

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

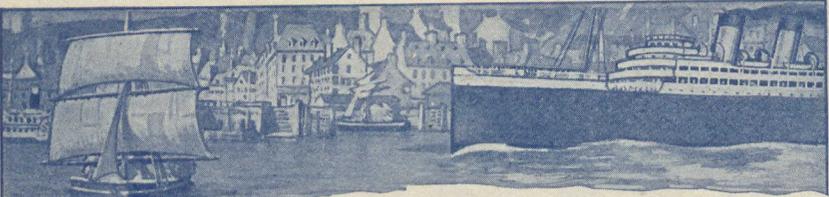


Drawn by H. B. Jackson

MANY A COLLEGE MAN MAY LIVE TO RUN A ROCK DRILL

EDUCATION NUMBER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
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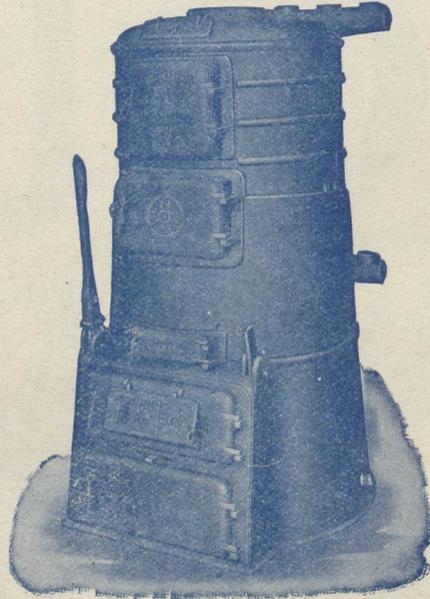
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 4

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Editor's Talk

OUR serial story is completed in this issue, and next week a new story will be begun. This is an adventure tale by Edgar Wallace, the well-known English novelist. It is full of action, and as dramatic as one could well wish for serial publication. What is more unusual—it is humorous. Not funny—but a quiet strain of quiet humour running through it and contrasting with the more sober situations.

The real test of a serial story is the desire to see the next instalment. We have no fear in this case. Whether the scene is one of hunting for a diamond lead in the middle of Africa or one of the underworld of London, there is a succession of incident which maintains the reader's interest.

Charles G. D. Roberts's animal story has been crowded out, and will be published next week. A second of these will appear a fortnight later. Among the good short stories coming are two by S. A. White and Ed. Cahn.

Our second issue in July will contain our quarterly "Financial Review." In a way, the second quarter of 1913 has been the most interesting period since 1907. It has kept every financier and capitalist guessing. Stocks have gone down, the rate of interest has gone up, and the necessities of life are cheaper. This review of the quarter will help to a better understanding of the influences at work, and will also furnish fairly reliable guidance as to what Canada may expect in July, August and September.



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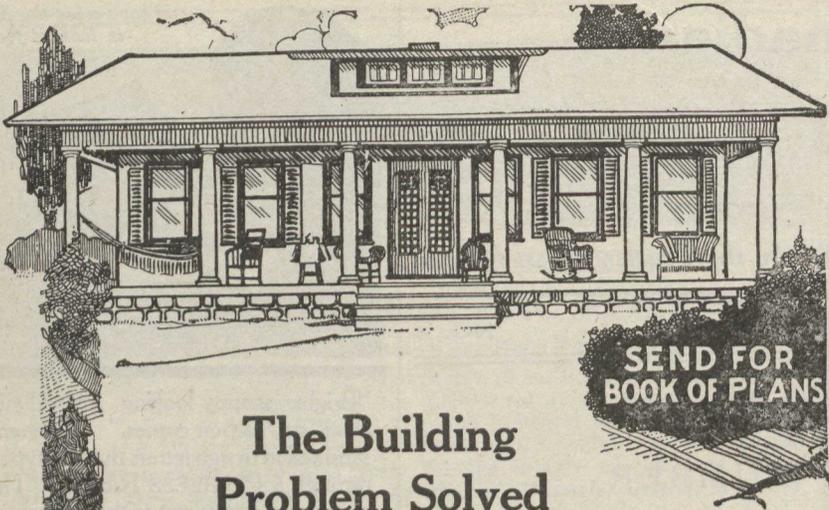
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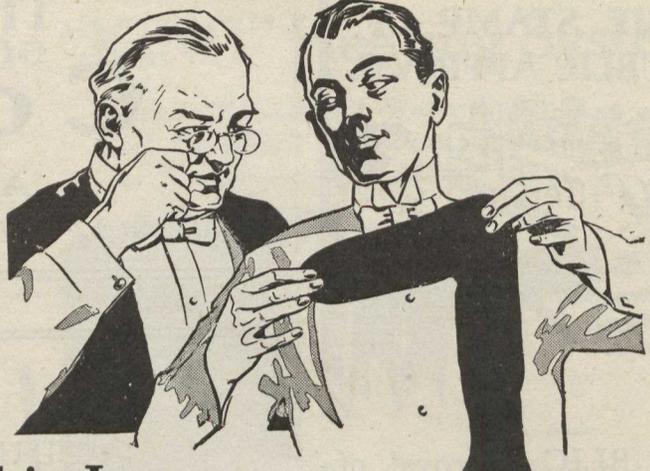
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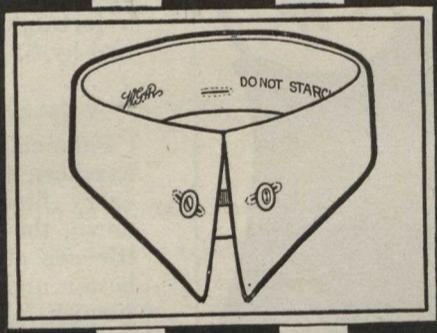
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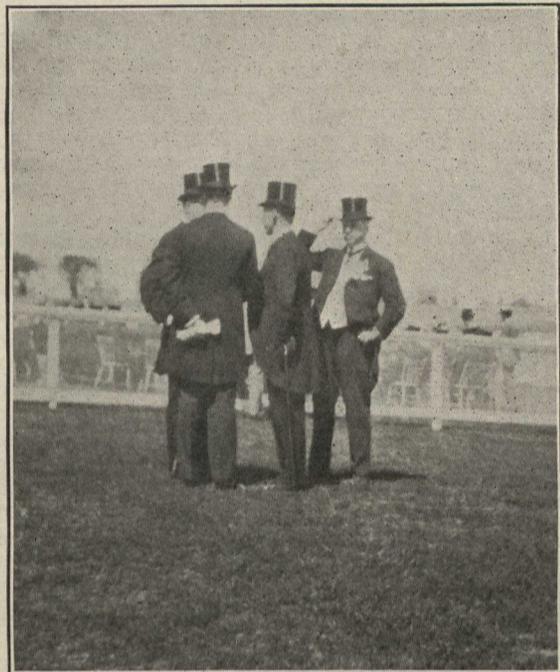
Vol. XIV.

June 28, 1913

No. 4

Opening Connaught Park

By MADGE MACBETH



Mr. Hal B. McGiverin, President C. P. J. C., and a Group of Friends.



Ottawa Ladies Out to Learn the Game—Its Responsibilities and Pleasures.



Mr. A. E. Fripp, M.P., and Mrs. Fripp, on the Members' Lawn.

“**T**HEY'RE off!” cried a thousand voices at the Connaught Park Jockey Club, on Saturday, June 14th, after Sir Charles Fitzpatrick had formally opened the Inaugural Meet. The Ducal box was occupied by Mrs. Borden, Lady Fitzpatrick, Miss Fitzpatrick, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick; and a stream of visitors waited upon the occupants all through a glorious summer afternoon. Other boxes were occupied by the Hon. and Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. McGiverin, wife of H. B. McGiverin, Esq., the President of the Club; Mrs. Fred. Carling, Mrs. Harry Bate and many others prominent in the social world in the Capital.

SILK upon lace, lace upon satin, chiffon and feathers, nodding plumes, fluttering sashes, and grand Pooh-Ba parasols made up a gorgeous picture.

Some people went to watch the races; some to watch those who were watching; all were repaid for their trouble. Every one was in high good humour and a good sporting spirit prevailed. Of course there were no losers—each person at the track coming out mysteriously “a little ahead of the game.” Where, I want to know, are those who ever lose?

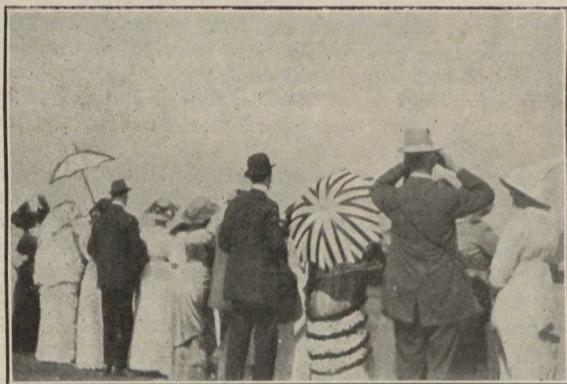
Altogether, the opening of the Club was a great thing for Ottawa. The number of people there, who had never been to a meet who did not know how to lose—or double, I should say—their money, was immensely funny. Said one devotee of Woodbine and Blue Bonnets to an elderly friend, a novice at the races:

“Give me a couple of dollars if you want to make some money. I have a straight tip—an eight to one shot.”

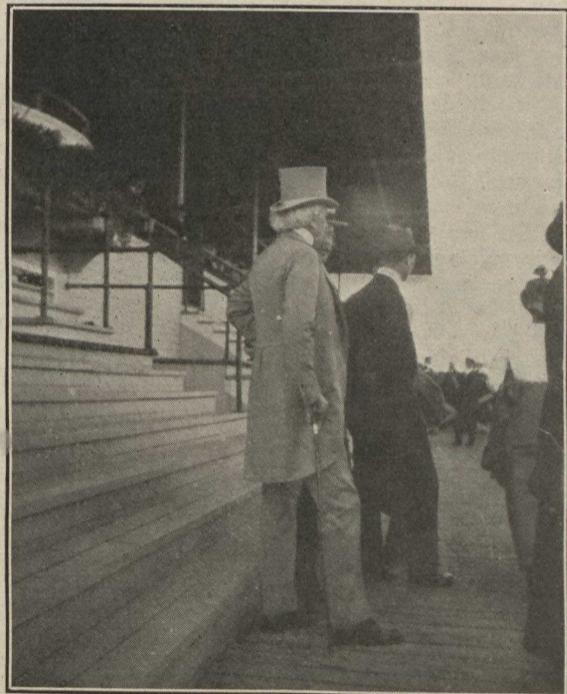
The lady interrupted to ask what that meant. The Sporting Girl explained briefly, one eye on the Paddock and the other on the slate. The lady persisted.

“But who gives you the money, if you win?”
 “The bookies, of course. See, there they are sitting on the Members' green.”

The lady looked, and her hand, which had sought a mesh bag, stopped in mid-air. Although looking



The Rail on the Members' Lawn. Mrs. Fred Booth with Striped Parasol.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a Symphony in Gray, Standing Below the Royal Box on Opening day.

at three of the most characteristic types of bookies, with their sharp features, their fat, well-fed persons about which were hung their ubiquitous satchels gasping with money, she shook her head.

“No, I couldn't do it! Poor fellows, I couldn't feel comfortable taking their money from them!”

THE President's Plate was won, as all the racing world now knows, by *Airey*, although *Edda* was picked as favourite. A prettier race was never seen; of the five horses entered, only three running. The crowd went wild; three names were shouted to the cloud-flecked skies; down the home stretch there was not a length between them! In fact, after passing the judges' stand, there was argument as to which of the three had come in first.

IN the Paddock, the writer overheard the following conversation. Two negroes, one of whom had racing stable stamped all over his dusky and perspiring person, was evidently trying to force a tip upon a timorous friend. The first man was from the South, and the other, from parts nearabout. Said the first:

“Play *Mama Johnson*, Bo! Put yo' whole wad on dat hoss! Dey ain't no losin' when she steps out on de track, yonder!”

In the meantime, voices could be heard in the ring, calling.

“Two on *Mama Johnson*, fo' place!” “Five on *Mama Johnson* to show!”

“G'long, fellah!” urged the tout, but sincerely in earnest. “You'll be too late, sho' as Judgment! How much yo' got? Gimme, I'll play her fo' yo'.”

Still the timorous one hesitated. “Spouse she don't win?” he ventured. “I'd rather split it, and put something on the others. I'd run a better chanct then, eh?”

“Yo' is fo' backin' some of these yuther mules?” indignantly demanded the first speaker.

“Um-hum.”
 “Well, all I got to say to yo', den, is, *git stung, niggah, git stung!*”

Whereupon he turned on his heel and walked haughtily away.

Banking on Sam

Or, How Miss Dyer, Otherwise "Schoolmarm," Undertook to Polish Up a District

By LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS

IT was six o'clock when Ida Dyer reached her destination. It was her first venture out into the world and she did not feel very brave. It may seem a little thing for the initiated to go to a new district to take charge of a new school, but for the young girl who has her spurs to win it is a serious venture. Ida alighted from the train with a fluttering heart. There were a number of people on the platform, but no one spoke to her although they all looked at her with some show of interest. She stood with her valise in her hand for a few seconds wondering what she should do, when she noticed that the train was the big attraction. It was evident that no one had any intention of leaving the platform until it was gone. She felt that she would lose a friend when it pulled out, so she put her grip down and watched it with as much interest as the others.

When the train pulled out, a middle-aged man, who had looked very critically at her, sauntered up to where she was standing, and said, "Air you Miss Dyer, our new school marm?"

"I am Miss Dyer," Ida said. She could not accept the "marm" just yet.

"Give me your valise," he said, "I am Mr. Curson, the secretary-treasurer. I will take you to your boarding place."

"Thank you," Ida said, handing him the valise and falling into step beside him.

They walked along for some blocks in silence, Ida vainly trying to think of something to say. At last she said, "Have you a large school here?"

"Fair to middling," Mr. Curson said; "it is not so big just now."

"Have you children going to school?" Ida asked.

"No; I ain't married."

Ida was confused and blushed as she said, "I beg your pardon."

"Oh, it's alright," Mr. Curson said, "I'm old enough, but none of the girls will have me."

As he said this he looked at her in a way that made her shiver. She did not blame the girls, but she wished to be polite, so she said, "No doubt your Gill will turn up some day."

"I'm always hoping," he said, "but I have a little to say in the matter, and I won't marry anyone but a school marm."

"I should not think that teachers would make good housekeepers," Ida said.

"They can learn," Mr. Curson said, hopefully, "and it's brains a man like me wants. I never had any schooling to speak of, but I know a few things about life. I want someone as can add the frills."

Wishing to change the subject, Ida said, "Are the children hard to manage?"

"They ain't no saints," Mr. Curson said, "the last teacher chased them around the school yard with the bell. He never managed to round them all up at once. We kept him until there were more outside than in, when he was teaching. We decided that didn't pay and we let him out."

"How did the teacher before that get along?" Ida asked.

"She cried when things went wrong, and they were generally wrong. We expelled half the scholars, but it didn't do no good. Then she got on the wrong side of old Sam Hughes, and she had to quit."

"Who is Sam Hughes?" Ida questioned.

"You'll find that out quick enough if you run amuck of his kids," Mr. Curson said. "He owns half the town and anyone that crosses him gets out. if he has to drive them with a horse whip."

"Is he on the school board?" Ida asked.

"Yes, he's on everything, and what he isn't on he runs anyhow. I advise you not to cross him."

"I'll do my work as well as I can," Ida said, "and if it does not please him, I cannot help it."

"You talk like a fresh one," Mr. Curson said, quite frankly; "we didn't want you, but two others were trying to get fell down on us. We wanted someone with experience, for this is not an easy school to manage. New ones all start out with high faluting ideas like yours."

"I do not know what you mean," Ida said, indignantly.

"You'll know quick enough if you don't keep on the right side of Sam," Mr. Curson said, "and here we are."

He stopped in front of a small house and pushed on the gate. A tall, thin woman opened the door and stood waiting for them.

"Mrs. Simpson, this is the new school marm," Mr.

Curson said; "you will be able to look after her and give her a few pointers about the place."

"Good evening," Mrs. Simpson said, extending a hard, cold hand. "Well I guess I should be able to if anyone could. Won't you come in, Mr. Curson?"

"No, I must be going back to the store," Mr. Curson said.

"I'll warrant the store won't see much of you for the next few weeks," Mrs. Simpson said, with a loud laugh.

Ida did not understand just what was implied, but she felt uncomfortable as she followed her landlady into the house and up to a plain, but clean, bed-room, which she was told she would have to herself, except when the eldest daughter, who was attending collegiate in a neighbouring town, came home for holidays.

"I do not want to keep the teacher," Mrs. Simpson explained, in a loud, piercing voice, "but the teachers just won't stay any place else. I said I would not take another when Mr. Pye left, but the trustees said to me, 'Mrs. Simpson, you simply must keep Miss Dyer when she comes,' and you see they brought you right here."

"If you do not wish me, surely I could get board at the boarding house," Ida said. She did not like Mrs. Simpson, she did not like the rough severity of the furnishings, and she did not like the idea of sharing her room. She hoped to get away without giving offence.

"No doubt you could get something at the boarding house," Mrs. Simpson said, in an ominously low voice, "and no doubt a nice name you would get living among all them men. But you can go if you want to, and I'll wash my hands of you. To think you'd treat me like this, after all the trouble I've been to, to fix this room up like a palace for you."

"I did not say I wished to leave you," Ida protested, "but I do not wish you to take me to board, if it would mean too much work for you."

"And do you think I can't do as much work as the next one?" Mrs. Simpson said, rolling up her sleeves and showing her bony arms. "I ain't afraid to work alongside of any woman I know, and as for you, you have a muscle like a chicken."

TO prove her point she caught Ida's arm and squeezed it until she winced. Anxious to change the subject from boarding houses and muscles, Ida asked whether she was likely to have a large attendance at school.

"You may and you mayen't," Mrs. Simpson said, setting her feet wide apart and placing her hands on her hips, the elbows well out. "It all depends on how they like you. You ain't bad looking," she continued, examining Ida critically, "and that may bring the big boys out earlier than usual this fall. Just now only the small children are attending. They'll come pretty regular if they like you, or if you let them run the school. If you lick them when they need it, like as not none of them will attend."

"Then I suppose they will say I am no good," Ida said.

"It all depends whether you keep on the right side of old Sam Hughes and Jack Curson," Mrs. Simpson said, shaking her head. "If they back you up you can do most anything. If they don't you might as well quit at once."

