

"It is rather tantalizing, though, this pleasant day," I went on, "coming right at the end of the voyage as it does. It only serves to show us how many opportunities for pleasant acquaintanceship we have lost."

He wheeled upon me, dignified, irate, formidable.

"There are some of us, sir," said he, "who neither lament those lost opportunities, as you term them, nor desire to make up for them now."

His meaning was too pointed to be disregarded, yet in my despair at the thought of letting them go away out of my knowledge, carrying my secret with them, I made one more attempt. I dropped all pretense at merely casual conversation.

"I hope, sir," said I very gravely, "that you are not among those who feel that way, at least, as regards myself. I have a most serious reason for wishing to become acquainted with you."

He gave me a long, searching look. Suspicion was fully alight in his eyes now, and anger spoke in the tones of his deep voice.

"If you do not know me already," he said—"if you are, indeed, the stranger to me that you wish to appear—then permit me to tell you that you are an impertinent intruder. If, on the other hand," and now, though he lowered his voice, anger spoke louder in it than it had before—yes, and dread, too—"you are the man who I suspect you to be, a

man who knows me well, then let me tell you that I know you also—know you for the coward and knave that you are."

"*Monsieur*," said I, "my impertinence and my intrusion I can scarcely deny. It is so if you regard it so." He was looking at me with a puzzled expression that caused me to interrupt myself.

The next moment I realized that in my excitement I was speaking in French instead of English. I apologized, and repeated my words in a language he could understand.

"As to my being a coward and a knave," I concluded, "you can only have applied such terms to me under a serious misapprehension. For my intrusion, since it has seemed such to you, I make you my apology."

As I turned away to leave him, I found myself standing face to face with his daughter. The look in her eyes was troubled. The same tragic hint which I had seen in them the night she rode with Duggleby in the cab was intensified to the point where it was unmistakable. She was looking at her father, however, not at me, and she returned the grave bow with which I took my leave of them, with an air of abstraction which made it appear almost unconscious.

I had returned to my steamer-chair and was in the act of reporting to the doctor the complete failure of my attempt, when he checked me with an imperative signal. Turning, I saw her coming toward us. Her manner made it plain that she was coming to speak to me, so I rose and went to meet her.

"I am afraid we owe you an apology, *monsieur*," she said, "or perhaps not so much an apology as an explanation. My father—" She hesitated an instant and glanced behind her in evident fear, lest he should come upon us in conversation together, then she went on more collectedly: "My father has had many troubles of late—troubles heavier than a man of his age should be called upon to endure. He believes he owes them, or many of them, to a man whom we thought—whom I, at least, thought—dead."

Her voice quivered a little over the word, and it was with obvious difficulty that she got it under control again.

"You have reminded my father—yes, and me, too—somewhat strongly of that man."

Her eyes were widening as she looked at me. Evidently the resemblance was growing stronger as she spoke. She turned abruptly away.

"I am afraid," she said, "that that resemblance may have caused you some embarrassment. I hope," she concluded breathlessly, "that this explanation will serve for an apology."

Had I been the cool, collected man I

wished to be, I never would have uttered the question that rose to my lips; but standing there, face to face with her, her voice thrilling me with every word it uttered, I was far from cool.

"If," said I, "I were indeed that man you thought dead—"

She turned to me, her eyes blazing with the fire of anger.

"If you were that man—" she said, and then interrupted herself sharply. By sheer will-power she got her voice under control again and forced a smile to her lips.

"I am afraid," she said, "I was very near repeating the offense I came to apologize for, but I will not make you suffer a second time for a chance resemblance of which you are as innocent as I. You will pardon us, *monsieur*?"

Before I could force an answer to my lips she was gone, and I—I was left in a daze indeed. I had found her, my dream-girl. Every inflection of her beautiful voice doubled the strong assurance I possessed already.

I had found her! She was she and I was I, and yet if that were true I was her enemy. No, not I; perhaps the lost man I had been.

Standing there with my elbows on the rail, I buried my face in my hands, but at last I roused myself.

"Thank God for the French doctor!" said I. His strong, cool intelligence was the only stable thing in all my universe.

(To be continued)

Press-Agenting a Paganini

Continued from page 239.

the rush of the storm—the audience beside itself with excitement bursting into an ovation the like of which never before had been heard within the walls of the concert hall.

Overcome by this, the culminating episode of an eventful day, Isaacs staggered back into the artists' room and, weak as a child, sank into a chair. The din still kept up. Now and then it stopped and he heard the violin again—encore after encore. Then there was a mere flicker, a few sporadic handclaps, and he knew the lights had been turned down and the audience forced to disperse.

In the artists' room sat Isaacs, his eyes fixed on the door. It opened and closed like a flash, and before him stood the virtuoso, lank and pale, his emaciated form in clothes of old-fashioned and eccentric cut, long talon-like hands clutching, one the violin, the other the bow, the thin chin resting on a huge stock, the hawk-like nose exaggerated out of all proportion, the black hair draped over his head and rolling over his shoulders like a pall. Monti? No! Paganini—the living counterpart of the daguerreotype! The apparition strode



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CANADIAN NORTHERN

toward Isaacs. It was quite close now. He felt a cold breath as if from the presence of the dead. A hand reached out and touched his face. It was like a lump of ice.

A shiver passed through Isaacs. He fought to rise from the chair. Suddenly, in the warm, brilliantly lighted artists' room, he saw the conductor, an empty glass in his hand, standing before him.

"Are you all right now, Mr. Isaacs? They wanted to send for a doctor, but I knew a dash of cold water would bring you around. I guess the excitement was too much for you. No wonder. It's been a marvelous night, marvelous!"

The room was crowded with orchestra players who were striving excitedly to wring the virtuoso's hand. Isaacs still was somewhat dazed, but the sight of the man from the box office with a big tin box in his hand restored him to his senses.

"A record house, Mr. Isaacs," said the man, "and we're sold out for the whole series!"

Just then the blond critic pushed his way through the crowd. "Isaacs," he cried out in his enthusiasm, "that story you sent us about Monti being Paganini come to life again—it's true, man, every word of it. Look at him, listen to him. I'm going to print it in the morning. By the way, I hear you've had a turn. How are you?"

"Oh, I guess I'm all right," Isaacs answered cheerfully. The big tin box, the story promised for the morning, would have raised him from the dead.

At last the excitement began to subside. The critic hurried off, followed by the conductor. The orchestra players withdrew to the nearest temple of Gambrinus.

Isaacs and Monti were alone, the latter now full of life and his eyes shining, as his manager emptied the big box and began counting the money. When Isaacs had figured up the receipts he counted off a thousand dollars, shoved the bills over to the violinist and stuffed a bigger wad into his own pocket. As he did so he felt a curious tingling sensation in the palm of his right hand. Glancing down he saw what looked like an irritated pin prick with a thin brownish circle around it.

"Monti," he said, looking at the virtuoso, you're a great one for sure. Paganini died twenty-five years before I was born. But I've heard him tonight; yes, and seen him; seen him right here in this room. But don't you never stick no more dope needles into me again! Savey?"

During 1916 Canada imported food-stuffs to the value of \$60,000,000, an increase of nearly 70 per cent. over 1915. Her exports amounted to \$450,000,000, an increase of about 50 per cent.

When the Sap Begins to Stir

Continued from page 241.

the trees can be carried out at a time, too, when other work is not pressing.

What is even more to be regretted than the neglect to utilize to a greater extent than now a potential source of profit is the fact, that so much of the maple products which are placed on the market are of such poor quality, due to lack of care in gathering and making.

One firm in Canada last year purchased half a million pounds of maple sugar in one district, and of this total only ten per cent. was of No. 1 quality, and half of the total was No. 4. If anywhere near all the available trees were tapped, and, all of the product brought up to No. 1 grade, the total returns from maple products might be made to run up to \$8,000,000.

In the United States nearly fifty million pounds of sugar or its equivalent in syrup is produced annually and the business of making sugar extends from the Atlantic coast to Missouri and from the Canadian border south to the Carolinas. New York state alone produces a million gallons of syrup annually.

The labor and capital involved in the production of maple sugar, pound for pound, is very much less than the other kinds of sugar and the market price is higher.

The Soul of Maraite

Continued from page 249.

of the breadfruit shut out a wide space of westering gold. Certainly, there would be no callers to-day.

It was just as she was beginning to regret the wearing of that lacy muslin without due cause that she saw a rickshaw padding up the road, bearing a cloud of pale blue under a bobbing parasol. She preened herself and felt her hair. She did not know that dress. It must be a steamer passenger—some friend of Harvey's people.

The rickshaw rattled up, paused, dismissed its burden, and trotted on again, the Indian coolie wearing a face of dissatisfaction that seemed somehow connected with the coin he had just pouched.

Gladys, standing up to receive the visitor, saw in the first glance that her dress was hand-painted muslin and that the flowers in her hat were the kind she herself only bought singly and sparingly for a best evening frock. In the second, she saw that the hair under the hat was dark-red and dyed. This somewhat counteracted the feeling of depression naturally excited by the smart dress, and she fixed her eyes firmly on the visitor's face. It was

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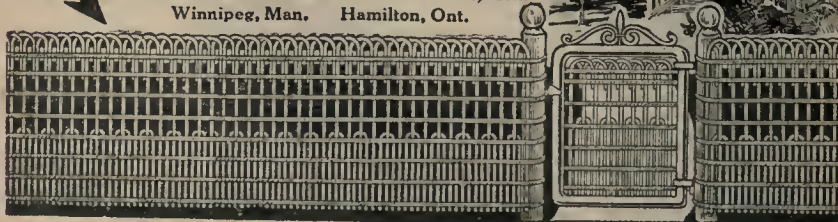
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large, handsome, brown-eyed, fresh-cheeked and coarse. She did not like it, but she was none the less pleased to have a new and "stylish" acquaintance. "You are looking for Mr. Jamieson?" she asked, by way of opening conversation.

The visitor, in reply, walked across the veranda, picked out the best basket chair at a glance, sat down in it and crossed her legs.

"Yes, I am," she said.

Gladys thought her rather rude, and sat very upright in her own chair, with her hands formally crossed on her lap.

"You have come from the steamer, I suppose? Did you have a good passage?"

"Yes." The visitor was looking at her, scanning her from topknot to French heel, with a scrutiny that Gladys felt to be very ungentle.

"I don't expect Mr. Jamieson in till six. I am Mrs. Jamieson."

The visitor got up, and began strolling up and down the veranda, with her hands behind her back.

"Yes, I heard Harvey had some one living with him here. That's why I came," she said.

Gladys jumped to her feet with a stamp that shook the boards.

"Are you mad?" she cried.

The other took a pearl cardcase out of her hand bag, and handed it to Gladys. Opening it, the girl drew out a sheaf of cards. "Mrs. Harvey Jamieson," "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jamieson."

"My cards! Where in the nyme of goodness—" she began, white and choking.

"Your cards!" said the visitor, walking over to the tea tray and pouring herself out a cup. "Your cards? Your teapot, I suppose—your china—your house! Why, confound you, any other woman would have been pulling the hair off your head by now but me—I always was a good-natured fool. Wait till my husband comes home, and I'll give it to him! If I did go off with the Royston-Barrett Company for a couple of years to see a bit more of life than you can see in dead-and-alive Australia, I never thought he'd have the impudence to set up another establishment in the Maroros, right in the face of everyone. One doesn't always want to know everything the men are up to when your back's turned—but this is just a bit too—cool!"

She helped herself to a piece of cake, unasked, and began eating.

Gladys felt as if she were going mad. The situation with which she was faced was one she had met a hundred times in her favorite novels. The other woman struck a tragic attitude, and said, "I am his wife!" and the wronged one cried out, "Then what am I?" and there was an imposing scene, and later on, some one died, and things were

made comfortable all round. . . . Bits of these reminiscences floated through her mind like wreckage on a tossing sea. But she could not think. She was cold in all the burning heat—her breast was throbbing hysterically—she wanted to scream—to tear— Was it her tea service that the creature was handling—her silver basket that she was pulling about?

The cloud that was darkening her faculties broke, spread, shredded away. She snatched the silver ornament from the kid-gloved hands that held it.

"Let go my kike basket, you—you—you wicked woman!" she cried.

The stranger actually laughed. She walked to the rear of the house, and called a native. Gladys heard her say:

"Here, you! I don't know your lingo—but you go to where Mr. Jamieson is, and bring him here—quick!—or I'll have the hide cut off your back!"

"Will you go!" screamed Gladys, following round to the cook-house side, her face scarlet with rage. She did not believe a word the wicked thing said. But she felt almost as sick as she had felt the day Harvey took her out turtle-fishing in a dinghy, and her knees seemed to be made of melting jelly.

"Not much!" said the creature, walking into Gladys's bedroom and proceeding to take off her hat at the glass. "You go, if you like, you little—Married? Oh, you don't come that over me—Harvey's no angel, but he isn't quite up to bigamy. I dare say you've told the people here that yarn. You needn't tell me."

"I'm married—you wicked, wicked thing! Married in Perth at the registrar's a year ago last Saturday! I—I wonder God don't strike you dead for standing there sying—"

Gladys was sobbing now so that she could hardly speak. Oh, why did not her man come to defend her?

"Got your certificate, of course?" said the other, laying down her hat and selecting a few hairpins from Gladys's box.

The girl turned yellow white. She had not. She had not asked Harvey anything about a certificate; she thought it was vulgar to bother about your "marriage lines"—only charwomen and dock laborers' wives did that, and she wanted to be "refined" above everything. Besides, the registry marriage—hasty and unpremeditated like so many Australian weddings—had not seemed to have anything to do with such things as certificates. They had had a train to catch, and a boat immediately after—there had been such a rush—and no witnesses except the two clerks— One could get a copy of the register by post—in about four months' time—

She stared open-mouthed before her tormentor like the Lost Soul in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment."



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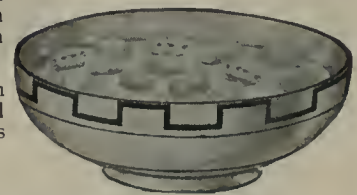
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"Got a newspaper report of the wed-
ding, photos, or such?" went on the
woman, dabbing powder—Gladys's
powder—on her nose.

Gladys dropped down on her bed and
went into hysterics.

The woman walked out onto the ver-
anda again quite composedly, and pour-
ed herself out more tea. She gave the
cockatoo in its cage a piece of cake.

"Talk, pretty cocky? Why don't
you talk?" she said.

"Ow, ow, ow! hup! ha, ha, ha!" went
Gladys from the bedroom.

When Harvey Jamieson's horse pull-
ed up, scrambling and sliding, before
the house, the stranger was ready to re-
ceive him at the front veranda steps.

"How do, Harvey?" was her greeting.
"I've got several crows to pluck with
you, my boy."

From within the bedroom came a sub-
dued wailing. Gladys had not heard
the arrival. The master of the house
made no more noise than he could help
mounting the steps. He was a big, bur-
ly, sandy man with effective gray eyes,
and, on ordinary occasions, an equally
effective swagger, but he looked small
and mean as he crept across the echoing
boards to a quiet corner and motioned
the woman to follow him.

"My oath, Bell," he faltered, taking
off his helmet and dabbing his wet fore-
head confusedly. "My oath, I thought
you were—"

"No, my lad, you didn't," said Bell
composedly. "Oh, no, you didn't think
I was dead."

"Well, I like that," he blustered
weakly. "Didn't I read your death
notice in the papers? Name and place
and all?"

"Oh, I don't mind allowing I was
wrong there," confessed Bell cheerfully.
"You see, I knew you were so set on me
you might have followed me up, after I
gave you the slip to go on the stage.
That's why I did that—it seemed safe
enough, in England, and I was angry
enough with you not to want to see you
again—you know why——"

"I swear she——"
"Oh, she's ancient history now. You
always were the same. But somehow
you suited me, Harvey, and I'm not
sorry to see your sandy old head again.
But to go back, you know, don't tell me
you thought I was dead, because——"

"What?"

"I saw you at the theatre that night
in Colombo—when everyone thought
you were on the road in the Northern
Territory. I won't ask what you were
doing there. But I saw you—and I
rather fancy you didn't make any mis-
takes about who I was. Yes, I know
that death notice would save you from
prosecution for bigamy, if you really
were fool enough—which I don't be-
lieve——"

"I did!" said the man, raising his
voice in his excitement. "Don't you
think anything else, Bell! I married her
in a registry office. She's a good little
kid and wouldn't have looked at me
without—I did marry her."

"Oh, no, you didn't," said Bell calm-
ly. "You went through a form—or you
say you did—that you know meant
nothing. Whether you did or didn't,
you weren't and aren't married to her
for a single minute—and you knew it."

"Harvey! Harvey!" croaked a hoarse
little voice at his elbow. Gladys had
heard and had risen. "Harvey! tell me
she's sying lies—send her away—she
says— Oh, my goodness grycious!"
She beat her hands together and began
jumping up and down on the boards.
"Oh, my grycious, what am I going to
do? O Lord, let me die strite awye!
It's true!"

"O Lord!" echoed the man, looking
at her disheveled little form with a
dawning disgust, "Look here, Gladys.
I didn't know——"

"You did," corrected Bell.

"I never meant——"

"You did mean— Leave her to me,
Harvey; you're not half a man—you
can take your fun, but you can't face
the music when it comes to paying for
it. Here, you— I don't know your
name, but my husband has made a fool
of you. He's made a fool of lots of
others and you'd best make up your
mind to clear back to where you came
from and forget all about him—you
feathered your nest well enough, I dare
say, but I'll let him give you your pas-
sage money home. He and I will settle
matters between us about all this by
and by. I've left the stage for good,
Harvey; it didn't appreciate me the way
it ought to have, and you can get your
company to transfer you to Queensland
or somewhere civilized. You needn't
think I'd stop up here! And after this,
my boy, you run on a string for the rest
of your days, don't you forget it. Oh,
I've scores to settle with you, but that
can wait. In the meantime, fork out
her passage home, and let's get rid of
her—she——"

"Harvey! Harvey!" cried Gladys
despairingly. A clatter of hoofs answer-
ed her. During Bell's long speech he
had edged back to the steps, seized the
bridle of his still waiting horse, and
sprung into the saddle, shouting:

"Must go back to the fields till knock-
off time—back by and by—arrange
everything when I——" The hoof beats
died away down the road.

Bell burst into unrestrained laughter.
"Harvey all over!" she said. "One
thing's clear enough, whether you knew
it or not he's evidently tired of you. I
was the only one he never did tire of.
Well, what are you going to do?"

No creature so feeble but owns a re-
serve of strength somewhere. Under

the shifty, scared glances of her natural protector, Gladys had still remained weak. Under the cool stare of her woman enemy, she grew strong.

"I'm going—you bad, wicked woman!" she said. "I wouldn't spend a dye nor a night in the house again. I hope God'll punish you and him!"

Upheld by that suddenly won strength, she went into the house, washed her face, put up her hair, put on her hat. She passed her rival without a look, and went out onto the road. The lengthening shadows of the evening fell low among the palms, and absorbed the small white figure in their dance of light and shade.

In Karela the, chief town of the Maroro Islands, talk about the Jamieson affair ran high as a river in flood time of the rains. It lasted but a little while, however, for on the return call of the steamer, some few days later, Jamieson and his wife packed up their goods, took their passages to Brisbane, and were seen no more. Before he went, Jamieson sent Gladys a check; she tore it into little pieces and threw them at the messenger—and Jamieson did not send again.

Gladys went first of all to the hotel for a night, and afterwards to a little tin shanty near the native quarter of the town. She was sure that everybody would see her side of the case, and pity her, and for a few days she was nobly upborne by her determination to begin life over again and show "those two" that she did not suffer and would not care. She gave out that she would take in washing; she bought soap and starch and a few tubs on credit from the store, and living no one knew how, waited for custom.

It did not come. Nothing came; no one came. Gladys was "dropped."

Mrs. Jamieson's statement had been believed. Nobody credited Gladys's marriage. A girl who had such very yellow hair and overdressed so terribly and gave herself such "airs" in the days of her prosperity—a girl who never produced her marriage certificate when the truth was questioned, who hadn't a wedding photograph or present to show, who seemed to be nothing and nobody, so far as anyone knew—how was one to credit the impossible story of such a girl? Karela did not credit it. The little tin house on the hot main road was avoided as if it had harbored smallpox.

Gladys stood it with the innate pluck that is the salt of the Australian character, set her small teeth and determined to worry through. She went to the native lines and took home jobs of dressmaking for the Indian and half-caste women. She lived on mealie porridge and stopped "doing" her

hair and there were no stockings inside her canvas shoes. But she was sure things would come right. She was "nice" whatever people might think—she was good and they would find it out.

One afternoon a white woman came to her door at last. Gladys almost burst out crying as she saw the parasol bobbing up the walk. She ran to open a tin of cake that she had hoarded through hungry days; she lit the broken-down oil stove and put on the kettle for tea. Then she brushed her hair up above her forehead into a becoming wave and came out to the veranda, her cheeks red with excitement.

The visitor inspected her keenly, then, seemingly pleased with what she saw, smiled and stretched out an expensively gloved hand. Gladys did not know who she was. Maroro was a small place, and she had thought she knew every woman in it, but this one she had never seen. She did not remember the worn but handsome face, the extremely pink complexion half concealed by a white lace veil, the tall, smartly dressed figure. Who in Karela owned such silk, such lace, such feathers: who had such jewelry? And who, of all the women in this uncharitable, un-Christian place, was now sitting on her veranda, holding out the hand of friendship?

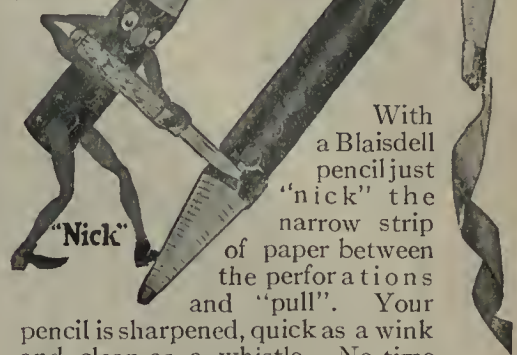
The visitor flung back her veil and smiled, with handsome, painted lips. Then she spoke.

Of what happened next, Gladys never had any clear remembrance. She could only recall the crash of the rickety front door, seldom closed, as it banged behind her skirts—the echo of loud, mocking, indescribably wicked laughter sounding on the veranda outside and then away down the road. She was conscious of herself, a long time afterwards, sitting on the edge of her makeshift bed, curiously cold in spite of the burning sun that was crisping the leaves of the mango trees outside; curiously calm also. She was saying one thing over and over: "The limit—that's the limit."

That small, untrained, uncultured soul had no knowledge of its own processes of thought. Gladys of the yellow hair did not know that she struggled with a racial tragedy all the burning afternoon; nor that, when the dusk and the dew came down together, and the locusts lifted up their sunset song in the frangipani trees, she had laid down her arms and turned her back on her race. For her a thousand eons of evolution were wiped out between the waning and the setting of that day's sun; back across the ages swung the tormented little soul, by so much nearer now to the eft and the dragon of the primeval slime, as Liliku of the splendid

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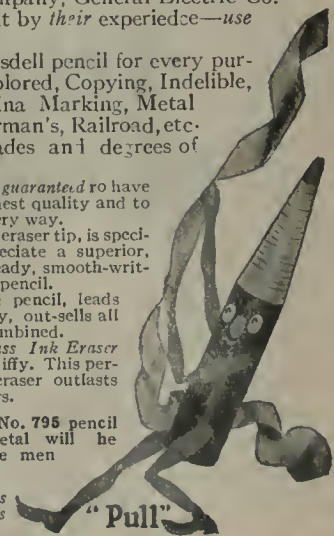
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figure and apelike, prognathous jaw was nearer to them than she.

