

Elsie Takes Command

By WILL T. AMES

A ferry boat load of the shipyard men piled pell-mell over the wharf, across the railroad tracks and onto the main thoroughfare of the town, at the foot of which lay the makeshift slip. They were roughly clad and grimy and strong, and many of them, hard-looking.

There had been a crap game on the boat coming over and it had not gone smoothly. Three of the men among the thousand showed the marks of it, for they were more or less bloody and still white with anger.

The three, each with a friend or two, stopped at the saloon at the foot of the street to wash off the stains of the row. The rest of the workers paid no heed but hurried on homeward. There was little laughter or joking. What conversation there was among them was unsmiling and it was plain to be seen that the yeast of discontent was at work.

At the street corner two blocks from the wharf a girl stood by the curb, watching the passing throng and looking for some one. By and by she caught sight of a tall, toughly fashioned young fellow with thick hair that looked flaxen by contrast with his sun-burned skin.

He spied the girl at the same instant, said a brief word to the companions of the moment, and stopped beside her, automatically reaching out for the bundles she carried.

The girl's eyes were shining. "What do you know, Billy? I found a place! an honest-to-goodness apartment. Mrs. Ellis heard about a couple that are going out of town—somebody she knows. She's a good old thing, after all, Billy, and she went right down there and got them to keep still about it till we could get a chance at the place.

"I've been down today and engaged it. It's an old house, Billy, but there's three rooms and a bath—and only one other family, the folks that own it; they live downstairs. I guess they're boosting the rent two or three dollars. But we should worry—with your pay. It's our lucky day, isn't it, Billy?"

But Billy Noxon didn't respond to the happy mood of his young wife nearly as she had anticipated. While Elsie lay in wait for him there she had expected that he would throw up his hat and shout. Places to live—to really live and keep house like regular civilized people—were simply unobtainable in the town. The Noxons had been "tight housekeeping" in a single room for four months, like hundreds of others.

"Don't know as there's any use in fussing about it, Chick," the boy finally replied soberly. "We're likely to have to get to blazes out of this man's town any time now. The gang's pretty sore, and they're likely to tie a can, any time at all, to the bunch of grafters that are running the tea kettle factory over the river."

"What do you mean, Billy Noxon—a strike?"

"It's a heap sight more than just one strike, when the blowoff comes. The working man has been carrying the tar end of the stick about as long as he's going to in this country. Here's you and me living like a couple of bums in a coop of a room and me sweating my hide off over there on those hulls—and a lot of loafers that don't hit a ship a lick from the time she's doped out till she's overboard, and haven't even got a dollar of their own money in the plant, pulling down millions.

"Living in palaces and dressing their wives in thousand-dollar furs and swelling around in limousines and playing golf while we play on a river bank—and all of us! All stolen from the working man and his family! And



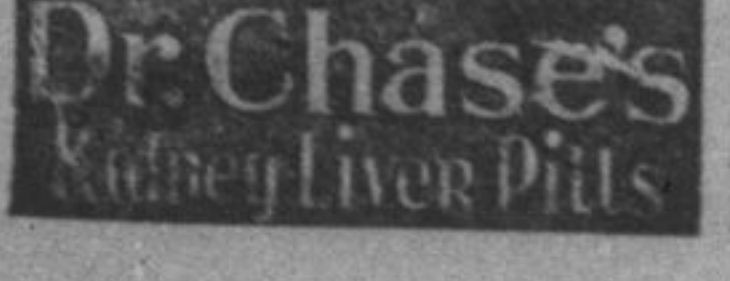
Wash Day and Backache

WASH day is the least welcome day of the week in most homes, though sweeping day is not much better. Both days are most trying on the back.

The strain of washing, ironing and sweeping frequently deranges the kidneys. The system is poisoned and backaches, rheumatism, pains in the limbs result.

Kidney action must be aroused—the liver awakened to action and the bowels regulated by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This favorite prescription of the well-known Receipt Book author will not fail you in the hour of need.