"Do you mean to say that the kind of teaching I do will not count?" Ida asked.

"I spose it makes some difference," Mrs. Simpson said, "but it takes more than a good teacher to hold this job. Oh, I can tell you I don't envy the person that gets this school."

"How can I keep on the right side of these men?" Ida asked.

"Well," Mrs. Simpson said, thoughtfully, "Curson will want to marry you. If you can kind of pretend you are considering it for a month or two, he will get over it and think he is tired of you, and you will have his sympathy, in having missed the chance of such a good husband. It won't hurt you and it will appeal to his vanity. You won't likely have any trouble with Hughes until his eldest boy Sam starts to school. If you cross him, and the old man hears of it, you'll have to get out, and you won't take any character worth speaking of with you."

"But surely people know him," Ida said.

"Yes, they do," Mrs. Simpson acknowledged, "but

it's queer how a bit of scandal lives and travels no matter the place in which it was bred."

Ida was thoroughly discouraged with the prospect before her. If she had not needed the money so badly she would have returned home by the first train. She did consider the matter, but when she thought of her long wait for a position, she determined to stay just as long as she could.

Her first month at school was quite encouraging. The children appeared to like her, and she had no difficulty in controlling them. They learned quickly and the attendance was fairly good. Indeed, she began to feel that the children were her best friends, but she was not allowed to think that her work would always be so easy. Everyone warned her that her trouble would begin when the big boys started to school.

MR. CURSON visited her quite regularly, but she managed to make his visits a family matter, and avoided seeing him alone. She knew that sooner or later the test must come, and it made her half sick to think that she hadn't the courage to meet him and tell him what she thought as she would any other man under the circumstances.

"Why should I toady to him?" she said to herself over and over again. "I am doing my work well, and it is degrading that I must sell myself for this wretched position. I owe it to the world to be pleasant and do my work well, and I'll not pander to the sickening conceit of an old man, and the money of an ignorant boss." But while these fine sentiments sounded well, and appealed to her sense of womanliness, whenever she saw either of the men she had learned to fear, she shrank from any conflict with them. She had never in her life come in contact with men of their stamp, and she had not thought it possible that she would ever need to be on speaking terms with them. She feared their coarse, rough brutality, while she thoroughly despised them. They were people with whom she felt she had nothing in common.

She knew matters had reached the climax, when one evening, after the children left the school, she saw Mr. Curson coming through the gate. Two little girls were going out at the time, one of them the child of his youngest sister. She ran to him and he took her in his arms. Ida was surprised to see the gentle way in which he stroked her hair, and she was close enough to see the hungry look in his ageing eyes as he kissed her pretty, pink mouth. In that glimpse she saw a Mr. Curson she had not known. She saw an old man hungry for love which for some reason had been denied to him. He wasn't a creature belonging to a different sphere, he was just a lonely old man feeding on the husks of life. She felt sorry for him and all her fear was gone.

She met him at the door and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Curson, did you come to ask me to marry you?"

Mr. Curson looked surprised. He stammered and looked uncomfortable, and said, "Well, not exactly."

"They told me you would ask me to marry you, and then in a couple of months you would be tired of me," Ida said.

"Who told you that?" he asked.

"The people around here," Ida said, indifferently.

"Did you believe them?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "but, do you know, I think you are not playing fair."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"They told me I must keep on the right side of you and Mr. Hughes if I hoped to get away with a decent reputation as a teacher."

"They said that, did they?" Mr. Curson asked.

"Yes, they did," Ida said, "and they told me to pretend I was considering your proposal, and to favour Hughes' children."

"THAT was the advice you got, was it?" Curson asked, stroking his chin.

"Yes, and I was tempted to follow it, for I need the money, and, as you know, this is my first school, and I must get experience; but the more I thought about it, the more I hated the idea, and when I saw you playing with your little niece out there, I made up my mind to tell you just how things are. Now, I think I am doing pretty good work in the school, but I don't wish to marry you any more than you wish to marry me. Can't we be friends and play fair and square?"

(Continued on page 21.)

From An Examiner's Note Book

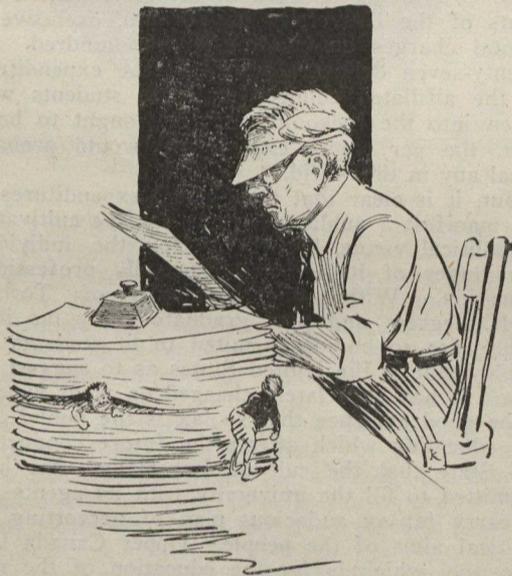
Or the Annual Fun of Reading Papers

By AN ONTARIO PEDAGOGUE

Drawings by Fergus Kyle

POSSIBLY it is the dullness of his task that makes an examiner keen-eyed for even the smallest and thinnest of jokes. No doubt only those who have suffered the peculiar brain-fag that comes from reading some hundred or more similar answers to the same question can appreciate the chuckle with which he greets a mere mis-spelled word—if only the wrong spelling carry with it the faintest suggestion of the ludicrous. But even the layman in these matters can enjoy the "howlers" that occasionally greet the weary reader.

I remember falling asleep once over the fag end of a big batch of papers that had to be marked and reported on by noon of the following day. Even a good cup of coffee was powerless against the steady onslaught of answers all fairly correct but uniformly dull. Then suddenly an intellectual pinch of snuff gave the stimulus the coffee failed to supply. One of those blessed blunderers whom every examiner is half tempted to let through for the fun he affords had stated in all seriousness, "Pope wrote satyrs chiefly, but his cycology was bad, while Dryden, growing tired of couplets, began to write triplets." My peals of laughter waked the household. It was in vain that I pointed out the joke. Strange how little sense of humour people have when startled out



The Jokers in the Pack.

that were left dropped one by one to the floor till at four o'clock the last man sent me to bed laughing again but with more restraint. "Bacon believes," so ran his summary of the essay, "that travel imbibes a man with a thirst for knowledge."

SUCH misuse of words is perhaps the commonest mistake with any element of humour. A candidate for matriculation a few years ago undertook to write a composition describing some local character. She chose what she called "the lawyer and embarraser." How Shakespeare or Sheridan would have snapped up the felicitous phrase! One is sometimes even more puzzled than amused at a ludicrous statement. How in the world could anybody hit on such a word, one wonders. A university student, for instance, made the curious assertion, "Marlowe belongs to the Hungarian school along with Kyd, Peel and Greene." Are we to explain the "Hungarian" by supposing a shaky knowledge of the geography of Europe combined with some dim remembrance of reading that the habits of these Elizabethan dramatists were Bohemian?

That funniest of all blunders, the much mixed metaphor or Irish bull, is not often met with in all its glory, at least not on students' papers. There is a certain country editor in Ontario who has a positive genius for mixed metaphors. One could get at least a couple of examples in each week's issue of his paper. It is not very long since he described the Hon. John Haggart as "the lion of his native county who has his roots deep in the rocky soil of his native place." Of course it is unfair to expect that matriculation candidates will equal experts like the editor in question. And yet one boy a couple of summers ago spoke of "Billy" Maclean as "a picturesque figure ploughing his lonely furrow on the fence top." These strenuous days of the Naval Bill call to my memory a certain "Argument

of sleep at two in the morning. However, the papers in favour of a Canadian Navy," written by a candidate for Honour Matriculation five years ago, when the naval question was just coming into prominence. This ultra-patriotic girl—I suspect she was from Toronto—began with a sketch of the history of the British navy. It was a gorgeously coloured sketch. Here are only a few examples chosen from an astonishing series of mixed metaphors:

"Alfred, that dim, manly figure in our British history, laid the egg of the English navy."

"Her illustrious galleons have swept the surface of the Atlantic with the broom of Freedom and Liberty."

"Thanks to her navy, England has spread out her arms like an octopus over this small globe. These have taken root and are flourishing."

The paper ended with an epigram that was obviously a slip, as it contradicted the whole argument and had besides a depth of wisdom far beyond that of its author.

"Let us, then," she wrote, "be true to the glorious traditions of our sires and hasten to build up in Canada, too, a strong navy that may help our mother in her hour of peril, and preserve the peace of the world. The surest guarantee of peace is for every nation to be unprepared for war."

Funny as the "bull" is I am not sure that candidates do not provide more amusement by curious misinterpretations of passages in literature. Wordsworth's fine sonnet ending with the lines,

"We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
That Milton held; in everything we are sprung
Or earth's first blood, have titles manifold,"

was once made the basis for some questions. What is meant by "earth's first blood" and "titles" was one of these. Fully half the candidates answered glibly, "Adam and Eve," and then went on to give the various titles of England: "Defender of the Faith," "Mistress of the Seas," "Empress of the Ocean," and a number of others made up for the occasion. But one boy gave an answer that is a masterpiece of perverted ingenuity. "This," he said, "refers to the Darwinian theory. 'Earth's first blood' is the primitive creature we sprang from, and 'titles' are the names of the different beasts we came up through."

Sometimes, though rarely, the humour is intentional. The most notable instance that occurs to me was remarkable quite as much for its effect as for its impudence. About ten years ago it was a halcyon time for matriculation candidates. There was a regulation that maddened the high school teachers of the province because of its success in

turning every matriculation class into a set of loafers. Subjects were grouped in threes and any one making 100 marks on the combined papers



The Surest Guarantee of Peace is for Every Nation to be Unprepared for War.

of a group passed that group no matter how badly he failed on any one paper.

At midsummer the teachers at the department examining in the subject of Geometry came on a paper with absolutely nothing in it save a rather well-drawn picture of a corpulent goose squeezing between the rails of an old snake fence and leaving most of her feathers behind. Below the sketch there was written with many flourishes the title, "Plucked but Through."

And the rascal was through. By looking up his number in the other sections it was found that he had 42 in Algebra and 68 in Arithmetic. He was plucked in Geometry but through in mathematics. At recess the chairman and members of the Geometry section marched in solemn procession into the austere presence of the Superintendent of Education, gravely stated the case, and exhibited the paper. John Seath can see a joke and even occasionally take a hint. Next September came the fiat of the department, "Hereafter candidates for matriculation will be required to make 33 1-3 per cent. on each paper."

Thus the humour of one clever but lazy student changed the regulations of the department and added the first weight to the steadily increasing burdens of those who came after him. Had his fellows got to know the facts, how they would have kicked and cuffed him. But the story has never been given away before. He is safe still and likely to remain so, for though we knew his number none of us knew his name.

The Man Without a Country

On the Principle that Knowledge is an Element of Patriotism

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THERE was once a man in the United States who damned the Republic, for which he was sentenced by the court to life imprisonment on a U. S. vessel, never being permitted to land on United States soil, never to say a word to a living soul—nor was anyone permitted to speak to him—about his country. He was "the man without a country." The Greeks had a similar punishment in ostracism, when a man condemned by public opinion to be cut off from the society of good citizens had his name scratched on a bone—that was in the age of oral education. Russia still has Siberia as a place for exiles. England used to have Van Diemen's Land for people who could no longer be regarded as citizens at home. An ancient device of English monarchs used to be—banishment for rebellious subjects too good to be hanged.

Exile seems to be a universal form of punishment. The man without a country has always been a subject of pity.

Now, if a teacher of history and geography were to start off a lesson with a preamble of this sort, about 100 per cent. of her pupils would begin to

whisper, "Oh, I guess there is a fable coming."

But there's no fable about this. It's almost a stern reality. There are thousands of people in Canada on the eve of Dominion Day, 1913, who may answer the description of "a man without a country."

"Who are these people?" the teacher might ask. And the answers would be various. There would be fairly good guesses at,

"Galicians," "Doukhobors," "Roumanians," "Icelanders," "Greeks," "Macedonians," "Russians," "Jews," "Italians," "Mennonites," "Japs," "Chinamen,"

In fact the majority of the answers might be "cribbed" from the literature of the Immigration Department at Ottawa. And still the teacher shakes her head, looking vainly about the room for the one quiet boy or girl who could give the answer she wanted.

If the school were not in the least like the polyglot school in Regina, recently described in the COURIER, the teacher, not addicted to the belief that telling is teaching, might be disloyal enough to ask

the pupils to go home and inquire of their fathers and mothers who are the people in Canada without a country.

After a few days perhaps the truth might begin to dawn upon that school. The men without a country are not the foreigners; in traveling thousands of miles to reach Canada they have got a new country as clearly as the Jews got Caanan.

The man without a country in Canada is the man who was born in Canada and who, when a boy at school, had to be kept in because he didn't know his Canadian history or geography. He is the man who didn't want to learn the story of his country's people or the description of his country. He is the man who, when he grew up, confined his knowledge of the country to perhaps a small part of one province where he had his business, or else went west and did his best to forget the province he was born in.

There are such people. A majority of the people who were born in any of our population centres were once boys who, for some reason, hated to learn about Canada. When they grew up they may have learned to know this country from the newspapers.

There is no knowing how interesting Canadian history and geography might be made, if once in a while teachers would dispose with text-books and use the newspapers. There never was any good reason why these subjects should have been con-

sidered as dull as grammar or arithmetic. There is now no good reason why in a country so full of splendid landscapes and great men both past and present, the actual knowledge of Canada by the average man should be so meagre. It would be a good thing for our coming novelists and poets if interest in and knowledge of this country were more widely diffused. We frequently hear the question asked—Who are the real rulers of Canada? The answer often is—The men who control the corporations. Sometimes we credit Parliament with the distinction. How often do we assume that the real rulers of Canada are the citizens of Canada; men and women who, by their knowledge of the country, of its geography and its people and its institutions, represent the vital forces that make the country's life?

A WHILE ago it was a precarious matter for a man to grasp in one concept so huge a country, born without any compelling revolution, and call it "my country." That was before the era of great railroads and many people and good illustrated national papers that reflect more than mere politics. In those days it was left to the occasional poet or novelist or orator to sound the praises of a land that was more than half a magnificent solitude. Now every newspaper of note reflects more or less the life of the whole country. We get acquainted

with prominent people through the illustrated weekly papers. Our Parliament is an assemblage of men from communities as different in character as England, Scotland, Ireland, France or Germany—except for the fact of language. We have the immense advantage of two great root languages and national characteristics—the English and the French. Travel is cheaper now than ever, and much cheaper than it is in England. Canada is known all over Europe as a country to which more people are going from other lands than to any other land in the world. The country is making history in spite of geography as never before.

But we need—more life knowledge of Canada in the schools; more interest in Canada among the teachers; a wider acquaintance with Canada among parents; and a national poet. We have some poets—but none of them with the vision of a great, united Canada. We have novelists, but they are either local or historical. And we shall never have a real appreciation of our own literature until pupils in Canadian schools get a better knowledge of the country that produces the literature. We are just beginning to find this country out. Perhaps we are beginning the era when "the man without a country" in Canada will be a mere curiosity. But if we are, the teachers of Canada cannot afford to leave diffusion of knowledge concerning Canada to the newspapers and the politicians.

The Importance of a University to the State

By GORDON WALDRON

IN so far as the university cultivates and diffuses learning, its importance to the State mainly consists in providing efficient officers from the lowest to the highest and in elevating in a democracy the public intelligence. In the very old days, when the universities began about the cathedrals and monasteries, they taught little but what it was thought necessary for a priest or a monk to know. Later, law and medicine were added, and down to our own days theology, law and medicine were alone regarded as the learned professions. All other practical knowledge and science, such as it was, were long in the keeping of the guilds or lived outside the university walls.

For the welfare of the state and its citizens, the universities have lately taken one branch of practical knowledge after another, till they now profess to teach not only what the priest, the lawyer and the doctor ought to know, but music, dentistry, engineering in all its branches, farm science, veterinary science and even cooking. A class jealousy of the spending of public money in the teaching of these professions or trades leads inevitably to a further extension of the university curriculum to professional teaching. Toronto having set out to teach the washing and care of babies, it would seem that the university must provide the teachers. No one can prove to the taxpayer that the care of babies is not as important as reading Herodotus or the treatment of metals.

We should, therefore, expect to find within the university as well as outside a growing disregard,

if not a contempt, for merely culture studies or the humanities, as they were long called. Graduates of Toronto sometimes complain that University College is being crushed by the science and professional departments on the one side and the affiliated divinity schools on the other. Some, too, are disposed to regard the recent promotion of research and the science doctorates as evidence of the shrinking of mere culture.

THERE were elements in the old university culture which were of highest importance to the state. These included moral discipline, the formation of character and the cultivation of ideals of public duty and public service. Such culture, it matters not how practical the world may become or what the tax-payer may think, no state can afford to neglect. To none is it more important than to Canada at this time. Everywhere, the difficulties of democracy are great, but nowhere greater, perhaps, than in Canada, with its conflicting races and its widely-drawn and unassimilated immigration. Whence, if not from the universities, is to come the leadership which will give to this democracy the inspiration of a united citizenship and common political aims.

In a matter of so great concern as the cultivation of political virtue, we should expect a democracy to be anxious about its universities. Ontario, at least, has made generous provision for university education. President Falconer reports that the

state is spending on each of the matriculated students of the University of Toronto, exclusive of capital charges on buildings, two hundred and twenty-seven dollars a year. If the expenditures of the affiliated colleges on these students were taken into the reckoning, as they ought to be in part, the per capita expenditure would probably equal any in the world.

But, it is clear that these great expenditures do not manifest a public solicitude for the cultivation of political virtue, but rather for the individual advantages of higher and especially professional education. Within the University of Toronto itself, degrees and post graduate study, as it is called, are so obviously suited to fit students for employment in the United States as to suggest design. It has been lately charged on what appears to be good evidence that so lax is the public care for education which affects the future conduct of the State that the cult of Imperialism has been permitted to fill the university with its agents and to carry far an audacious plan of perverting the political aims of the people. Upper Canada College, too, which is for the education of the sons of the wealthy, has been possessed by the same cult and with the same political object.

These evidences of the apathy, if not of the non-existence of a national spirit, do not encourage the friends of the Canadian democracy to believe that Imperialism and Canadianism will work together, or that, while there is conflict between them, the result will be good.

A Summer School of Science

By NINA E. DAVISON

"A MICROSCOPIC journey, leaving not a stone unturned," is in a way very expressive of the Summer School of Science that meets each year in the Atlantic provinces of Canada.