She only knew that she had done with the white as the white had done with her, and that, when the moon came up, she was going to take horse and ride—for Liliku's town.

The Maroran native missionary who lived down the road was not well pleased to be wakened up by the insignificant white woman of whom no one took account—nor was his fat godly wife gratified to see the dress she had ordered from Gladys for next Sunday's wear, hanging on the slight limbs of Gladys herself. What was the white woman doing in a native smock, with all her hair over her shoulders and no shoes on her feet, like a Maroran? What did she want with the teacher's horse that she was come in the middle of the night to hire him?

Gladys had little to say, and nothing at all to tell. She wanted the horse. She was keeping the dress. They would be paid for both, and they need ask her nothing more.

Grumbling and sleepy, they gave in, and the horse thudded away down the road, bearing on its back a small, slight figure in a native dress, riding native fashion, astride. Only the streaming golden hair told, in the moonlight, that the woman was white.

Two days after, at sunset, a mounted messenger from the inland ranges rode by the teacher's door, and flung a packet of green banana leaf over the threshold as he passed. The teacher's wife opened it, and gasped with wonder when she saw a roll of good "government" gold inside. Wrapped about the gold was a fragment of native tappa cloth, with a few words written on it in the Maroran tongue:

"For the price of the horse and the price of the dress. Liliku."

Two years after, a party of distinguished tourists, journeying through the islands, halted at a mountain town where a dance was to be held in their honor. Pigs were killed, yams and bananas piled in mighty heaps for the travelers, dainty native sweets of coconut and taro and sugar cane brought by the armful. On the green, before the huge, beehive houses that cast pyramidal shadows in the moonlight, the travelers sat upon piles of fine mats and watched the youths and maidens of the village swaying their flower-garlanded limbs to the intoxicating throb of the island drum, while a chorus of trained singers, somewhat apart, gave voice to all the savagery and romance of the wild South Seas in booming, brazen-throated war choruses of the cannibal days.

The distinguished tourists were pleased.

"It's worth coming half round the world to see," pronounced the most



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 To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario

"A Vegetable Garden for Every Home"



IN this year of supreme effort Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Greater production is a vital necessity. Everyone with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

Four Patriotic Reasons For Growing Vegetables

1—It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables, thus being an effective means of thrift, leaving your money free for purposes more directly helpful to the cause.
2—It helps to lower the "High cost of living."
3—By increasing production your vegetable garden helps to enlarge the urgently needed

surplus of produce for export to the Motherland and her allies.

4—Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves several hours' labor of some worker somewhere whose effort at this critical time should be expended upon producing food for export, or upon other vital war work.

Multiply your effort by the number of available garden plots in cities, towns and villages all over Ontario and the significance of vegetable production as a form of patriotic thrift becomes one of startling importance to the country!

The Department of Agriculture Will Help You

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing. Manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Organizations are invited to arrange for instructive talks by local practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure a local speaker the Department of Agriculture will, on request, endeavor to send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate interest by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers or by supplying expert advice in the field.

Send for Literature.

To every one interested in vegetable growing the Department of Agriculture will, on receipt of request, send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop.

A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin.—The waste from the average table would support a small flock of hens. They are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings, Toronto



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distinguished of all, who owned a title and had a yacht and had enjoyed most of the pleasant things available to the rich and well born in all quarters of the civilized world. "Well worth it. The ancestral savage in us calling, I suppose—that's what makes one enjoy this bit of 'looking backward,'"

"The South Seas are the place for romance, after all," agreed his neighbor. "Did you hear of the Forbidden Town? We are only a few miles from it, up here."

"What is it? And why is it forbidden?"

"It's the town of the greatest chief in Maroro, who married a white woman some years ago—"

"A white woman! Was she made, or bad, or what?"

"Oh, I don't know—both, perhaps—anyhow, she was very pretty and she had some quarrel with the whites, so she married this Liliku—married by a black Wesleyan pastor, with all the island ceremonies—and she dresses native fashion and eats on the floor and never goes beyond the town. And neither he nor she will let a white person in; they set a guard at every entrance when there are any whites heard to be about."

"A curious story! Nothing like the islands for strange tales. If we hadn't to catch that boat to-morrow—but we have. Anyhow it would be playing it rather low down to try and get in. Some time, if we make another trip to Maroro, one might approach judiciously. Got a light?"

It was scarcely a year later when the distinguished traveler, back in Maroro on a honeymoon journey with an equally distinguished bride, found himself once more at the village that had given the dance. His bride, who was anxious to see the heroine of the Forbidden Town and little used to brook any crossing of her wishes, ordered the guides to be ready to take them on next day to the place where the white woman lived.

"No good," said the man, squatting down on the ground in sign of humility. "No white woman he stop. Long time he go finish."

"What does he mean?" asked the bride.

"He means that the white woman is dead. She does not seem to have stood it very long. I suppose one can't wonder," said the distinguished traveler.

"You like go see grave belong to him—very good grave?" asked the guide. "No stop along town that grave, stop along bush—Liliku he no see, suppose you go."

"Yes, we'll go," said the bride. It was late in the afternoon when they came to the place of the tomb. Liliku had built an immense cairn of white coral concrete over the place where the yellow-haired woman rested;

but there was no European inscription on it, nor was there any cross, or rail, or wreath of immortelle. On the face of the great white pyramid, "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold" by struggling sunset rays enlaced among the palms, was one word only:

MARAITE.

The white wife laid her hand upon her white husband's arm.

"Take me away from here," she said. "There is too much shadow. . . I feel cold."

Railroading to Recruiting

Continued from page 252.

six month's full salary after going overseas. J. S. Dennis, assistant to the president, who, as the railway and government know, is doing so much for the allied cause, has led a series of recruiting meetings to the employees of labor. Another prominent official has headed a donation for the 191st band fund by a very substantial cheque.

There are many discouragements in the business of recruiting. "When I worked on the business end of a newspaper," said Captain Rankin, "I used to think it was difficult work to sell advertising, but it is nothing to getting recruits. In selling advertising, you are giving a man something tangible for his money, but in getting recruits you are asking a man, not only to give up much, but there is always lurking in the rear the probable possibility of his having to give up his life. The average man is willing to serve his country and die for it too, when the time comes, but the great problem for the majority to decide, is when this psychological moment has arrived. Many men are dissuaded from enlistment because their women-folk are not willing to give them up, and hesitate to assume the responsibility of a family."

Captain Rankin is a man of varied experience and a wide traveller. He has been connected with railways in Cuba, British Guiana, Jamaica and the Isthmus of Panama. Born in Montreal, he comes of a well known Canadian family, back to the days of French seigneuries. His mother, now an old lady of eighty, still lives in Montreal. Two brothers, Major Allan Rankin, of the A.M.C., a scientist and specialist in bacteriology, is in France and Lieut. Ernest Rankin is in the motor boat patrol of the Royal Navy.

Disabled Canadian Soldiers

Continued from page 256.

It has been wisely decided that no man shall forfeit any part of his pension on account of his industry and enterprise in improving his own financial position.

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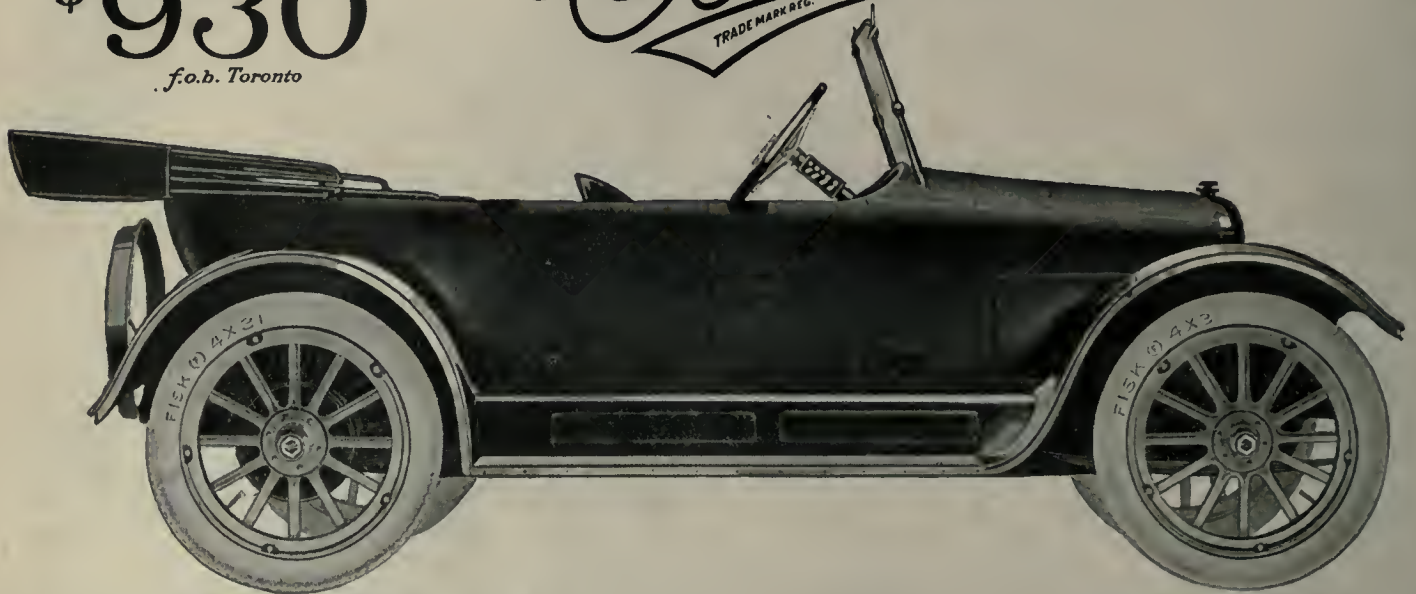
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\$ **930**
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It has good style—built low with harmonious and full sweeping body lines. It is a beautiful car in every sense of the word.

The motor is powerful, quiet and of sturdy construction. The turning radius is short. The car has a quick acceleration and is built to tour safely and comfortably from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

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Next Month's Issue.

BEGINNING with the May issue CANADA MONTHLY will devote two pages each month to editorials on topics of timely interest.

The leading article is by Robert J. C. Stead, a frequent contributor to this magazine, who is an authority on the West and its problems. He shows among other things why there is bound to be a rush for land in Western Canada after the war which will be unprecedented in history.

Elliott Flower contributes a short story under the title "An Unappreciated Comedy," which will hold your interest from the first paragraph. It tells of a girl accused of theft and of her revenge upon her employer.

There is a type of man who is always complaining about his health, who actually gets a secret pleasure in his assumed martyrdom. In "Uncle Solon's Stomach," Mary Eaton Vorse has given us a humorous picture of such a man.

In "The Night Run," Madge Macbeth has written one of the best "surprise stories" we have read in a long time. Don't miss it.

The concluding chapters of "The Gregory Morton Mystery" will keep you up after bed-time.

The cover will be in three colors, by the well-known artist B. Cory Kilvert.

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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy; in the United States, \$1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London: 382 Clarence Street.

Toronto: Mail Building.

New York City: 373 4th Avenue.

Chicago: 1851 Peoples' Gas Building.

HERBERT VANDERHOOF, President.

J. B. MONTGOMERY, Vice-President

SIDNEY R. COOK, Treasurer.

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Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.

Canada Monthly's School and College Directory



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Excellent Business, High School and Arts Departments. New Buildings, Large Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Rates moderate.
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A \$30 Bicycle GIVEN TO EVERY BOY

Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed, any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine Bicycle. Write for full details of our BIG GIFT OFFER to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address
CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

St. Andrew's College

Toronto FOR BOYS Canada
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS
Careful Oversight. Thorough Instruction.
Large Playing Fields. Excellent Situation.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.,
Headmaster
Calendar sent on application.

Dean Boats

Style and Safety
Speed and Comfort

If you are buying a canoe, row boat, power boat or sailing dinghy, buy the best. You will have greater satisfaction and pride in your craft, and be "money in pocket" at the end. Write to-day for NEW CATALOGUE Y, showing 1917 Dean Models and boat accessories, also sample of brass joint construction mailed FREE.

Walter Dean Canoe & Boat Co.
TORONTO, ONT.

After a Hard Day

of work or sport you can get prompt relief by rubbing the tired muscles with



Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

A bottle of Absorbine, Jr. kept handy for emergencies is excellent health and accident insurance.

Use Absorbine, Jr. wherever a high-grade liniment or a positive germicide is indicated.

\$1.00 a bottle. Druggists or postpaid.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.

512 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

The man from Punxsutawney and the man from Kokomo
Discussed the Chinese troubles, and the first said, "Don't you know, I think these Chinese names are queer enough to stop a clock."
"That's right," replied another man from fair Caucomgoc.

The man from Kokomo observed, "By ginger! that's a fac'.
That's what my brother says—he lives down here in Hackensack."
And still another stranger said the man's comment was true;
And added with a smile of pride, "My home's in Kal'mazoo."

Another man took up the strain.
"Now, down Skowhegan way
And up Ypsilanti we speak it every day.
The names are all uncivilized and heathen in their ring.
That's what I told my uncle yesterday in Ishpeming."

"Hohokus is my native town," another stranger said;
"And I think all these Chinese names the worst I ever read."
"Quite true," agreed a quiet man;
"they're certainly uncanny."
That's what my neighbors all assert in Tail Holt, Indianny."
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

"What makes you stand there watching me operate this adding machine?" asked the man in the bank.
"We have so much music out home," answered the loiterer, "that it's kind of interesting to see somebody punching a lot of keys around without starting up some kind of a tune."

Sam was reading the paper, when suddenly he snorted and addressed Mrs. Sam:

"What tomfoolery, Maria! It says here that some idiot has actually paid a thousand dollars for a dog!"

"Well, my dear, those well bred dogs are worth a lot of money, you know," answered his wife.

"Yes, of course, I know that! But a thousand dollars! Why, it's a good deal more than I am worth myself!"

"Ah, yes, Sam! But then some dogs are worth more than others, you see!"



JAEGER

For BOYS and GIRLS

Your children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Snow Outfits, Golfers, Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Raglan Camel Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, Caps, etc.



A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen System Co. Limited
 TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG
 Incorporated in England in 1883, with British Capital for the British Empire. 716

Children in these days are far more independent than were their fathers and mothers.

Mr. Gray had been away from home on business for some time, and the exact hour at which he would arrive in London was uncertain.

But his children, Jack and Molly, twins, and little fiends at that, were determined to meet him, in spite of all orders to the contrary. So they gave mother and nurse the slip, and when Mr. Gray left the train his eyes fell first upon the twins.

"Now, you two," he began angrily, "what did I tell you?"

"Oh, papa, hurry up, do!" came an excited chorus. "Don't waste time scolding. The taxi's up to eleven-and-tenpence already!"

The two ladies had been to the opera at a local theatre, and, going home in the tram, they discussed the evening's amusement.

"I think 'Lohengrin' is just splendid!" murmured the lady in the large hat, as she handed the conductor a penny for her fare.

"Do you?" asked her friend in the purple velvet, with a superior smile. "I think it's not bad; but I just love 'Carmen.'"

The conductor blushed all over his plain features.

"Sorry, miss," he murmured apologetically; "I'm married. You might try the driver, though; he's a single man!"

A farmer who had gone into scientific poultry raising hit upon the scheme of marking each egg with certain data in indelible ink. His idea was to find which variety of chickens laid best, and then, when the eggs were hatched, attach a tag to the chicken's legs. He soon found that his hired man was negligent about properly inscribing the eggs. One day not an egg was marked, and the farmer read him the riot act.

The hired man listened in sullen silence until the boss finished, then he said: "See here! You'll have to get another man!"

"Why, Jim, you're not going to leave me after working for me six years?"

"Yes, I am," returned the hired man. "I've done all sorts of odd chores for you without a whimper, but I'm durned if I'm going to stay here and be secretary to any durned hen!"

Duncan MacPherson was a hard-headed old Scot, one of the unusual kind who loved neither the kirk nor the minister. On the icy pavement he slipped and fell, and as he sat there gathering his wits, the minister, who chanced to pass, said, "Macpherson, the sinner stands on slippery ground."

"Aye," said Duncan dryly: "I see ye."

GENUINE DIAMONDS

\$1, \$2, \$3, Weekly



Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers.

Terms—\$1, \$2 or \$3 Weekly.

We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

Write to-day for Catalogue. It is free.


We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly.

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers,
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DENNISTEEL

LONDON - CANADA

UNDER this name, known from Atlantic to Pacific we market Canada's finest product in the way of Steel Lockers, Shelving, Bins, Cabinets, etc.




DENNISTEEL Equipment is used by all Canadian railroads, by Eaton's, Simpson's, Imperial Oil Company, Bell Telephone Co., Northern Electric, and hundreds of other great concerns.

Illustration shows a widely used material locker or stationary cabinet. All steel, fireproof, finished in enamel—a handsome, substantial cabinet at a moderate price. Made any size with shelves to suit. Let us send some folders.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

LONDON CANADA



You Don't Wear Your Engagement Ring on Your Right Hand

Then why use carbon paper that is the wrong finish, weight and manifolding power.


Let us prescribe the Carbon Paper that exactly fits your work—it's FREE

Just tell us what special results you wish to obtain. Also give your dealer's name. Make the usual number of carbon copies. Send us the original together with copies and sheets of carbon paper used, all in place, and we will prescribe the correct degree of ink finish, weight and manifolding power that exactly fits your needs.

With the prescription we will also send you free a SAMPLE SHEET of the carbon paper you ought to use.

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More Miles for Tires



The mileage obtainable from tires is in direct ratio with the air put into them.

If your tire lacks twenty per cent. of the air it needs it will render you twenty per cent less than the mileage it could have given you. Measure the air in your tires with a **SCHRADER Universal Tire Pressure Gauge** and get the maximum out of your tires.

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ALL THE NEATNESS AND STYLE OF THE FINEST LINEN MAY BE YOURS IN

CHALLENGE COLLARS

— THE MOST DESIRABLE WATERPROOF COLLARS ON THE MARKET

AT YOUR DEALER'S, OR DIRECT —

25c



THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, 54-56 FRASER AVE. TORONTO

Highest Award at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

Free Enlargement

With First \$1.00 Order

Films developed any size 5c; Prints 3c and 4c Post Cards 50c dozen. Send your films to

J. T. BISHOP

10 GRANGE AVENUE - TORONTO

The Advertising World of London Tells How War Has Shown Great Britain the Power of Advertising and Shows Conclusively That Business Even in Great Britain Now Can No More Be Conducted Without Advertising Than an Engine Can Run Without Steam. In the Earlier Days of the War There Were Those Who Looked Upon Advertising as a Species of Luxury that Offered the Most Favorable Opportunities for Retrenchment. They Are Not Much in Evidence Now. Read the Editorial Below:

Looking Forward

(From the January Advertising World, London)

A new year is a kind of milestone at which we all pause for a moment for a glance backward and forward.

Upon the road we traversed during 1916 our eyes will not, I think, be disposed to linger. A review of it would yield us much cause for self-congratulation, for advertising has endured the strains to which it has been subjected, in common with every other form of commercial activity, in a most admirable manner. It has shown itself to perform a function in modern trading of absolutely primary importance. There were those in the earlier days of the war who were inclined to look upon advertising as a species of luxury that offered the most favorable opportunities for retrenchment. They are not much in evidence now.

Most of them learnt in a very practical manner, and not without pain, that commercial business can no more be conducted without advertising than an engine can be run without steam.

That such a lesson should have been taught, and learnt in an unforgettable manner, is not a little to set against the many losses occasioned to the advertising business by the war.

We may with confidence go so far as to say that we see no reason for advertisers and advertising men to feel unduly fearful of what this year may have in store for them. Every one of the signs points to a continuance and even an increase of advertising enterprise during the coming months. Operations may be conditioned by difficulties of obtaining various kinds of advertising material, space, paper, printing, etc., but they are not at all likely to be restricted as a whole to smaller limits than those at present confining them.

On the contrary, as the victory that will bring peace emerges — as it is emerging — every day more clearly from the clouds that have obscured it advertisers will strive with ever increasing energy to prepare for the resumption of general commercial activity.

There will be an enormous amount of business to be done in home and overseas markets during the years immediately following the cessation of hostilities; but the competition for it will be keener than any of which the commercial world has yet had knowledge.

This is being more and more recognized in this country and everywhere efforts are being made to key the machinery of production, and what is still more necessary the machinery of distribution, up to a hitherto undreamt of level of efficiency.

Quite apart from current advertising this preparative work is giving all those connected with advertising rapidly increasing employment for all their energies and abilities. There is no time to lose, for it is more than possible that the war will end as suddenly as it began; and to be found unprepared for peace may cost us more in the long run even than we have had to pay for being unprepared for war.

At this, the most critical passage that British commerce has ever had to essay, its fortunes are largely in the hands of those who have a specialist knowledge of scientific salesmanship. They will not fail to do their part, we are assured, if they receive proper support from the producers.

They must have this, and have it now, if British trade is to maintain anything like its pride of place under the new conditions.

We believe this support is being accorded to them more readily to-day than it ever has been in the past; and it is for this reason that we find ourselves able to look forward with high courage and full confidence.

The "after-the-war" times of commercial competition are going to be filled with unprecedented endeavor and the promise of unexampled achievement. The "nation of shopkeepers" should, as it will, be found ready to play a part in them worthy of its traditions and potentialities.

England, in the throes of the mightiest war in all history, which would seem to command all her energies, is forging ahead in her vast business enterprises. She has discovered, and is using with wonderful efficiency, a new fighting weapon — ADVERTISING.

England's volunteer army rallied to the drum-beat of great advertising campaigns. England's billion dollar loans are being "sold" to the public through advertising.

These tremendously successful advertising campaigns have afforded the nation a wonderful object lesson as to the power of advertising to accomplish definite results on a huge scale.

The editorial reproduced herewith from The Advertising World, brings news that even now England is preparing for new commercial conquests through international advertising.

It is highly important that Canadian business and commercial interests press with vigor the unparalleled opportunities for dominating the home market as well as the world's markets, which the European War has placed within their grasp. "Full speed ahead!" should be the slogan of the alert manufacturers and merchants of the Dominion of Canada.

We shall be glad to offer the services of this magazine to any manufacturer who is now interested in intrenching his present markets or extending same.

The New Series CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY



Send for
Descriptive
Literature.

The best steel, and genuine highest grade materials forged, cast or welded into shape by modern machines of scientific accuracy insure the high efficiency of the

CHEVROLET Four-Ninety

The resiliency of the chassis, the pliancy of the supporting springs and fine upholstery insure comfort.

Our mammoth production and efficiency methods makes possible the low price of

\$695. f. o. b. OSHAWA

including Electric Lights and Starter.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA

LIMITED
OSHAWA - - CANADA

WESTERN SERVICE AND DISTRIBUTING BRANCH:
REGINA, SASK.