One pill a dose, 2 or 3 boxes at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



then, when we hit them for a lousy dollar a day raise, to help pay for the profiteering prices on the grub we eat they give us the hoot!"

Elsie was looking very steadily and studiously at her big husband. "Well?" she said, as he ran out of breath. "Well," Billy resumed, "it's about all over, sis. There's going to be something doing, and that right quick. I dunno if it's worth while for us to change from one room to three. Maybe we'll be in the middle of a hard-boiled shindy in a week or two—and either have some kind of a decent share in things or nothing at all. Death's better than slavery." The boy stared gloomily at a passing tourist car.

The girl was about an inch above five feet—her husband about an inch above six. Her eyes had been growing bigger and bigger as she listened to his dour speech. Now she seized him by the arm and said: "Billy Noxon, you come home with me, straight. And don't you speak—or even think—a word till I tell you." The somber face of the boy thawed into a sheepish grin as he permitted himself to be marshaled along six city blocks to the place where they lived in Mrs. Ellis' furnished second floor back.

Not until they were in their room with the door closed behind them, did Elsie speak again. "Now," she declared taking the bundles from Billy and putting them on the table. "I've got something to say to you, you big boob! You've been listening to those darned bolsheviks again! You sit down there and answer me a couple of questions;" and she pushed her husband into the limpy-legged wicker chair. "First—How much money did we have after two years when we quit Roxbury and came here? We had \$140, didn't we? We've been here four months, and how much have we got? We've got \$480 of new money, that's what we've got. And it's clean money, Billy, honestly earned. I'd rather have that than a million that was grafted. We're not getting along so badly. Maybe somebody else is getting a whole lot more that doesn't deserve it half as much. But I guess these things will be straightened out if fellows like you don't go looney and spoil everything. Anyhow, you never had so much money ahead in your life, Billy Noxon, and I know it.

"Now, who's the head devil over there at the yard in getting up all this I. W. W. sentiment? Is it a black-muzzled fellow they call Saunderson?" "Well, Saunderson's the smartest, most independent man in the yard, if that's what you mean, and not afraid to speak his mind. The fellows listen to him because he's there with the goods."

"I thought so. I sat behind him and some other anarchists in a street car yesterday, when he ought to have been at work, and I know what he thinks. I heard him tell the man with him that it was about time the 'boorahwa' was kept from monopolizing everything, including the most beautiful and desirable wives—that's exactly what he said, Billy Noxon!"

"Well," responded Billy, rather doubtfully, "he meant that a working man can't compete with a rich one for a girl, when he can't send her flowers and give her buzz-car rides and such things."

"Billy, you're a stimp. He meant—because he said so—that the women ought to be nationalized. Understand that? Made the property of the men equally, like the food and the clothes and the houses and automobiles! He said it was too early to spring that idea yet, but it would surely come."

Billy tried to say something, but the little wife kept on. "Billy, I didn't tell you before, but twice that black devil has tried to pick me up on the street. Yesterday when he got up to leave the car he grinned at me and winked, and he said out of the corner of his mouth he was passed. 'Pretty peach!' Billy Noxon, do you want me nationalized—or Saunderson? Are you for the bolsheviks or for me?"