In the college town of Wolfville, N.S., twenty-six years ago, the pioneers of the school, forty-one in number, gathered for three weeks of profitable study and pleasant intercourse. Dr. A. H. MacKay, now Superintendent of Education, was the first president and the following subjects were on the course of study: Botany, mineralogy, geology, chemistry, physics, zoology, physiology and surveying, the last dropped after the first year.

During the ensuing years, music, elocution, psychology and kindergarten were added, and then, after some years' trial, were dropped. The addition of literature, agriculture, drawing and manual training has been a decided success, and these classes are now large and enthusiastic.

Like the Arabs, the school is always moving, though Parrsboro, Yarmouth and Charlottetown have each entertained three times.

Nineteen towns in all have been visited, so teachers have made closer acquaintance with them than book-study would admit.

The Highlands of N. S. were visited when the school was at North Sydney, Fundy's tides at Parrs-

boro, the Garden of the Gulf at Charlottetown; every place has something for attraction and study.

Lectures fill the morning hours, field and laboratory work the afternoons, while the evenings are devoted to lectures by popular speakers, concerts or purely social affairs.

The social element is strong, the common purpose seems to break down barriers, and many rare friendships are formed.

The young teacher finds many inspirations from those who are wise in experiences; seeing and listening to the strong ones in the profession is an uplift and the young ambition begins to soar. The author of any one of our text-books is a shadowy personage, yet when he stands before the school, why, he is a man! His book is living when you teach it after talking with the author. To know places and people are alike valuable to teachers.

The school has had thirteen presidents, strong men who have given their intellect to further the success of their charge; G. W. Hay, Ph.B., the editor of the *Educational Review*; W. W. Andrews, M.A.; L. W. Bailley, LL.D.; and A. Cameron, are among the men who have guided its destinies. S. A. Starratt, B.Sc., is now on his third term of office and has wonderful enthusiasm and energy.

The veteran of the school is the present secretary, J. D. Seaman, who has served in that capacity sixteen years, and two years was president.

Five years ago a few scholarships of \$20 each were donated to the school; for the session of 1912 over sixty, amounting to over \$1,000, were given by friends and well-wishers.

For this reason many teachers who could not afford the expense can now have three weeks' study; \$30 is the average cost of a session.

A student, not necessarily a teacher, may work as much or as little as he pleases, and does not have to pass an examination, but the atmosphere seems very favourable to work and very few resist the attractions of the various classes.

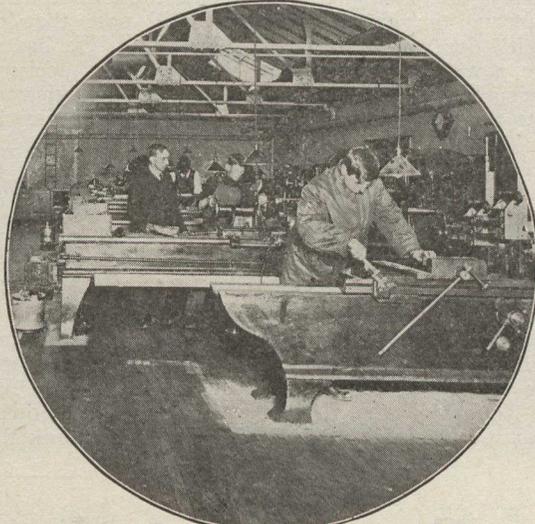
Literature and botany form the largest classes—in the former so many "stones are left unturned," yet so much help and inspiration are given that reading is a greater pleasure and the teaching of it much easier; all day long the botany instructor is making microscopic journeys, and how fascinating they are; Spotton or Gray describe the plants, but what is the description to the living thing in its own home—"things seen are mightier than things heard." Field work is a delight, whether the student is searching for plants or stones, birds or insects. All do not find "sermons in stones," but very wonderful lessons, in Nature.

What Winnipeg is Doing In Technical Education

By KENNETH M. HAIG



Boys Learning Wood-turning in one of the Technical High Schools at Winnipeg.



Class in Machine Shop Practice, St. John's School.



Blacksmith Shop in the St. John's Technical School, Winnipeg.

WHEN Dr. J. W. Robertson, Chairman of the Conservation Commission, visited Winnipeg, a year ago, he said that, in his opinion, Winnipeg was doing more for technical education than any other city in Canada. Were he to repeat his visit he would probably say the same thing over again, for at that time Winnipeg had just opened its two magnificent technical high schools, the Kelvin, in the south end, and the St. John's, in the north. Just a few weeks ago a site was purchased for a third. Of course technical education is an experiment everywhere as yet, but an experiment that gives signs of proving its worth.

One-third of the students this year who entered the high school course elected to take the technical department. However, even the students in the academic courses are required to take the technical training, especially during the first year.

The purpose of the technical department as laid down by the School Board is to provide special training in certain fundamental operations of industry with a view to enabling students to discover their aptitudes and directing their attention to the opportunities that industrial life holds out to well-trained men and women. It gives to those who choose the industrial field such measure of practical training along with their general education as will accelerate their progress and insure success in their chosen occupation.

W. J. WARTERS, Superintendent of Manual Training and Director of Technical Education, thus defines the aim and scope of the work in the new departments:

"The purpose of the technical work for boys is two-fold. In the first place, it aims at enabling a

lad to discover the line of work for which he is best adapted and revealing to him the field that must be covered that he may become efficient in the department chosen. It is obvious that at the beginning the work will be experimental and the field covered will be somewhat extensive that a knowledge may be obtained of several industrial processes with a view to choice. When the experimental stage is passed and the choice made, the choice must be narrowed and the emphasis laid on

turning, machine and architectural drawing. Equipments for printing, tinsmithing and plumbing are about to be installed.

In the household arts department, courses are provided in household science, drafting, dress-making, millinery, house furnishing, testing of materials, and so forth. The girls are not confined to this department, but may take any course they desire.

Winnipeg educational authorities are also trying to guard against any narrowing influence of technical education. As an illustration, here is the projected curriculum for a girl's course:

First year: English, including spelling, reading, grammar, composition, literature; one modern language, history and geography; mathematics, arithmetic, algebra, geometry; elementary science; music and physical drill; practical arts, drawing and design; dressmaking, millinery, textiles, cooking, laundry, school handwork for teachers. The second and third years the academic studies loom less large and the student concentrates more on her chosen line. Graduated, she will face her world, able to earn her living and with a trained mind directing a trained hand.

But there is another great social need that the Winnipeg technical schools are striving to meet, and that is the case of the misfit boy and girl. Perhaps through carelessness, perhaps through lack of chance, the boy has reached high school age without high school standing. He will not go with the smaller children and so drifts into the ranks of the unemployable. The technical schools have a special course to fit these cases. Then there are the night classes. Last season 2,054 students enrolled, and 1,600 attended regularly in this department.



Girls in the Draughting Room of the Dressmaking Department.

the department chosen. While at every stage the work must be practical, and on this account the instruction must be in the hands of men familiar with shop practice, it is essential that the development of the boy rather than the product of the machine shall be the object of the teacher's care.

COURSES are offered in electrical work, blacksmithing, machine-shop practice, carpentry and joinery, cabinet-making, pattern-making and wood-



Young Dressmakers Use Both Foot and Motor-driven Machines.



These Winnipeg Girls Bake Apple Pies as well as their Mothers.



OUR IRREMOVABLE CENSORS

IT is really a most fortunate thing for the people of this country, just at this stage in our development, that the experimental Censorships we have established in our two leading cities should be betraying such farcical tendencies. In one case, we have the Censor solemnly pronouncing quite fit and proper for public consumption a play which the Police Magistrate pronounces an offence against public morals—and then we have a judge reversing this verdict and permitting this so fortunately advertised play to do the most profitable business to crowded houses. In the other case, we have a Board of Censors passing a roll of film—which was subsequently condemned in a sister Province—on the ground that it was “comedy,” and condemning another roll of film, which, to many people, was less objectionable, on the ground that it was “tragedy.” Thus do we approach the frontiers of “farce.”

I REALIZE the absolute impossibility of arguing in Canada that a Censorship, *per se*, is not a good thing. We were born with silver spoons in our mouths in this happy land, so far as the splendid heritage of liberty is concerned; and, consequently, there is nothing we value so little as freedom. Freedom is to us like the air we breathe—we cannot imagine ourselves without it. A few hours in a Black Hole of Calcutta, in this regard, would do us a world of good. Then we would discover the ancient truth, learned in so bitter a school by the vast majority of the human race, that “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty”; and we would not so lightly abandon the ramparts which defend it to every proposal which comes to us in the garments of morality or religion or benevolence or charity, or any of the regimented forces of good whose uniforms make so sure a passport to our confidence.

THE result is that our people are practically a unit in believing that it must be a good thing to have a man or a committee sit in judgment on the plays we see, or the “moving pictures” we try to see, or the books we read, and cut out those which might damage the morals of the young or the susceptible. We cannot make a mistake, our people reason, in stopping things. There will be plenty of things after all the dubious varieties are prohibited. Put the naked question to any hundred Canadians you meet by chance—“Don’t we want a censorship of our moving pictures to prevent the show people from making money by putting on anything they like?” and you will get approval for such a step from about ninety-nine of them—unless you run into a bad bunch such as the Toronto Arts and Letters Club. The principle of a Censorship is irresistible in a country which cares nothing for freedom.

SO it is of no use to oppose the principle. Those of us who value liberty must depend upon the mistakes of the men chosen to act as Censors to either cover the institution with ridicule or to lose it the confidence of the people. That is, our people must re-learn the old lesson that liberty is a good thing of itself; and they must re-learn it in the old, old way by getting hurt themselves through “monkeying with the buzz-saw.” We may have thought that they could learn this lesson from books wherein are written the sad experiences of others. But they can’t. They simply refuse to believe that they, regal Canadians as they are, the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, are amenable to the laws of nature before which their forefathers and certain other “foreigners” have from time to time gone down in defeat and misery. So we are in the position of every generation of children—we must find out for ourselves—and we must be favourites of the gods in that we are being permitted to find out the supreme folly and the deadly danger of this hoary tyranny of a moral Censorship so early after its erection in our midst.

AND why cannot a Censorship work? For the very reason we are now discovering—viz.: Because any Censor must be a human being. I do not deny that a Perfect God would make a most valuable Censor. If you, Mr. Editor, could in-

duce the Deity to “censor” your paper each week before you publish it, I am confident that it would improve the paper. But you will note that the Deity doesn’t do it. He could do it. He has all the power necessary. He could get His decisions accepted by judges as well as police magistrates into the bargain. But He deliberately refrains. He does not employ His power. Why? Possibly it is because He puts a high value upon that little regarded boon of liberty. The fact is that every Christian is bound to believe that the Deity bases His whole system of the government of the world upon liberty. Did it every occur to you how easily a Deity, who regarded himself as a Censor, could make this world wholly good? He could decree to death all evil, and permit only righteousness to prevail. But He doesn’t. He leaves us our liberty. He permits us to do the most hellish things. And do you think that He takes this course, knowing that it is bad for us? Don’t you rather think that

He takes the course which, in His judgment, is the best for us? Of course, we who go in for Censors think differently—we improve on the Divine plan. Still this is nothing new. The history of mankind is strewn with the wrecks of nations who have “bettered” Providence and taught the Deity how to make men moral by compulsion.

SO it is quite relevant to point out that our Censors are proving themselves human, and thus discrediting the whole institution. We find that we do not agree with their decisions—as we, all of us, would not agree with the decisions of any Censors who might be chosen. This is not a criticism of the men on duty. I know some of them; and I could not make a better choice. I am absolutely sure that, if I had the job, I should get into more trouble than they do. We ought to be thankful, indeed, that our complaint against them is no more serious than that they fall into laughable contradictions, and fail to satisfy even the very people who are prone to think Censorship a better rule for the universe than the Divine law of liberty. They might be much worse. They might be corrupt. Tyrannies always tend that way at last. “A benevolent despotism” may be an ideal form of government; but it must remain in the ideal. No human despotism ever long remains benevolent.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Guesses at the Riddle of Politics

No. 2—The By-Elections

HERE is a nice new complication of the riddle political—and the mercury up again. How many seats can be occupied by nobody for how long?

Four seats in the House of Commons are vacant. That’s clear. Four by-elections are over-due. That’s clear—but not satisfactory.

Just to make these four vacancies look less lonesome, Sir Wilfrid Laurier continues to hold two seats for one man and Sir Rodolphe Forget has one man for two seats. Which of these is the worse? Or is it both?

Now, by the Rule of Three, there should now be twice three by-elections to fill six vacant seats. Q. E. D.

But inasmuch as the by-elections are not yet on the slate there must be a reason.

What can be—the reason?

Let us ask Premier Borden. Sh! Merely suggest to him that—perhaps his contribution policy is not overwhelmingly in line with popular sentiment?

“Absurd!” says the Premier.

“Perfectly absurd!” say Hon. Robert Rogers and Hon. Mr. White.

“Absolutely absurd!” say Hon. Mr. Cochrane and Hon. Mr. Hazen.

Out of the four vacant seats, three are in Ontario. In that pro-British Province, Mr. Borden got a majority of sixty seats in September, 1911. Is he so afraid of this British Province which voted strongly with him in 1911 that he cannot safely hold these three by-elections? One can understand his being timid in Quebec, where he would undoubtedly have to fight a combination of the Liberals and the Nationalists. But there are no Nationalists in Ontario.

Now ask Sir Wilfrid—why he keeps his extra seat? Sh! Merely suggest—that he lacks courage. Remind him that if a by-election for that second seat were held in Quebec, he should be sure that his old enemies, the Nationalists, would help him against the Conservatives.

“Yes,” smiles Sir Wilfrid. “Perhaps you know Quebec better than I do. But it’s not that I’m afraid of a by-election. Oh, no! That’s ridiculous.”

“Quite ridiculous!” says Hon. George Graham.

“Perfectly ridiculous!” says Hon. Mr. Pugsley.

So there we are. These questions all have a bearing on the political riddle. The general opinion is that neither side desires to force the issue. Each is sparring for wind. Sir Wilfrid Laurier recognizes, many say, that his proposed two fleet units is an impossibility, that it is too much for one mouthful, too expensive, and impracticable. Just as many say that the Borden Government are dissatisfied with their emergency policy and that they were misled by a few enthusiastic centralists who thought it would be a great trick to wave the Union Jack and cry “disloyal” to the detriment of the Liberal hosts. They claim that the Borden administration will sit tight and emulate Charles Dickens’ famous friend, Mr Micawber.

There are some real British Canadians who view the present situation with grave apprehension. They fear that this jockeying game will kill enthusiasm for any kind of navy, and will breed mistrust of all the present political leaders on both sides. They fear the public will get cynical and vote down all the by-laws. They are wondering if it would be possible to get both parties to adopt new naval policies, wipe out the past, and try new campaigns in which common-sense and genuine patriotism would be again brought into play as it was in March, 1909.

The writer confesses his inability to solve this part of the political riddle. We seem to have come in this country to a political impasse, where only a revolution can produce new leaders and new policies. For over five years now we have talked and talked and talked, and done nothing. In March, 1909, Australia passed the same resolution as Canada passed. In December, 1913, Australia will have a complete fleet capable of taking up Britannic defence under the Southern Cross, while Canada will have only two dismantled and abandoned training vessels.

But to return to the by-elections. There is no sign that these will be held. If there is to be a September session and a November election, they will not be held at all. If the Government should decide not to hold a September election, but to wait until November before calling parliament together, then the by-elections will be held in October, after harvesting is finished. By that time, the financial conditions will be less severe, perhaps, and conditions may be more favourable. This is a vain hope, but of course some astronomer may discover a new comet in the meantime. The political telescopes are being kept trained on the political sky, and a lot of shaky politicians are hoping against hope that an undiscovered comet with a tail of fire will put in an appearance.

A.

A Popular Hospital

FOUR years ago the General Hospital Board in Toronto bought seven acres of land down-town direction from the centre of population. The old hospital in the east end was completely outgrown. No kind of rebuilding would do. A new site and new building must be got, to serve not only the present, but for years to come.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle was then and is still Chairman of the Board. Any board of which he is chairman has to do more than sit and look wise around a long table. Mr. Flavelle saw the need. He computed what it would cost. He sized up the situation. The new hospital must have an immense area of ground for out-of-doors purposes, for light and air. It must be central and near the University.

There was one big way—to expropriate a block of land largely occupied by disreputable shacks and a few good houses. The land was bought—seven acres. It was cleared as though it had been a tract

WHERE EVEN THE BALD-HEADS ARE ATHLETES

of bush. Three years ago the excavations were begun. Wall by wall of brick began to rise in a huge quadrangle about a central court. For two years and more the building grew along with the funds. One wealthy citizen after another came along with donations:

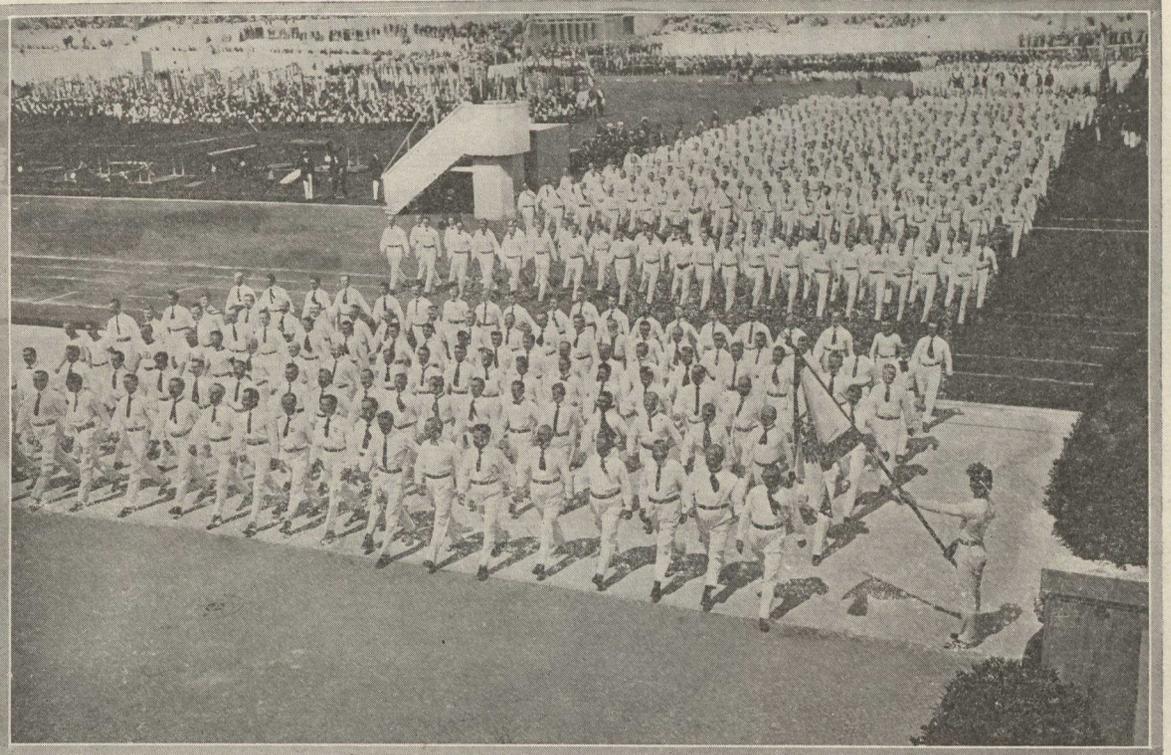
- Mr. Cawthra Mulock, for out-patient building \$100,000
- Mr. J. C. Eaton, for surgical wing and a subsequent addition 350,000
- Massey Estate 100,000
- Ontario Government, on behalf of the University 300,000
- City of Toronto 410,000
- The Misses Shields 140,000

Other donations of several thousands were made by a large number of generous citizens. Last week the big \$4,000,000 hospital was opened. Thirty thousand people visited the hospital that day. This is as big a crowd as attended both the opening day at the Woodbine racetrack and the baseball diamond at Hanlan's Point—put together.