C-25

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE
FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT
MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500, OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holder of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.



Send 10c for this beautiful picture in colors. 15 x 19 inches.

You, too, can have the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

You can begin tonight to actually bring to your complexion the greater loveliness and charm you have longed for.

Begin the following Woodbury treatment tonight.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself just as a man does with a shaving stick. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Take five minutes for this treatment every day and your skin will take on, gradually but surely, the clearness, freshness and charm of "A skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today.

Send 10c for the beautiful picture above

This painting is a most beautiful conception of "A skin you love to touch." The artist is Z. P. Nicolaki, the popular illustrator, and it is difficult to tell the reproduction from the original. Send your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin and we will mail you a copy, also a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week's treatment. Write today! Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2304 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast

Helping Mother Nature

THE PLANS OF THE ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE TO INCREASE
ONTARIO'S PRODUCTION OF FOOD SUPPLIES

By R. Goldwin Smith

Illustrated from Portraits

Decorations by F. M. Grant

THERE are three important ways in which Canadians can help the Empire, the Dominion and themselves. The first and undoubtedly the most effective is to enlist. The second which is a good alternative, is to help pay for the cost of the war. The third, which is within the reach of hundreds of thousands, is to make this country produce during the year 1917 as it never produced before. It is readily acknowledged that so far Canadians have done well with respect to enlisting and helping to pay for the war. Partly because so many of the country's ablest young men have enlisted, however, the nation's productive power has been seriously impaired. Unless a large percentage of the man and boy-power in every community in the Dominion takes account of production as a vital need, the area planted and therefore the harvests of 1917 will fall far short of urgent requirements.

For young men who through some physical defect cannot join the army, for the boys who are not old enough to enlist,

for the older men who, while past the military age, are able to employ their hands as well as their brains, a medium of service is offered that will count effectively against what is the most powerful and probably the final attempt of an autocratic political organization to stem the onward march of democracy. One month ago there were four autocratic powers, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. Russia became a democracy almost over night, and now the democratic world, which is the people's world, is arrayed against

the three Central Powers. The enemy are shortening their battle fronts, and they are still strong. The results of the war depend now as much on resources as fighters. Agriculture is the fundamental resource of any nation

The great productive power of Canada in face of present insistent demands and the future needs of the mother country and our European Allies has been effective in inducing the Ontario Legislature to initiate the "Productive Campaign," which is commending the attention of the people from one end of

the province to the other. While the campaign has the Government backing it by every means at its disposal, the idea is being realized through the medium of a Resources Committee. This committee comprises prominent members from both sides of the Legislature, agricultural experts and business men. The Lieutenant Governor, Sir John S. Hendrie is chairman, Sir William Hearst and M. J. Haney, vice-chairmen, and Dr. Albert H. Abbott secretary. The other members



Sir William Howard Hearst, Premier of Ontario and Minister of Agriculture
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are: The Honourable T. W. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer; The Honourable G. H. Ferguson, Minister Lands, Forests and Mines; N. W. Rowell, K.C., C. M. Bowman, M.P.P., Southampton; G. A. Gillespie, M.P.P., Peterborough; Severin Ducharme, M. P.P., Bell River; Honourable W. D. McPherson, Provincial Secretary, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, Mimico Norman; Sommerville, Toronto; W. J. Bell, Sudbury; The Hon. H. W. Richardson, Kingston; William Wollatt, Walkerville; Fred Cook, Esq., Assistant King's Printer, Ottawa; Dr. W. A. Riddell, Toronto; W. E. Rundle, Toronto; Arthur Little, London; William Dryden, Brooklyn; Walter Rollo, Hamilton; Dr. G. C. Creelman, Guelph; W. H. Shapley, Toronto.

In an interview with the representative of the "Canada Monthly" Sir William Hearst explained in some detail the problems that faced the Province along the lines of production.

"You ask me for a brief statement as to the agricultural policy of the Government," he said. "In reply I would say that it is two-fold. First and foremost we recognize the necessity of producing the greatest possible quantity of foodstuffs from the soil during the season which is now opening. It has been our constant aim throughout the entire work of the Department covering every section of the Province to keep this prominently before the men on the land. It has been pointed out and backed up with conclusive evidence that greater production can be accomplished with the same labor by utilizing better seed and better methods. At the same time it is recognized that a larger supply of labor is fundamental to any expectation of greatly increased returns from the land from which thousands of men have been taken for military service and munition making.

It has been found that there are practically no idle men in the Province, and consequently we have been compelled to devote our energies towards securing the services of High School boys throughout the summer months, releasing them in April if necessary and

granting examination recognition, and also by utilizing short time and holiday labor throughout the season as it may be available. In this latter regard the Department is cooperating with the Toronto Board of Trade and through public spirited organizations which have taken this matter in hand. Through the cooperation of the Labor Branch of the Government and the

farms as our chief source of production we have, nevertheless, been urging that all the backyard, gardens and vacant lots in cities, towns and villages should be cultivated. The thousands of requests received at the Department for information on this matter indicate the keen interest which has been developed, and there is little doubt but what a great deal of spare time and spare land

will be used this year with results advantageous to the individual and the nation.

"In the second place the agricultural policy of the Government looks to the more permanent development of agriculture on a firm and prosperous basis. What the conditions may be after the war is difficult to foretell, but we know that new channels of trade have been developed under war conditions and every effort will be made by the Province to maintain these so far as the supply of foodstuffs is concerned. While continuing to disseminate the best information on the productive side, the Department will devote attention to the marketing side probably more than in the past. Grading of butter and of wool are being undertaken this year and there seems to be a large field for usefulness in this line.

"Ontario is fortunate in possessing great natural advantages in her agricultural resources and agricultural population, and it will be the purpose of the Government, working in harmony with the people on the land, to see that these are developed to the fullest possible extent."

In Great Britain every available plot of land is

being utilized for agriculture. The question presents itself, therefore why greatly increased production is necessary. The answer is conclusive. While Russia can feed her own people and armies, the Allies have some ten million men on the Saloniki, Italian and Western fronts to feed, and they are non-producers. Moreover official crops statistics indicate that the recently harvested crops and the 1917 crops of those countries, where estimates can be made fall far short of the previous year. In Argentina the wheat and corn crops are practically a failure



Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, K.C.

Who as leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario is vitally interested in the production campaign

local offices of the Department of Agriculture we have a splendid organization for distributing labor so far as it may be secured, and the prospect is that a great deal of useful work will be accomplished in this way. Publicity is also being generously used to bring to the attention of retired farmers and others the patriotic duty of offering their services for productive services where they cannot render military service. Men are also being brought in from across the line.

"While therefore it is evident that we must look to the regularly organized



Dr. Geo. C. Coelman, President of the Ontario Agricultural College, the new Commissioner of Agriculture

Dr. Albert H. Abbot, Secretary of the Organization of Resources Committee



and that country, which usually exports annually 100,000,000 or more bushels of wheat, will have very little surplus this year. Australia's yield of wheat will be 50,000,000 bushels below last year's small crop. In France the condition of wheat is only 65 per cent. of the normal, and both Holland and Britain report the condition unsatisfactory. It has been closely figured that the surplus grains of the old crop year in all countries will have been completely exhausted before July 1st this year. It is, therefore, altogether likely that North America will have to supply the Allied nations of Europe with approximately 500,000,000 bushels of wheat alone from the 1917 crop not to mention other grains, vegetables, meats, wool, leather and flax, for all of which an urgent demand exists at the present time and will continue until long after the war has ceased.

Whether or not the Resources Committee is a permanent organization, and plans are being made to have it so, its primary function now has to do with the war. The great objective is to raise within the Province during 1917 every possible pound of food. The Committee is dealing with the problem in a comprehensive manner and is applying scientific methods. Needless to say there is an abundance of land available. The supreme need, as the Premier emphasizes, is workers. Labor is so scarce that farmers will not be able to operate either so extensively or intensively unless the man-power of the cities and towns, schools and offices cooperate.

Farmers may reasonably raise the question as to the competence of unskilled farm help, just as manufacturers questioned the competence of women

in munition plants. In any case the available help will be better than no help at all. With brief training most of the men and boys drawn from the cities will make good, just as most of the women are making good in the munition factories. The farmer may inquire whether it will pay to employ these volunteers. With regard to the men who spend their holidays in this serviceable manner, the Committee is trying to work out a plan by which they will receive a soldier's pay, which is \$1.10 per day. Incidentally, two weeks or a month on the land will afford men who work in offices the very best opportunity to recuperate their energies for the confined work of the

following year. With regard to the city school boys the experience will broaden their horizon and will doubtless induce some of them to make agriculture their life work. Meanwhile, the food production problem would be solved and operating costs on the farm would not be excessive.

The importance of such a movement to the farms will be appreciated when the course of wholesale prices of commodities during the past year is taken into consideration. The department of Labor at Ottawa has compiled significant figures covering price movements in this country. Since the year 1908 the prices of thirteen departments or staple commodities taken together have registered an unbroken series of advances. Taking 100 as the normal, the index number in 1908 was 120.08, whereas in 1916 it was 182.4. During 1897 and 1898 the index numbers were 92.2 and 96.1 respectively. Hence, since that Elysian period, the cost of commodities has more than doubled. In the table on page 284 it will be noted that the advance in farm products has been in some cases more than proportional to the average.

The committee is calling to its aid various existing organizations in the Province. Farmers' clubs, women's institutes, high schools and Boards of Trade are being asked to cooperate. The Toronto Board of Trade is already taking definite action. It is laying plans for a "patriotic holiday campaign." It will become the mediating agent between office men and farmers. This should solve the problem for Toronto as far as method goes. By this means farmers may list their requirements as to man-power, the nature of the work and so on and office men and boys who



Hon. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P.
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, Ontario



"It has been pointed out and backed up by conclusive evidence that greater production can be accomplished with the same labor by utilizing better seed and better methods. At the same time it is recognized that a larger supply of labor is fundamental to any expectation of greatly increased returns from the land from which thousands of men have been taken for military service and munition making."—Sir Wm. Hearst.

desire serviceable employment may register at the office of the Board of Trade and choose the mode of labor they prefer.

On March 23rd, an appeal was sent out by the Resources Committee to patriotic committees and newspapers throughout the Province, urging every one of them to put their shoulder to the wheel, and stimulate production. Notices were also sent out to all high schools and continuation schools that a prize essay contest would be launched. Information to this end is being placed on notice boards at all such schools and schoolmasters are requested not merely to encourage the pupils to enter the contest, but to consult with parents and impress on them the value of any sacrifice they may have to make in allowing their boys to indentify themselves with the production campaign by working on the farms. The Committee is also taking steps to bring before the farmers the great need of food production this year and are urging them to employ the boys of high school age.

The prize essay contest, which is launched with the approval of the Minister of Education, will doubtless interest every school boy. The subject prescribed is: "How the high school boy by working on farms can help himself, the farmer and the Empire." Three cash prizes are offered for the three best essays from each school, the amount being \$5, and \$3 and \$2 respectively according to the order of merit. The essay should be about 1,000 words long and be handed in to the master of the school before April 16th. The three winning essays from each school shall be forwarded to the secretary of the Resources Committee and from them the best three essays will be selected. For these additional prizes will be awarded, \$25 for the first; \$15 for the second and \$10 for the third.

Town organizations are calling a public meeting and has asked for a speaker to be sent to address the gathering. An interest is evidently being awakened that will realize the most sanguine hopes of the Committee.

Another phase of the production problem under consideration is scientific methods of farming and farm accounting. Some farmers will inquire what advantage to them a committee of members of the Legislature and business men will be in the farmer's special field of operations. One farmer has been heard from who is a

Wholesale Prices in Canada.

Index Numbers of all Commodities by Groups.

	1897	1907	1914	1915	1916
1. Grains and fodder	80.6	140.2	156.5	186.9	196.8
2. Animals and meats	90.4	133.8	192.3	187.2	217.3
3. Dairy produce	90.1	131.5	154.4	161.4	185.8
4. Fish	98.6	129.5	156.0	149.7	160.8
5. Other foods	86.0	112.5	118.8	125.5	157.8
6. Textiles	98.0	128.1	133.5	140.2	191.4
7. Hides, leather, boots	100.1	125.5	171.8	180.5	231.1
8. Metals and implements—					
(a) Metals	85.7	134.8	113.9	152.4	201.3
(b) Implements	93.1	107.1	106.8	112.1	137.0
9. Fuel and lighting	96.4	108.8	110.9	108.8	130.1
10. Building materials—					
(a) Lumber	93.9	165.2	182.1	175.7	182.0
(b) Miscellaneous	87.7	108.7	111.4	115.9	153.2
(c) Paints, oils, glass	95.5	141.2	140.7	157.1	191.6
11. House furnishings	93.8	112.7	129.5	136.5	149.4
12. Drugs and chemicals	96.5	108.5	121.6	181.3	245.7
13. Miscellaneous—					
(a) Furs	88.0	239.4	205.4	161.9	304.6
(b) Liquors and tobaccos	103.9	125.5	136.9	135.6	146.2
(c) Sundry	91.2	123.0	108.5	116.6	143.1
All Commodities	92.2	126.2	136.1	148.0	182.4

strong advocate of farm accounting. He is well off and attributes the fact to a strict process of farm accounting during the past seventeen years. He has a ledger for every field on his farm. He knows almost to a dollar that on his land it is more profitable to feed cattle than raise wheat, and that it is more profitable to buy young cattle than to breed them. He knows the

"For the young men who through some physical defect cannot join the army, for the boys who are old enough to enlist, for the older men, who, while past the military age, are able to employ their hands as well as their brains, a medium of service is offered that will count effectively against what is the most powerful and probably the final attempt of an autocratic political organization to stem the onward march of democracy."

performance of every cow to a pound of milk. With him there is neither waste of energy nor capital. The Committee in its campaign for farm accounting will be benefited in its investigations if a few enterprising farmers in each township adopt the accounting method, because then it will be able to arrive at fairly accurate conclusions as to what phase of farming is best suited for the various localities.

Another phase of the Committee's inquiry will be seeds and in this it will receive material aid from Dr. Crecelman and the Staff at the Ontario Agricultural College, where great success has already been achieved in the matter of seed culture and selection. All the agencies will be coordinated to produce the maximum quantity of food this year.

The Committee is concerned also with the market for Ontario apples this year. For economic reasons, in this time of stress, Great Britain has placed an embargo, preventing the importation of apples, and as a result Ontario has lost a market. The Committee's efforts will be directed to providing a domestic market. The citizens will be urged to eat apples every day in preference to imported fruits, which amounted to \$10,000,000 last year. Housewives will be urged to dry and make into jelly more apples than ever before and the use of apple cider by everybody will be urged. In connection with the cider item, all who have tasted it know what a delicious drink it makes. The committee believes that if a small family cider-press were invented many households would acquire one and it may be decided to offer a round sum of money to the man who devises the most economical and efficient machine. Already a man is in the field offering \$5,000 for the patent rights of such a machine. Other problems under consideration are local and ocean transportation, cold storage and other storage requirements and more effective cooperation by means of which farmers may have more power in setting the prices of their products.



Son O' Mine

By Freeman Putney, Jr.

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

THREE hours past midnight!" muttered Epes Clark. "No use waitin' up any longer! I'll turn in."

As he stood on the edge of the wharf, one hand grasping a shroud of the little schooner that lay in the dock, he peered again through the gloom up the wharf.

"It's the first time," he continued, "the boy has ever stayed out all night. What's that?"

A clattering closed carriage rolled to the head of the lane, swung through the gateway, and picked its way more slowly down the wharf. One lamp was out; the other leered dimly through the gloom.

The fisherman stood staring. The horse made a tired pretence of shying.

With an oath and a lash, the driver brought the animal around and jerked him to a stop.

"Bear a hand, can't ye?" he growled. "Open the door!"

Epes stumbled to the side of the carriage. A woman stepped out—a woman whose departed youth had left a face of strong individuality, with firm mouth, straight nose, medium forehead and a clear skin which, even under the rays of the lamp, told of beauty not many years gone.

"Are you Epes Clark?" she asked.

Epes, his sou'-wester still pulled over his eyes, growled assent through his heavy beard. Continued shouting across the wind had hoarsed his

voice mightily in twenty odd years at sea.

"I've brought your son home," she said quietly.

"What?" muttered Epes, hoarsely. "Wh-what?" he repeated dully. "He ain't—What's happened to him? Is he hurt? Is he—"

"Naw," interrupted the driver from his box. "He'll sleep it off by noon. Had too much liquor up to Pudger's. Haul him out an' put him to bed!"

"I'll hold the horse," said the woman, and the driver went to Epes's aid. Between them they lowered the sense-

less lad to the deck of the schooner, then into the cabin and laid him in the wide starboard bunk—the skipper's bunk.

The driver heaved a sigh as they laid down their burden.

"Wish't I c'd sleep as sound! Pudger wanted me to be sure an' tell ye, Epes, that t'warn't none o' his doin'." 'Twas a gang o' summer folks from over to the P'int, had a private supper room and all that. They broke up in some sort o' row an' when Pudger went in, Harry was under th' table. This woman said she would take him home.

Kind o' took her back all standin' when I told her he lived on a fishin' schooner, but she stuck to it. Ain't a bad looker, is she, even ef she ain't so young ez she used to be?"

His legs had disappeared up the ladder as he talked. There was a scraping of tire against iron, a rattle of wheels and harness and the carriage was off up the lane.

"They's been some mischief afloat!" whispered Epes, in the cabin. "Some mischief!" Taking the lantern from its nail, he turned it up anff hung it over Harry's berth. Then he loosened the boy's clothes.

As he pulled a comforter over the heavy-breathing figure, Epes felt a bundle in the breast pocket of the coat. He pulled forth in the light of the lantern a thick roll of bills.

"What?" stammered Epes.



He was a big, homely fellow, but he had a heart of gold

"Why—where in time—where'd he git—"

He hastened on deck, with a vague notion of asking an explanation from the carriage driver. The wharf was deserted. But, as Epes turned again toward the cabin he saw, seated on an upturned trawl-tub and leaning against the farther rail, the woman who had brought Harry home.

Epes hastily pulled low the brim of his sou'wester.

"What you doin' here?" he demanded hoarsely.

A slow, weary smile crept over her face.

"If you really want to know, I'm thinking—wondering where to go next. If you object to my staying here, I'll move along."

"No objection," Epes growled. "I sh'd think you'd find it cold, though. But tell me—" he held forth the money, crumpled into an awkward ball in his hand.

"Whar'd Harry git this?"

"I don't know where he got it, but it's his. He brought it with him when he came to the hotel last night. In fact, that's why we—that's why he was invited to the hotel. He was going to use this money to get rich quick."

"Drawed [it from the savins bank," supplemented Epes. "And your gang planned to rob him. Was that it?"

"You've struck it."

"Why didn't you do it? Warn't there enough? It's taken that boy ever since he Ras nine years old to save t h e m three hundred dollars. I s'spose, t h o u g h, i t wouldn't go far

with a gang o' city sports. Are you tryin' to blackmail me now, instead?"

She smiled again.

"I have less than a dollar. I brought your boy back with all his money and lost the only friends I had by doing it. Now you abuse me."

"Hold hard!" Epes croaked an apology. "Excuse me! You see, I been settin' up all night waitin' for that boy. If I spoke rough it's because I was worried and ain't got over it. If you don't mind, I wish't you'd tell me the whole thing straight. An' p'raps

you better step down into th' cabin. It's sheltered there, an' this airy mist is bad for them that isn't used ter it."

Below, in the little cabin, the woman stepped to the side of the bunk and looked steadfastly at the sleeping boy. Epes sat down heavily on a locker opposite, his own face in the dark.

"I'm puzzled—puzzled," she said slowly. "That boy looks wonderfully like some one I know. And yet—yet—I can't tell who. I can't place the resemblance."

Epes was silent. A little uneasily, she continued:

"Somehow, because you are that boy's father, I want to tell you how I came to be mixed up in this business. It was bad business! I thank God it wasn't worse.

"I'm a New-f'nländer, born in the Bay of Islands, and it was,—yes, twenty years ago, that I fell in love with a Yankee fisherman who came therewith the herring fleet. He was a big, homely fellow but he had a heart of gold. We married and settled down with my folks.

"I was happy for a year—until the baby came. Think of it—until the baby came! I had a little boy, and I didn't want him! I was young; I had always been free. He tied me down to drudgery. For a few months I stood it. I was sick of feeding him; sick of medicines; sick of washing and washing and washing little clothes; sick of losing my sleep at night. I was only eighteen years old. I ran away!

"I came to the States and did housework. I got acquainted with



"I was only eighteen years old; I had always been free"

other down-east girls and was invited to dances. Thursday afternoons I went to the matinee. It was all new to me, and the novelty and excitement kept me going for a while.

"Then, after a few weeks, I grew uneasy. I was restless; something was missing out of my life. And one day, like a flash, I wanted my baby!

"I sat down and cried and cried! I had spent all my money, but for the next few weeks, I saved every cent I could scrape from my wages to buy a ticket home. God knows what promises I made; how I would work for the boy and my husband, if he would only take me back! All of a sudden I had stopped being a silly girl and I was a woman—a grown woman. I had learned that there is something in life but one's self. And, oh, how I wanted my baby!

"I got home, home to the Bay of Islands. And I found—" Her voice died away in a sob.

"My husband had taken the baby and gone away. No one knew where. Some folks scolded me and told me I had ruined a good man's life. Others said he was going to change his name and start anew so that the boy—my boy!—should never know the story of his mother. I heard it all dumbly.

"I came back to the States. I went to work again, and evenings I went to night school. I wanted my baby, and, when I should find him, I wanted him to be proud of his mother. Good people helped me. My teachers said I had a quick mind. After a while I got out of housework and into an office. In time, I had a good commercial education. I attended to business, as most girls don't, and was promoted.

"But all the while I wanted my baby! Every chance that came to travel in New England, I took. Every vacation I spent in visiting the seaport towns, looking for some trace of my husband and the boy. It was foolish, for if my husband had changed his name I didn't even know whom to inquire for. But I had a hope that some day I should meet them on the street.

"For years I crossed over every time I saw a big, sunburned man with a smooth face, hoping it was my husband. Smooth faces were not common when we were married, but gradually I became hardened to the disappointment. But even now I sometimes hurry to overtake a big man with brown curly hair, thinking perhaps—but it never is!"

She stopped with a weak attempt at a smile.

"Isn't it silly?" He's forty-five now, and his hair may be gray. I've found some gray hairs in mine, and I'm only thirty-seven."

"An' the boy?" Epes's grunt was barely articulate:



"We got him there to a late supper as we planned"

"My boy! I'll never stop looking for him. I've watched other boys grow up, who are about his age. I've pictured to myself how he must look. When I left he had only a little ridiculous fuzz on top of his head, but I've pictured his hair—curly and brown like his father's, and his little snip of a nose grown straight and his chin firm like his father's, and I should know him from his father's looks. My baby, grown up to look like his father, I hope, but my baby still!"

"But s'posen he—it's a long time, ye know—they don't allus live—"

"Don't" she exclaimed in pain. "I can't think of it! I won't think of it! I won't have it so! I want my boy. God knows how I've wanted him all these years! God won't fool me in the end. I feel it. I must find him some time!"

