

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Labour Strikes and the Militia

By A. O. MacRAE, Ph. D.

Personal Philanthropy

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE,

Illustrated by Fergus Kyle

A Drab Sky and an Incoming Flock

By A. P. McKISHNIE

News of the Week

Woman's Supplement

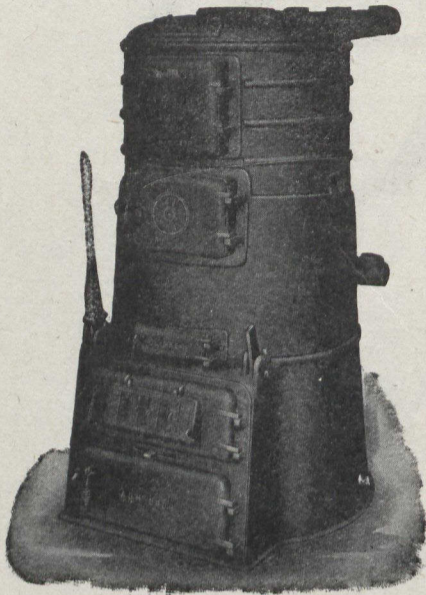


EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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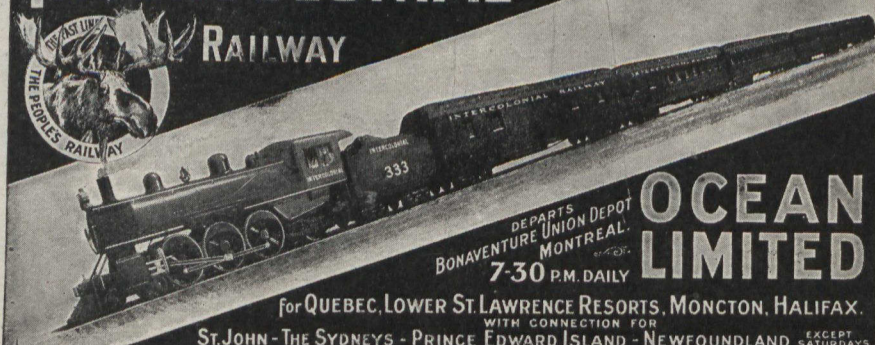
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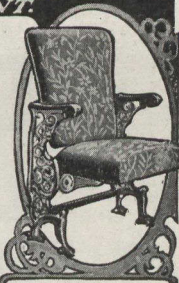
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VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 18

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A nature story written with natural charm and experience.
- No Parliamentary Re-distribution . . . By the Monocle Man.
- Remembering Tecumseh By J. W. Bengough.

THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" criticizes the critic—the fool, that is, who rushes in where angels fear to tread—and commends the weather; "Philstia" summarizes ably the Charities and Corrections Conference; "Katherine Hale" gives a fascinating sketch of the personality and work of Gena Branscombe. Which are some of the contents.

- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
- Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

NEXT week we shall issue the third quarterly Financial Number for 1913. Besides the financial features of the issue, two humanly interesting numbers on the programme will be Mr. B. B. Cooke's second article on Municipal Economics, and a character sketch of a well-known capitalist who is sometimes regarded as a financier, by Augustus Bridle. In his second article, discussing Municipal Prudence, Mr. Cooke will administer some of his well-known short-arm jabs to the professional booster.

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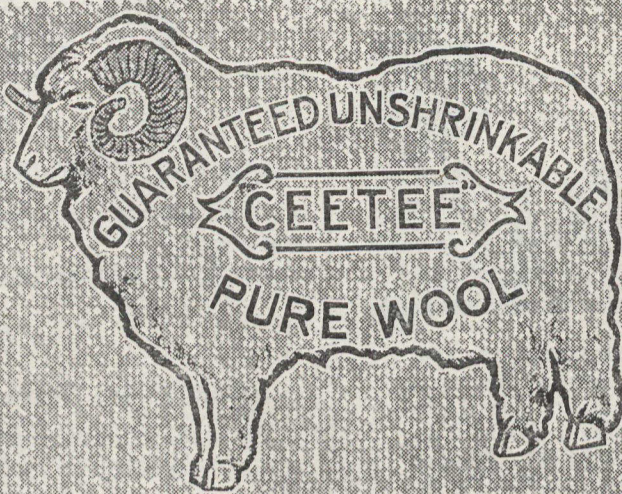
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The
**CANADIAN
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The National Weekly



HERBERT
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Vol. XIV.