Athletes Abroad

THERE are those in Canada who would confine the word "sportsman" to the men who play a game for the love of it and the glory of it—but not for pay. There are even more who would as soon see a professional game as an amateur and whose idea of a "sport" is one who watches competitors at any game. There is no need to quarrel as to which is the true conception of sport. Every one will agree, however, that the amateur is to be encouraged rather than the professional, and that the greatest benefit and pleasure from all games comes to those who engage in them.

Just now the feeling in favour of professionals is slightly on the wane. The professional baseball player or lacrosse player is not the hero he once was. The amateur is more a hero than ever. The high popularity of the former is gradually giving way as civilization advances on this continent. Just as the gambling and dissolute living in a new mining camp gradually wears itself out, so professionalism in America will wear itself down as men learn to



At the recent Inauguration of the Stadium for the Olympic Games of 1916, to be Held in Berlin, it was Quite Evident to People Present That Germany is Not Going to Leave Any Stone Unturned to Prevent Her Putting Into the Competitions the Finest Body of Athletes the World Has Ever Seen. The Stadium Was Crowded With Spectators in Every Corner Possible, and the Number of Gymnasts Who Paraded Was a Revelation. This Body of Male Athletes Comprises Even a Few Bald Heads, Showing That the German Men Keep Up Their Training Far Beyond Their Youth.

speak without swearing and to be convivial without drunkenness.

Hence the interest which attaches to the progress of Butler and the Argonaut Eight at Henley, of the Canadian Bowlers in their various matches in the old land, and of B. P. Schwengers, of British Columbia, in international tennis. All these are our gentleman representatives. They are amateurs

who are seeking only for glory and who are representing the best of Canadian civilization in Great Britain.

The next Olympiad will be held in Germany, in 1916, and the new Stadium was opened a few days ago. It is not too early for the formation of a Canadian committee to see that there is a fair representation from this country.

MOST COMPLETELY EQUIPPED GENERAL HOSPITAL IN AMERICA OPENED IN TORONTO



On Thursday of Last Week 30,000 People Saw the Opening of the New Public General Hospital in Toronto. The ceremony Was Performed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The Real Master of Ceremonies Was Mr. J. W. Flavelle, Chairman of the Hospital Board, Whose Business Administration is Largely Responsible for This Great Centre-town Hospital, Which Has Taken More Than Two Years to Build.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Made in Canada Train

THAT famous "Made in Canada" train has completed its tour of the West, after an inspection by 150,000 people. One-third of these people live east of Winnipeg, and two-thirds west of Winnipeg. They all saw something of the great progress being made by Canadian manufactures—that was the purpose of the train.

The "Made in Canada" idea has seen slow progress. Sir John Macdonald gave it a big boost in 1878, but it did not make much headway until 1897. Then it got going rather fast. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association had been revitalized. The Canadian Club idea took on a new phase at the birth of the Toronto Chapter of the order. The world-wide improvement in values capped the arch of enthusiasm. For about ten years there was real progress.

In recent years, say the last five, the progress has been slow. The C. M. A. has not been such a vital force, since John Young and "Tommy" Russell were stolen away. The manufacturers had grown busy, wealthy and blase. Hugh Scully vitalized the movement somewhat with his "Canadian Home Markets Association." But prosperity's deadening hand has been heavy.

To-day, there are manufacturers who are not sure that "Made in Canada" is a good cry. As regards their particular business it is the proper slogan, but not as regards ships and pulp and a few other difficult items.

New Australian Premier

COOK is the name of the new Premier of Australia. It is a somewhat plebian name, but some famous men have borne it. Joseph Hume Cook is the leader of the Liberal party in the great sister Dominion. He fought a hard fight and beat Premier Fisher, the workingman, by one member of Parliament. Therefore Joseph Hume Cook, leader of the Opposition, is now Premier Cook, leader of a Government with a majority of one. It isn't much, but it is better than a defeat.

Cook is a free-trader and an autonomist. That explains why our worthy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Hon. George Eulas Foster, is coming home empty-handed. Besides, Cook was Minister of Defence under Deakin, and was the man who did for Australia in March, 1909, what the said George Eulas Foster did for Canada in the same month. Cook introduced the bills for the construction of an Australian navy. The difference between Cook and Foster is simply that Cook still stands where he did in March, 1909 and the silver-tongued master of satire from Canada does not. A small matter perhaps—but it may delay that much-hoped-for, inter-imperial, trade-zollverein, which is officially the dream of Premier Borden's colleague.

Of course, the centralists of the Empire hope that Cook's majority of one may melt away. They had not much "use" for ex-Premier Fisher, labour leader; but they have less for Premier Cook. But fate dealt "centralism" a nasty blow, when it put Cook in power in Australia.

Disloyalty

BY the end of 1913, Australia will have its own navy, and the regular British ships on that station will have all been withdrawn. And there will be some people in Canada who will say that Australia is disloyal. They must say it, because they are maintaining that those who advocate a Canadian navy are disloyal. Within two years New Zealand will have its own naval unit, and therefore the New Zealanders are disloyal also.

What a pretty pass the British Empire is coming to! The Australians are disloyal—because all the Australians have supported the new Royal Australian navy. The New Zealanders are disloyal—because it looks as if all the New Zealanders, without reference to party, believe in a local fleet. And at least half the Canadians are disloyal, because they believe in a Canadian navy. Thus you have, in a population of about fifteen million white people inhabiting the three great Dominions, about eleven million disloyal people. Isn't it terrifying?

It reminds one of the old lady who went to see the regiment in which her "Timmie" was a full private. His company came along, marching with full company front, and how proud she was. Asked about it, she told of her furious pleasure in see-

ing this fine body of men. "And," she added, "would you believe it, they were all out of step but our Timmie."

So the four million centralists are preparing to prove that the eleven million are disloyal. Could anything be more sublimely ridiculous? Was there ever a more hollow bluff put up for party purposes?

Motor Roads and Wireless

DAWSON is to be connected with the outside world by a motor road and wireless telegraphy. The two propositions are excellent, and one wonders only why they were not adopted earlier. Indeed, why not motor roads and wireless throughout the north country? Ice and snow are not always present in the vast northern stretches, and if they are they are overcomable elements.

Mr. C. A. Magrath, I believe, once made the suggestion that wireless stations should be established throughout the north so as to keep all police outposts in daily communication with Ottawa. Also, that reports of weather conditions, progress in development, and other valuable information should be available without delay. If the harbour at Nelson is to be begun, why not put a wireless station there



A MAN WITH A MISSION.

Right Rev. Bishop Sweeny, of the Diocese of Toronto, came into office two years ago with the completion of a great cathedral, St. Alban's, to carry out. Work has been begun on the great nave and the transepts. The Bishop is here seen coming from the recent Synod meeting in company with Canon Gribble.

at once, so that the engineers and workers would have the daily news of the world, and the world have daily news of them?

The Kaiser's Anniversary

PROFESSOR HINTZE'S story of how Emperor William burned a document which has been an heirloom in the royal family of Germany for fifty years, and which advised against obedience to the constitution, is worth while. Frederick William IV., who penned it, was the last of the absolute monarchs in that country, and he died with the foolish hope that one of his successors would regain what he had lost in the constitutional revolution of 1848. He was perhaps honest in his hope, but he was also mistaken. Constitutional monarchy had come to stay. The history of the world proves that—Russia alone excepted.

Professor Hintze says that Emperor William inherited the document, but felt that he was living with a powder barrel in his house and he had no peace of mind until the testament was destroyed. Hence it was burned, a final proof that the people will always rule in Germany.

And yet this is the same Emperor William who is held up as an ogre by the Extremists in Great Britain and Canada! For twenty-five years he has kept the peace of Europe and for twenty-five years safeguarded the constitutional rights of the German people. And yet these Extremists would have us believe that he is thirsting for the blood of an Englishman! The German fleet and the German army probably mean as much to the future peace of the world as the British fleet and the British army—but we hate to admit it.

Canadians should be too sensible a people to be stampeded by the foolish stories which emanate from the jingo press of London. If they would read the history of the Kaiser's life, and study it with an open mind and without prejudice, they would see that if war ever comes it will be against the Kaiser's will. True, if he is challenged he will accept the challenge. But why should the peace-loving, honest, Christian Britisher desire to challenge him?

The Rate of Interest

NOT in many years has the rate of interest been so high in Canada. Everybody who is borrowing money is paying the increased rate. The loan companies and banks are charging 7½ per cent., where they exacted only 5 or 5½ a year ago. When times are good the capitalist uses his money to make more money, and when times are bad he uses it to gather in a high rate of interest from those of us who have not the brains necessary to become capitalists. So, you see, the capitalist is always getting the top off the milk.

But though money is worth more to-day than it has been for many years, the banks are still paying only three per cent on "time" deposits and the Dominion Post-office Savings branch is just as niggardly. Is this not sufficient evidence of a combine? Shouldn't the banks and the Dominion Government be prosecuted under the Combines act or whatever name they give to the law which is supposed to protect us from injustice?

Here is a chance for W. F. Maclean, M.P.; R. L. Richardson, ex-M.P.; the Dominion Grange and the Grain Growers Association to get together and start a big action. Let them indict Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance; Hon. Mr. Pelletier, Postmaster-General; Sir Edmund Walker, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Wilkie, Colonel the Hon. James Mason, and all the other bank presidents. There is *prima facie* evidence that they are combining to keep down the rate of interest on the savings of the people. Not only are they depriving the people of a fair return, but they are discouraging saving.

If Mr. White and Mr. Pelletier would advance the post-office rate from 3 to 4 per cent., the deposits in the P. O. Savings Branch would increase tremendously. So with the big bankers. They say they have no money. Let them try raising the rate on deposits and see if it will not fill up their empty vaults. It would be an interesting experiment.

Manufacturers Restless

JUDGING from remarks made at a recent meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, these captains of industry are not sleeping too well at nights. They have fears. These are founded on the movement towards a lower tariff which is manifest in the United States and likely to spread to Canada. They also find cause for uneasiness in the inclination in Western Canada to increase the British preference. Consequently there is an appeal for greater solidarity and for more manufacturers in Parliament.

Perhaps the manufacturers are worrying overmuch. Judging by the vast sums of money appropriated by Parliament this year, the Minister of Finance cannot be contemplating any reduction in duties. Canada had a big surplus last year. Any growth in that surplus would certainly lead to a demand for lower duties. But the Minister of Finance has added fifty million dollars to the expenditures, and this action should at once prove that he does not intend the surplus to grow. Indeed, the Minister seems to have taken every reasonable precaution to deprive the free-traders of any "surplus" argument when Parliament meets next year.

So long as the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern, and Hudson's Bay railways are in process of completion; so long as the Welland Canal, the Trent Canal and the Georgian Bay Canal are on the list of public works; and so long as there are a thousand towns and cities needing post-offices, customs houses, armouries, and enlarged harbours, so long is the tariff fairly safe. All the manufacturers need to do is to keep the country expanding, and they need have no fear for their protection. Tariff revision will come, but not until the expansion period is over—say twenty-five years hence

A Marvellous Museum

*How the Civic Authorities in Munich Give
the People a World-Education in the
History of Science and Art*

By J. O. MILLER
PRINCIPAL RIDLEY COLLEGE

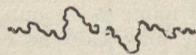
Photographs Secured by the Author in Munich



Complete Model of an Aboriginal Hut from an Ancient German Tribe.



Representation of a Mine and its Workers in the Deutsches Museum at Munich.



THE sojourner in a German city finds himself in a land where order is supreme and method is deified. He may do everything he pleases, except what is forbidden; but the word *verboten* stares him in the face on every side. It must be confessed, however, that what is forbidden to the individual is intended for the comfort and convenience of the many, and very soon the good citizen learns to submit himself to the ordering of his daily life, and to admire the exhibition of so remarkable a genius for order and method.

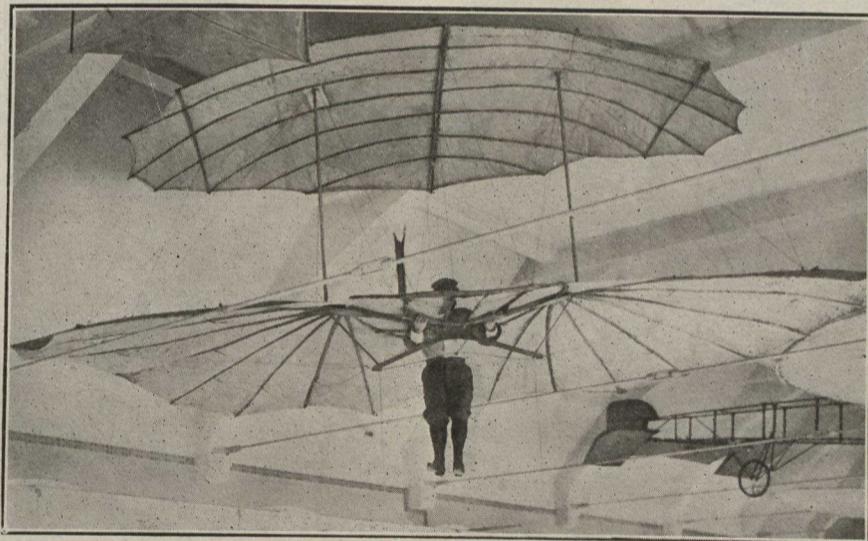
Nowhere is this genius more in evidence than in the conception of the new Deutsches Museum, intended for the education and advancement of the whole German people, and now established in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, one of the greatest educational centres in the German empire. There is nothing like it in any other land. The idea of it originated some ten years ago with the noted engineer, Dr. Otto von Miller. He conceived the establishment of a Museum of Masterworks of Natural Science and Technology, for the education of the masses, and for the inspiration of original investigators. The general intention was to show the development of Natural Science and Technology, to exhibit a living history of the spirit of investigation and invention in all times and countries, showing the influence of scientific research upon the things which loom up largely in modern civilization.

Dr. von Miller's idea was received with enthusiasm by all the leading scientific and educational authorities, and by the great manufacturers and leaders of industry throughout the empire. The Imperial and Bavarian governments gave each a million marks, the city of Munich gave the site, and provided temporary buildings, and large sums were subscribed all over the country. After six years the new buildings, costing about fifteen million marks, are nearing completion. At present the exhibits fill two great buildings provided as temporary quarters. From its first inception this remarkable institution has stirred the enthusiasm of the German people. It is visited by schools and various societies from all over Germany and neighbouring countries. Groups of teachers came last year from Russia to see it, and in 1912 the visitors numbered nearly half a million. Precious gifts of old historical machines have been presented by individuals and corporations not only in Germany, but also in England and other countries.

UP to the present time the Museum contains sixty-eight separate departments, each devoted to a single branch of practical science or technology. To write fully of any one of these would require a whole volume. All that can be done here



The Evolution of Ploughing from the Era of the Man-hauled Crooked Stick to the Modern Steam and Gasoline-driven Plough.



A Room in the Deutsches Museum Devoted to the Evolution of the Airship.



The Famous Magdeburg Spheres, and von Guericke's Original Air-pump.

is to give a general description of a few of these departments, likely to be attractive to the general public, and to indicate the method and scope of the Museum in dealing with the subjects selected for notice. It is said that to study all the departments with any approach to thoroughness would take seven or eight months of hard work.

THE first hall of the Museum affords a particularly interesting example for illustration of its general aim. It is the hall of geology. As you enter you observe a large fresco covering one side of the wall, picturing the country in the neighbourhood of Munich as geologists believe it existed in the glacial period. Close to it is another fresco showing a portion of the earth in the Jurassic period, with its characteristic animals and reptiles of sea and air. The hall is filled with models, and drawings of sections of the earth's crust, and with pictures showing the development of the study of geology from the earliest known investigations. There are also models and drawings showing how the theories as to the formation of mountains and volcanoes, and the effect of wind, water and ice upon the earth's surface, have developed. The evolution of seismic instruments is also shown in a special section.

Inspection of this department suggests the possibilities there are in Canada for a similar educational exhibition. Lake Ontario affords a notable instance. There was a time when it was a vastly greater body of water than it is now, when its waters emptied into the Hudson River, and those of the upper lakes went out by the Ottawa. Professor Coleman, of the University of Toronto, has made a very instructive map of the older lake, and a model of this marvelous lake district would have a great educational value.

The second section logically follows that on geology. It is concerned with mining, and is one of the most interesting in the Museum. Here are shown the appliances that have been used in the search for, and production of, useful minerals from the earliest times to the present day. Paintings and models show the mineral-bearing rocks, mines from which coal, iron, and salt are obtained, representations of gold-washing and petroleum fields, the evolution of appliances for drilling and conveying ore; also models, which can be operated by the attendants, to show methods of pumping and ventilation. The section contains specimens of the oldest primitive machines and of the latest electrical plants.

On one of the walls is a large picture of a mining town, the upper half of which shows the town, and the lower half the mine shafts and work-

(Continued on page 16.)