She was silent for a few moments, her chin quivering.

"You must wonder why I've told you all this. It is to explain what happened to-night. A year ago, I was offered a position with a company that was being formed in Boston to develop oil wells in Kansas. It looked good; I took the place and put all the money I had saved into the company. For a while, things went well. Then the price of crude oil was reduced and our concern gradually went to the wall. The final smash came a fortnight ago. I lost every cent I had put in, and my employment as well.

"With the few dollars left, I came

down to Hardyport to rest a few days. Over at the hotel I met the two men who made up our party to-night. Mason, I had seen before as a travelling salesman. Hartman, I think, is a professional crook—a confidence man.

"Both men were on their uppers. Mason got acquainted with your son Harry and found he had a few hundred dollars in the savings bank. It was small pickings but enough to make a getaway on. They wanted a woman to help them, and came to me. I was bitterly sore and disappointed. The world had taken my money and I was willing to do anything to get even with the world. I had always been straight and honest in business and it hadn't paid. That was the way I reasoned. Of course it was wrong—dead wrong—but they played on my resentment and I agreed to go in.

"There was nothing new about the scheme. Mason got Harry to draw his money on the promise of a tempting investment. Once at the hotel, we were to draw him into a gambling game and skin him.

"Well, we got him there to a late supper, as we planned. I passed as Mason's sister. It was eleven o'clock when the cards were brought out. Then we struck the first snag. Harry didn't know how to play poker. There didn't seem to be any card games he did know, except whist.

"So we played whist for a while. About twelve o'clock, Hartman sug-

Continued on page 314.



The setting sun and the lengthening shadows over the quiet water wooed him into a dreamy inactivity

Fisherman's Luck

By K. J. Synon

Illustrated from Photographs

THERE were three of us come to Algonquin, Ichabod, Fritters and I, as queer a trio as the North Country saw that summer. Little we knew as we set forth gaily from Toronto, looking out with superior condescension upon the toilers shackled to the city, that others were waiting in the wilderness to gaze upon us with condescension plus amusement. We all knew wildernesses—separately. To each other we were Frank, and Bill, and Tom, because we love the wild lands of the earth. It was our combination that developed new names for us. Frank's length and solemnity, contrasted with my rotundity, served to bring him the cognomen of that member of the Crane family made famous by Washington Irving. It also operated to enliven me with the soubriquet of Tubs. Bill's ruling passion—not for food, but for inaction—won him the title that was to make him known to the upper Canadian lake country.

We were Fishermen. That is, we thought we were fishermen when we left Toronto. We had tackle enough to start a whaling expedition. We had rods enough to build a bamboo hut. We had perfect confidence in our equipment. We had hopes.

We left the tackle strewn from the Highland to Lake Conroquin. We

stacked the rods on many portages. We slackened the outfit bit by bit on the northward-going trail. We sped the raiment into old clothes. We lost confidence in our equipments and gained confidence in ourselves. We justified the hopes, but not as we intended. For we met Joseph.

Joseph, too, had another name, a flowering name like Hyacinthe or Baptiste or their combination, but because of his promise to lead us, his brethren, out of Egypt, we bestowed on him what his country had bestowed on us, a title of subtly derisive dishonor. All the Baptistes and Hyacinthes and Donalds and Duncans of Algonquin had scoffed at us, piling upon us, as we advanced, their amused scorn that the professional saves for amateur. For they were real fishermen, genuine flingers of the line, men who lived out their lives under the stars and above the reflection of stars. Guides of the great park country up in the highlands of Ontario, they had been wont to welcome men of our kind. And always their welcome was the same, the flickering smile that conveyed comprehensive contempt for our methods and our aspirations. Until we met Joseph we had been running the gauntlet of realization that, while we might have been popular in wilder-

nesses in our individual capacities, we were none the less collectively out of the pictures. With Joseph as a shield we tackled Algonquin, the great provincial reserve.

As a shield Joseph was porcupiny. "Where would messieurs feesh?" he asked me after I had completed the financial negotiations necessary to his temporary adoption.

"Where would you suggest?"

His shrug expressed the wideness of the world. It also expressed the narrowness of our vision. "What would you have?" he finally enquired.

"Don't care," said Fritters.

Ichabod and I entered into argument. Ichabod, by virtue of the greater speed of his tongue, emerged triumphant. "Trout," said he. Over the face of Joseph flashed a momentary flicker, reminiscent of the time when he had stood without our wickiup. Then recollection that he was now our guide and therefore not permitted to smile openly upon our short comings braced him to severity. He was as solemn as Ichabod as he gravely nodded acquiescence to our wishes.

Of the ways that Joseph led us to the trout streams of Algonquin I have no words here. Lovely they were, endowed with a beauty that sunk into our souls. Fritters, because he did less

work than the rest of us, found the greatest enjoyment in the beauty of the forests and the lakes. The setting sun and the lengthening shadows over the quiet water wooed him into a dreamy inactivity. Ichabod had a restless disposition, hating inactivity with the zest of a zealot. I have a kind heart. The combination lightened Joseph's labors so that Joseph should have melted to us inwardly. Outwardly however, he preferred Fritters. There were times when I used to wonder whether it was the temperamental juvenility of the two of them or merely Joseph's appreciation of a grand seigneur—and Fritters played the part to the life that won our guide's admiration for the last one who deserved his approbation morally. But then I've noticed that the sons of Martha never have the loyalties that the frittering sons of Mary enjoy!

That night I discovered Joseph also engaged in the process of elimination. "What are you cacheing?" I asked him. He showed me with a grin Bill's extensive and expensive equipment. "Monsieur need it not," he told me.

"What'll he use?"

"Like me, yes. Just a rod, and a line."

"He'll be sorry."

"As monsieur says." But he cached the outfit that had cost Fritters infinite trouble and much money. "Monsieur does not know our lakes and rivers," he condescended to explain. "The place I know is so full of trout that a man may pick them up from the waters." I can stand some jibes, but not those which mock my intelligence. I left him.

"When'll we be there?" was Ichabod's persistent query to Joseph, relative to our coming to the trout streams that should be even as the trout streams of the railway folders.

"Day after to-morrow," was Joseph's manana. Once he added an inquiry of his own. "Does monsieur never linger?"

Monsieur never did.

Joseph twitched his shoulder.

Fritters spoke for him. "What's the hurry?" he asked. "Why not fish here? There's fish everywhere in Algonquin."

"We set out for the further trout streams. Why not go?" Ichabod was true to type, even if he was weary of portaging. He always finishes what he starts.

He made the rest of us finish it, too. By the time we had come to the stream of his choice, I had worked myself into an intolerant rage. I disliked him and his persistence. His untiring energy had worn down my nerves. I would have none of him, and in order to get him out of my sight I left him and the others and sought out my own streams



From time to time I would pause to marvel at the beauty of some shimmering cascade as it poured into the lake

further on, where I gave myself up to the joy of being alone, a surrender that rejoices the true fisherman's soul. Luck was with me invariably. Sometimes, between battles, I thought of Ichabod, seriously striving, but never with my success? And I thought of Fritters, too lazy to strive. Then I would chuckle to myself in anticipation of my triumph. From time to time I would pause to marvel at the beauty of some shimmering cascade as it poured into the lake.

One incident, coming along toward midafternoon, climaxed the joy of the sport. I had been slipping upstream, seeking those deep, quiet, shaded pools where the speckled trout lie waiting for the luring fly. I had been progressing with the instinct that every true fisherman knows, the feeling that the day's great adventure is waiting for him just around the next bend of the stream. I had trout in plenty on my string, beauties each and every one of them, but I had not yet met the supreme encounter that I knew was to crown my day's achievements.

As I waded out from the sloping bank and saw the Green Pool I knew that I had found the place of battle. The Green Pool may have other names. I found afterward that in the early mornings it shines limpidly clear. At noon it is amber. At twilight it is gray. But my first glimpse of its placid surface reflecting the pale hues of the birch leaves and the darker tones of the spruces showed it to me of that color by which I have ever since called it in my memory. I knew it to be a magic pool, a pool rich in slumbrous fish. Wiley fish they would be that dozed beneath the surface of the Green Pool.

Wiley they were, as I found while I waited cautiously and patiently and the sun moved lower in the blue sky. Save for the sound of the forest creatures and of the water lapping against the stones all was still. Suddenly there rose a tiny ripple to the pool's surface. Wider it grew till it showed a flash of silver. I cast the line. Even as I swung it off I knew that I had thrown challenge to the king of the

stream. No ordinary fishing this, but angling worthy the eighty dollar rod and the gay-hued fly.

The king of the pool hit that fly with a bang, and then the fight was on! He was a true monarch, scorning capture. He dived and twisted and flashed and turned. "Over and over again he threatened to wrest from me the joy of conquest.

I talked to him as a worthy adversary, thinking to catch him, while he listened, off his guard.

"Come on now," said I, "You are a good scout—and we *might* be friends."

"Come in out of the wet. It is a nice day over here—and warm, and dry."

While I teased him, and coaxed, and cajoled, and flattered, and flirted and lured him toward my ultimate triumph, I personified him out of the neuter. That fish was a personage. He was the Richelieu of the finny tribe. But I took him!

I should like to believe that it was my superior cunning that conquered. But, even as I lifted him, struggling out of the ruffled waters of the Green Pool I had a disturbing idea that it had been his amazing curiosity that had been his undoing. He had seen a strange thing descend into the clear waters of his throne room. He had sought it out. He had pursued it. He had striven to capture it. He had followed it dauntlessly. He had attacked it. And he had swallowed it. That his ultimate success in capture led to his final undoing had nothing to do with his surety of success in his own struggle. He had captured the fly, even as I had captured him. And yet, even as I counted myself triumphant, I was but swallowing the fly of

apparent triumph while another force was baiting me.

I went back to camp rejoicing.

I met Ichabod at the last turn. His solemn face was lightened by a look that boded ill for my triumph. "How many?" I called to him. He shouted back joyously. I wilted. We were



even! Then he, too, lost some of his joy.

Remembering Fritters, we both braced. Fritters came along at sunset. "Good day?" we cried in duet.

"Fine," said Fritters.

"How many?"

He said it. It was almost as many as both of us together had caught. He held up the string. Everyone was a speckled trout, a king of some green, or blue or amber pool. And Fritters was dangling the line and rod that Joseph had loaned him. Ichabod and

I looked at our reels. With one impulse we started to set them away. Then we saw Joseph.

He bore no long string. Just one of my number he lacked. But he wore no look of disappointment. Instead, he seemed suffused with a quiet pleasure. Ichabod and I looked at each other. We both of us understood.

Fritters won us our reputation in Algonquin, a reputation that went back the trail before us and that changed the supercilious scorn of the Hyacinthes, and the Baptistes and the Donalds and the Duncans to the smile of brotherhood. Every day, week after week, Fritters fished for trout. So did we all of us. But every day Fritters broke a new record. "He *ees* marvel," Joseph told us one evening.

"He is," said Ichabod and I.

He is still a marvel. For he has never by any chance confirmed our definite suspicion that he subsidized Joseph. Nor did Joseph give us any ground for it in the days through which we became famous fishermen of Algonquin.

We came out like conquerors, dirty, disheveled, bedraggled, and supremely happy. We have passed the tender-foot stage. We had eaten of the wild rice of the North Country. We were more than fishermen. We were men.

But I am going back to Algonquin—alone—and I shall take Joseph out over the portages and let him loan to me the magic line he gave to Fritters. I have a desire to break Fritters' record—and I have an idea that Joseph's line helped in its making. And I have learned one of the lessons of fisherman's luck. I know now that—

A cheerful disposition is rather to be desired than an eighty-dollar rod.



The ways that led us to the trout streams of Algonquin were endowed with a beauty that sank into our souls

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by F. M. Grant



CHAPTER XII.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

WE had not been in Paris half an hour before I satisfied the doctor that I knew the city, as he expressed it, "like the palm of my hand."

Almost every other minute during our long cab drive from the Gare du Nord to his apartment overlooking the Seine and the Quai St. Michel, I had recognized and instinctively called by their right names the streets, squares, and public buildings.

The doctor hailed every one of these discoveries with a delight which convinced me how seriously he would have been disappointed had I failed. I put the final touches on his enthusiasm when he told me that he was planning to dine at one of the restaurants on his way home. It was his usual practise, he said, for he detested dining in solitary state in his bachelor apartment, which was the only home he possessed.

"In that case," said I, signaling the driver to stop as I spoke, "we cannot do better than dine right here."

The doctor laughed like a boy.

"No truer word was ever spoken," said he, for the place I had indicated was a little restaurant which makes up for its modest pretensions by a world-wide reputation among true epicures.

The average tourist, with his nose in a Baedeker, goes by it without a glance. When the serious business of ordering

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry," the one addressed finally managed to stammer.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to inquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island, where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

Here he is recognized and captured by Dugleby, who apparently is determined to return the patient to the sanitarium. A French doctor rescues him by a daring trick. Becoming interested in his case, the doctor christens him "Simon Barras" and takes him to France, hoping to find there clues to his identity. On the steamer are the lady of his dreams, and her father.

dinner was out of the way—and it may be noted that the doctor delegated this task to me—we settled down to talk over our plans for the future.

"Your evident knowledge of the city," said the doctor, "makes our course for the next few days, at least, a plain one. I mean to leave you to yourself. I want you to assume the most irresponsible, care-free attitude of mind of which you are capable, and to wander about the streets alone wherever your fancy or your instinct takes you.

"Don't seriously try to make discoveries; but when you see an omnibus that has a familiar look, climb up on the roof of it and ride until you feel like climbing down. When you hear the name of a place that sounds familiar, hop into a cab and drive there. That may seem a rather haphazard course of procedure to you, but I shall be surprised if we do not develop something valuable that way."

"Likely enough," said I, "but it seems to me the time you allow for it is rather short. If you had said a month, I should feel more sanguine."

"That is quite true," said the doctor, "but by the end of the week I shall feel strongly disinclined to let you go wandering about this city without a companion."

"You mystify me completely!" I exclaimed. "Why should Paris be safe for me the first week and unsafe thereafter?"

"There is too little mystery about it," he said. "We are quite sure, you and I, that we saw your friend Mr. Duggleby left safely behind us on the pier when the steamer sailed. We are quite sure that he did not take the same ship. No other ship sailed from New York till Saturday.

"Therefore, I think it very doubtful that any serious attempt will be made upon your personal safety before either Mr. Duggleby himself or a letter from him can reach Paris. He would hardly attempt to negotiate such a matter by cable. Supposing that he or his letter reaches Paris next Sunday, and then adding two or three days more for the delay he or his agents would probably experience in finding out your whereabouts, you have the week of comparative security that I spoke of."

"Do you seriously imagine—" I began, but he interrupted me brusquely.

"I seriously imagine," he said, "that the only thing which can baffle us in our search for your lost identity, the only absolutely fatal blunder we could make, would result from a too negligent dismissal of that very remarkable young man from our calculations."

I had a feeling, inevitable perhaps to one of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, that the doctor's estimate of young Duggleby was a little theatrical, even melodramatic, but a few moments' quiet thought, which his Gallic tact took care not to interrupt, convinced me that he was probably more nearly right than I. His judgment at any rate, would lead one to err on the safe side.

"Well," said I finally, "I promise you this: he may beat me, but if he does, it will be face to face. He shall never have another chance to pinion my arms from behind."

"Good," said the doctor. "And now, as a reward for your docility, I will tell you something. I will tell you something which I hope will brighten a little the cloud which I have seen hanging over you ever since we lost sight of the venerable Mr. Heatherfield and his charming daughter."

"You know where they are?" I asked quickly.

"Thanks to a little innocent eavesdropping, I do," he replied. "They are here, in Paris. I know the address of the *pension* where they are stopping, and I infer from the fact that it is a *pension*, instead of an hotel, that their stay will be of moderately long duration."

"Where is it?" I asked eagerly.

He smiled in a rather staid, elderly way over my enthusiasm.

"When one places a compass in a ship," he said, "one takes care not to place a magnet too near it. I want you to discover your own Paris, not to rotate in the orbit of a planet about a

certain number on a certain street."

I was none too well pleased with his decision, but I saw the justice of it and said so.

"You are a good child," he said affectionately, "and you may be sure of this: I shall keep careful watch. If they change their place of residence, I shall know it. You shall not lose them again, you may trust me for that."

Three days later, over the same little table, in the same restaurant, I reported progress to the doctor. I had seen little of him in the interval, for the simple reason that I had spent every day, from early morning, or what passes for early morning in Paris, until late at night, which is very late indeed, in driving about the city in accordance with his instructions.

As a result of this I came to a certain curious conclusion, of which I wished to inform the doctor.

"I have been a model tourist," said I. "I am confident that no man at present within the circle of the fortifications has spent so idly busy, or so busily idle, a three days. I have wandered from Pere La Chaise to the Bois du Boulogne; from the Lion of Belfort to Montmartre. I have visited the Louvre and the Moulin Rouge, and pretty much everything that comes between.

"In the course of my wanderings I have found what is beyond doubt the most attractive place in Paris to me—to the instinctive man, that is, with whom I have been trying to experiment. I will give you a million guesses as to what that most attractive place is."

"As if I had the patience to waste even three," said the doctor. "Tell me."

"A railway-station," said I, "the Orleans station."

The doctor's face fell, as I was sure it would.

"I am disappointed in you," he said half-playfully. "The inference is all too clear. The man you were had not the good taste to live in Paris as he undoubtedly might have done. Well, we must follow your elusive self, if it takes us to the world's end. Have you any plan for setting about it?"

"Yes," said I. "It is a very simple one, but I think it ought to work. I shall have to trespass upon an hour of your time to-morrow morning, though."

"An hour!" he said. "But I am going with you."

"No, that will not be necessary," I assured him. "All that I shall need is your company to the station and your highly diverting conversation up to the moment when I ask the man inside the window for my ticket. I want to approach that window without a single idea of my journey or my possible destination in my mind.

"Of course, if my instinctive self fails

to come up to the scratch at the critical moment, we shall have to follow some other and more laborious course; but if the name of some city on the railway line does pop into my mind at the critical moment, I shall be able to explore that place, wherever it may be, quite as well without your help as with it."

He assented enthusiastically to the plan as a whole, but demurred a little to the last part of it.

"I suppose you are right," he admitted grudgingly, "though I should like to have an excuse to run off with you."

"You may get it before I am very many hours away," said I. "If I find I need you, I shall telegraph."

As I had learned from previous experience confidently to expect, my lost inner self responded instantly to the test I had put upon it. I had taken my place in the line before the window the next morning, chatting enthusiastically with the doctor about a certain singer who was making her reputation at the Opera Comique, my mind in a state of perfect blank as to my present surroundings.

When I reached the wicket I confidently shoved thirty francs across the counter to the man inside, and said:

"One first-class to Tours."

I accepted the ticket and the change which he returned to me, and came away from the window, my mind still so fully occupied with the previous subject of our conversation that I failed to realize how completely the experiment had worked until the excitement shining in the doctor's face recalled it to me.

I was conscious during that four hours' ride to Tours of an excitement that mounted higher and higher in my veins as we rushed on through the strangely familiar landscape. At every stop we made the hoarse voices of the men on the platform proclaiming the name of the station recalled new floods of memories.

The picture of the home which I had crossed the seas to seek etched itself more vividly and in more minute detail upon my mind.

When I dismounted from the train at Tours I was so excited that I could hardly hold myself back to suit the languid pace of the porter to whom I handed my bag.

One sensible consideration did occur to me. I stopped in the station long enough to deposit the bag in the parcel-room and to take a check for it. Where my explorations were going to take me I, of course, had no idea, but I felt reasonably sure that I should return to Tours for the night.

I thrust the check for my bag into a pocket, along with my loose change and hurried out to spring into the nearest cab.



There was not an article in the room that did not cry aloud that it was mine

"Rue Nationale," I said to the driver, "and out across the stone bridge. After that, I will tell you."

Paris had been familiar, exceedingly so, but Paris is nothing to this. Over nearly every shop-front was a name that went to my heart like the hand-clasp of an old friend. The very signs on the tram-cars, as they went filing past me on their single track, tooting their absurd little horns, were poignant with association.

By the time we had reached the end of the street and passed between the two-seated monumental figures that flanked the approach to the bridge, the tears were streaming down my face, and every nerve in my body was tingling. Ah! I had nearly reached my journey's end now—there could be no doubt of that.

The broad, rambling Loire, with its low sandy islands rising from its shallows, was behind us. Our meager little

horse was climbing laboriously, and presently we emerged at the cross-roads beside the St. Symphorien post-office. With my walking-stick, I pointed out the road we were to take. I could not command my voice to utterance.

For perhaps a mile we drove on. Then, as we reached the crest of a little hill, I cried out to the driver to stop. With trembling fingers I thrust a twenty-france piece into his hand.

"Go back!" I cried. "I am through with you."

He stared at me as though he thought me mad, for we were upon a country road, with no building whatever within perhaps a quarter of a mile of us; but the gold piece in his palm was a powerful argument to do my bidding. The little horse wheeled around and clattered away in a cloud of dust, and I was left alone. Alone, as for a little while I wished to be.

For, from the low eminence upon which I stood, I saw before my eyes, rising from the fertile little valley like a solitary jewel in its setting, the chateau of my dreams, the home which in anything but my dreams I had hardly dared to find.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECRET ROOM.

IT was nearly an hour later that I rang the bell at the great gate of the main entrance to the park surrounding the chateau.

In that interval, by thinking hard about my French doctor and what his advice to me on such an occasion would certainly have been, I had calmed myself sufficiently to appear before whoever opened the gate in the character of a casual sightseer.

I had a wild hope that the assumption of this role might not prove neces-

sary; that whoever opened the gate at my summons would greet me with a welcome home—would cry out in the instant of recognition the name I once had borne. I dared not entertain such a hope as that, and it was well I did not.

The figure I presently saw approaching to unlock the gate was a totally unfamiliar one to me. Furthermore, it became plain the next moment that all he saw in me was the omnipresent tourist, and all that he welcomed about me was the prospect of a liberal tip.

He was a youngish man, very thin, the thinness extending to his dust-colored hair and his weak, patchy beard. He had a rather sinister look, I thought, but attributed it to his misfortune in being extremely wall-eyed.

I told him that I wished, if I could without trespassing, to have a look at the place.

"But most assuredly, *monsieur*," he said with enthusiasm.

"My guide-book does not appear to mention the chateau," said I, as I entered the gate. "May I ask to whom it belongs?"

"It is the property of foreigners," said the gate-keeper. "An American lady and her son lived here for many years. But she died and he went away. Since that time the chateau has been closed."

"Foreigners, you say?" I commented. His answer fitted so exactly into the frame of my hopes that I craved the additional assurance of hearing him repeat it.

"Yes, *monsieur*," he said.

"And the name?" I asked.

My heart was racing so fast it almost suffocated me, but I dare say the tone of my query was casual enough.

"I was not here; I did not come here until after they had gone away," said the lodge-keeper. "It was a foreign name and difficult to remember."

"An American lady and her son, you say. Surely you have some recollection of the name. What did it sound like, even if you can't recall it exactly?"

"As I said," he answered, "I was not here, and I did not come till after they had gone."

It may have been the obliquity of his eyes which gave me the impression, but I thought that my interest in the names of these foreigners caused him to glance at me a little suspiciously.