PARAVANE PROVED ITS WORTH

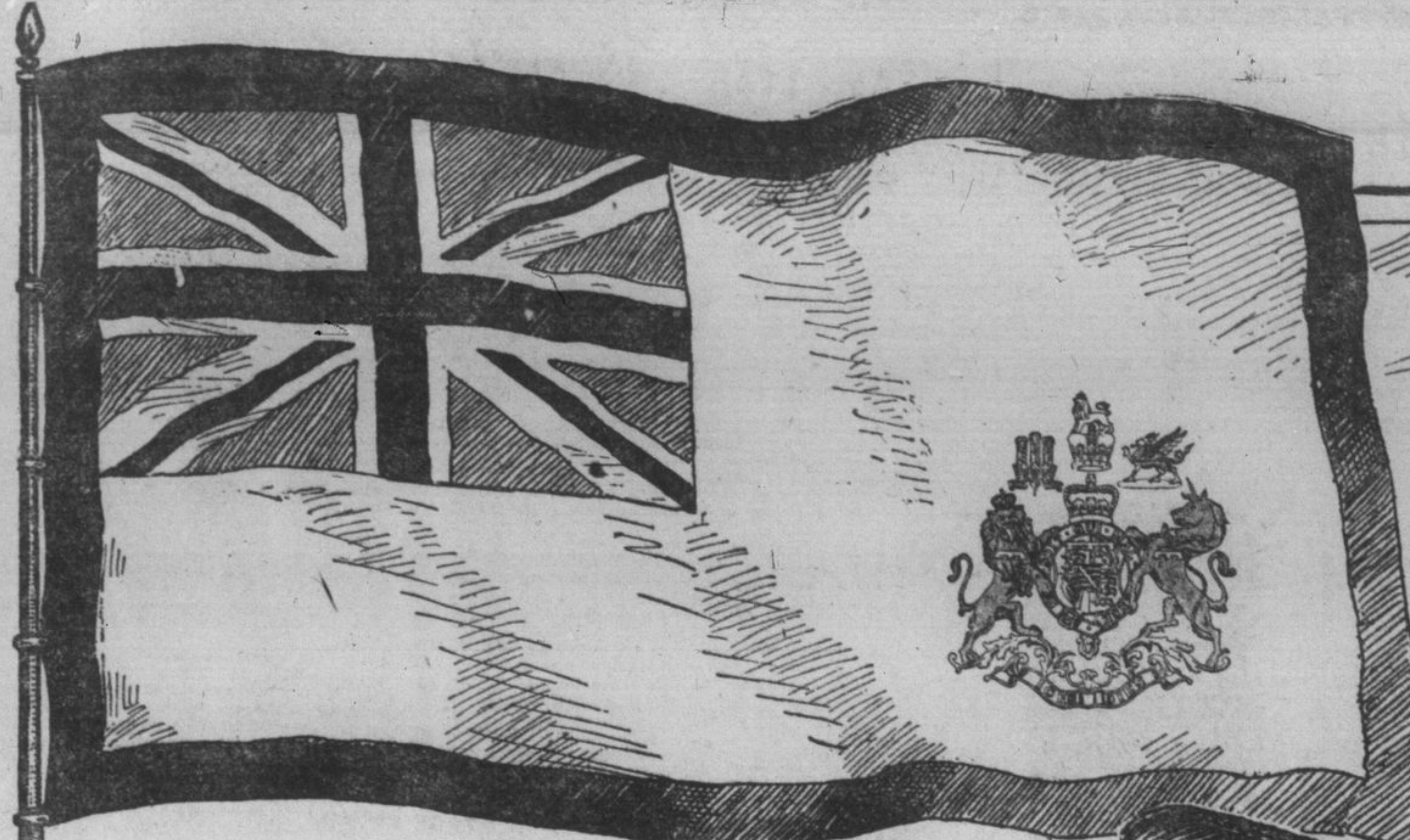
No Vessel Protected by That Contrivance Is Known to Have Been Sunk by Mines.

The oddity of the word "paravane," as it now reaches the general public, shows how well an important secret was kept during the historic years 1917-18. During those years the invention, perfected at Portsmouth, England, was added to some 4,000 British vessels, and no case is known in which a ship thus protected was damaged by a sunken mine. Towed under water on both sides of the bow, the paravane, shaped like a kite, met the mooring wire of the sunken mine, deflected the hidden menace to a safe distance from the ship, severed its mooring, and left it free to come to the surface where it could be exploded by gun fire. Seamen naturally enough soon came to speak of the paravanes as "otters," and they enabled many a vessel to travel safely through mine-infested waters. Several hundred American ships had been thus equipped at the signing of the armistice, and it is a pleasing thought that the cessation of hostilities saved about \$10,000,000 which the United States meant to spend in providing paravanes for American shipping.

AGED INDIAN DOES DANCE WITH PRINCE

The Royal Visitor Boyishly Does Best to Humor the Chief.