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

function of one line: as to whether "the future ours alone" means a desire for separation. If she had written a real national song she would not care a continental what it meant, so long as it expressed her own mood at the time of writing.
The words of the poem are given below and are well worth reading:

O CANADA!

Oh Canada, thy name is in our heart!
As we are thine may God be on our part!
In the hour of fear,
In the day of cheer,
We have seen thy glory nigh;
Not the dark of pain
Nor the light of gain
Hath dimmed thy people's eye.
Still may we see far, deep and clear,
Strong in our love to thee, our land so fair,
Oh Canada, forever great and dear!

O Canada! thy freedom is our own,
Thy fame is ours, thy future ours alone!
Be it field or mart,
Be it war or art,
With a true and ready hand
To uphold thy might
And to guard thy right
A loyal people stand.
Thee we proclaim by heaven's decree,
Plain, isle and mountain and from sea to sea,
Oh Canada, forever great and free!



A JUNE BRIDE OF OTTAWA.

Miss Millie White, Daughter of the Late Hon. Thomas White, Who Was This Month Wedded to Hon. George H. Perley, Minister Without Portfolio. The Lady Has Been the Capable Head of the May Court Club of Ottawa.

Rise, Canada! A nation's blending voice
Stirs thee within: go forward and rejoice
In the zeal of youth,
In the light of truth,
In thy men of faith and power,
Till no stain of wrong
Unto thee belong—
This be thy children's dower.
Thee we declare, thee we assure,
While plain and mountain, isle and sea endure,
Oh Canada, forever great and pure!

Squiring the C. W. P. C.

By M. J. T.

"IT'S exactly as if Burgess and Co. had taken my measure for trousers—and couldn't cut out what they had in their minds," said Mr. Toot, the dandy, despairing of playing the squire to Florence Dombey.

There are squires of dames, however, who have no difficulty; and one of these is Mr. Warman, assistant president of the G. T. P., who, presented with a flask at Jasper Park by the members of the Edmonton Women's Press Club, acquitted himself right gallantly in the epigrammatic phrases: "Ladies, whenever I light up I will think of you and whenever I think of you I will light up."

It came with the artful brilliancy of practice, just about. Which reminds me that practice in gallantry is dangerous. The reader will remember in "My Lady Nicotine," how that devotee of the soothing pipe he called "the Arcadia mixture" entertained upon one occasion—ladies. He wished to impress a charming girl, though a bachelor by nature, so he placed a pipe with a broken head, where a touch must knock it off, on a likely table. The lady passed it. The head came off and the bachelor having delivered himself of "Madam, what would *not* have lost its head?" replaced it. Horrified, he remembered later, to have figured in an identical scene twice over.

No, gallantry to be safe must be spontaneous—absolutely. And absolutely spontaneous and therefore safe was Mr. Ham, who patched the tailor, to borrow a phrase, on the Jasper Park occasion, with:

"Ere he had finished half his task,
The girls gave Cy a silver flask;
He opened it in half a minute,
Then sighed, 'Gee whiz!' There's nothing in it!"

"A poor thing, but my own," no doubt, in Mr. Ham's opinion. A beautiful thing in the presswomen's, though, according to their contract; for officially they have declared to "swear by George."



LADY SPRING-RICE,

Upon Whom the General Interest is Focussed as the Wife of the New British Ambassador to the United States.

A Woman's Verses for Dominion Day

A New Setting to "O Canada!"

By JANE WALLACE MORTIMER

IT was not the national holiday that inspired a lady in Halifax to add one more to the already long list of English settings to "O Canada!" published on this page. But the motive was patriotic. The author has explained in detail the precise motive underlying each stanza. She says:

The three stanzas are intended to express the three stages in the growth of a nation, the three elements in the sentiment of patriotism:

- I. *Era of Settlement—(Love)*—Believing in its possibilities, opening up its resources, largely on faith; enduring hardships, making a home, and loving the country as a home.
- II. *Era of War—(Pride)*—The sense of possession, readiness to defend, determination to be free and to grow—to excel.
- III. *Era of Progress—(Righteousness)*—The development of a national life and a national conscience. The turning of the attention to the materialism and slack morality that is liable to come with material progress—the desire for "clean" and just government—determination to "stick to the highest" for our country, etc.

In a sub-analysis the writer proceeds to elaborate it "line by line." With fine frankness and much enthusiasm, which no editorial comment ever should deprecate, she explains the meaning of her poem; justifying the use of one phrase, doubting another, criticizing another, and altogether subjecting the poem to a most vigorous test of endurance. The writer has asked for editorial opinions about various matters of national sentiment, literary expression, figures of speech and other more or less technical matters. We presume she intended any answers made to these questions to be made public, inasmuch as a national song is a public matter. But as these questions are numerous and a maxim of all art is "Art is long and time is fleeting," we must dismiss them with a wholesale opinion.

There is but one test to apply to any national song, as to its fitness to express the united sentiment of a people. If a song submits quietly to be analyzed as a piece of school composition or a lesson in syntax—the song is a failure as a national or patriotic hymn. The song of a nation should never be a piece of metrical prose. It should not be written to order; neither inspired by a mere love of literature, or of scenery, or of a tune to which it may be set.

The writer is concerned about the



LORD STRATHCONA'S GRANDDAUGHTER WEDDED.

Recently, in St. Mark's Church, London, Miss Frances Howard Was Brilliantly Married to Lieutenant James Kitson, R. N. A Splendid Wedding Reception Was Held at the House of the Bride's Grandfather, Lord Strathcona. Several Royal Gifts Were Among the Presents.



Courieterettes.

POOR old John Bull seems to be having a horribly hard time of it between Mrs. Pankhurst and the men of Ulster.

The Prince of Wales marched twenty miles and stood it as well as the other lads in the regiment. In spite of what some papers say, he seems to be human.

Princess Patricia has written a book about her experiences in Canada and Queen Mary wants to burn it. Let William Briggs get that volume and he'll have one of the best sellers of the season.

Despatches tell us that Woodrow Wilson has shed his vest. We await anxiously the news that Teddy Roosevelt still wears sox.

A Connecticut baby was born in a milk waggon. It's a wise baby that chooses its birthplace so carefully.

Now they have condemned 500 houses in Toronto. Of late it seems almost a habit to condemn things in Toronto.

Members of New York's smart society are going in for the Grecian style of dress. The Grecian, you know, is not far away from the Turkish and Bulgarian.

Col. Septimus Denison was struck on the head by a tent pole at the Three Rivers camp. After all soldiering has its risks.

The beaver may be industrious, but when it comes to cricket we must hand the laurels to the kangaroo.

Charles Rann Kennedy, a playwright, has been preaching on "Real Religion" from pulpits recently. Does this help to explain the opposition of some preachers to the stage?

Heading in Toronto Star—"Liberals should tackle Reform." It might be wise to begin by tackling some Reformers.

Prince Albert told the reporters at Niagara that he wanted to see a baseball game. Must have been an awful blow to the Imperialists to note that the son of the King was eager to see a bally Yankee game.

The German Empress was taken ill during the singing of an opera in Berlin. We can imagine a German opera having such an effect.

Hot weather has one advantage. It gives the knockers a new topic.

Queen Mary could not coax the Duchess of Sutherland to cut the price on a couple of Chippendale chairs. It certainly would seem that Kipling knew women when he penned that line about the Colonel's lady and Julie O'Grady being sisters under the skin. They all love to drive a bargain.

A Joke on the Moralists.—Out of the recent fuss over the play "Deborah" in Toronto has arisen one amusing incident. The point of the jest is rather at the expense of Rev. John Coburn and his associates who so eagerly prosecuted the players and gave "Deborah" a new lease of life by the publicity of the said police court proceedings.

In the play is a comedy role—that of a little girl of seven years—and when Mr. Coburn was issuing the summonses against the players he conferred with his friends and purposely left the name of Ethel Downie, the child actress, off the list of the accused.

"She is so young, poor little child, she would not understand," said the prosecutors. "It would be a pity to bring a child of seven into the police court. She is more sinned against than sinning."

So Miss Downie was not accused. But nevertheless she appeared in court and manifested a very active and intelligent interest in the proceedings.

When the case was over, the prosecutors discovered that Miss Downie, far from being a child of seven, was a young

woman of 22—old enough to vote in an equal suffrage country. She is a dwarf, and her diminutive size and clever acting had completely deceived the foes of "Deborah."

Incidentally, nobody enjoyed the joke more than the little actress, and she thinks it the greatest compliment ever paid to her acting.

The Cynic Says:—That many a woman loses a lot of sleep worrying over something her husband hasn't told her.

That the month of June is, in electrical language, the period of "the peak load" for preachers.

That some men are born to matrimony, some achieve it, and some have wedlock thrust upon them.

That the "papering" of some theatres is about the most expensive form of decoration undertaken.

That there's nothing in a name. Some civil engineers are positively rude.

That same women get "stuck" on a hat and then it naturally follows that their husbands also get stuck—for the price of it.

The Sly Maiden.—"Won't you give me a kiss?" pleaded the young man for the 'steenth time.

Coyly the girl glanced down at her toes.

"You ask too much," she said.

The accent was on the "ask," and he took the hint.

It Seems So.—A militant male in the British House of Commons shied a bag of flour at the head of Premier Asquith.

What a positive waste, when so many poor people needed the flour.

The Modern Mother.—Little Johnny, who had been taught at school to be truthful above all things and to promptly confess his offences, came running into the house with the news that he had just shied a stone at a window and broken the pane.

His mother, president of a Mothers' Mutual Improvement Society, was busy preparing her address for the next meeting.

"All right, Johnny," said she, not taking time to look up. "I'm very busy just now, but you might remind me of it to-morrow so that I can punish you then."

The Crushing Retort.—A Hamilton man took his family the other day to a Muskoka summer hotel for a fortnight's stay, and was given a couple of rooms on the third floor back which were ridiculously small, box-like affairs.

"You don't call these rooms, do you?" said he to the landlord. "They're box stalls."

"Well, you only sleep in them," parried the latter.

"Yes, but you have to wake up in them," said the Hamiltonian.

"Last man who stayed in this room was a Pittsburgh millionaire," asserted the proprietor with some show of offended dignity.

"That probably explains how he came to be a millionaire," was the last word.

The Arson Squad.—Boarder—"Is your cook a militant suffragette?"

Waiter—"No. What makes you think so?"

Boarder—"The condition of these biscuits had almost convinced me that she belonged to the arson squad."

A Cause of Wonder.—"Do you know, old chap, when I read some of your poems I just have to sit and wonder—"

"How I write them?"

"No—why you write them."

As in Olden Days.—The Grand Vizier of Turkey was murdered in his motor car. History repeats itself frequently in Turkey, the only modern touch in this instance being the motor car.

Official Calendar—July to December, 1913—of the Department of Education for Ontario

July:

1. DOMINION DAY (Tuesday). Arbitrators to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections if Assessors disagree. (On or before 1st July). Last day for establishing new High Schools by County Councils. (On or before 1st July).
3. Summer Schools open.
15. Inspectors' Reports of Fifth Forms due. (On or before 15th July).

August:

1. Legislative grant for Urban Public and Separate Schools payable to Municipal Treasurers, for Rural Public and Separate Schools payable to County Treasurers and first instalment to District Trustees, and special grant to Urban School Boards. (On or before 1st August). Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils respecting indigent children, due. (On or before 1st August). Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for School purposes, due. (On or before 1st August). High School Trustees to certify to County Treasurers the amount collected from county pupils. (On or before 1st August).
11. Examinations for Commercial and Art Specialists begin.
15. Last day for receiving applications for admission to Model Schools. [Model School syllabus].
30. Last day for receiving appeals against the Midsummer Examinations. (Before September 1st).

September:

1. Last day for receiving application to write on Supplemental Matriculation Examination. (Up to September 1st). LABOUR DAY. (1st Monday in September).
2. High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools open. (High Schools open, 1st Tuesday in September). (1st day of September). Last day for receiving applications for admission to Normal Schools. [Normal School syllabus]. Model Schools open. [Model School syllabus].
8. Supplemental Matriculation Examination begins.
9. September Normal Entrance Examination in Lower School subjects begins.
23. Normal Schools open. [Normal School syllabus].
30. Trustees to report to Inspector amount expended for Free Text Books. (Before 1st October). Reg. 114.

October:

1. Principals of High and Continuation Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc. (Not later than Oct. 1st). Municipal Council declares by resolution for forming Municipal Board of Education. (On or before 1st October). Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due. (On or before 1st October). Night Public Schools open (Session 1913-1914). (Begin on 1st October).
15. Trustees' Report on purchase for Public School Libraries, to Inspectors, due. (On or before 15th October).

November:

1. Inspectors' Reports on Rural Library grants, due. (Not later than 1st November). Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for Free Text Books to Rural Schools. (Not later than 1st November).

December:

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (On or before 1st December). Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December). Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment. (On or before 1st December).
8. Model School Final Examination begins.
9. Returning officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December). Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December).
12. Model Schools close. [Model School syllabus].
13. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (Not later than 14th December).
15. County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December). Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. (On or before 15th December).
19. Normal Schools (first term) close. [Normal School syllabus].
22. High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools close. (End 22nd December).
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Thursday). New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (Not to take effect before 25th December).
31. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (Last Wednesday in December). High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. (On or before 31st December). Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months. (On or before 31st December). Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees. (At end of year). Financial statement, report of attendance, etc., from Teachers' Institutes. (Not later than 31st December). Report on Inspectoral visits from Separate, County, and District Inspectors, due. (Not later than December 31st).

A Marvellous Museum

(Continued from page 13.)

ings underlying it. No verbal description could approach in vividness this representation of what a mine really is. But the man who designed this department was not content with pictures and models. The most remarkable thing about this section is the reproduction of a coal mine in cellars beneath. It is the admiration of all who visit it. Its walls and ceilings are constructed of rough timbers, and in the different chambers are to be seen startlingly life-like figures of miners at work. One is lying on his back, painfully picking at a narrow seam of coal, another is carrying a safety lamp, and on a shelf in this chamber are actual mine lamps of all ages. Two men are seen working a hand-drill, and a third is exploring a gas-filled passage, with an oxygen tank on his back, and diver-like helmet on his head. Others are conveying coal by barrow, or windlass and chain. On one side is a mine stable, with a figure of a mule.

In an open chamber a museum attendant is ready to show the operation of the latest type of electrical drill, and close at hand is the newest pattern of an electric mining motor-truck. The whole exhibit is a marvel of ingenuity, and its educational value cannot be over-estimated.

In the department of the metallurgy of iron, which follows that of mining, there is a systematic and historical survey of the whole iron and steel industry, showing the evolution of blast furnaces, coke-ovens, gas-heaters, with models of old and new types of furnaces. Then follow three rooms which exhibit the rolling, forging and casting of iron. Here may be seen the old process of welding, followed by the latest methods of treatment by water-gas, acetylene, oxygen, combustible aluminum and electric current.

VERY interesting is the hall devoted to "oldest steam-engines." The exhibit begins with the elementary trials of air-pressure by Otto von Guericke, the famous burgomaster of Magdeburg, who was the discoverer of air-pressure and made the first air-pump, now in this museum, as are also his iron Magdeburg hemispheres. There is a fine picture on the wall, showing the hemispheres held together by exhausting the air, with teams of horses vainly trying to pull them apart. This was one of the wonders of the seventeenth century, and von Guericke's discovery created a new department of science. In the same hall are an old steam-engine made by Watt, and also his original waggon-boiler. Here are also models of the first locomotive, "Puffing Billy," Stephenson's "Rocket," and finally a Mogul locomotive, completely sectionalized, and capable of being set in motion. In the yard adjoining this section there are originals of the first railway tracks, models of the latest methods of track-building, and all manner of devices for signalling and for the protection of life. The adjoining section exemplifies, with remarkable completeness, every known means of transport, from the earliest type of sled, waggon and chair, to the most improved motor-car.

Three rooms are devoted to Agriculture, where again the subject is treated historically. In the first hall are exhibited the most primitive methods of tilling the soil, with models of the earliest known implements—a man and his wife, rudely roped to a forked stick, straining every muscle to scratch the surface of the soil. Then in succession are the slow improvements in the science of plowing, strikingly shown by means of life-like models. Next are the processes of harrowing and seed-sowing, while charts and other exhibits illustrate the various ways of rendering the soil more productive. The second room contains the primitive implements for producing and caring for crops, and the gradual improvements up to the modern mowers and threshers. There is also a clear setting forth of the conditions necessary for the care of animals, showing how progress has been made in the art of cattle-breeding. The third room treats of the subject of milk-production, with historically arranged implements and appliances in use in different countries, and the gradual evolution of the most scientific methods of treating milk

for the safe-guarding of human health.

Such an exhibit would have immense value in Canada, where this subject is of such prime importance, and where so little is known or practised by the average Canadian farmer. Why should not the directors of the Provincial exhibition establish a permanent exhibit of this kind? It would do more to quicken the intelligence and rouse the ambition of our farmers than any number of lectures or government bulletins. Place the good method and the bad side by side in practical demonstration, and you produce an indelible impression on even the slowest intelligence.

Closely allied to agriculture is the subject of road-making, one of great importance to a new country like Canada. The old Roman roads are illustrated by several interesting models, including a section of the Appian way, perhaps the most famous road in history. A glance at the cross-section shown in the model is sufficient explanation of the fact that it has lasted for over two thousand years. There are also placed side by side models of badly constructed and well-made modern roads, with useful information as to good and bad road metal, and the best methods of road-drainage.

Besides the high-roads, the building of city streets, for which the German cities are famous, is demonstrated by an immense, indeed, almost full-sized, cross-section of a modern city street, with its main and supplementary conduits. It is of interest to note that the conduits needing periodical inspection are placed beneath the side-walks, so as to interfere as little as possible with traffic. In this exhibit there is a very practical illustration of the various methods of caring for waste water and sewage by means of chemical, biological and mechanical purifying plants, and irrigation fields. In fact, this section affords a splendid lesson in municipal hygiene.

A department that attracts many visitors is that of Human Dwellings. Here are beautiful models of the primitive caves and huts of all uncivilized peoples, and the movable dwellings of the nomads. Every known race is represented, from the Esquimaux to the Southern Islanders and Patagonians, and from the Japanese to the British Columbian Indians. Very picturesque is the model of a lake-dwelling in Switzerland of about the year B.C. 1500, reconstructed by a Swiss scientist. One or two of these models are life-sized, and can be entered by visitors. Buildings of a later period are in sections, and the tops can be lifted to show the interiors, containing figures of the inhabitants at their daily occupations. These models are made by a staff of mechanics in the permanent employ of the museum. An instructive exhibit is that of two houses, one labelled "unsanitary," and the other a good type of a modern house with simple but complete sanitary devices. The best methods of constructing buildings of steel and re-inforced concrete are also fully exemplified.