"I am sorry I can't remember," he went on. "Has *monsieur* any special interest in the matter?"

If by pretending he was about to repeat the name he had deliberately planned to trap me into an expression of impatience over his failure to do so, the trap had worked. His quick glance had caught, I was sure, my shrug of irritation. There was nothing for me now but to assume the part of the casual sightseer again as best I could.

"Not an interest in the world," said I. "I was merely curious as to your reason for making a secret of what I could learn at any neighboring farmhouse."

I set out briskly up the driveway as I spoke, and he, after what appeared to be a moment of indecision, came hurrying after me.

"One moment, *monsieur*," he called after me—"one moment, and I will be with you."

With that, he disappeared into the lodge. I strolled slowly up the drive, and when I heard him come out I quickened my pace, expecting him to hurry on at once and overtake me.

He was still two or three yards behind when I reached a point where a comparatively obscure path left the drive at a sharp angle. The chateau was hidden from view at this point by trees and shrubbery, but without hesitation, and completely without thought, I turned up the narrow path.

It was a complete betrayal, but I did not realize it at the time. My instinctive self had simply walked me up that path, and when the lodge-keeper from the driveway called me back I stood for a moment, bewildered, between my two personalities—the old and the new. I even started to ask,

"Has anything been changed?" so certain was I that my narrow path would lead me right, so clearly had I in mind the picture of the carved stone doorway at the end of it.

"This way, *monsieur*, this way," called the lodge-keeper insistently.

What served better than anything else to rouse me was my discovery of the fact that he had a small camera with him.

"What are you doing with that?" I asked sharply.

"Oh, I make photographs of the grounds to sell to tourists," said the man. "I thought my stroll about the place with you would afford a good opportunity."

Of course he was lying, and I experienced for a moment, a hot-tempered man's impulse to kick his precious camera to pieces. I felt morally certain that he had seized the moment of my hesitation there on the path to take a picture of me. The sun had been shining straight in my face at the time, I remembered.

I conquered the impulse, however, and as best I could held down my rising suspicions of the man. It would be rather absurd for me to go through life suspecting every person I saw of being an agent in a dark conspiracy against myself. If I was not mistaken that sort of idea was characteristic of a well-known form of insanity.

The lodge-keeper and I walked on up the main driveway until we came in sight of the chateau. There, off at

the corner to the left, was the doorway to which my path had offered a short cut. I started toward it, but again the lodge-keeper stopped me.

"Pardon, *monsieur*," said he; "it is not permitted to show visitors the house."

I stared at him.

"That was not what you said at the gate," I observed.

"*Monsieur* misunderstood me," said he. "The grounds are all I am at liberty to show."

He was speaking in the dogged, defiant manner of one who knows the weakness of his position.

"You say the house has been unoccupied a long time?" I asked.

"Yes," said he.

"Is there a single living person inside it now?"

The appearance of the place was enough to provide an answer. After a moment's hesitation, he decided to tell me the truth.

"No," he admitted.

I plunged my hand in my pocket, where I had some gold along with my loose change. It was no time for half measures, and I drew out a gold Napoleon.

"For all I can see," said I, "you can still tell your employer that you have obeyed his rules. I don't know who will contradict you."

As I drew my hand from my pocket, a bit of paper fluttered away on the grass. It blew in his direction and he picked it up, stealing a good look at it before he returned it to me. It proved to be nothing but the check for my bag in the parcel-room at the station, so I thought the insolence of his action hardly worth resenting.

"Come," said I, "am I to see the interior?"

He had already pocketed my Napoleon.

"If you insist, *monsieur*," said he.

The man's manner made it clear that he was really nervous about the consequences of his act in admitting me. In order to calm him I settled myself firmly into the role of a mere inquisitive tourist.

It was a hard one to maintain. Heaven knows. There was not a room, not a piece of furniture, that did not go straight to my heart with its look of absolute familiarity. This old chateau could represent no mere incident in my past life. It must have been the actual scene of the greater part of it.

After we had finished our inspection of the ground floor, I led the way upstairs. Then, without pausing and without appearing to notice his grumblings of protest, went on up another flight and down a passageway into a large chamber formed by one of the immense turrets at the corners of the building.

It was a charming room, blazing with sunshine, partly surrounded by windows. It was plainly furnished, but there was not an article in the room that did not cry aloud that it was mine and offer me a welcome home.

I walked away from my guide into the deep embrasure of one of the windows. I wanted the chance to turn my back on my companion,—wanted, for a moment, to let the wild intoxication of happiness that was struggling in my face have expression.

I put my hand against the wall, more for support than anything else, but the familiar touch of the black walnut wainscoting seemed somehow to lead my fingers on over its dusty carvings, and then at a certain spot to arrest them. I pressed sharply, and it gave beneath my fingers.

My guide uttered a cry of astonishment. One of the great walnut panels was sliding back in a groove, revealing a secret chamber! For a moment he stood rooted where he was, staring alternately at me and into the bare little room which the touch of my hand had revealed.

Then, without a word, he wheeled about, ran along the passage, and went clattering off down the stairs.

The sound of his fleeing footsteps came echoing up to me through the empty house, and then I heard the slamming of the door through which we had entered the chateau.

For a moment the thought that he meant to keep me a prisoner greatly alarmed me, but that feeling soon passed away. It is easy to lock a man out of a house, but hard to lock him into it, unless it has been specially prepared for the purpose.

I looked curiously into the little room which the sliding panel had revealed. It was a tiny cube of a place, a mere recess in the thickness of the walls of the turret, and it appeared to contain nothing but some broken-down furniture. As a test of my familiarity with the chateau, however, it was absolutely decisive.

I went back to my window, from which I could command a considerable portion of the driveway. The lodge-keeper was still running when I got my first view of him; then his pace slackened, and presently he stopped. He seemed to be trying to decide between two courses of action.

It took him only a moment to make up his mind, however, and the next I saw of him he was walking briskly away down the drive like a man who knows exactly what he is going to do, but has no reason to exhaust himself with excessive haste.

I was strongly tempted to remain there in the chateau a while longer, Surely, somewhere within those four massive walls I could find the answer to



The conviction was strong upon me that I had walked in that garden with friends

my secret, but my promise to the doctor occurred to me. I had told him I would not permit myself to be caught in a trap; that I would not underestimate either the audacity or the cleverness of my enemies.

Really, my secret was solved already. I knew—I was ready to take my oath—that I was the son of the American lady who had lived in this chateau. His identity I could learn anywhere and quite without risk. Rather regretfully, I took my way down the stairs again and let myself out of the chateau through one of the French windows which opened on the south terrace.

The conviction was strong upon me that I had often walked in the garden yonder, with friends.

I had nearly reached the gate, though I was quite hidden from view of it by a turn in the driveway and a heavy growth of shrubbery and timber, when I heard the sound of voices. The first was old, cracked, and obsequious, and I hazarded the guess that it belonged to the mother of my friend, the lodge-keeper.

She seemed to be tugging at the gate and apologizing for her slowness in get-

ting it open. Apparently I was not to be the only visitor at the chateau to-day.

"It is not permitted for the carriage to enter," she was saying, "but *monsieur* and *mademoiselle* are most welcome. My son has gone away, but myself—I can show you everything as well as he, though I am old."

And then came a voice that startled me. I had been on the point of walking out into view around the curve, but at the sound of it I stopped short where I was. It was a man's voice, an old voice, too, I thought; and though I did not immediately place it, there was no doubt that it was familiar. He was speaking laboriously in very broken French:

"We are not sightseers, *madame*," he said; "we have come to see Mr. Christopher Morton. This is his house, is it not?"

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT THE BREEZE BROUGHT ME.

CHRISTOPHER MORTON! At the sound of the words my mind began racing madly like the propeller of a steamship out of the water.

Continued on page 317.



That Yard of Yours

Suggestions for the Amateur Gardener who desires to beautify the home lot with the most attractive varieties of flowers and vines

By F. C. Burgess and Warren Mason

Illustrated from Photographs

FORTUNATELY for most of us, the success of a flower garden is not measured by its size or by the number of plants which it contains. Moreover, a good garden is not necessarily one which includes many rare flowers. Prof. Liberty H. Bailey of Cornell, declares that the flowers which he likes best happen to be the ones which are easiest to grow. The list of easily grown flowers is longer, too, than one might imagine. Probably it includes your favorites—the sweet pea, the nasturtium, the morning glory and scarlet runner bean, the zinnias, four o'clocks and marigolds, bachelor's buttons, petunias, annual phlox, verbenas, poppies, pansies and asters. You won't undertake to grow them all, unless you have a large garden, but you will have pleasure in growing several different varieties of each species.

Take a bit of advice, and grow named varieties in so far as you can. It is well worth while getting on friendly, not to say intimate, terms with your garden flowers and how can you do that unless you can call them by name! To many people a blossom is a blossom only, but they lose half the fun of garden making. If you grow sweet peas or dahlias or gladiolus get named sorts by all means and label them so that you can identify them and get to know them well. Above all, know your roses, if

you grow those queenly flowers. It is a shame to have Caroline Testout, Frau Karl Druschki and Lady Gay standing like numbered children in an orphan asylum. Do you now speak of "that beautiful red rose the third from the end of the row," or "the big white rose near the fence?" It will be real missionary work if I get you only to know your roses by name. You will then recognize that persistent little bloomer, with a white flower that blossoms all summer, as Clothilde Soubert, and recommend it to your friends as the best rose for a very little garden where striking effects are not sought.

EXCEPT the roses, dahlias and gladioli, I have spoken mostly of annuals. Of course they will not give very early blossoms, except the pansies, which may be sown the previous Fall. You may have early flowers by planting bulbs in the Fall and you can make the season earlier by buying a few plants of various kinds in Spring. For the most part, though, you will no doubt be content to sow seeds of the annuals in April, May and June. The plants will come into bloom very early. It is worth while buying a few dahlia roots and gladiolus bulbs, there are so many fine varieties now. The former should go into ground which has been well and deeply worked and then enriched with

decayed stable manure or a little dried sheep manure. The latter material, by the way, is an excellent fertilizer to use in small gardens, because it is concentrated and free from weed seeds. It costs two dollars for a hundred pounds, which will go a long way; or twenty-five pounds may be bought for seventy-five cents. It may be mixed with the soil or given in the form of manure water, the strength being gauged by the color, about that of weak tea. All seedsmen handle it.

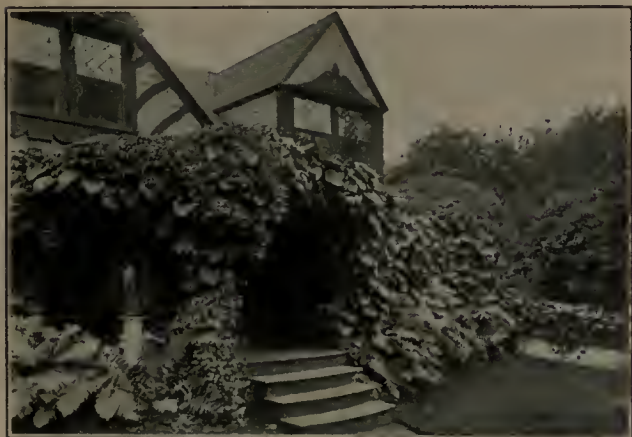
But to get back to our dahlias. They may be planted in May about three feet apart and the ground about them should be cultivated frequently. Only two shoots should be allowed to grow, and by pinching out the heart, the plant will be made to grow into a bushy form so that staking will not be needed. Many gardeners, however, prefer to provide stakes.

The gladiolus is very effective when grown in masses, but is also splendid for cutting. If a spike is cut just as the first blossom at the bottom opens and is put in water, it will remain in bloom for a week or more. The colors are glorious and many acres of these plants are grown each year to provide table decorations for the hotels. They should be planted every two weeks from the first of May to the first of July in order to have a long season.

They will grow in almost any soil, but it is well to have it rather rich. The smaller bulbs should be planted first. The size of the bulb does not determine the size of the flower. Some of the best varieties have small bulbs. Planting should be from three to six inches deep and four to six inches apart. If grown for cutting, the plants may stand in rows a foot apart, to make cultivating easy. Stakes are needed, but several bulbs may be planted in a circle and the plants trained to one stake. Manure water once a week is good for them.

Mention of the value of the gladiolus for cutting, suggests the thought that many other flowers will be wanted for this purpose, for every garden-maker with the spirit of love in his heart wants flowers to give away. If there is room enough, it is an excellent plan to devote a little ground to blossoms for cutting, growing the plants in rows and cultivating them like vegetables—with the wheel hoe, perhaps. There are some flowers like the sweet peas and pansies which fairly urge us to cut them. If we fail to do so they go to seed and stop blooming. If the pansies begin to show signs of running out in mid-summer, fertilize them and remove a little of the plant with the blossoms, which will, in effect, be pruning them. Pansies will grow in partial shade and like shelter from the rays of the sun in the middle of the day; but don't try to grow them under trees, for they will be leggy and unsatisfactory.

Early and deep planting is the secret of sweet pea culture. It is well to plant the seeds in a trench and to fill



Dutchman's Pipe is a strong grower with huge, heavy leaves and a flower of brownish color

it little by little as the plants grow. The ground should be rich, but stable manure is prone to breed cut worms. The plants do better when exposed to the air and sunlight on all sides than when grown against a building. Chicken wire or brush may be used to support them, but the brush is the better. It may be bought at seed stores if

there is no place near at hand for cutting it. The plants need a lot of water and appreciate an application of liquid manure once a week. If the season is dry and hot, it is well to mulch the ground with hay or straw. Sweet peas are easy to grow if they get the kind of treatment they demand. Otherwise they are likely to prove disappointing. If you have had no success, or, as you probably will declare, no luck, with sweet peas in the past, try these simple directions and see if your luck does not change.

The snapdragons (*Antirrhinum*) are fine for cutting. They will delight the children, too, for each little blossom will open its mouth when the finger is pressed beneath it. Give them a sunny location and they will give you flowers from mid-summer to frost. Indeed, by sowing the seed in the Fall, you can get flowers much earlier than mid-summer.

The annual pinks are old favorites for cut flowers. The seed may be sown out doors as soon as the danger of frost has passed and you will be picking flowers almost before you realize the fact. Ordinarily they will live over with a little protection and bloom profusely the second season. Choose the double sorts and plant them in the sun.

You will want mignonette, of course, but in order to have a long season, the first sowing in April must be followed by another in July.

The annual poppies are not commonly classed as cut flowers, because people do not know how to make them last in the house. Try taking a tall vase into the garden early in the morning and cutting the blossoms which are just ready to expand. Put them directly into the water and you will be surprised at the result.

Did you ever try flowering the morning glory in the house. Get up early some fine morning and pick a handful of buds. Place them in a vase on the breakfast table and call the family for the morning meal. There will be more than once exclamation of surprise as the blossoms unfold before their eyes. The little experiment may be repeated at night with moon flowers.

There are many other flowers excellent for house decoration and to give

away—the Scabiosa or mourning bride, ten weeks stocks, annual larkspurs and so on, but when all is said, there are few more popular flowers for the purpose than the every-day, unpretentious nasturtium. Fill a fish globe with the fresh, cheerful blossoms and you have an ideal table decoration, the stems which show through the



A hedge of Japan Barberry

glass adding to the effect. They will grow in almost any soil, but like plenty of sun. Nasturtiums are most accommodating. Sow the seeds in rather poor soil and you will get a great number of blossoms. Sow them in very rich ground and you will get few flowers but a great mass of foliage, which will make an ideal screen. If you want an impenetrable hedge, make the ground rich and grow climbing nasturtiums on a chicken wire trellis. If you want a low, border-like hedge, with plenty of color, sow seeds of the dwarf nasturtiums in soil which is not very rich: a support will not be needed.

The easy-going garden-maker likes plants which flourish with a minimum of care; perhaps, with a modicum of care, would be phrasing it better. In this list come zinnias, marigolds, salvia and portulaca in addition to nasturtiums. It is well to grow the bright red flowers against a back ground of green to take away the fiery effect. Salvias are sometimes banked against cannas with good results. Beds of zinnias look best at a little distance and if there must be beds on the lawn, they are useful, the green of the grass tempering the bright colors of the flowers. The portulacas are the gayest little flowers imaginable and willing to do their best to make the world more cheerful if given the least encouragement. They may even be transplanted when in full flower, which is something very few plants will endure and go right on blooming as though nothing had happened. They delight in the hot sunlight and will grow well in sandy soil. Pretty edgings for walks may be made with them, if they are kept in bounds, and they are especially good for the sea shore garden. They spread rapidly and frequently appear in considerable numbers the second

year. Their persistency may be explained by the fact that they are cousins of that thrifty garden weed known as pusley. Some of the double sorts are particularly handsome and these flowers are well worth growing in any garden which is not of too formal a type.

Much of the success of a flower garden will depend upon the initial preparation of the soil. The main thing is to have it spaded thoroughly and deeply. The soil should be made just as fine as possible. Manure may be applied if very well rotted and then should be carefully mixed with the earth.

Most amateur garden makers are willing to carry water if necessary but too often their labor is wasted. Mere surface wetting is worse than none at all. It is better not to give water so often, but to thoroughly soak the ground each time. Evenings or cloudy days are good occasions for applying water. After all, though, cultivation is even more important than watering. Stirring the soil keeps the moisture in the ground. When the surface of the ground is hard, you may be sure that the moisture is being rapidly evaporated. Even after a heavy wetting down, the soil should be raked over as soon as dry enough. That keeps the water in the earth and helps to postpone the next watering day.

Vines have been described as "Nature's beautifier," and, indeed, there is scarcely a place but what may be beautified by some sort of vines. For hard, cold uninviting walls of houses, bleak sides of brick and stone, nothing softens them and adds beauty like the hardy vines. For the unlovely corner of the yard, the hideous unpainted fence, the outbuildings or scores of such places, the annual vines, rapid of growth, green of foliage and bright of blossoms, are the best to plant.

All are ornamental, however, and both sorts to be desired. Among the favorite quick-growing annual vines should be included the Runner Beans, several varieties of Morning Glories, the Variegated Japanese Hop Vine, the Cardinal Climber, Wild or California Cucumber and the Climbing Cypress. Varieties of climbing gourds are interesting, but better for low places like fences as the foliage is not thick.

If you have a long stretch of stone wall or fence, the most economical is

the old fashioned Virginia Creeper. It will thrive wonderfully and cover anywhere from twenty feet to a hundred yards of wall with an astonishingly small quantity of seeds. Always soak vine seeds in warm water at least three hours before planting, and if the soil is at all good they will thrive with no further care.

But for high walls, sides of buildings, about dead trees and all such places, the hardy vine is to be preferred. Its



English Privet can be clipped to any shape and makes an excellent border hedge

first year's growth is slow, but thereafter it grows with astonishing rapidity. The list which follows includes vines with showy flowers, others with flowers that are unsurpassed for fragrance, still others notable for their foliage, some that cling by aerial rootlets to brick, stone or wood and need no tying-up or training, and some that require support, but which, in return for the satisfaction of this simple demand, will clamber to the very peak of the roof and cover the house with foliage and blossom.

If a list of the best vines were sought from planters familiar with their habits and characteristics, the result, very likely, would show some little disagreement. Personal taste and preference would prejudice the selection. But if ten such lists were assembled, it is more than probable that all of them would make mention of the following ten:

- Actinidia arguta, the silver vine.
- Akebia quinata.
- Ampelopsis Veitchi, Boston or Japanese ivy.
- Aristolochia siphon, Dutchman's pipe vine.
- Clematis in variety.
- Euonymus in variety.
- Hydrangea scandens, or Schizophragma
- Hydrangeoides, climbing Hydrangea.
- Lonicera in variety, Honeysuckle.
- Wistaria in variety.
- Peuraria Thumbergiana, Kudzu vine.

For the last, however, *Celastrus scandens*, the bitter sweet, or the vitis in variety, the wild grapes, might be substituted. But there is little question about the superiority of the others on the list. Room, of course, might be found for the trumpet vine, *Bignonia*, but its flowers are not pleasing to many and, to others, its disposition to spread and take possession of quarters where it is not wanted makes it undesirable. For much the same reason, *Ampelopsis*

Veitchi is named specifically instead of including other varieties of the group, such as the Virginia Creeper. The latter is coarser, more rampant and so voracious a feeder that its roots eventually explore every foot of available soil, absorb every morsel of plant food in the ground and leave grass, trees, shrubs and flowers to starve.

Actinidia is of Japanese origin and one of the rapidly-growing perennial vines, with clean, glossy-green foliage and greenish-white flowers, borne in July and followed by clusters of yellow fruits. The fruits, too, are edible, but hardly agreeable and are best left for the birds. The *Akebia* is another vine of Japanese origin, a charming climber, with small, deep-green foliage and, in early spring, with clusters of chocolate-colored flowers with a pleasant cinnamon fragrance. It is of greatest service where a screen is wanted, but where at the same time, too dense a shade might be objectionable.

The Boston Ivy, *Ampelopsis Veitchi*, is popular the country over. For covering walls, whether of stone, brick, concrete or wood, it is unsurpassed. It establishes itself but slowly, however, and not much should be expected of it before the third season. In setting it out, cut it down to within two or three inches of the surface of the ground. Its new shoots will then make unerringly for the nearest support and attach themselves to this firmly and quickly. To induce it to spread over a wider area of wall, pinch back the new shoots when they are a foot high and repeat this process as often as may be necessary. *Ampelopsis Lowii* is another good clinging vine, a little hardier, perhaps, than *A. Veitchi* and somewhat more likely to cling to smoother surfaces.

Dutchman's Pipe, the *Aristolochia* is a strong grower, with huge, heavy

Continued on page 313.

His Bit

By Beth Porter Sherwood

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

THE whole population of the little town was gathered at the railroad station. For an hour from all points of the compass people had converged toward this common centre. The merchant had closed his store, the lawyer his office, the teacher his school and all had assembled to welcome back a few battered heroes, invalided home, who had gone out in the pride of their young manhood to do gallant service for King and Empire.

Flags were everywhere. Ladies had them pinned to their coats, boys and men wore them in their hat bands, automobiles were smothered in them and horses flaunted them in their bridles; while from the flag-pole on the station the municipal ensign floated in majestic serenity.

On the platform immediately in front of the station was a solid phalanx of the solid citizens headed by the mayor and aldermen; and back and beyond and on either side were rows and rows of men and women each trying to get as near as possible to the place where the train would come to a stand-still.

In the trees beside the track small boys shouted and clung and even upon the station roof were assorted sizes of the more daring.

By and by, "She's coming. I see the smoke," was shouted from one of the more advantageous positions and almost immediately from beyond the crossing, came the shriek of the engine and while people shouted themselves hoarse the train, with clanging bell, rolled in and stopped, and then the maimed and halt with faces drawn with suffering came bravely forth, and eager hands reached out to help and cheerful voices uttered words of praise and appreciation and many eyes were dim as mother or sister went forward to meet and greet a loved one.

At the back of the crowd a man, still under forty, with grizzled hair, dark mustache and kindly grey eyes, looked over the throng. He did not go forward to greet the guests of honor. "Others have a better right," would have been his explanation had he been questioned, "and I'll see them later."