Brantford, Oct. 22.—An aged Indian chief, name unknown, certainly embarrassed when this wrinkled, ancient brave waltzed up to the Prince, shuffling and gesticulating. He was a hunched, tanned, war-



"I Hope Every City and District Will Win My Flag"

When Edward, Prince of Wales—eager, bright eyed, smiling and sincere—arrived in Canada in August, and when he voiced his great admiration of the wonderful achievements of Canadians, on the fields of battle and at home, once again we were thrilled with joyous pride.

He asked concerning Canada's reconstruction programme, and when he was told of the Victory Loan 1919, he graciously consented to the use of his Coat of Arms on a flag, which is to be the prize of honour for districts achieving their quota in the loan.

In dedicating "The Prince's Flag" at Ottawa on Labor Day, His Royal Highness said in part:

"It is a great joy to me to be associated with the loan, which is the bridge between war and peace, and which is finishing off the job."

"I hope every city and district will win my flag."

Striking, and beautiful in design, this flag will form not only a unique memento of Victory Year, but a lasting and outstanding souvenir of the visit of His Royal Highness—a visit which will remain as one of the most memorable events in Canada's history.

The reproduction above shows the design of the flag. The body is white, the edge red; in the upper left hand corner is the Union Jack, and in the lower right hand corner the Prince of Wales' Coat of Arms.

The flag is made in two sizes, 4 feet 6 inches by 9 feet for small cities, towns and villages, and 7 feet by 13 feet 6 inches for cities of over 10,000 population.

Canada has been divided into canvassing districts by the Victory Loan Organization. Each city forms one district. Other districts have been determined according to population.

Each of these canvassing districts has been allotted a certain amount in Victory Bonds to sell. To win the Prince's Flag, therefore, a district has to sell its allotment. That is the one and simple condition.

Anticipating that many districts will buy far beyond their allotment, the organization decided that for each



twenty-five per cent. excess of the quota one Prince of Wales' Crest be awarded. Thus the workers in a district doubling its quota will be the proud winners of four small crests for their Honour Flag. These crests will be sewn to the flag. The Prince's Crest—the three ostrich plumes—is shown at the top of the coat of arms.

To every organization with fifty or more employees, where seventy-five per cent. of the enrollment invests a total of ten per cent. of the annual payroll in Victory Bonds, a supplementary Prince of Wales Flag in smaller form—48 inches by 34 inches—will be awarded.

The allotment for each district has been carefully considered, and is based on a conservative estimate of the purchasing power of the district.

Your district can sell its allotment and thus win the Prince's Flag, provided each person does his or her share. You will gladly do your part and encourage your neighbour to do his.

Remember YOUR purchase may be the one that decides whether or not your district is to be the proud possessor of the Prince's Flag.

The Prince's Motto is "I Serve" Will You also Serve?

Victory Loan 1919

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

sort of native fox trot with him before a smiling audience of palefaces. The ceremony of making the Prince a chief of the six nations has just been concluded when this wrinkled, ancient brave waltzed up to the Prince, shuffling and gesticulating. He was a hunched, tanned, war-

like weird-figure from the ankles up. The Prince viewed him for a few seconds nonplussed, and then he began to blush. Some way or other the old man conveyed the idea to him that he was begging the honor of the next dance. So still blushing, the Prince danced, or rather he walked.

It must be admitted very boyishly and shamefacedly across the platform with the redskin still pawing the air with silent torture beside him. When the fox trot ended the ancient Indian made a most wild bow wishing the Prince in the face with the feathers of his headdress.

Twenty Fine Elk In Bag. Fernie, B.C., Oct. 23.—The hunting season for elk has closed, and while an accurate account of the number of these animals bagged in this vicinity cannot yet be ascertained, it is estimated that at least twenty fine specimens were got in the

Upper Elk River game preserves. In addition to these there were a number obtained from other favorite spots in the neighborhood. Some mountain sheep and goats as well have been brought in, but the majority of the hunters have not returned.