There are sixty-eight separate and distinct departments in the Deutsches Museum, in all of which the method is the same. Space permits of the mention of but one more, that of Aeronautics, perhaps the most typical of the systematic thoroughness which characterizes the founders of this national store-house of knowledge. Many rooms are occupied by this remarkable exhibit. In the first is shown the flying mechanism of seeds and animals. There are reproductions of pre-historic birds of prey, of the flying-fish and of the bat. The eagle, the vulture and the gull are exhibited by three examples of each; first, the complete bird with wings outstretched, then the skeleton, and finally the bird with its feathers partially removed to show the mechanism of its flying apparatus. There are also carrier pigeons, showing methods of attachment of objects to the body, from the thin paper roll to the photographic camera. In the centre of this room is a large revolving disk to show all the motions of the wings of a bird in flight. The flying contrivances that have been the prototypes of artificial construction in ancient times are followed by the invention and evolution of balloons. First are the captive balloons, with comprehensive explanations

Schools and Colleges

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For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar, R. Millichamp, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

"Educationalists are giving more and more attention to the conditions under which the young are trained." This is especially true regarding the education of young ladies. For very many a residential school is best. Such schools are growing in popularity. Many of the best homes patronize them.

Alma (Ladies) College

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Re-opens Sept. 11th, 1913.

For announcement and information, address the Principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

of materials, and methods of inflation. Then come models of balloons of a century ago, and among them one of the type used by Napoleon in preparation for his descent upon the English coast. Next in order are the dirigibles, flexible, semi-rigid and rigid, with a beautiful model of Zeppelin's air-ship, and an immense fresco, showing his arrival at Munich, after his first flight from Berlin. In the adjacent great hall are models of aeroplanes. The original flying machine of Lilienthal is hung from the ceiling, with an effigy of the aviator in position. Beside it are actual aeroplanes of Wright, Farman and Bleriot, presented to the museum by their owners, all of them showing evidence of hard service. In the last hall are the various sorts of engines devised for the purpose of aviation.

The expressed purpose of the founders of this new kind of museum is so to arrange every department as to display by object lessons the history of each subject, and especially to spur the ambition of the student towards further progress, by improvement upon what has been accomplished in the past, and by quickening minds to new inventions. The kind of museum we all know has lost its interest for the average man. But the Deutsches Museum, based upon a new idea, appeals to everybody, because it deals with the things of daily life in our own time, as well as in the past, and makes a silent appeal to us to take an active interest in the things that make for the progress of the race, and for the comfort and happiness of mankind.

Environs of Large Buildings

A Vexed Question with Architects

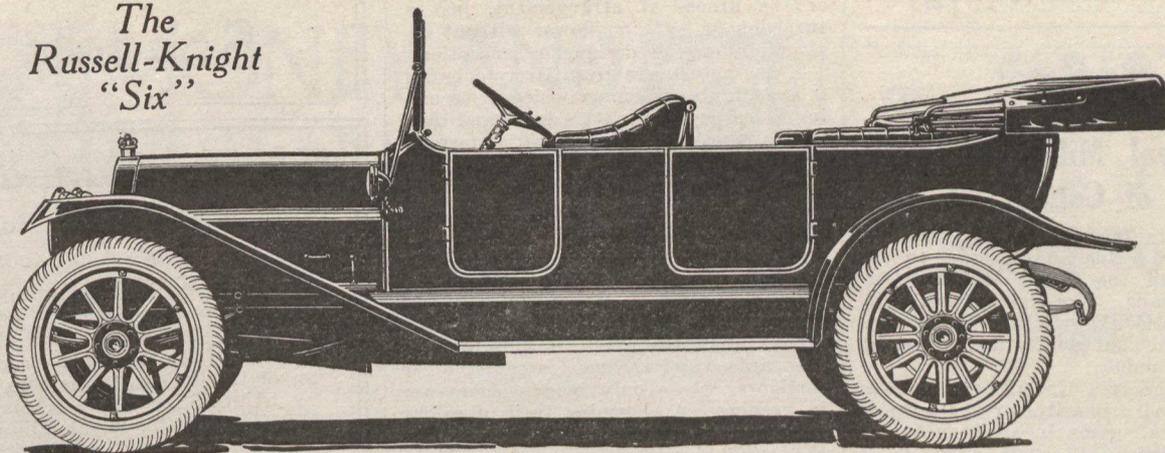
By E. T. COOK

LOVERS of architecture who have travelled in the cities of Europe have sometimes bewailed the destruction of noble art by misplaced and encroaching verdure from vines or the over-planting of trees and shrubs, and in most cases they have reason for complaint. A spacious building certainly gains in beauty and dignity by widespreading lawns and the shadows of tall trees. The exquisite fane of Salisbury, the green swards of Canterbury, the smooth, grassy banks of Ripon dipping down to the slowly moving river, and the street trees that cast shadows against the abbey walls of Westminster are grander still through their presence. The glory of the Church of St. Paul, on Bloor Street, Toronto, now approaching completion, can never be fully set forth whilst enclosed and almost hidden amidst a settlement of houses close to its very walls. The art should show a sense of proportion.

An ivy-clad church is a picture that poets and artists have dwelt upon. It is, in a way, beautiful, but, behind the fretwork of greenery too often lies hidden a tracery of stone that reveals the highest form of sculptor's art, which the thick covering is not only concealing, but often is slowly destroying. When a building is an eyesore through poverty of design and workmanship the vine is a real friend, and in all cities it has been occasionally put to the best uses as a screen to hide obnoxious defects. Whatever is planted ought to consider, primarily, the building. For instance, a geranium plot against a mighty building, or anything that is in itself of low stature, is misplaced. Everything, whether in the buttressed corner, or near elsewhere, must be on a proportionate scale. And this leads me to another consideration.

The architect and the landscape gardener must work hand in hand for the production of a wholly satisfying composition. The interests of the two should not clash. A landscape gardener or artist, call him what you will, is always helped and encouraged by the presence of a beautiful house, while on the other hand scarcely any amount of skill in gardening will soften into beauty an ugly building. No one has greater reason to rejoice over the presence of good architecture than the gardener and planter. A fig tree in a sunny corner of some noble church or house gives just the colour relief that is most desired, and a rose clambering over a porch

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That record stood unchallenged until May of this year, when, before a Committee of Judges of the Automobile Club of America, an acknowledged leader among manufacturers of Poppet Valve engines put up his best 38 h.p. six cylinder engine to beat or to equal the record held for four years by the Knight Engine.

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1. That for the size of motor the Knight Engine develops greater horse power than the Poppet Valve.
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3. That it requires less adjusting, and its condition after use is more perfect.
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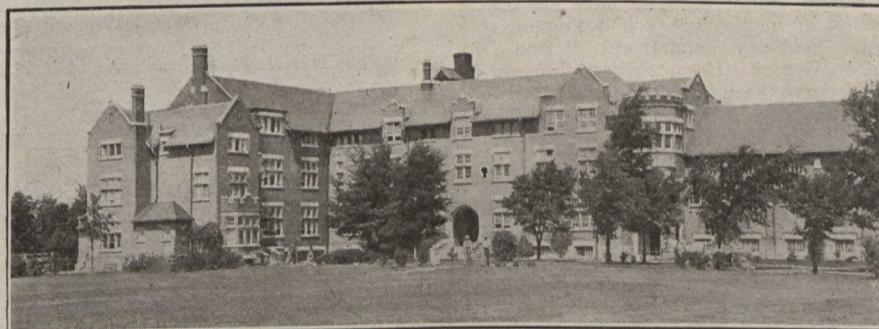
We want every owner or prospective owner of an automobile to watch for and read these advertisements, because for four years we have made claims for the Knight Engine. The comparative figures of the two tests will prove how fully our claims have been justified.

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Schools and Colleges



The Royal Military College of Canada.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same examinations as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.
H.Q. 94-5. 9-09.

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ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

FULL COMPOUND INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS

(Eight Offices in Toronto)

or stone verandah is another illustration of the fitness of arrangement, just a suspicion of leaf and flower without destruction of the designer's conceptions.

A few notes were given lately on what is called tub gardening, which is becoming more popular in this land, and may be introduced not only on the terrace, but even in borders and in places where through too much shade or an unsuitable environment things planted out are not a success. Palms, oleanders, large scented-leaved geraniums, pomegranates, myrtles and oranges, all of which, it was mentioned, may be easily kept over the winter in a shed or cellar, free from actual frost, are excellent "fill ups" in the garden, and the most acceptable for corridors, where only bold schemes are in keeping. A charming trail of colour looping up arch and arch is formed by the pink ivy-leaved geranium Mme. Crousse into a potful here and there of nephrolepis fern as a green foil. Nothing can be simpler, and the expense is trifling. Simplicity is everything in carrying out the most elaborate decorations, and in the schemes of the king's decorator a superfluity of detail is conspicuously wanting. They are a study in themselves, and never forced on the attention or made a source of irritation. We have all suffered some time or other from dinner tables overloaded with floral adornments, rendering conversation with one's neighbour almost impossible, or steered an uncomfortable way through lanes of green foliage, all planned with good intentions, but with a regrettable absence of simplicity in detail. The use of plants in the corridor of the York Club, Toronto, is an example of what is correct—there is the right proportion.

Cities are rising up and extending with marvellous rapidity in Canada, and many buildings of great beauty, too. Let it not be forgotten that surroundings have much to do with the effect of a structure, and sweeps of grass and lovely groupings of shrubs and flowers are not only an everlasting charm, but make up a composition that every city and town should be proud of.

Hamilton Hill-Climb

ON the 24th of May a hill-climb took place on the John St. Hill in Hamilton, in which several motor-cars were competitors. There were three events: An open for the Spectator trophy; one for touring cars not exceeding 35 horsepower; one for cars not above 26 horsepower.

The hill is about a mile long, of middling steep grade, with two rather bad bends in the course. The first free-for-all event was won by a Wolseley 30 horse six-cylinder, the third in the same race by a Wolseley 50, and the fifth by a Wolseley 20. The same Wolseley that won the first event won also the second, and its next in order was another Wolseley, a 20 horse four-cylinder. In the third event the Wolseley 20 came a close second.

Well Expressed.—"Jones has refused to mortgage his house to buy an automobile."

"Good—he is a man of horse sense."

Cy Warman's Wit.—The C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk Railway have the distinction of employing each a humourist in its publicity department. One is genial George Ham, whose humoursques have been part of C. P. R. life and literature for many years. The other is Cy Warman, known as a humorous writer before he went into rail-roading. Once in a while these entertaining gentlemen cross each other's paths in their various journeys over respective systems. During the recent trip of the Canadian Women's Press Association westward to the convention at Edmonton, George Ham, in charge of the party over the C. P. R., wired Cy Warman—"Would you be good enough to accompany members C.W.P.C. to Jasper Park?"

When Cy got this serious telegram he thought a moment for the most suitable reply. He might have said a number of complimentary things about the ladies; but instead he paid his compliments to George Ham.

The reply was laconically brief. "Well—they've stood for you."

Schools and Colleges

Upper Canada College, Toronto

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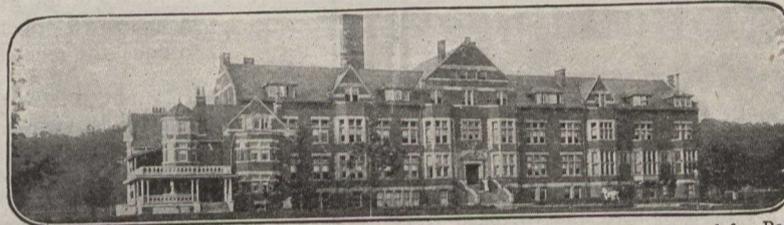
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MONEY AND MAGNATES



Encourage Domestic Manufactures

THE Forestry Branch of the Department of Interior, at Ottawa, has issued a bulletin having reference to pulpwood. In 1912, 980,868 cords of pulpwood left Canada, against 847,339 in 1911. Nearly all of this went over the line. In spite of this increase the proportion of pulpwood exported is decreasing. In 1911, 44 per cent. of what was cut in this country was used in manufacture here. In 1912 the percentage was 47.

Yet the loss to the Dominion in thus sending the unmanufactured pulpwood out of the country is still a tremendous one. Last year, the value of the pulpwood exported was about \$6,700,000. If manufactured into pulp, this would have brought \$13,200,000. The difference in price—a difference of nearly 100 per cent.—represents payment for labour and profit for the manufacturer, all of which would have been retained in Canada had the pulpwood been manufactured here.

This is not a question of preventing exports; it is rather a matter of encouraging home manufactures. We cannot afford to stop exporting raw products entirely, but they ought to be limited to a minimum. While exports cannot be prevented, the government of this country should discourage them. The Dominion Government could do what is necessary to encourage the manufacture of raw products, in many different ways. It might collaborate with the various Provincial Governments in guaranteeing the bonds of pulp manufacturing concerns. Or it might offer material assistance by promising that Canada's manufactured pulp goods shall be an exhibit at all the exhibitions all over the world for the next ten years.

It is a policy of encouragement that is needed. As a relaxation from the arduous demands of the game of party politics, the Dominion Government might take up this question. They would find it pay them, and the people they represent.

Canada's Cotton Trade

THE Department of Commerce of the United States has recently issued a report on the cotton goods trade, which has special reference to the relative position of Canada. It shows that the United States is second only to Britain in supplying Canada with cotton goods. The report states that Canadian imports of cotton have more than trebled in the last twelve years, and quadrupled in the last fifteen. During the period 1900 to 1912, the total imports of cottons by Canada increased by the large percentage of 231. The increased percentage in American goods is 252.58.

Now, these figures furnish food for thought. The inference is that Canadian mills are not keeping pace with the increasing demand. It is all very well to import upon such a large scale, but it does not do Canada as much good as if she were filling all her own orders. Canadian cotton manufacturers are optimistic, however, that in this regard Canada is rapidly improving, and that the next report of the U. S. Department of Commerce with regard to cottons will show very different figures.

On and Off the Exchange

Toronto Stock Exchange Meets

FOR a little while the other day, the members of the Stock Exchange forgot all about the panic and Canada's precipitate rush to the dogs, and gathered in conclave at their annual meeting. They re-elected Mr. F. Gordon Osler to the presidency, this being his second year in that position. Mr. E. B. Freeland, of the firm of John Stark and Company, is vice-president.



MR. F. GORDON OSLER
Re-elected to the Presidency of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

During the year four more firms have entered the Exchange, and the membership is increased by fourteen. A year ago there were 37 firms connected with the Exchange, having a membership of 79. To-day there are 41 firms, with a total membership of 93.

A Significant Announcement

LAST week these columns contained a report that the United States Steel Corporation were establishing a large branch plant at Ojibway, Ontario. Now there comes the news that one of the largest firms in England, the Armstrong Whitworth Company, Limited, will locate an establishment in Quebec. This announcement is significant. It demonstrates the fact—and in this day of the pessimist we need such demonstration—that Canada and things Canadian are sound. Otherwise, shrewd financiers from Britain and over the line would not pour out their money. This last decision indicates the confidence of keen and observant business men in the prosperity, present and future, of Canada.

A plant is to be erected by the Armstrong Whitworth people on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, within the Montreal harbour, the cost of which will be one million dollars. The manufactures to be carried on are civil and mechanical engineering appliances; no naval or military work will be done in Canada. The project is to be financed in London, by British capital.

The company has been induced to locate a branch plant in this country largely through the efforts of Mr. M. J. Butler, of the Dominion Coal Com-

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pany, and Sir Percy Girouard, a director of the Armstrong Whitworth Company.

Montreal Power on Ten Per Cent. Basis

THE directors of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company have declared a dividend of 2½ per cent. for the current quarter, payable August 15th. This puts the stock on a ten per cent. basis. The announcement does not come as a surprise, except inasmuch as it was not generally expected that the move would be made so soon.

The increasing attractiveness of Power stock as an investment is demonstrated by the fact that in eleven years the stock has moved from a four per cent. to a ten per cent. basis.

Power's dividend return by years, with the high and low prices of the stock to date, are shown in the following table:

	Dividends		Stock	
	Paid.	High.	Low.	
1902	4	105½	83	
1903	4	99¾	63¾	
1904	4	85	69⅞	
1905	4	95¼	77½	
1906	5	99½	86	
1907	6	96½	79	
1908	6	113	85	
1909	6½	136¼	109	
1910	7¾	161¾	120⅝	
1911	8	193½	141	
1912	8½	242½	187	
1913	9½	240	203½	

An Appointment

THE position of Treasurer in the Canada Life Assurance Company, made vacant by the death of Mr. H. L. Watt, has been filled. The appointment of Mr. E. M. Saunders to the position is a happy one, since he is a banker of ripe experience, and also a man who is intimately acquainted with conditions in the West, which latter qualification means much to the Canada Life.



MR. E. M. SAUNDERS,
The Newly-elected Treasurer of Canada Life.

Mr. Saunders is a son of the manse. In 1886 he joined the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and after fifteen years' work in Eastern Canada, he went West. As manager of the branch bank at Moosomin, Moose Jaw and Calgary, he has been a conspicuous success. He has had the opportunity of studying the West, from a financial viewpoint, and on his recommendation several branch banks have been located in the Prairie Provinces.

The Canada Life is to be congratulated on securing Mr. Saunders's services, while he will find a further sphere of usefulness with this go-ahead company.

Under the direction of Mr. Saunders the Company should continue its unique record of the past ten years of having continuously increased its rate of interest. It is one of the premier life offices in the Dominion and has a well-developed business in England.

The May Bank Statement

THE statement of the chartered banks for May shows some changes, most of which are for the better. As a concrete proof of activity in business, the note circulation shows an increase of nearly five millions. Call loans in Canada increased by \$224,000, but decreased over the line by about seven millions. There is little change in current loans in Canada, the figure for May being \$898,950,650, which is about thirteen thousand dollars less than that for April.

The total deposits show a decrease of \$1,595,314, but in view of the extraordinary money conditions, this is not material. Total deposits stand at \$994,914,948 for May.

A Record Increase

THE Montreal Water and Power Company may congratulate themselves upon a splendid year. The gross revenue was \$671,684, which was an increase of \$165,180 over the preceding year. This figure is double the increase registered last year. Such a handsome surplus is partly accounted for by the fact of a considerable sale of water to the city of Montreal, owing to an accident to the latter's system. But apart from this special revenue, the increase in the earnings from the normal territory supplied by the company was some 21½ per cent. over the year of 1911-1912.