Time after time he stepped back or

made a place for some one not so tall to get a better view. A mist obscured his sight and he turned away his head



People had converged toward this common centre to welcome back a few battered heroes

as the boys, spent and broken, came from the train.

Occasionally his glance turned toward a tall, shabbily dressed young woman who stood by herself on the outskirts of the crowd. No one spoke to her and she spoke to no one and in all that dense throng she was as much alone as she would have been on an uninhabited island.

The man's eyes grew pitiful as he noted the fierce despair in the girl's dark stormy eyes as they were turned for a moment in his direction. "Poor thing, she's up against it in some way," was his mental comment. "I wonder if she was expecting some one who did not come. She looks as if she did not have a friend in the world."

"'Lo, Jim, quite a crowd out isn't there?" said an acquaintance making his way to the man's side.

"Uhm, yes,"

"Pretty badly used up, some of those boys."

"Yes."

"Some of them, poor fellows, will never come back. There's several that are dead or missing and God help anybody that's a prisoner of those Germans."

"Amen," breathed Jim softly.

His friend looked at him perplexedly. "How'd you like to have gone?" he ventured.

"They wouldn't have me," replied Jim succinctly.

"Huh, is that so? Offer?"

"Yes."

"Well you might've knowed they wouldn't take you."

"I'd be all right for work in the trenches," insisted Jim. Then, "Say, Dawson, who is that young woman over there. I've seen her a number of times but I don't know her name?"

"That dark, good-looking girl there, alone by herself?"

"Yes."

Dawson laughed significantly and spat before replying. "Oh, she's a war widow. Not that she's ever been married but she's got a war baby. Fellow was killed in one of them awful battles. They say he fought like a perfect demon and might 'a' got off but he stopped to help a man that was

hurt and—they got him. Probably he'd have married her if he'd come back but—well, he didn't."

"But the girl; she seems so desolate, is there no consideration shown her for her husband's sake?"

"I tell you she wasn't married, and you know how much consideration is shown to an unmarried mother."

"Is she respectable?" pursued Jim.

"You make me tired," burst out his friend. "How could she be respectable? I've heard she's always behaved herself except, except—There, you see how she's regarded."

He nodded his head toward several young men who passed her, one of whom addressed some words to her while the others laughed insolently and bade their companion "Come on."

The color flamed into the girl's cheeks and her hands clenched involuntarily, but she neither moved nor spoke.

"You see?"

"Uhm, yes, the chivalry of man," said Jim with an angry gleam in his eyes. "What's her people like?"

"Oh, average, may be. Pretty poor; mother's dead, a step-mother, I believe. They're respectable enough. Turned her out to shift for herself when they found out about the child."

"To prove their respectability, eh! How does she live?"

"She gets a day's work here and there at washing, house-cleaning and such like. Heavens!" he burst out, "it's enough to make the girl go to the devil when you think how she's treated. There, she has her baby to take care of, a fine handsome boy they say he is, and not a soul to give her a decent word even. I believe she's perfectly straight now but people prophesy she'll go to the bad and then stand back to see her do it."

"Poor thing, she looks as if she needed a friend," was Jim's compassionate comment.



Her thoughts were of the brave though irresponsible young life that went out in the awful carnage

"She does that, all right but I don't know where she's going to get one," was Dawson's cynical reply.

"Poor thing," repeated the man, his brows drawn together in a thoughtful frown. His companion addressed a remark to him but he paid no attention. Probably he did not hear him.

For some moments he stood as if deeply pondering some momentous question, then as if he had arrived at a conclusion he turned to Dawson and asked "What's her name?"

"Whose? Oh, that girl over there? Are you still thinking about her? Her name's Alma Horton. She worked for my wife a while this spring," he explained as if he feared his friend might misjudge him because of his knowledge.

"Take me over and introduce me," was Jim's astonishing request.

"Aw, what are you driving at?" protested Dawson.

"Take me over and introduce me," commanded Jim, "and then I want you to stay and hear what I have to say to her. Hurry, she is going away."

The men separated themselves from the crowd and then it became apparent

that Jim was lame; the result of a broken ankle badly set.

As the men paused beside her the girl turned and looked at them with haughty defiance and acknowledged Dawson's embarrassed mutter of introduction by a curt nod; then with a sort of impatient forbearance she waited.

"Miss Horton," began Jim, "you may have heard of me and know what manner of man I am said to be."

"Yes," she replied concisely and with evident curiosity. "I never heard anything against you. I know where you live and that you're considered well off."

"Well, I've come to ask you to marry me," asserted Jim.

"What?" exclaimed Dawson appalled, while the girl remained silent, her expression one of skeptical contempt.

"I ask Alma Horton to marry me," said Jim addressing Dawson. "I can give you," he continued turning to the girl, "a good home, the protection you so evidently need and I will adopt the child and give him my name if such is your wish."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," admonished his friend in a whisper.

"Do you mean what you say?" asked the girl incredulously.

"I do. I certainly do," replied the man.

"But why?" she burst out fiercely. "You don't know anything about me or only what is—is nothing to my credit and you must have a reason I suppose."

"I have. I couldn't go to the war," an almost imperceptible motion designated his infirmity, "and I would do my part. Another, you know of whom I speak, gave his life for the Empire and for his sake I would care for the child and the mother," he replied solemnly.

The girl turned her head and looked off to the vague, blue distances. Pos-

Continued on page 303.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Uncle Sam Steps In

THE part which the United States will play in the European struggle has been the subject of much comment throughout the Dominion. The American press, with virtually one accord, approved the decision of President Wilson to arm merchant vessels flying the American flag. The country is solidly behind the President also in his efforts, through the mobilization of militia regiments and the recruiting in both the army and the navy, to prepare the forces of the country for any emergency. Opinion differs, however, on both sides of the line as to whether the United States could and should send an army overseas.

The *Montreal Star* comments on the situation as follows:

The American Executive seems to be going right ahead preparing for war. That is the way to make sure that no time will be lost while waiting for the politicians to assemble and act. The American Navy can certainly help make the seas safer for food and munition ships bound for Allied ports in Europe; but those who are urging the preparation of an army are on the right line. The Americans will do well to realize that, in going to war with Germany, they are entering the lists with a dangerous foe. It will be no child's play or make-believe. They have got to see that the war is won or else face serious consequences. And it may easily be that

they must eventually send a real army to Europe to make sure that the Germans are not left after the war in a condition to apply punitive measures to the United States.

The *Winnipeg Saturday Post* also believes that when the right time comes the United States will furnish something more than moral and financial support. It says:

Germany has been at war with the United States for about seven weeks—but it was only the other day that the Government at Washington aroused itself to an understanding of the fact and proceeded to take steps that will

April 2nd, we can reasonably conclude that President Wilson has at last come to the conclusion that the Teutons have been laughing at him for two years and that, however unwillingly, he must fight back or live in history forever as the weakest President that the United States has ever had.

Many Washington correspondents would have us believe that, even if the new Congress should authorize war, it does not necessarily mean that the Republic will become an active participant in the same sense as that in which we speak of Great Britain as a participant.

They suggest that the Washington Government will be content to provide protection for American citizens and American shipping. This is nonsense. The main stock in the United States is not of the kind that will tolerate half measures. If the Republic enters the fight at all—and it assuredly will—then it will be forced by public opinion, whatever the wishes of the President may be, to enter it in earnest and to throw the full striking power of the nation into its blows. We have, in short, every reason to feel complete assurance that within another month we shall have added to our already overwhelming forces

and resources of the United States.

The *Toronto Globe* says that President Wilson, having exhausted all the



UNCLE SAM: "You can laugh, but he's a first cousin to 'that contemptible little British army'"

Toronto News

enable the great Republic to retaliate by making war against Germany.

Now that Congress has been summoned to meet in special session on

arts of diplomacy in order to avoid an appeal to the sword, is finally driven by the compelling logic of facts to realize that Germany is an outlaw and not amenable to any influence save that of superior force. It continues:

It was a bitter lesson for a proud people to learn. Unwilling to forego the wealth and luxury and ease that came to them stained with the tears and blood and anguish of the stricken Allied nations of Europe, our neighbors to the south have discovered before it is too late that to them the greatest tragedy of this terrible war would be the denial of their faith in liberty and democracy, and their calculating indifference to the calls of humanity. To its honor be it said, the great Republic has not been without witnesses to the instinctive leanings of the American people toward the cause of freedom in Europe. What the Americans have done for the starving Belgians and the exiled Serbs and Armenians will not soon be forgotten. All the country needed was strong leadership. Germany, with that streak of insanity which has characterized her war diplomacy throughout, roused the American nation from its slumbers. The enemy was at the gate. Too proud to fight Germany saw her chance to make it impossible for America to aid the Allies as a neutral. The submarine blockade of the American coast was a challenge to the manhood of the nation, which stirred the latent instincts of the American race.

America is stepping out on the path that Britain took in the early days of war, but with the advantage of two years' experience of European fighting to enable her to forge the most effective weapons of war. For America the hour of decision has struck. In this war for human freedom and progress Old Glory will not remain furled.

Under the heading "Counting the Cost," the *New York Sun* voices sentiments echoed by many other American papers, by saying that whatever may be the consequences of the clash, the United States must go through with it to the bitter end. It says:

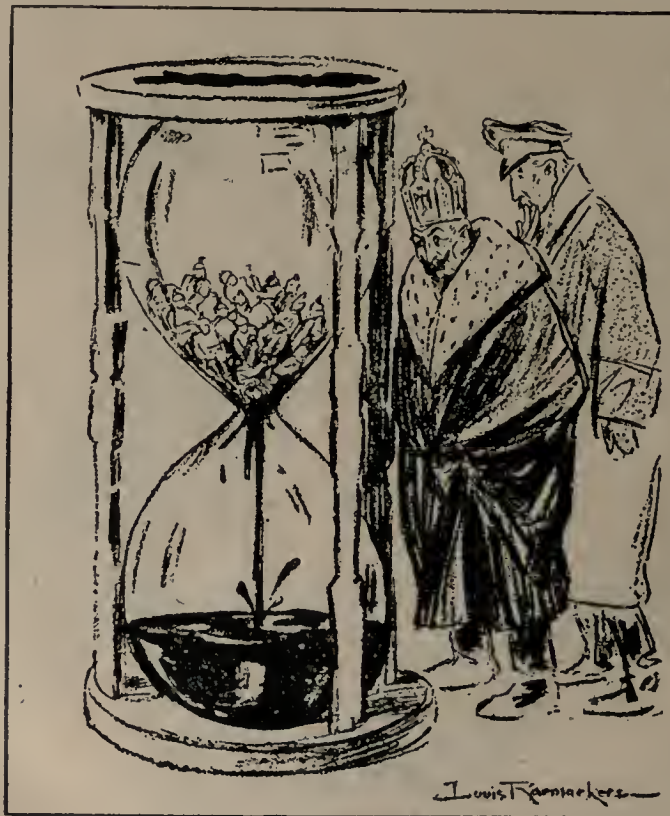
In various quarters are heard thoughtful or warning voices bidding America beware. Have we counted the cost of a struggle with Germany?

A grim picture is painted of the possibilities of the war already begun against us, a war which only awaits our formal recognition of its existence to spread its terrors by land and sea.

This picture is one of possibilities only, but few Americans will deny that much of it is likely to prove photographically accurate. The realization of what war means, this war as well as all wars, has, however, never daunted American hearts.

We cannot count the cost any more than one of us can count the cost of saving some one dear to him whose life hangs by a thread. We cannot count the cost of protecting American lives in the generations to come. The single life that is in the balance must be saved whatever the price: the future of America and the protection of our children's children have to be achieved whatever the sacrifices we are called upon to make.

There are times when no man or nation can count the cost, when no man or nation would count the cost; for however stupendous it may be, the object to be attained is something priceless and incorruptible and worthy of laying down our lives for. Those who ask us to count the cost of defending our liberties against German violence insult American manhood.



Land and Water (London)

"Will they last long enough, Father?"

Modernizing Country Life

(From the *Toronto News*)

THE series of rural reforms to which Sir William Hearst, as Minister of Agriculture, and Dr. Creelman, as Commissioner of Agriculture, are committed (see article on page 281 of this

issue of *Canada Monthly*) should go far to make life on the farm more pleasant and more profitable. Take the project of making it possible for every farmer of moderate means to have a waterworks plant, supplying cold and hot water in his house. The lack of modern sanitary conveniences has always been one of the great drawbacks of country life, especially in the winter time. Under the Government's plan the want is easily filled. Standardized appliances are to be brought to the attention of 150,000 farmers' wives through the agency of the Women's Institutes during the coming summer. This development alone will make for a revolution in agricultural life.

Next comes the development of social centres in villages and at country crossroads. It is proposed to use schools, churches and the grounds about them for this purpose. Moving picture shows lectures, debating and recreation clubs all form part of the scheme. Farmers' sons and daughters who have been to high school, the Ontario Agricultural College or other institutions of learning, will

no longer feel the want of mental stimulus on the land. There will be play for social and intellectual inclination. Some thing of the outside world will be brought to them. The fundamental industry of the Province will be linked up with the thought and progress of the day. At first sight the idea may seem impracticable, but it is the reverse of chimerical. In the hands of the Premier and Dr. Creelman it will bring definite results of real and far-reaching importance.

The cause of these special efforts is found in a world food shortage and the need of ample provisions for the Allied peoples and armies, but the results will be permanently beneficial to the agricultural population as to the Province as a whole. Nothing is more encouraging in the present situation or more full of promise for the future than the broad grasp shown by the Hearst Government in dealing with pressing agricultural problems.

The War Loan

(From the *Montreal Gazette*)

WHILE the final figures of subscription cannot be accurately known for a few days yet, it is understood that the third Canadian War Loan has been largely over-subscribed. In nothing,

perhaps, has the determination of the people to pursue unflinchingly the fight for the preservation of the Empire until victory is achieved, been shown more convincingly than in the ascending purchases of Canada's War Bonds. The Government in the first loan asked for \$50,000,000, and received about \$102,000,000; in the second loan, asked for \$100,000,000 and was offered \$206,000,000; and in the third loan, asking for \$150,000,000, has received subscriptions believed to run over \$240,000,000, and which may greatly exceed this amount when the final figures are compiled. It is a splendid example of the patriotism and wealth of the people.

There are two noteworthy features in connection with the success of the latest loan. The banks will be relieved of their subscription of \$60,000,000, and thus be in a position to extend further large credits to the British Government for the purchase and payment of munitions produced in Canada. To the present time, the Canadian Government and banks have advanced no less a sum than \$270,000,000 for this purpose, and in this way have immensely stimulated industrial activity in Canada, while contributing potently to the stores of munitions required by the army. Thus, while helping the cause of Britain and her allies on the battlefields of Europe, they have helped to maintain and enlarge a great commercial prosperity at home.

The other gratifying feature of the success of these Canadian loans is that the bonds being purchased principally by our own people, the interest payments will remain in Canada, instead of going out of the country. Before the war much the larger portion of the funded debt of the Dominion was held in Great Britain, that held in Canada being relatively small, while at the end of last month the amount of funded debt payable in Canada had risen to \$316,000,000, as compared with \$362,000,000 payable in England, and with the recent loan the amount held in this country will exceed one-half of the total debt.

The war is now costing Canada about \$25,000,000 monthly, and as this charge is not likely to be heavily exceeded in the near future, the Finance Minister

should have sufficient money in sight to carry on for at least another six months. There are, indeed, considerable charges on capital account other than war expenditures, but these have for many months past been provided for by the buoyancy of the revenue.

Canada's Jubilee

(From the *Toronto Globe*)

IN 1864 the late Hon. George Brown moved in the united Canadian Parliament the resolution for the appointment of a committee, which reported in favor of uniting the Provinces as the Dominion of Canada. It is an interesting circumstance that the Liberal leader in the Ontario Legislature has

restless in her free partnership with the mother land, but has strengthened the bonds of Empire and enriched the sentiments which unite a free people in the maintenance and defence of their liberties. The war has proved Canada's willingness to bear her part in the Empire's struggle, to defend the weak nations, and to sustain the cause of justice and liberty wherever the flag may be attacked or menaced. The Dominion is old enough to look with regret at the foolish and almost criminal alienation of vast stores of wealth that might be made to yield abundance of revenue for all time. Timber, minerals and farm land have been lavishly bestowed, and the result is already apparent in the premature need of a multi-

tude of taxations. Although thought is centred in the war and the determination to win must override all other considerations, it is fitting that the Jubilee year of the Dominion should be celebrated with becoming enthusiasm. We can rejoice in the achievement of the Federated Provinces, we can rejoice in the confident outlook and the grand opportunities, and we can even rejoice in the heroic sacrifices which we are making in the cause of national integrity and political liberty.



ALSO RAN

Wilhelm: Are you luring them on, like me?
Mehmed: I'm afraid I am

Punch

moved for the appointment of a committee to consider and report on plans for fittingly celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Dominion. Confederation may have disappointed the hopes of some of its promoters. The blending of races and the development of harmonious toleration among creeds may seem to some discouragingly slow. The half century may not have brought the results reasonably anticipated. But in the almost sudden appearance of the new Dominion in the West, in the magnificent expansion from the five hesitating Provinces away to the far Pacific, in the bringing of half a continent under law and order, and in the development of vast natural wealth in forests, mineral deposits, fisheries, and farming areas, the half-century must be regarded as a time of achievement.

Growth has not made the Dominion

Cause of High Prices

UNDER caption "The Cost of the World War," the *Kitchener News-Record* publishes the following:—

A few days since the writer witnessed an incident which, while not fully explanatory of the high cost of living was, at least, illuminating. While waiting in a city grocery store to be served a farmer entered and offered for sale several pairs of chickens which the grocer readily bought at the market price. In exchange the farmer received sufficient groceries to last the average family for a week—or so it seemed—and more than eight dollars in cash. When the groceryman turns these chickens over to his customers at an advance hardly sufficient to cover the cost of handling some people will rise in their ignorant wrath and accuse the "middleman" of robbery. What is true of this small incident is probably correct with regard to the great bulk of foodstuffs produced at the present

time. The producer is receiving the increased price and the cost of living has not gone to alarming heights because of the rapacity and intrigue of "middlemen."

Present high prices of all commodities, raw materials, manufactures and foodstuffs, are caused by the natural laws of supply and demand. Fourteen great nations are engaged in the most tremendous and destructive war the world has ever witnessed. Some fifteen millions of men have been withdrawn from productive occupations, the greater number from agricultural pursuits, thus immensely lessening the world's supply of the necessities of life. Accentuating this shortage is the factor of increased consumption of foods by these millions of men because of the strenuous open-air life they are leading, requiring incalculable quantities of the very best and most nutritious of foods. (Some citizens gasped in amazement at the quantity of food to furnish only one dinner to the men of the 122nd Battalion who visited here a week ago. That was only for five hundred and fifty men. Multiply that quantity of foodstuffs by thirty thousand and you have what is necessary to feed the armies once only. Thrice that is one day's supply.)

Another considerable factor is the great quantity of foods destroyed by the armies. The newspapers record daily the destruction of stores of the enemy, the burning of towns and villages, the sinking of ships laden with supplies and in other ways the world's stores of food is being depleted. Wheat is verily the "staff of life" throughout the civilized world and the world's production of wheat was last year more than one-quarter less than in 1915 and about eight per cent. below the average of the past five years. The International Institute of Agriculture officially estimates the wheat production of Great Britain, Spain, Norway, Netherlands, Rumania, Russia-in-Europe, Canada, United States, Switzerland, India, Japan, and Egypt at 2,229,914,000 bushels, or 72.4 per cent. of the production of the same countries last year, and 92.8 per cent. of their five year average. Figures from Germany and Austria-Hungary are not available but it is unquestionably true that production in those countries is lessened in even greater degree because of every able-bodied worker being pressed into the armies.

What is true of the grain supply is accentuated with respect to animal foods. Cattle are slaughtered by the scores of thousands daily to provide

energy to the human race and while there is not yet depletion of cattle in the non-belligerent countries, yet there is a shortage of supply. Demand has more than overtaken production.

What is true of foodstuffs is true as well of all products. The excessive demands of the armies added to the necessities of civilian life necessitates forced output of manufactures of all kinds. In normal times those manufac-



The sooner the better

Life

Newspapers and men of influence would be far better employed in urging upon our people the necessity of saving in every possible way. We are a wasteful people, needlessly and thoughtlessly so because we always have had an abundance and have never learned the lesson of thrift. An investigator who has recently returned from Germany records that after finishing her lunch on a train (which she had provided before embarking) she opened the car window to throw out some broken bits of biscuits when she was stopped by an official, who told her it was a criminal offence to destroy even the smallest fragments of food. In Great Britain they are taking drastic steps to regulate the quantities of food allowed each individual and to restrict the consumption of necessities. Canada may not reach that stage, but this nation must learn to save what is now wasted. A visit to the garbage destruction plants of this and other cities would be a revelation to the average citizen of the great and unnecessary waste that is daily going on. The average waste from each household makes up a tremendous aggregate of foods and material that is thrown away, and which under necessity could be used. Canadians need now more than at any previous time to learn the lesson:

"Save and Serve."

tured products would be contributing to the world's wealth, but in these perilous times they are being destroyed. Capital, in the way of the products of men's labor, is being burned up, blasted, utterly destroyed in millions upon millions of value every twenty-four hours. All these factors make for high prices. "He who dances must pay the piper," and we cannot have a world war without the world paying the price, in material as well as in blood and suffering.

It is the rankest kind of political chicanery to try and fasten on any group of men or upon any political party the blame for the increased cost of living. The causes are fundamental and uncontrollable and the effects unavoidable. Municipal, Provincial and Federal authorities are undertaking investigation of the many loose charges of conspiracy and combined rapacity on the part of those who handle and distribute the necessities of life and will ascertain and report upon the thoughtless assumption that high prices of commodities are chargeable to the manipulations of "middlemen."

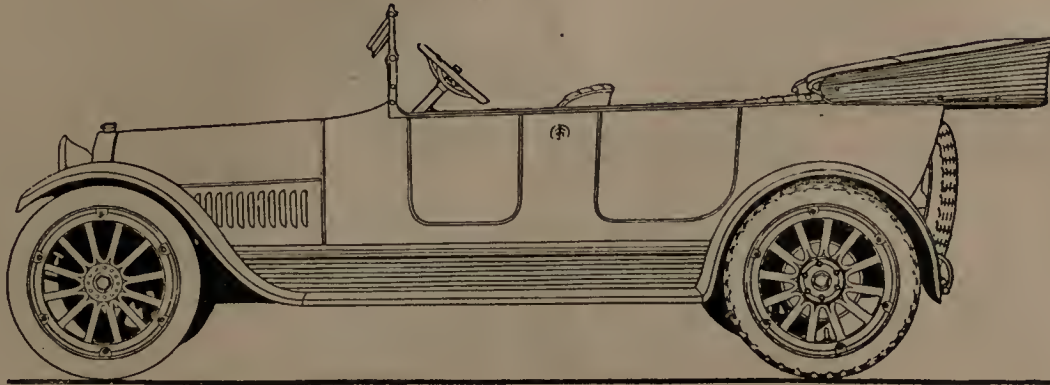
Proportional Representation

THE work of the Proportional Representation Society of Canada, with an object of bringing about a change in our election system, is commented upon by the *Toronto Globe* as follows:

Elected men are inclined to conclude that the election system could not possibly be improved, consequently it is more easy to interest the public than Parliament in such a reform as proportional representation. The Proportional Representation Society of Canada is carrying on an active propaganda, and its Council is composed of capable and representative men from Nova Scotia to the Pacific coast. Dr. James W. Robertson, C.M.G., LL.D. is president at the Ottawa headquarters, and Mr. Ronald Hooper is general secretary. The present system of small constituencies, each returning one member by a majority vote, may leave large and important elements unrepresented, and may do injustice to many shades of political opinion. It tempts toward such tricks as the

Continued on page 306.

Studebaker
Established 1852



—another tribute to this
foremost Made-in-Canada car

The Military Hospitals' Commission of Canada, with headquarters at Ottawa, Ont., has purchased SIX new four-cylinder, forty horse-power Studebaker Touring Cars.

These Studebaker cars are now in constant service throughout eastern Canada in connection with the efficient work of the commission. Invalid soldiers, returning from the trenches on furlough or for hospital treatment, are being transported from place to place in these silent, smooth-running, powerful Studebakers.

In war and peace alike, Studebaker is always at the forefront. On the fields of France and Flanders Studebaker Ambulances have hastened relief under conditions of roads and weather which demonstrated that the QUALITY and SERVICE which once called forth such enthusiastic praise from the late Lord Roberts, in his report to the British Parliament following the Boer War, is still being built into vehicles which bear the name STUDEBAKER.

The deep, restful comfort of the Studebaker's luxurious upholstery, the smooth, vibrationless

power and perfect balance of the chassis, the long resilient springs, the silence of moving parts, the safety of the full-floating rear axle, and over-size brakes—the all around dependability of Studebaker cars—make them especially adapted for work of this nature.

Every Studebaker car sold in the Dominion and overseas is built in the great Studebaker factories at Walkerville. In these modern plants every detail of manufacture is given the exhaustive attention characteristic of Canadian manufacturers. Careful, individual attention is given to each separate car, and the buyer of a Studebaker car in Canada may purchase with the knowledge that he is getting a real "Made-in-Canada" product—a motor car designed and built to meet all the emergencies and difficulties of driving which motorists in Canada encounter.

See the new Series 18 Studebaker cars now. Ride in them—drive them yourself. Know why they are the ultimate choice of discriminating motor car purchasers.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

- FOUR Roadster - - - - \$1375
- FOUR Touring Car - - - - 1375
- FOUR Every-Weather Car - 1675
- FOUR Landau Roadster - - 1635

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.

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WALKERVILLE, - ONTARIO

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

- SIX Roadster - - - - - \$1685
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- SIX Landau Roadster - - - 1900
- SIX Every-Weather Car - - - 1995
- SIX Touring Sedan - - - - 2245
- SIX Coupe - - - - - 2310
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The Penalty of Corns

No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns.

This very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And

in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd to-night which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

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Makers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c at
Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion
Plasters

His Bit

Continued from page 300.

sibly, probably, her thoughts were of an unmarked grave "Somewhere in France" and of the brave though irresponsible young life that went out in the awful carnage.

For a few moments Jim waited, then, as he saw that the crowd was breaking up and some were coming toward them he bent toward her and asked, "Well, what do you say?"

"For myself," she answered with a weary gesture, "I don't care, but for the sake of my baby," and the dark eyes were suddenly misty with tears, "I'll be glad to do as you wish."

Proportional Representation

Continued from page 304.

gerrymander, to make a small majority or no majority in the electorate give a large majority in representation. The proposed reform would substitute, for the present single-member system, large constituencies, each returning about five members. The apportionment of seats in these constituencies would be among the different parties, classes, and opinions in proportion to their electoral strength.

Wherever the system has been tried in Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Wurttemberg, South Africa and Tasmania, it has given freedom and confidence to all shades of opinion, and has rendered legislation more stable and popularly acceptable. It has also had a tendency toward softening racial, sectarian, party and sectional differences. In the British House of Lords in August last Earl Grey expressed the hope that the conference to be convened would consider proportional representation as a means of securing a really representative Parliament. The Marquis of Crewe answered that it was impossible to suppose such a conference would neglect this important subject. Premier Asquith has expressed the view that any strain of opinion honestly entertained by any substantial body of the King's subjects should find representation in the Commons. In one of the Ottawa leaflets it is pointed out that in the 1904 election 56,526 Liberal voters in Nova Scotia returned eighteen members to the Federal Parliament, and 46,131 Conservative voters returned not one member. In the 1911 election 25,622 Conservative voters in British Columbia returned seven Federal members, while 16,352 Liberal electors were entirely without representation. Such examples show the need of a change of system and for personal service in the cause of political equality.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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Each dollar saved will help Canada to do her share in the War.

Interest allowed at 3% per annum on Savings deposits of \$1 and upwards at any branch of the Bank. ^{5W}

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 295.

"Morton—Morton!" I whispered to myself. What was my association with that name? The next moment I had it.

Morton-Duggleby! Christopher Morton, the great ship builder!

The next moment my mind added something to the phrase; I was saying to myself, "The late Christopher Morton!"

He had been my father and he was dead, and I must be the son who had lived with his mother in France.

As I recall that incident now, I am aware that it was my new self, not my old, who was fitting together the pieces of this puzzle for me—fitting it together out of that magazine article which my French doctor had been so annoyed to learn that I had read. In other words, I was deliberately thinking who I must be, instead of listening for the chime of unconscious recognition from my inner self.

That may seem a rather fine-spun distinction, but it was an important one to me, and many and many a time in after months did I lament the fact that my mind offered no fresh white page for the recording of the impressions of that moment, but one instead that was written all over with a strong prejudice.

At the moment when I walked around the curve of the drive and into view of the persons standing at the gate, at that moment I believed my mystery to be fully solved.

The next moment my ingeniously constructed edifice of inference and deduction came tumbling about my ears. The two new visitors to the chateau, who had come not to see it but to interview its owner, Christopher Morton, these two visitors were Virginia Heatherfield and her father!

At first they did not see me. They were listening, evidently with the keenest disappointment, to the old woman's voluble denials that Christopher Morton lived here.

He had not been here since his mother's death, two years—three years ago; the chateau was closed—vacant. If they did not believe her they could go and see for themselves.

I doubt if they understood her words, but the main purpose of her speech was plain enough. As they listened the disappointment in their faces was plain to see, but presently, perceiving this look in her father's face, seeing how his cheeks had paled and his hands were trembling, Virginia forced a trembling smile to her lips.

"It is only what we might have expected, father," she said, "and it is really our first attempt. We shall find him yet."



THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD



The men who climb to dizzy heights in business—the top-notchers in every realm of human endeavor—must have that steady nerve, mental poise and physical endurance that come from living in harmony with natural law. Get right with Nature by eating

Shredded Wheat

a simple, natural, food that supplies every element needed to build the perfect man or woman fit for every job that calls for a clear brain in a supple responsive body. Contains all the muscle-making, heat-creating material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

A food for men and women who do things. Two biscuits with hot milk, or cream, make a complete, nourishing meal at a cost of four or five cents. Delicious with fruits.

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Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East



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D & A
**GOOD SHAPE
BRASSIERES**

Then with faltering, stammering words, she tried to ask the old woman if she could not give them some sort of clue, however indirect, to Mr. Morton's whereabouts.

Meanwhile there stood I, not a dozen paces away, I, who had felt absolutely certain a moment before that I was Christopher Morton himself.

At sight of them, of course, my belief had sustained a serious blow. They had seen me on shipboard. My face and, still more, my voice, had been familiar to them, but it was pretty clear even then that they did not identify me in any way with Christopher Morton, the man they hoped to find.

The next moment the sound of my approaching steps caught the girl's ear. She turned and looked at me. Astonishment, at first, was all there was in her face—almost the look of one who sees a ghost—but that expression was quickly succeeded by one of incredulous dread, dread mingled with hot, scornful anger. Her eyes blazed as she looked at me.

"You!" she said.

The word was hardly voiced at all. Hardly more than a whisper, its thrilling intensity made it cut like a whip-lash.

"You!" she repeated. "Here!"

Before I could have said a word, even if I had had a word to say, her attention was sharply diverted from me to her father. He, I am sure, had not seen me at all, but the shock of discovering the utter fruitlessness of his visit to the chateau was too much for his age and weakness.

He had been reeling when she spoke to me, and now, in spite of the clasp of the strong arms which she flung about him, he sank down to the ground in the roadway at her feet in a dead faint.

She was down beside him in an instant, pillowing his head on her arm, while with her free hand she tried to loosen the knot of his cravat and unbutton his collar.

"Bring some water quickly!" she commanded the old woman.

Her manner was calm enough, but what few words of French she may have possessed failed her in the emergency, and she spoke in English. The old woman was quite beside herself with excitement.

"Fetch some cold water quickly!" I commanded in a language she understood, and I called after her as she disappeared into the house: "And bring some cognac, too."

Then I stripped off my coat.

"Lay his head back on this," I told Virginia, as I placed it beside her. "He should lie quite flat."

She obeyed me mechanically, but when, a moment later, I offered to help her with the stiff buttonholes of the old



The Man Behind the Product

Years of patient research and countless experiments were necessary to perfect the matchless combination of rich Oporto Wine and Extract of Cinchona (according to the British Pharmacopoeia and French Codex) found in:—

Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT
(à la Quina du Pérou)

BIG BOTTLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALL DRUGGISTS

20

gentleman's collar, she spoke so fiercely that I was quite startled.

"Don't touch him!" she said. "Not those hands of yours!"

Of course I obeyed her, though her words astonished rather than hurt me. To cover my retreat, I went to the lodge-door to urge additional haste upon the old woman. She came almost at once, and within a minute or two the restoratives she brought proved efficacious.

The old gentleman opened his eyes, and the next moment, with his daughter's assistance, rose slowly to his feet. With dignified courtesy, though his expression of it was but stammering, he declined the old woman's invitation to go into the house and rest.

"It was a mere momentary weakness," he said. "I should not have remained standing so long in the sun. The little drive, such as I have before me, will restore me completely. I thank you," he concluded, with a stately bow, "both for your assistance and for your hospitality."

Then, as he turned away from her, his eyes rested upon me where I stood, coatless and highly uncomfortable, in the back-ground. I fully expected and dreaded to see the same amazed expression in his face which had appeared in Virginia's, but to my great surprise and relief he appeared not to recognize me. He noted that I was without my coat, however, and a glance at it lying in the driveway showed him the use to which it had been put.

"And I thank you, sir, also," he continued.

Relying on his failure to recognize me, I stepped forward and offered him my assistance into his carriage. It was the only decent thing I could have done, though I rather dreaded its possible effect on Virginia. But when I had got him safely seated and had turned away with a bow which matched his own, it was only to find Virginia confronting me, my dusty coat in her hands.

The look in her eyes, the look of tragic despair which underlay her anxiety over the recent episode, went straight to my heart. I felt I could not let her go like that.

"Miss Heatherfield," said I, and it took all my self-control to keep from saying "Virginia," "may I have just a word—just a moment? It is for your sake and for his that I ask it. I would not thrust my own needs upon you at a moment like this."

The mere sound of my voice seemed to agitate her almost uncontrollably, but mastering herself with obvious effort she nodded assent and drew a pace or two away from the carriage. A pretense of brushing some of the dust from my coat before she handed it back to me, served as the opportunity for what I wanted to say.



This Famous Test Proves Valspar is Waterproof

FOUR years ago the public was first startled by this test. It created a sensation because up to that time varnish had been "coddled" and protected. It couldn't stand hard usage.



Our aim was to demonstrate the fact that in Valspar we had produced a varnish that was not only very durable but *absolutely waterproof*.

Since that time this waterproof test has been brought before millions of people in the leading magazines and thousands of varnish users have tried it on all kinds of wood-work and furniture.

But hot and cold water is not *all* that Valspar resists. Spilled liquids, such as coffee, tea, alcohol, cologne, and so on, do not affect it in any way. In fact, it is as spot-proof as it is waterproof.

At first, many people thought Valspar was for use on furniture only. But they soon found it had a wide range of household uses indoors and out.

Be sure you get *Valspar*. If your paint or hardware dealer does not carry Valspar, write us direct and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

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Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

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"We never have coffee at our house, because I can't make good coffee."

Have you ever started right—
—with Chase & Sanborn's
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE?

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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Decide to enjoy the rest and recuperation of Body and Brain in one of Canada's Famous National Playgrounds where the delightful Climate, Magnificent Scenery and unlimited sporting possibilities go to make the ideal recreation.

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For literature and further information apply to nearest C. N. R. Agent, or write to R. L. Fairburn, General Passenger Agent, 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

"For some reason," said I, "and I give you my word I can form no guess what it is—for some reason my presence here convinces you that I am indeed the man your father thought I was on shipboard. Who that man can be I do not know, and I have no dearer wish than to find out."

Her eyes widened with clear astonishment.

"If you do not know, then you are not the man, *monsieur*."

"Whoever I may be," said I, "as I stand here before you I have no thought but to be of service to you. My needs and my questions can wait. But your father is weak and I fear he is ill. He needs for the next few hours, at least, a better protection than you alone can afford him. I want you to take me into your service. Are you planning to go back to Paris to-night?"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose that is all we can do now."

"Then let me go with you," I pleaded. "I may be of more service than you think."

The look of bewilderment and trouble in her face, the despair that looked out from under those curved lashes, brought tears to my own eyes.

"Can't you simply trust me," I said, "and let the explanation wait? Heari and soul I offer you my service. Can't you accept it?"

There came a rush of tears into her own eyes, and she held out her hand.

"Whoever you may be," she said. "Yes, I accept it."

But the next moment she hesitated.

"Will it be safe for us to try it?" she questioned, and the linking of our two identities brought my heart into my throat. "Won't father recognize you?"

"He has not so far," said I. "I don't think he will. At any rate, I can't let you go off alone."

"Come, then," she said, and took her seat in the carriage beside him.

I climbed on the box with the driver. Her father manifested no alarm whatever over this proceeding. He seemed to take the fact of my having joined the party as a matter of course.

As for me, I was glad that my isolated seat gave me the opportunity for a little calm reflection, or as good an imitation of it as the excitement and suspense of my situation would permit. I stole an inquiring glance now and then at Virginia to learn how the ride was affecting her father. Three or four times I did this and received from her each time a reassuring signal that all was well with him.

I had begun to doubt a little the real necessity of my presence in the party, when she leaned forward and spoke so low that the sound barely reached my ear. I motioned to the cabman to stop his horse, dismounted, and came around beside her. We

were then within a short distance of the post and telegraph-office at St. Symphorien.

Her father seemed to have fallen into a sort of a doze, from which the stopping of our vehicle did not rouse him.

"It is not the least like him to fall asleep like that in the middle of the afternoon," she said. "Do you think he is seriously ill?"

"I am not a physician," said I, "and I don't know. It may be just the natural reaction from the stimulants we gave him."

She seemed only half reassured, and I myself was in some perplexity. The sight of the telegraph-office suggested something to me.

"As I said, I am not a physician," I continued, when this thought struck me, "but one of the greatest physicians in France is my friend and benefactor. If I telegraph to him he will come at once. There is an excellent hotel in Tours, where we can stay very comfortably until he arrives.

"Of course, if your father should need medical assistance in the meantime, we can get it, but I should prefer losing no time in despatching that telegram. The office is right here," I continued, nodding toward the little building. "If you will excuse me a moment, I will go in there and send off the wire."

She nodded assent.

"I am very glad you came with us," she said.

The entrance to the post-office was around at the other side of the building. Taking the shortest line to it, I skirted the side wall closely. As I passed under the open window I heard an exclamation from within that made me stand dead still.

The voice that uttered that exclamation was the voice of the lodge-keeper. Evidently he had run away and left me for the purpose of sending a telegram, and having had to go on foot had reached his destination only a few minutes ahead of us.

The cause of his exclamation was revealed almost simultaneously with the sound of it. A piece of white paper, propelled by the strong summer breeze, came blowing out of the window. In a flash I had recovered it and shrank back close against the wall.

I heard footsteps approaching the window, and imagined that he was looking out to see where his telegram had gone. Finding no trace of it, he returned to the writing-desk, presumably to compose another.

Meanwhile I, my nerves tingling with excitement, was reading the message he was about to send.

Continued on page 318.



The Good Things Some Boys Get

In homes that serve Puffed Wheat and Rice, boys carry the grains at play.

Sometimes they are simply salted—sometimes doused with melted butter. And these bubble-like grains, toasted, flavory, crisp and flaky, form real food confections.

Those Boys Say This:

Boys with Puffed Grains always treat other boys. And they say something like this:

"Why, we have Puffed Grains every day in our house. I get a dish every morning.

"I get them sometimes for supper, in a bowl of milk. Sister uses them in candy making. And I get them like this after school.

"Sometimes it is Puffed Wheat, sometimes Puffed Rice. But one is as good as another.

Children who get puffed Grains talk about them. And children who don't, envy the rest.

For these are the foods that taste like nuts. That are airy and thin and flimsy. And that seem like confections served by the dishful.

Children who don't get Puffed Grains get nothing else that's like them. There is no other way to make whole grains into such inviting morsels.

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

Each 15c Except in Far West

The purpose of puffing, by Prof. Anderson's process, is to make whole grains wholly digestible. By terrific heat and shooting from guns, every food cell is exploded.

What cooking does in a partial way, this process does completely. Thus every element is made available, and every atom feeds.

People need whole-grain foods. But they need them so the whole grain will digest. Puffed Wheat and Rice supply them. So every dainty tidbit forms a perfect food. Let children eat all they will.


The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

SOLE MAKERS

Saskatoon, Canada

(1562)

 To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario

What these boys do, you can do

SEVERAL hundred dollars worth of vegetables was the splendid contribution of the Broadview Y. M. C. A. boys of Toronto towards increase of food production last season.



There exists a world shortage of food. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian soldiers are now consumers instead of producers. So you see that every bit of help in growing extra food supplies is of colossal importance. Every home should have a vegetable garden.

Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves money otherwise spent for vegetables or gives you vegetables you would not otherwise have, and thus helps to lower the "high cost of living." Growing vegetables saves the labor of others whose effort is urgently needed for other vital work. Boys, girls, grown-ups—everyone should help. Let the slogan for 1917 be

"A Vegetable Garden for Every Home"

Who doesn't enjoy nice fresh juicy vegetables on the table every day! Isn't it well worth everyone's while to grow vegetables this spring? Decide now. Boys and girls, ask your parents for the use of the ground and their help. They will gladly give you both. Grown-ups should plan now to have a garden.

Horticultural societies, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to encourage vegetable growing by everyone. Parents and guardians are requested to give boys and girls their co-operation.

It is suggested that organizations arrange for addresses on vegetable growing by local expert gardeners. If these are not available, the Department will endeavor to send a speaker. It is urgently requested that applications for speakers be made promptly as the demand for them will be great and the supply of available experts is limited.

The Department of Agriculture suggests stimulating interest by forming organizations to offer prizes for best vegetable gardens. Every possible assistance will be

given any organization encouraging vegetable production on vacant lots.

You do not need to be an expert. Scarcely any plot of ground is too small. Just write a letter to the Ontario Department of Agriculture (address below) and you will receive literature telling all about vegetable growing, how to prepare the ground and cultivate the crop; also a plan showing suitable vegetables to grow, best varieties for Ontario, and their arrangement in the garden. These will be sent free on request. Attend the meetings in your community.

Write for Poultry Bulletin—The high prices for eggs make a flock of poultry well worth while. They are not expensive to keep. In the average home the waste from the table is sufficient. Write for bulletin.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign,"
Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

That Yard of Yours

Continued from page 298.

leaves and a flower of brownish color and pipe-shape.

The Clematis family is numerous and popular as it deserves to be. But, having found that some of its members are more desirable, too many planters are inclined to confine their acquaintance to these to the exclusion of other varieties that are equally desirable. Clematis *Intergrifolia Durandi* is not, for instance, as widely planted as it ought to be. It grows only to a height of six feet and is one of the few hardy vines that is exceptionally well suited to planting along a low fence.

Other Clematises, exclusive of the large-flowering section, that are to be recommended are: Clematis *Montana Grandiflora*, sturdy, healthy, succeeding under adverse conditions, with snow-white flowers in profusion, borne in April and May; Clematis *Montana Rubens*, a new arrival in the family, identical in every respect with *Montana Grandiflora*, except that its flowers are of a soft-red hue; Clematis *Paniculata*, the well-known Japanese Virgin's bower, with its small but numerous flowers, white and fragrant, borne in the greatest profusion in August and September; Clematis *Coccinea*, Coral-red bell-shaped flowers from June until frost; Clematis *Crispa*, fragrant lavender, bell-shaped flowers with the same season of bloom as *Coccinea* and an excellent companion plant for the latter.

Among the best of the large-flowering section of the Clematis family are: Henryi, creamy-white; Dutchess of Edinburgh, double-white; Jackmani, the popular purple variety; Mme. Baron Veillard, light-rose and Ville de Lyon, bright carmine. These—and all the clematises, in fact—should be planted so that the crowns are three inches below the surface of the ground.

The best *Euonymus* is *E. Radicans Vegetus*. This, when it is better known, is destined to become as popular a wall cover in America as the English ivy is in England. It is hardy, evergreen, self-supporting, clinging.

The *Hydrangea scandens*, or as it is often listed in catalogues, the *Schizophragma Hydrangeoides*, is another perennial climber that is not nearly as well known as its qualities deserve. The flowers, borne in large trusses, are similar to those of the bushy hydrangeas.

The Honeysuckles include four excellent varieties—the Chinese "evergreen," with dark-green foliage that is exceptionally persistent, but not evergreen; the Coral or Scarlet Trumpet; Hall's monthly, with whitish-cream flowers, very hardy and vigorous and the best in the group, and the variegated, *Aurea reticulata*, with foliage mot-

Pure Seed Corn

EVERY KERNEL GROWS

High Grade Longfellow Yellow Flint Seed Corn, . . Bus., 56 lbs., \$3.25
 High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Seed Corn Bus. \$3.35
 High Grade Compton's Early Yellow Flint Seed Corn, Bus. \$3.25
 High Grade North Dakota White Flint Seed Corn Bus. \$3.20
 High Grade White Cap Yellow Dent Seed Corn Bus. \$2.75
 High Grade Wisconsin No. 7 White Dent Seed Corn Bus. \$2.85
 High Grade Imp. Leaming Yellow Dent Seed Corn Bus. \$2.50
 Improved White Hulless Seed Barley, Peck 65c,
 bus. (48 lbs.) \$2.40.

Mandscheuri Six Rowed Seed Barley Bus., \$1.80, 5 bus., \$8.75
 Bumper King White Seed Oats Bus., \$2.25, 10 bus., \$22.00
 Pure Seed Flax (seed very scarce) Pk., \$1.00, bus., 56 lbs., \$3.95
 Seed White Beans, profitable crop Pk., \$2.25, bus., 60 lbs., \$8.10
 Red Clover, No. 1 Rennie Seed Bus., \$16.20; No. 2, bus., \$15.30
 Timothy, No. 1 Rennie Seed Bus., \$5.76; No. 2, bus., \$4.56
 Alsike Clover, No. 1 Rennie Seed . . . Bus., \$14.70; No. 2, bus., \$12.30
 Alfalfa, Choice No. 1 Rennie Seed . . . Bus., \$14.10; No. 2, bus., \$13.50
 Tankard Cream Sugar Beet (cattle feeding) 4 ozs., 20c,
 1/2 lb., 30c, lb., 50c.