A New Bond Issue

THE British Canadian Lumber Corporation, Limited, has issued a circular, asking shareholders to authorize a bond issue of \$3,500,000, to bear interest at a rate not greater than six per cent. per annum. The issue is for the purpose of providing better facilities and giving the company more working capital. Under the by-laws of the concern, it is necessary that the consent of 75 per cent. of the shareholders be obtained, before any new issue can be created.

The circular states that the four mills owned and operated by the company should have a capacity of 150,000,000 feet board measure, per annum, and argues that with increased facilities there will come increased profits.

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\$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

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Banking on Sam

(Continued from page 6.)

Jack Curson looked at her for a minute without speaking. Then he said, "You're alright. Shake."

She put her hand in his, and she knew that she had nothing more to fear from him.

"I have been an old fool," he said, "and I am glad you told me what people are saying. Perhaps, some day, I'll tell you why I am so ducedly lonely, and always looking for a new sensation. Of course, there is a woman in it."

"I would feel honoured if you told me," Ida said, and she meant it.

He put his hand on her shoulder and said, "If things had gone right I might have had a girl as old as you, and, gosh, I would have been proud of her."

"Maybe she might have been teaching this school instead of me," Ida said softly.

"Possibly," he said, "possibly. She would have had a clever mother," and without a word he went out and down the street, living over again the dreams of many years before.

Ida wiped away a few tears when he was gone, and she said to herself, "He is a dear after all. I would like to make life happier for him."

The big boys started to school in the early fall. They had all been expelled from school at some time or other, for longer or shorter periods. They were quite well aware that they were regarded as terrors, and so were quite surprised when Ida did not show any fear of them. She met them half way but no further. She appeared to take for granted that they were there for work, and she expected them to do it. It did not appear to have crossed her mind that they would have anything but a friendly feeling for her and the school. This was a new attitude for the teacher, and they scarcely knew how to regard it.

The first day they were at school, she asked Alex. McDonald, the boy with the worst reputation, to take the monthly reports to the secretary-treasurer. He could not remember that he had ever been trusted to do anything before when there was anyone else to do it, and he was so surprised he went out without a word. To the astonishment of the other pupils he returned at once to his work.

That night, after the smaller children were gone, Ida saw four of the larger boys waiting around outside. She wondered what mischief they were planning, but she did not show her thoughts. She went to the door and said, "Boys, are you in a hurry?"

No one spoke for a second or two, then Sam Hughes grunted, "Not particular, I guess."

"The wire is off the stove pipe, and I have been waiting until there was someone big enough to help me fix it. Could you spare the time to-night?"

"Sure," said the boy who had taken her message in the morning. The four boys filed into the school.

Ida made suggestions, helped and encouraged them, until the pipe was more secure than it had ever been. Then she thanked them, said a bright good-night and went off swinging her hat in her hand. When at the gate she called back, "Fasten the school when you leave, boys, please."

She had been warned that if she left the school open, the boys would upset everything, and leave it in a disgraceful condition.

The boys watched her for awhile, then Sam Hughes said, "She does not know what we are."

"Someone has surely told her," Alex said.

"Trust old mother Simpson for that," another said.

"Is it a bluff?" asked Sam, thoughtfully.

"She did not seem to watch us," said the smallest boy.

"We'll wait and see," was the general verdict of the gang, as they were called.

Two weeks passed and Ida had no complaint to make against her big boys. In fact she was getting rather fond of them, and defended them when the villagers spoke of their badness. Their answer was always, "You wait and see."

One day for the composition lesson she asked the senior class to write a letter. She did not specify any subject, but told them to make it general as

they would if writing to a friend. As she walked around the room she noticed that Alex. McDonald was writing more carefully than usual, and that he kept his letter covered when she passed. She rather wondered at the time, but forgot the incident until the letters were finished, and she asked each pupil to read their letter aloud for class criticism. When it came Alex's turn to read, he walked up to her desk and handed her a folded paper. She opened it and saw that it was a letter to herself. Without waiting to read it, she said, "Alex. wishes me to read his letter and correct it personally."

WHEN the class was over she read the letter. The composition was no credit to her teaching, but the substance of the letter was a greater compliment to her than she had ever received. It was as follows:

"Dear Teacher,—I ain't ever been much good at school. I have always been a worry to the teachers, and my old man says I am going to the devil as fast as I can. The other boys is the same. We haven't always wanted to be bad, but it just seemed easier and more fun, specially after the first few times. Folks expected us to be crooked. Sometimes they blamed us when we hadn't done nothing. We thought maybe nobody had told you. If they do, don't you be scared, for we'll be on the square with you. Yours respectfully, Alex. McDonald."

Ida sat down at once and wrote the following note: "Dear Alex.—Folks told me a lot, but I judge my pupils for myself. You are living in the present and not in the past. You boys have been on the square with me, and I'll back you up for all I am worth, everyone of you, for I believe you are worthy. Let me know when you run against snags, for maybe I can help you. Yours sincerely, Ida Dyer."

She took it down and put it on Alex's desk. "Thank you for your letter," she said, "may I keep it just for myself?"

"Yes," Alex. said, and he looked rather sheepishly at her.

"Thank you," she said, "here is an answer," and she returned to her work.

Two weeks later Ida was leaving the school one evening, when two women of the village stopped to speak to her. Mrs. Hays, who always knew all that was going on in the village and the surrounding country, and a little more, said in a loud voice, "Well, I suppose, Miss Dyer, you think because you have the big boys under your thumb, that you know what they are doing these times?"

"I haven't them under my thumb," Ida said pleasantly, "but it would take a lot to persuade me that they are doing anything very bad."

"Well, you can believe it or not, just as you like, but Alex. McDonald and Sam Hughes, and the rest of them are gambling—yes, gambling every night. If you don't believe it go to McConn's pool room any night and see for yourself."

"And that ain't all," interrupted Mrs. Mack, "Jim says as how they play for money, and drinks, and they smoke and swear something awful."

"You say my boys do those things?" Ida asked in a low tone.

"Yes, indeed, they do," the women said together.

"I think you are mistaken," Ida said, "but if you are not, you and the rest of the grownup people of this town are to blame."

"I'd like to know how you make that out?" Mrs. Hays asked.

"You'll answer for this and not the boys alone," Ida said decidedly; "you have a fine big curling rink for the men; you have a dance hall for the young men and women; you have parties and luncheons for the grownup folks, but you don't provide even a skating rink for my boys, and then when they take the only amusement possible in this town in which there is no place for them, you go around blackening their character, and robbing them of the best incentive they have to a decent life, their good name. Good evening, ladies."

Ida walked away with her head up, a bright spot in each cheek as she thought of the injustice her boys were suffering. Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Mack hastened to spread her sentiments as broadcast as they could, which was exactly what

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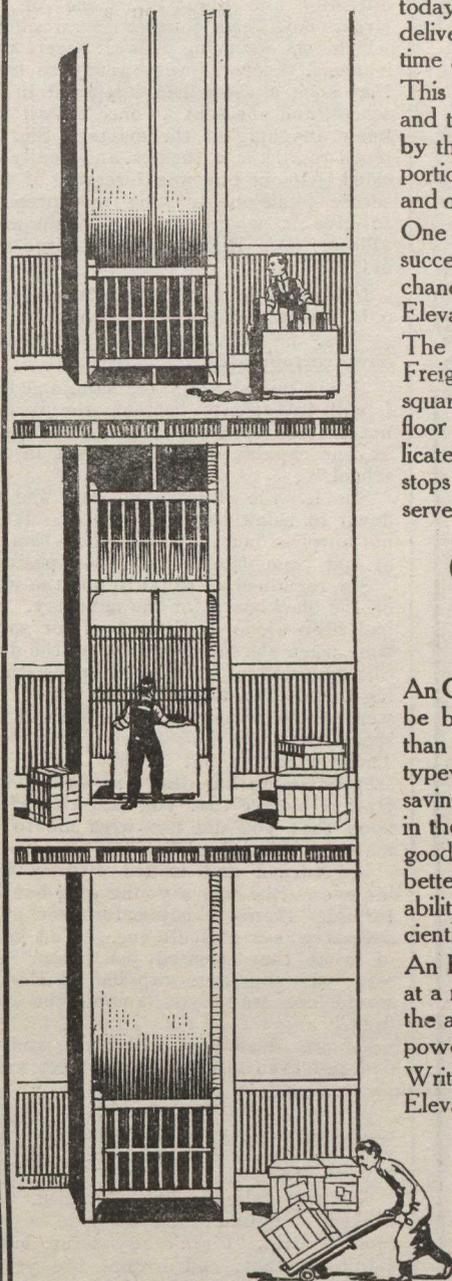
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she expected them to do. When they were out of sight, four boys peered out from behind the school, and after making sure that they were not observed, they jumped over the fence, and walked away talking earnestly. Just one sentence might have been caught by a passerby. It was in Alex. McDonald's voice: "I say, boys, she's not bluffing."

Three days later at recess, two of the smaller boys came into the school crying very bitterly. Ida enquired into the difficulty and found that one of the larger boys had committed an offense which was deserving of most severe punishment. Ida was very angry to think that such a thing had happened in her school, and she sent at once for all who knew anything of the matter. She listened to all the witnesses, and finally decided that one boy was deserving of very severe punishment. She was prepared to give it when the boy whimpered, "Please, Sam Hughes did the same as I did."

Ida stopped at once and turned very pale. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Yes," he said, and one of the smaller boys corroborated his statement.

"I will punish you," Ida said, and then I will investigate further, for it does not matter who did it, I will not have anyone capable of such conduct in this school."

She let the children go, and she sat down to think the matter over. It did not surprise her that she had no thought of old Sam Hughes and her position.

She remained as usual to put the work on the blackboard for the next day. She had been alone in the school for some time when she heard a noise at the door. She glanced and saw Sam Hughes standing there. She did not say anything, but went on with her writing. He did not speak until she had finished her work. Then, with his hat in his hand, he stepped up to her desk and said, "Miss Dyer, I believe that you said this afternoon that you did not wish me to remain at this school."

Ida turned and looked directly into his eyes. She was a young girl, but little older than the boy before her. The subject was a difficult one. "You know of what they accused you, Sam," she said; "if you were capable of that, I would not want you among the children."

"If you wish it, I will leave, and no one, not even my father will ever know the reason," he said.

"I don't care for your father," Ida said passionately, "I did once. But it's you, Sam, I banked on you. Tell me, boy, that you didn't do it."

The big fellow's lips trembled. He choked a minute, and then in a low tone he said, "I ain't any saint, but I didn't do that, and I kept the young liars who said I did outside to prove what I say. Alex. has them out there now."

Ida's white set face relaxed. A little colour came into her cheeks. She held out her hand, and when Sam took it she said, "I don't need any proof, Sam. Your word is good enough for me."

Sam hesitated a minute, and then said, "Thank you, but maybe you had better hear them for the sake of the school."

"Thank you," Ida said, "you are right, bring them in."

It's a funny thing the way that teacher can twist the men around her finger," Mrs. Hays said to Mrs. Mack over the back garden fence. "You should hear old Sam Hughes blow about the way his kids are getting along at school, and Jack Curson thinks what she does is just about right. I wouldn't be surprised if they would find out something queer about her yet."

"It wouldn't be any good to tell them anything. They wouldn't believe it. A pretty face can do anything with a man," Mrs. Mack said.

"I wouldn't call her face pretty," Mrs. Hays said, "and her clothes are real shabby, but it ain't only men she can twist around. Mrs. Simpson won't say one word again her. And she wouldn't show me her dresses and hats and things, and I know her trunk ain't locked."

"You don't say," Mrs. Mack sighed, "and the way she carries on skating every night in that rink they have made with the boys is simply ridiculous. In my day a girl that did such things would lose her character."

"Times is changed," Mrs. Hays sighed regretfully.

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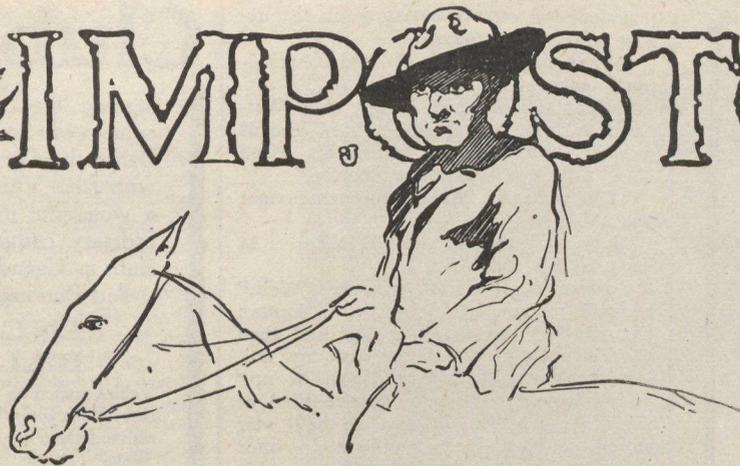
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CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

It was about this time when, as the whitened horses floundered through the lee of a bluff where there was shelter from the wind, the men in the sleigh found opportunity for speech.

"Now," said Dane quietly, "I know that we have lost you, for a while at least. Will you ever come back, Witham?"

Witham nodded, "Yes," he said. "When time has done its work and Colonel Barrington asks me, if I can buy land enough to give me a standing at Silverdale."

"That," said Dane, "will need a good many dollars, and you insisted on flinging those you had away. How are you going to make them?"

"I don't know," said Witham simply.

"Still, by some means it will be done." It was next day when he walked into Graham's office at Winnipeg, and laughed when the broker who shook hands, passed the cigar box across to him.

"We had better understand each other first," he said. "You have heard what has happened to me, and will not find me a profitable customer to-day."

"These cigars are the best in the city, or I wouldn't ask you to take one," said Graham dryly. "You understand me, anyway. Wait until I tell my clerk that if anybody comes round I'm busy."

A bell rang, a little window opened and shut again, and Witham smiled over his cigar.

"I want to make thirty thousand dollars as soon as I can, and it seems to me there are going to be opportunities in this business. Do you know anybody who would take me as clerk or salesman?"

Graham did not appear astonished. "You'll scarcely make them that way if I find you a berth at fifty a month," he said.

"No," said Witham. "Still, I wouldn't purpose keeping it for more than six months or so. By that time I should know a little about the business."

"Got any dollars now?"

"One thousand," said Witham quietly.

Graham nodded. "Smoke that cigar out, and don't worry me. I've got some thinking to do."

Witham took up a journal, and laid it down again twenty minutes later. "Well," he said, "you think it's too big a thing?"

"No," said Graham. "It depends upon the man, and it might be done. Knowing the business goes a good way, and so does having dollars in hand, but there's something that's born in one man in a thousand that goes a long way further still. I can't tell you what it is, but I know it when I see it."

"Then," said Witham, "you have seen this thing in me?"

GRAHAM nodded. "Yes, sir, but you don't want to get proud. You had nothing to do with the getting of it. It was given you. Now, we're going to have a year that will not be forgotten by those who handle wheat and flour, and the men with the long heads will roll the dollars in. Well, I've no use for another clerk, and my salesman's good enough for me, but if we can agree on the items I'll take you for a partner."

The offer was made and accepted quietly, and when a rough draft of the arrangement had been agreed upon, Graham nodded as he lighted another cigar.

"You may as well take hold at once, and there's work ready now," he said.

"You've heard of the old St. Louis mills back on the edge of the bush country. Never did any good. Folks who had them were short of dollars, and didn't know how they should be run. Well, I and two other men have bought them for a song, and while the place is tumbling in, the plant seems good. Now, I can get hold of orders for flour when I want them, and everybody with dollars to spare will plank them right into any concern handling food-stuffs this year. You go down to-morrow with an engineer, and, when you've got the mills running and orders coming in, we'll sell out to a company if we don't want them."

Witham sat silent a space, turning over a big bundle of plans and estimates. Then he said, "You'll have to lay out a pile of dollars."

Graham laughed. "That's going to be your affair. When you want them the dollars will be ready, and there's only one condition. Every dollar we put down has got to bring another in."

"But," said Witham, "I don't know anything about milling."

"THEN," said Graham dryly, "you'll have to learn. A good many men have got quite rich in this country running things they didn't know much about when they took hold of them."

"There's one more point," said Witham. "I must make those thirty thousand dollars soon, or they'll be no great use to me, and when I have them I may want to leave you."

"That's all right," said Graham. "By the time you've done it, you'll have made sixty for me. We'll go out and have some lunch to clinch the deal if you're ready."

It might have appeared unusual in England, but it was much less so in a country where the specialization of professions is still almost unknown, and the man who can adapt himself attains ascendancy, and on the morrow Witham arrived at a big wooden building beside a pine-shrouded river. It appeared falling to pieces, and the engineer looked disdainfully at some of the machinery, but, somewhat against his wishes, he sat up with his companion most of the night in a little log hotel, and orders that occasioned one of Graham's associates consternation were mailed to the city next morning. Then machines came out by the carload, and men with tools in droves. Some of them murmured mutinously when they found they were expected to do as much as their leader who was not a tradesman, but these were forthwith sent back again, and the rest were willing to stay and earn the premium he promised them for rapid work.

Before the frost grew arctic, the building stood firm and the hammers rang inside it night and day until when the ice had bound the dam and lead the fires were lighted and the trials under steam again. It cost more than water, but buyers with orders from the East were clamouring for flour just then. For a fortnight Witham snatched his food in mouthfuls, and scarcely closed his eyes, when Graham found him pale and almost haggard when he came down with several men from the cities in response to a telegram. For an hour they moved up and down, watching whirring belt and humming roller, and then, whitened with the dust, stood very intent and quiet while one of them dipped up a little flour from the delivery hopper. His opinions on, and dealings in that product were famous in the land. He said nothing for several minutes, and then, brushing the white dust from his

hands, turned with a little smile to Graham.

"We'll have some baked, but I don't know that there's much use for it. This will grade a very good first," he said. "You can book me the thousand two eighties for a beginning now."

Witham's fingers trembled, but there was a twinkle in Graham's eyes as he brought his hand down on his shoulder.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I was figuring right on this when I brought the champagne along. It was all I could do, but Imperial Tokay wouldn't be good enough to rinse this dust down with, when every speck of it that's on you means dollars by the handful rolling in."