Rennie's Yellow Leviathan Mangel . . . 4 ozs., 15c; 1/2 lb., 25c; lb., 45c
 Irish King Swede Turnip (for table or stock) 4 ozs., 20c,
 1/2 lb., 37c; lb., 70c.

Cotton Bags for shipping Seed and Grain, 30c each extra.

Above Seed and Grain Prices do NOT include Freight Charges.

"Pakro" Seedtape. "You plant it by the yard."
 2 pkts. for 25c. Ask for descriptive list.

Rennie's Seed Annual Free to All.

Order through your Local Dealer or direct from

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Everything for Every Garden

Small Fruits and Large Roses, the very best kinds

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EVERGREENS, HEDGE PLANTS AND SHRUBS

Send for Catalogue.

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La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE
CORSETS

SPIRAL
SUPER-BONE

**La Diva Super-Bone
CORSET**

¶ La Diva Super-Bone is a much better corset than the *high-priced-made-in-order* model but at an ordinary price.

¶ This corset gives, as the illustration shows, not only stylish lines but erect graceful poise.

¶ The most satisfactory strong supple woven-wire boning ever invented—used in these models only — absolutely guaranteed in every respect.

Just try a pair and be convinced

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
Montreal — QUEBEC — Toronto
Makers of the celebrated D & A Corsets & "Good Shape" Brassieres.

ted-yellow, white and green. There are three varieties of Wistaria, the Japanese, Chinese and the White Chinese. The Chinese, Sinensis, is the favorite and the strongest grower of the family. It is also the most prolific in bloom. The Japanese, Multijuga, bears flowers of larger size and of deeper purple shade, but it is less vigorous than its Chinese cousin. The white, Sinensis Alba, is a white variety of the Chinese and like it in every respect save in the color of the bloom.

The Kudzu vine, Pueraria Thumbergiana, is the most rapid growing vine in cultivation. For covering arbors or pergolas it is not surpassed by any vine except, perhaps, the wistaria.

The Japan Barberry forms a low globular bush with glossy dark green leaves, turning in autumn to brilliant scarlet.

For hedges the Ligustium Vulgare or English Privet is one of the finest ornamental plants grown. It can be clipped any shape and is hardy and vigorous, thriving in almost any fertile soil. Its black berries remain on the bush all winter and the rich green leaves remain on the plants well into the cold weather.

Son O' Mine

Continued from page 287.

gested that we do something to make the game a little more interesting. Harry would play for money only as long as it didn't amount to anything—say five cents a corner. We began to play whist at five cents a corner, occasionally drinking a little beer. Two hours later we were still playing."

"With big stakes?" rasped Epes from his seat on the locker.

The woman smiled.

"At two o'clock we were still playing whist at five cents a corner and Harry was half a dollar ahead. He had simply dodged every attempt to raise the stakes, or to interest him in any side-betting proposition.

"I had been sleepy all the evening, doing my part half heartedly and without interest. Then, all in a second, I woke up. I realized that things were going wrong; that we were on the edge of a failure. The boy had already hinted that he must be going. Mason was chewing his moustache nervously; Hartman, I knew from the workings of his face, was furious.

"That we had been balked by a green boy, aroused my interest, and I scanned Harry more closely than before. All of a sudden it flashed over me that he looked like some one I knew—wonderfully like. I racked my brain, but could get no further. For an instant I felt faint and closed my

SOW

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Our handsome Spring Catalogue now ready. A copy will be mailed free on request.

SIMMERS

J. A. SIMMERS
Bulbs, Limited
SEEDS, Plants
Toronto, Ont.

SEEDS

eyes—for I had a vision of my own boy, with brown, curly hair.

"We had finished a hand. Mason was shuffling the cards; Hartman rang for some more bottles of beer.

"I was staring at the boy's face. His hair was straight and black; my husband's was curly and brown. His nose was thinner and more delicate than my husband's had been. But whom did he look like? What other person did I know with straight, black hair and a skin like that. Who could it be?

"Mason dealt, and Hartman passed to Harry a glass of beer. The boy drank half and set it down. My eyes met Hartman's and suddenly I knew—Did you ever hear of women's intuition, Mr. Clark?"

"I know women sense some things that men don't," Epes replied, hoarsely.

"I felt—I knew that the beer was drugged. I seemed suddenly helpless and numb. We played another hand. I was hardly conscious of what I did. But I had a feeling, which grew stronger and stronger, that I must protect that boy. I didn't know why, but I must take care of him, as if he had been my own boy, my baby. He was some one's boy, he had been some mother's baby. I knew his face, if I didn't know him, and I was not going to help rob him or let him be robbed.

"The next I knew, the boy lurched forward across the table. His head hung limp from his shoulders, and the beer glass went to the floor with a tinkle of fragments. Mason threw his cards down with an oath. Hartman stood up with a smile. Then I told them to stop.

"Why?" growled Hartman. His face was black.

"Because I've changed my mind. The boy has the face of some one I know."

"Cut it out!" he sneered. "You can't block the game at this stage, just because you're seein' things!"

"He pushed me aside, and roughly jerked the boy's shoulders. Desperate and angry, I seized an empty beer bottle, struck its neck on the table edge, and smashed the broken glass into Hartman's face."

She held up her right hand, wound about with a red stained handkerchief.

"I cut myself, but his face—I'm afraid there'll be scars. Then Mason seized me and I screamed. Pudger came in, and Harry had slumped to the floor. Hartman was wiping the blood from his face. They got him a doctor and he wanted to have me arrested, but Mason quieted him. I kept watch over the boy, and finally got a carriage and brought him home."

She stood up and drew her wrap around her.

"So you know now, Mr. Clark, why



The Guardian of the Oat Dish

None But the Big, Rich, Flavory Grains Go Into Quaker Oats

Why is Quaker Oats, the world around, the dish of the connoisseurs?

Because it is flaked from the queen oats.

Because all the little oats—starved and insipid—are barred from this premier brand.

Because every flake is luscious. The flavor and aroma give it vast distinction.

It makes a winning dish. Children delight in it. So they get a wealth of this nitrogenous, vim-creating food.

Isn't that your idea of an oat dish?

If it is, be sure you get it. It costs no extra price. Any grocer will supply it if you specify Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

The Vim-Food Luxury

Oats contain over 16 per cent. of nitrogenous protein—the most costly element in food.

They are rich in phosphorous and lecithin, which are brain and nerve constituents.

They are energizing, spirit-giving, and a perfect food for growth. That is why oats stand foremost as a child's food. But older people never cease to need the vitalizing oat.

Large Package, 25c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

(1561)

Saskatoon, Canada

DO YOUR SHOES HURT YOUR FEET?

Perhaps you have been using some inferior dressing on your shoes and the leather has got hard and caked, and will eventually crack.



USE

“NUGGET” Shoe Polish

Black, Tan, Toney Red, Dark Brown, 10c tin.

It will keep the leather soft and pliable, and give a brilliant lasting shine.

“TAKE CARE OF YOUR SHOES.”

a strange woman kept your boy out of trouble, all because his face brought something to her, she doesn't know what, and because she once had a boy of her own. I hope the Lord will give her credit for it.”

She moved as if to go, then stooped once more over the sleeping face in the bunk. The next instant she had dropped to the rough board, her face hidden on the edge of the berth, her shoulders shaking.

“Oh, God !” she sobbed, “My baby ! I want my baby !”

Epes stood, crossed the cabin, and laid his hand with rough tenderness on the coiled hair above her neck.

“There !” he exclaimed. “There !” His voice was hoarser even than the winds of twenty winters had made it. “Don't you take on so ! Don't take on ! You've got your baby ! Can't you see he's the livin' breathin' image o' you .”

Closing the Colleges

THE suggestion of a Toronto politician, the other day, that the universities should be closed during the war, in order that all the young men might enlist, will certainly never

be acted upon says the *Guelph Mercury*. The schools are near enough to the point of being closed right now. A glance over the registers of any of the schools will show that. A Guelph church, in need of a pastor was able to secure one by reason of the fact that nearly all the theologs in his class, for he was formerly on a college staff, had enlisted. A glance at the boys at the Agricultural College will show the same thing. There were not enough freshmen to put up even a half hearted fight this year at the annual rush.

This country must look ahead. Every day the casualty list that is growing makes it increasingly certain that there is going to be a demand for a type of man that it is going to be very difficult to fill.

Consider the type of men that have appeared in the casualty lists of this city, as killed or seriously wounded. Are they of the sort or calibre that can be readily and easily replaced? We know, much to our sorrow, that they are not. They represent, in almost every case, the very best type of manhood that we have, and it has been lost to us.

The schools and the places of learning will have to play a larger part in the future of Canada than they have

ever done in the past, or else we are, as a people, going to suffer. There will be men returning from the front, unfitted by the wastage of war for their previous vocations, and it will be part of the work of these schools of ours to remake the vocations of these men, and turn their varied talents into channels suitable to their physical and mental ability.

It may sound very patriotic, and very loyal, to cry out for the closing of the colleges. But we have no proof that the men in the colleges have no done their bit. Their record, we think, will compare favorably with that of any other class of people. To close them, or even place them under any greater handicap than they are bearing at present, would be to hamper and weaken them for all time to come.

Canada's Peat Bogs a Valuable Asset

ATTENTION is being drawn to the possibility of expansion of Canadian commerce and industry as a result of the war. This may take the form of domestic production of articles for a supply of which we have been dependent upon foreign sources, or of increased exports to other countries of products hitherto supplied by Germany and Austria.

Among other things this emphasizes the importance which development of the latent resources of Canadian peat bogs might readily assume if full advantage of the new conditions arising from the war were taken.

Sulphate of Ammonia, the chief by-product of European peat plants, is a valuable fertilizer worth about \$60.00 per ton. The world's production last year is estimated at 1,365,000 tons, worth about \$80,000,000. The chief importing countries are as follows, the figures representing excess of consumption over production:—

	Tons	Value
U. S. and Canada	58,000	\$ 3,500,000
Japan	115,000	7,000,000
Java	57,000	3,500,000
France	15,000	900,000
Spain and Portugal	42,000	2,500,000
Italy	15,000	900,000

302,000 \$18,300,000

Of these amounts the portion supplied by Germany and Austria was:—

	Tons	Value
Germany	90,000	\$5,400,000
Austria	30,000	1,800,000

120,000 \$7,200,000

These figures shew the existence of extensive markets which might be supplied, in part at least, by Canada; and of an opportunity to capture some



SPRING FISHING

IN THE
HIGH-
LANDS
OF
Ontario



AN ONTARIO LAKE TROUT

Muskoka Lakes
—Black Bass,
Pickerel, Sal-
mon Trout.

Kawartha Lakes
—Speckled
Trout, Black
Bass, Maski-
nonge.

Lake of Bays—
Speckled
Trout, Salmon
Trout, Black
Bass.

Algonquin Park—Speckled Trout, Black Bass,
Salmon Trout.

Timagami—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled
Trout.

Lake Nipissing — Black Bass, Maskinonge,
Pickerel, Pike.

Georgian Bay—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake
Trout, Pickerel, Trout.

OPEN SEASONS.

Black Bass—June 16th to December 31st.

Speckled Trout—May 1st to Sept. 14th.

Salmon Trout and Lake Trout—Novem-
ber 6th to October 4th following year.

Maskinonge—June 16th to December 31st.

Pickerel—May 16th to April 14th the
following year.

Full particulars, fishing regulations and illustrated
folders free on application to C. E. Horning,
Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bona-
venture Station, Montreal.

G. T. BELL,

Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal, Que.

W. S. COOKSON,

General Passenger Agent,
Montreal, Que.

share of the trade of Germany and
Austria in this product.

The extent and rapid growth of the
domestic market for artificial fertilizers
is shewn by the following statement of
Canadian imports for 1902 and 1903
and the past six years.

Year	Value
1902.....	\$84,996
1903.....	1112,25
1908.....	403,171
1909.....	529,660
1910.....	548,493
1911.....	586,453
1912.....	620,147
1913.....	737,656

Many Canadian peat bogs are rich
in nitrogen, and therefore suitable for
this industry, and enquiries have al-
ready been made by British capitalists
with a view to establishing chemical
works in Canada, provided that a
sufficient supply of peat can be guar-
anteed.

Apart from the potential value of
our peat bogs as a subsidiary source of
fuel supply and for production of sul-
phate of ammonia, there are numerous
other products such as moss litter, peat
dust, alcohol, acetic acid, acetone, tar,
tar oils, creosote, etc., which might
form the basis of paying industries
giving employment to many people,
where now we have only waste lands.

In the peat bogs of Northern Holland
alone it is stated that about \$3,000,000
worth of peat fuel is made yearly, and
over 200,000 tons of peat moss litter.
About 10,000 families are employed in
the peat fields, and many prosperous
towns owe their existence and prosper-
ity to the industry. In addition to
shipments made by rail, it is estimated
that peat furnishes annually about
48,000 cargoes to the Dutch canal
boats.—*Journal of the Canadian Peat
Society.*

Farm Holds Future of Empire

THE remarks made by our new
Governor-General, the Duke of
Devonshire, during the visit of the
vice-regal party at the Ontario Agri-
cultural college at Guelph last month
is of significance. His Excellency said
in addressing the students:

"When I came to see your great
institution I came to learn about it.
But I am also glad of an opportunity
to say a few words and to congratulate
you on the magnitude of the work you
are doing. I do not come to Guelph
altogether as a stranger. I certainly
have never been here before, but as
one who has taken an interest in agri-
culture throughout the world, the work
at Guelph is known to me, for it has a



Just "nick" a Blaisdell pencil between
the perforations and "pull" the narrow
strip of paper straightaway. Instantly
your pencil is sharpened. No time nor
lead is whittled away. No soiled hands nor
littered floor.

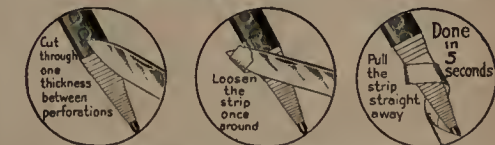
"Nick" and "Pull" are expert sharpeners—
they guarantee better pencil service at lower
pencil cost. They are eliminating fuss and muss,
and they are saving money for the world's
largest pencil users.

Blaisdell pencils are used by the United States
Steel Corporation, by the Bradstreet Company,
Standard Oil Company, American Tobacco
Company, and nearly every large business house.

These largest pencil buyers buy for economy
and service. They know that they get both
when they buy Blaisdells. They know that the
superior, gritless Blaisdell leads mean quicker,
cleaner work and happier workers.

"Nick" and "Pull" guarantee pencil economy
and satisfaction to the large buyers. *Why not you?*

The Modern Way to Sharpen a Pencil



A Blaisdell pencil for every purpose—Regular,
Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China
Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's, Rail-
road, etc. All standard grades and degrees of
hardness.

Blaisdell 202, with eraser tip, is a superior
general purpose pencil, smooth-writing, long-
wearing, ever-ready.

Blaisdell 151, blue pencil, leads the world in
quality and outsells all other blue pencils
combined.

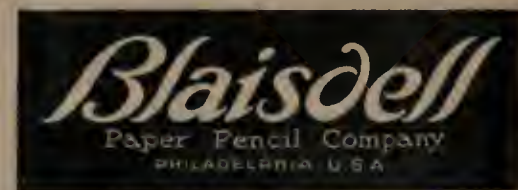
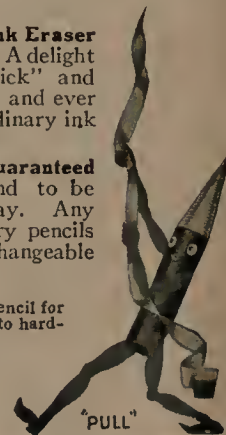
Blaisdell Spun Glass Ink Eraser
takes out blots in a jiffy. A delight
to all for erasing. "Nick" and
"Pull" keep it ever ready and ever
clean. Outlasts three ordinary ink
erasers.

Blaisdell pencils are guaranteed
to have perfect leads and to be
satisfactory in every way. Any
defective or unsatisfactory pencils
will be replaced or are exchangeable
for full purchase price.

FREE SAMPLE No. 795 pencil for
marking metal will be sent to hard-
ware men who request it.

Let "Nick" and "Pull" go
to work for you TO-DAY.

Your stationer sells and
recommends Blaisdell pencils.



*Economize—
Use 2 cups of
left-over meat*

KNOX MEAT LOAF

Soak 1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water five minutes. Add 1 onion, grated, and 1 stalk of celery to one pint rich stock well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes strain and pour over the softening gelatine. Add juice of one lemon and when the jelly is beginning to set, mold in 2 cups cooked and chopped veal, chicken or other meats. Slice and serve on platter.

Use
KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
and you have
quality and quantity

FREE Recipe Book

for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps, for pint sample (enough to serve 5 people).
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Is Your House Small?

Then don't crowd the furniture. You can utilize the space to best advantage with an



Bring it out from behind the easy chair or from under the couch. You will find it indispensable for sewing, writing, tea, cards, or any one of a dozen other uses.

Your dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

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reputation far beyond the confines of Canada. We in England know the admirable and splendid work done here, but I certainly was not prepared to see so much. It has astonished me.

"The work accomplished here reflects great credit on this institution. Perhaps that work, always important, was never so important as at the present time when we are in the midst of a great struggle in which problems intricate and difficult are being raised from day to day.

"It is now almost impossible to imagine what vast territories may be put under siege. We are making an attempt, not without a measure of success, to effect a blockade of the central powers. I do not know the true conditions in Germany, but I am justified in saying that the Germans are being reduced to a considerable amount of discomfort and anxiety. I cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of forcing a successful conclusion of the war so that it will not be possible in the future for any power to again inflict such an outrage on the world.

"We must see to it that in the future our relations with other powers are such that we have a sufficient development of the resources of the Empire, so that we can rely on our own countries. What has been done in this institution in the past will be the best means to grapple with this great problem. It is a question of the broadest Imperial importance."

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 311.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARIS PAPER.

HE came to-day. I am sure it is he. I took a picture of him without his knowledge. His valise is in the Tours parcel-room. I am going to follow him. Also, I met on the road an American girl with an old man, her father. These are, perhaps, the others.
Pierre Bottin.

This is what I read after I had shrunk back against the wall and smoothed out the crumpled paper which the breeze and a stroke of good fortune had brought me.

For just a moment after I had finished I stood where I was, thinking as fast as I have ever thought in my life. The message was badly written, with many blots and erasures, and it would evidently take the author of it some little time to compose another.

I slipped around the corner of the building and assured myself that neither the carriage nor my path to it was commanded by any window.

For the invalid
as well as
those in
perfect
health



Baker's

Cocoa

is an ideal
food
beverage,



pure,
delicious
and
wholesome.



Walter Baker & Co. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA - DORCHESTER, MASS.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

Best Liniment Made

MR. A. E. LAUNDY, EDMONTON, writes:—"I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made."



Minard's Liniment always gives satisfaction. For any ache or pain. It gives instant relief.

Minard's Liniment
Co., Limited
Yarmouth, - - N.S.

At sight of me Virginia's eyes widened, and I knew that some hint of the strange tale I had to tell must be written in my face.

"What has happened?" she asked a little breathlessly as I came up beside her.

"Let me ask you three questions first," said I, "and then I will tell you. On your way out to the chateau—to Mr. Morton's chateau—did you meet a man in the road walking as if he were in a hurry?"

"A rather evil-looking young man? A man with queer eyes?" she asked, and I nodded.

"Yes," she said, "and he stared hard at us. He turned around to look after we had passed him."

"Another question," said I. "Did you come from Paris this morning? And if you did, where did you leave your luggage?"

"At the railway station," she said.

"Now, my last question," said I, "and that's the important one. Unless you trust me fully, you must not answer it."

"I trust you," she said quietly. "I told you that."

"Well then," said I, speaking as fast as I could, "have you any enemies? Is there any one who might anticipate this attempt of yours to see Christopher Morton? Who might, perhaps, wish to prevent your meeting him?"

She did not pale at my question, as I half expected she would. Instead, the color rose high in her cheeks.

"Yes," she said, "there is."

Without another word, I held out my telegram and translated it for her.

"Now," said I, "I am the person to whom the first part of the message refers. The man who wrote it is in that building there, composing another to take its place. This blew out of the window and I caught it. He will go to the Tours station and wait for me there. He means to follow me, but if he sees you he will undoubtedly have you followed also."

She frowned in some perplexity, and glanced from me to her father.

"I don't know what we are going to do, *monsieur*," she said. "Do you?"

"You leave it in my hands?" I asked eagerly.

For an instant, a troubled look of doubt clouded her eyes, but if the doubt were there she conquered it resolutely. She indicated her father with a grave inclination of the head.

"I put him in your hands, *monsieur*," she said. "I will do whatever you say."

I turned to the driver.

"Wheel around," I commanded, "and drive us to Mettray."

(To be continued)

Y *Padlocks* *Door Closers*

YA

YAL

YALE *Night Latches* *House Hardware*

Made in Canada

Yale Service

Every Yale product is made to perform a definite service *when called upon*. It may be called upon once per day or once per second, but that it will perform that service *when called upon* is the Yale guarantee. Look for the name "Yale" on the product.

Canadian Yale & Towne Limited
St. Catharines, Ont.

You will say with a feeling of solid satisfaction—**all is now complete.**

Peerless Lawn Fencing

is the finish, the last word to beautify, protect and to enhance the value of your property. It safeguards your children, keeps out marauding dogs, animals and destructive chickens, protects the lawn, shrubs and flowers, and prevents trespassing.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing is built of strong, stiff wire, heavily galvanized and coated with zinc enamel to prevent rust. In style, durability, service and every feature combined to insure absolute satisfaction, the Peerless fencing is true to its name. It will not sag and cannot break down with ordinary use.

SEND FOR CATALOG. Shows many beautiful designs of fencing for lawns, parks, schools, churches, cemeteries, etc. **DEALERS NEARLY EVERYWHERE.**

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.


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McLAUGHLIN NEW SERIES

VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS



McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-45 SPECIAL
Five Passenger Touring Car.



McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-44
Roadster.



McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-63
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McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-62
Roadster.



McLAUGHLIN D-FOUR-35
Five Passenger Touring Car.



McLAUGHLIN D-FOUR-34
Roadster.

McLaughlin reputation, pre-eminently firm and fair, was not won by chance, but is due to the policy established and consistently adhered to for forty years in the manufacture of high grade vehicles. With the production of the first McLaughlin motor vehicle the same policy was conscientiously followed, that of giving the owner the maximum service for the minimum of cost.

No matter what its price, a McLaughlin car must, and will give the maximum of that service for which it was intended, and must bear its proportion of the responsibility of maintaining that high prestige which has established the McLaughlin as

Canada's Standard Car.

THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO.,
OSHAWA, ONTARIO LIMITED

The McLaughlin Series includes four and six cylinder models in Roadster and 5 and 7 passenger touring bodies at prices ranging from \$910 to \$1900, and a sedan at \$2350.

*See the 1917 McLaughlin Models at
the Nearest Show Rooms.*

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Canada's Standard Car