It was a very contented and slightly hilarious party that went back to the city, but Witham sat down before a shaded lamp with a wet rag round his head when they left him, and bent over a sheaf of drawings until his eyes grew dim. Then he once more took up a little strip of paper that Graham had given him, and leaned forward with his arms upon the table. The mill was very silent at last, for of all who toiled in it that day one weary man alone sat awake, staring, with aching eyes, in front of him. There was, however, a little smile in them, for roseate visions floated before them. If the promise that strip of paper held out was redeemed, they might be materialized, for those who had toiled and wasted their substance that the eastern peoples might be fed would that year, at least, not go without their reward. Then he stretched out his arms wearily above his head.

"It almost seems that what I have hoped for may be mine," he said. "Still, there is a good deal to be done first, and not two hours left before I begin it to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Reinstatement.

A YEAR of tireless effort and some anxiety had passed since Witham had seen the first load of flour sent to the east, when he and Graham sat talking in their Winnipeg office. The products of the St. Louis mills were already in growing demand, and Graham appeared quietly contented as he turned over the letters before him. When he laid down the last one, however, he glanced at his companion somewhat anxiously.

"We have got to fix up something soon," he said. "I have booked all the St. Louis can turn out for six months ahead, and the syndicate is ready to take the business over, though I don't know quite whether it would be wise to let them. It seems to me that milling is going to pay tolerably well for another year, and if I knew what you were wanting, it would suit me better."

"I told you I wanted thirty thousand dollars," said Witham quietly.

"You've got them," said Graham. "When the next balance comes out you'll have a good many more. The question is, what you're going to do with them now they're yours?"

Witham took out a letter from Dane and passed it across to Graham. "I'm sorry to tell you the Colonel is getting no better," it ran. "The specialist we brought in seems to think he will never be quite himself again, and now he has let the reins go, things are falling to pieces at Silverdale. Somebody left Atterley a pile of money, and he is going back to the old country, Carshalton is going, too; and, as they can't sell out to anyone we don't approve of, the

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rest insisted on my seeing you. I purpose starting to-morrow."

"What happened to Colonel Barrington?" asked Graham.

"His sleigh turned over," said Witham. "Horse trampled on him, and it was an hour or two before his hired man could get him under shelter."

"You would be content to turn farmer again?"

"I think I would," said Witham. "At least, at Silverdale."

Graham made a little grimace. "Well," he said resignedly, "I guess it's human nature; but I'm thankful now and then there's nothing about me but my dollars that would take the eye of any young woman. I figure they're kind of useful to wake up a man so he'll stir round looking for something to offer one of them, but he is apt to find his business must go second when she has got it and him, and he has to waste on house fixings what would give a man a fair start in life. Still, it's no use talking. What have you told him?"

Witham laughed a little. "Nothing," he said. "I will let him come, and you shall have my decision when I've been to Silverdale."

It was next day when Dane arrived at Winnipeg, and Witham listened gravely to all he had to tell him.

"I have two questions to ask," he said. "Would the others be unanimous in receiving me, and does Colonel Barrington know of your mission?"

"Yes to both," said Dane. "We haven't a man there who would not hold out his hand to you, and Barrington has been worrying and talking a good deal about you lately. He seems to fancy nothing has gone right at Silverdale since you left it, and others share his opinion. The fact is, the old man is losing his grip tolerably rapidly."

"Then," said Witham quietly, "I'll go down with you, but I can make no promise until I have heard the others."

Dane smiled a little. "That is all I want. I don't know whether I told you that Maud Barrington is there. Would to-morrow suit you?"

"No," said Witham. "I will come to-day."

It was early next morning when they stepped out of the stove-warmed car into the stinging cold of the prairie. Fur-clad figures, showing shapeless in the creeping light, clustered about them, and Witham felt himself thumped on the shoulders by mittened hands, while Alfretton's young voice broke through the murmurs of welcome.

"Let him alone while he's hungry," he said. "It's the first time in its history they've had breakfast ready at this hour in the hotel, and it would not have been accomplished if I hadn't spent most of yesterday playing cards with the man who keeps it and making love to the young women!"

"That's quite right," said another lad. "When he takes his cap off you'll see how one of them rewarded him. But come along, Witham. It—is—ready."

The greetings might, of course, have been expressed differently, but Witham also was not addicted to displaying all he felt, and the little ring in the lads' voices was enough for him. As they moved towards the hotel he saw that Dane was looking at him.

"Well?" said the latter, "you see, they want you."

That was probably the most hilarious breakfast that had ever been held in the wooden hotel; and before it was over, three of his companions had said to Witham, "Of course, you'll drive in with me!"

"Boys," he said, as they put their furs on, and his voice shook a trifle, "I can't ride in with everybody who has asked me unless you dismember me."

Finally, Alfretton, who was a trifle too quick for the others, got him into his sleigh, and they swept out behind a splendid team into the frozen stillness of the prairie. The white leagues rolled behind them, the cold grew intense; but while Witham was for the most part silent and apparently preoccupied, Alfretton talked almost incessantly, and only once looked grave. That happened when Witham asked about Colonel Barrington.

The lad shook his head. "I scarcely think he will ever take hold again," he said. "You will understand me better when you see him."

They stopped awhile at mid-day at an outlying farm, but Witham glanced

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inquiringly at Alfreton when one of the sleighs went on. The lad smiled at him. "Yes," he said. "He is going on to tell them we have got you."
 "They would have found it out in a few more hours," said Witham.
 Alfreton's eyes twinkled. "No doubt they would," he said dryly. "Still, you see, somebody was offering two to one that Dane couldn't bring you, and you know we're generally keen about any kind of wager."

The explanation, which was not quite out of keeping with the customs of the younger men at Silverdale did not content Witham, but he said nothing. So far his return had resembled a triumph, and while the sincerity of the welcome had its effect on him, he shrank a little from what he fancied might be waiting him.

The creeping darkness found them still upon the waste, and the cold grew keener when the stars peeped out. Even sound seemed frozen, and the faint muffled beat of hoofs unreal and out of place in the icy stillness of the wilderness. Still, the horses knew they were nearing home, and swung into faster pace, while the men drew fur caps down and the robes closer round them as the draught their passage made stung them with a cold that seemed to sear the skin where there was an inch left uncovered on the face. Now and then a clump of willows or a birch bluff flitted out of the dimness, grew a trifle blacker, and was left behind; but there was still no sign of habitation, and Alfreton, too chilled at last to speak, passed the reins to Witham and beat his mittened hands. Witham could scarcely grasp them, for he had lived of late in the cities, and the cold he had been sheltered from was numbing.

For another hour they slid onwards, and then a dim blur crept out of the white waste. It rose higher, cutting more blackly against the sky; and Witham recognized with a curious little quiver the birch bluff that sheltered Silverdale Grange. Then, as they swept through the gloom of it, a row of ruddy lights blinked across the snow; and Witham felt his heart beat as he watched the homestead grow into form. He had first come there an impostor, and had left it an outcast; while now it was amidst the acclamations of those who had once looked on him with suspicion he was coming back again.

Still, he was almost too cold for any definite feeling but the sting of the frost, and it was very stiffly he stood up, shaken by vague emotions, when at last the horses stopped. A great door swung open, somebody grasped his hand, there was a murmur of voices, and partly dazed by the change of temperature he blundered into the warmth of the hall. The blaze of light bewildered him, and he was but dimly sensible that the men who greeted him were helping him to shake off his furs; while the next thing he was sure of was that a little white-haired lady was holding out her hand.

"We are very glad to see you back," she said, with a simplicity that yet suggested stateliness. "Your friends insisted on coming over to welcome you, and Dane will not let you keep them waiting too long. Dinner is almost ready."

Witham could not remember what he answered, but Miss Barrington smiled at him as she moved away, for the flush in his face was very eloquent. The man was very grateful for that greeting, and what it implied. It was a few minutes later when he found himself alone with Dane, who laughed softly as he nodded to him.

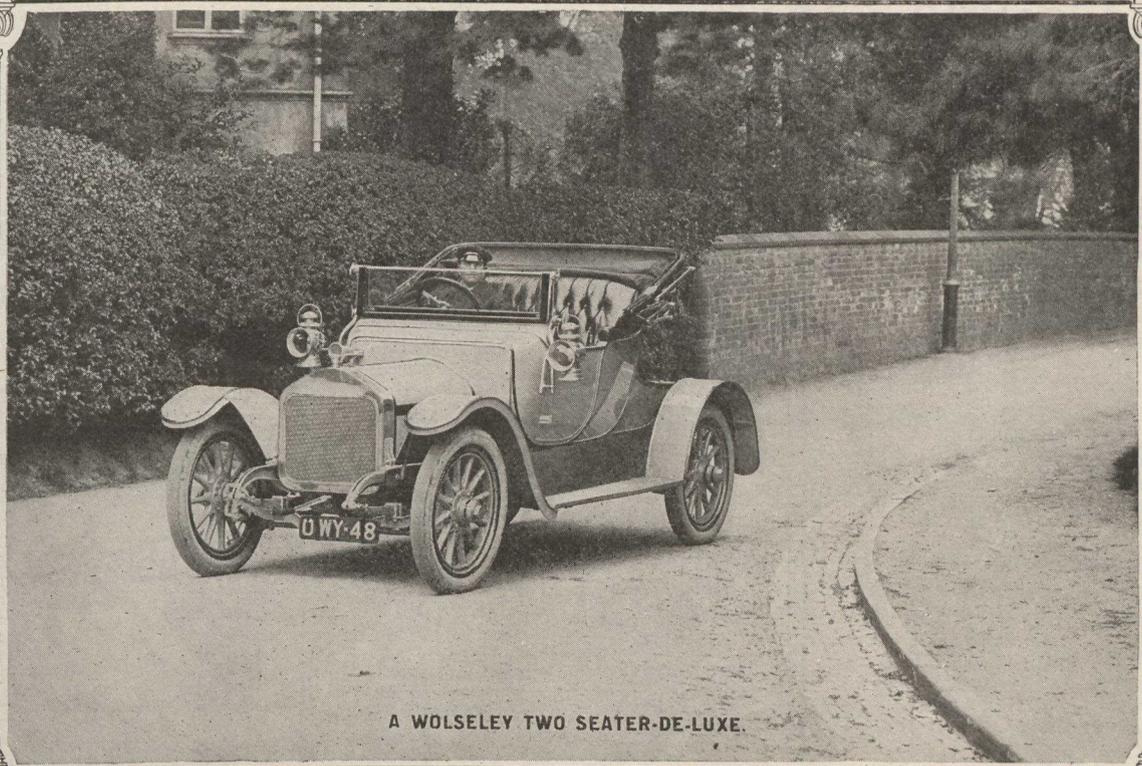
"You are convinced at last?" he said. "Still there is a little more of the same thing to be faced; and, if it would relieve you, I will send for Alfreton, who has some taste in that direction, to fix that tie for you. You have been five minutes over it, and it evidently does not please you. It's the first time I've ever seen you worry about your dress."

Witham turned, and a curious smile crept into his face as he laid a lean hand that shook a little on the toilet table.

"I also think it's the first time these fingers wouldn't do what I wanted them. You can deduce what you please from that," he said.

Dane only nodded, and when they went down together laid a kindly grasp upon his comrade's arm as he led him into the great dining-room. Every man

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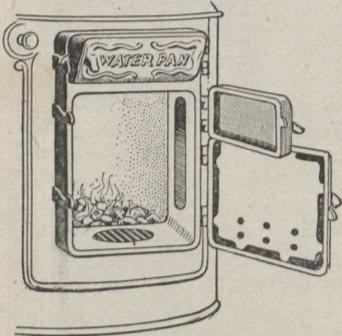
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at Silverdale was apparently there, as were most of the women; and Witham stood still a moment, very erect, with shoulders square, because the posture enabled him to conceal the tremor that ran through him when he saw the smiling faces turned upon him. Then he moved slowly down the room towards Maud Barrington, and felt her hand rest for a second between his fingers, which, he feared were too responsive. After that, everybody seemed to speak to him, and he was glad when he found himself sitting next to Miss Barrington at the head of the long table, with her niece opposite him.

He could not remember what he or the others talked about during the meal, but he had a vague notion that there was now and then a silence of attention when he answered a question, and that the little lady's face grew momentarily grave when, as the voice sank a trifle, he turned to her.

"I would have paid my respects to Colonel Barrington, but Dane did not consider it advisable," he said.

"No," said Miss Barrington. "He has talked a good deal about you during the last two days, but he is sleeping now, and we did not care to disturb him. I am afraid you will find a great change in him when you see him."

Witham asked no more questions on that topic until later in the evening, when he found a place apart from the rest by Miss Barrington's side. He, fancied this would not have happened without her connivance and she seemed graver than usual when he stood by her chair.

"I don't wish to pain you, but I surmise that Colonel Barrington is scarcely well enough to be consulted about anything of importance just now," he said.

Miss Barrington made a little gesture of assent. "We usually pay him the compliment, but I am almost afraid he will never make a decision of moment again."

"Then," said Witham slowly, "you stand in his place, and I fancy you know why I have come back to Silverdale. Will you listen for a very few minutes while I tell you about my parents and what my upbringing has been? I must return to Winnipeg, for a time, at least, to-morrow."

Miss Barrington signed her willingness, and the man spoke rapidly with a faint trace of hoarseness. Then he looked down on her.

"Madam," he said, "I have told you everything, partly from respect for those who only by a grim sacrifice did what they could for me, and that you may realize the difference between myself and the rest at Silverdale. I want to be honest now at least, and I discovered, not without bitterness at the time, that the barriers between our castes are strong in the old country."

Miss Barrington smiled a little. "Have I ever made you feel it here?"

"No," said Witham gravely. "Still, I am going to put your forbearance to a strenuous test. I want your approval. I have a question to ask your niece to-night."

"If I withheld it?"

"It would hurt me," said Witham. "Still, I would not be astonished, and I could not blame you."

"But it would make no difference?"

"Yes," said Witham gravely. "It would, but it would not cause me to desist. Nothing would do that, if Miss Barrington can overlook the past."

The little white-haired lady smiled at him. "Then," she said, "if it is any comfort to you, you have my good wishes. I do not know what Maud's decision will be, but that is the spirit which would have induced me to listen in times long gone by!"

She rose and left him, and it may have been by her arranging that shortly afterwards Witham found Maud Barrington passing through the dimly-lighted hall. He opened the door she moved towards a trifle, and then stood facing her, with it in his hand.

"Will you wait a moment, and then you may pass if you wish," he said. "I had one great inducement for coming here to-night. I wonder if you know what it is?"

The girl stood still and met his gaze, though, dim as the light was, the man could see the crimson in her cheeks.

"Yes," she said, very quietly.

"Then," said Witham with a little

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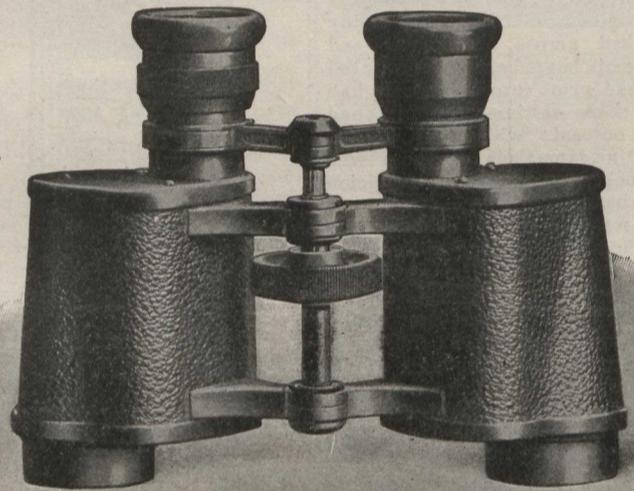
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smile, though the fingers on the door quivered visibly, "I think the audacity you once mentioned must have returned to me, for I am going to make a very great venture."

For a moment Maud Barrington turned her eyes away. "It is the daring venture that most frequently succeeds."

Then she felt the man's hand on her shoulder, and that he was compelling her to look up at him.

"It is you I came for," he said quietly. "Still, for you know the wrong I have done, I dare not urge you, and have little to offer. It is you who must give everything, if you can come down from your station and be content with mine."

"One thing," said Maud Barrington, very softly, "is, however, necessary."

"That," said Witham, "was yours ever since we spent the night in the snow."

"Then," she said, "what I can give is yours—and it seems you have already taken possession."

Witham drew her towards him, and it may have been by Miss Barrington's arranging that nobody entered the hall, but at last the girl glanced up at the man half-shyly as she said, "Why did you wait so long?"

"It was well worth while," said Witham. "Still, I think you know."

Yes," said Maud Barrington softly. "Now, at least, I can tell you I am glad you went away—but if you had asked me I would have gone with you."

It was some little time later when Miss Barrington came in and, after a glance at Witham, kissed her niece. Then she turned to the man. "My brother is asking for you," she said. "Will you come up with me?"

Witham followed her, and hid his astonishment when he found Colonel Barrington lying in a big chair. His face was haggard and pale.

"Lance," he said. "I am very pleased to have you home again. I hear you have done wonders in the city, but you are, I think, the first of your family who could ever make money. I have, as you will see, not been well lately."

"I am relieved to find you better than I expected, sir," Witham said quietly. "Still, I fancy you are forgetting what I told you the night I went away."

Barrington nodded, and then made a little impatient gesture. "There was something unpleasant, but my memory seems to be going, and my sister has forgiven you. I know you did a good deal for us at Silverdale, and showed yourself a match for the best of them in the city. That pleases me. By and by, you will take hold here after me."

Witham glanced at Miss Barrington, who smiled somewhat sadly.

"I am glad you mentioned that, sir, because I purpose staying at Silverdale now," he said. "It leads up to what I have to ask you."

Barrington's perceptions seemed to grow clearer, and he asked a few pertinent questions before he approved.

"Yes," he said, "she is a good girl—a very good girl, and it would be a suitable match. I should like somebody to send for her."

Maud Barrington came in softly, with a little glow in her eyes and a flush in her face, and Barrington smiled at her.

"My dear, I am very pleased, and I wish you every happiness," he said. "Once I would scarcely have trusted you to Lance, but he will forgive me, and has shown me that I was wrong. You and he will make Silverdale famous, and it is comforting to know, now my rest is very near, that you have chosen a man of your own station to follow me. With all our faults and blunders, blood is bound to tell."

Witham saw that Miss Barrington's eyes were a trifle misty, and he felt his face grow hot, but the girl's fingers touched his arm, and he followed, when, while her aunt signed approbation, she led him away.

"You will forget it, dear, and he is still wrong. If you had been Lance Courthorne, I should never have done this," she said.

"No," said the man gravely. "I think there are many ways in which he is right, but you can be content with Witham the prairie farmer?"

Maud Barrington drew closer to him with a little smile in her eyes. "Yes," she said simply. "There never was a Courthorne who could stand beside him."

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