October 4, 1913

No. 18

EVERY little while the world turns to the scientist for the newest thing of interest. The world knows infinitely more about science than it did when Prof. Tyndall delivered his famous course of lectures in the United States on "The Forms of Water." A scientist who would set out to lecture on that subject now would probably be listened to in Owen Sound and a few other towns in the local option districts. But when it comes to exciting universal interest in the real meaning of some phase of science, commend us to Sir Oliver Lodge and Madame Curie, whose photographs appear in the group on this page.

Sir Oliver is the President of the British Association which concluded a convention last week and met in Toronto a few years ago. Sir Oliver is the kind of scientist that is not satisfied with mere science. He wants to know what message science has for humanity; and he comes as near finding out as any man alive. He believes in the spirit world and in existence after death, which some famous scientists before his time and some coevals with him certainly would not proclaim as a doctrine, however much they might profess that they didn't exactly know. Sir Oliver finds it necessary, if science is to be kept alive as a branch of human interest, to make it spell out more than the doctrines of mere matter. We are probably done with mere materialism as such. We no longer have patience with the doctrine that matter is the source of mind and life and soul. We do not believe that the "blues" is always caused by the liver. Thanks to the investigations of such scientists as Sir Oliver Lodge and Madame Curie, we are finding out that the common cause of both matter and mind is a very great mystery. Madame Curie discovered radium, which is the rarest and costliest form of matter known. If radium is matter, then there's something back of radium which is still more mysterious; and it probably has to do with the kind of life that Sir Oliver Lodge says we live after we die.

IT'S a good thing these scientists are coming to believe in the something beyond matter whether or not they put it in the form of a personal God. When some of our preachers have ceased to interest us in the kind of Deity with whom they seem so familiar, and the philosopher with his abstractions bores us to death, it is time for the humanizing scientist to inspire the world with a certain knowledge of something more potent than either matter or money, which is saying a great deal to some people. Sir Oliver does not believe that the laboratory fiends have yet discovered how to produce life, though he thinks they have done a good deal in that direction.

People Talked About

CAPPED AND GOWNED AND A'



A Notable Group of Scientists Photographed at the Recent Meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, England. Standing, Left to Right, are Prof. Wood, Prof. Lorentz, and Dr. Arrhenius. Seated, Left to Right, are Sir Oliver Lodge, President of the British Association; Madame Curie, Famous as the Discoverer of Radium, and Mr. Gilbert Berling.

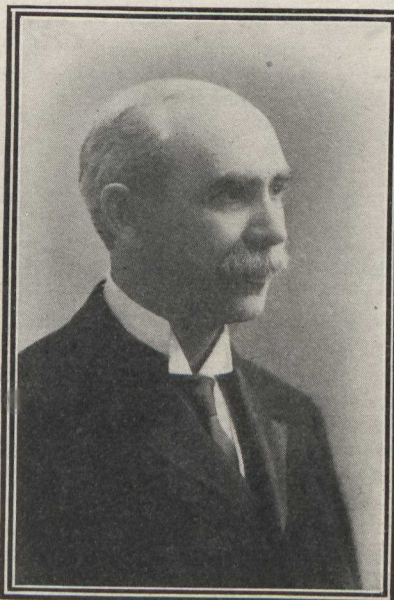
THE new commission for the beautification of Ottawa is a most important body, because it has a great work to do and contains some very

power than all others put together. He is a specialist on how to make a given set of machineries do a certain work economically and well. He believes in burying wires and dispensing with poles. He knows how to beautify a street by removing ugly things. And he is both public-spirited and aesthetic.

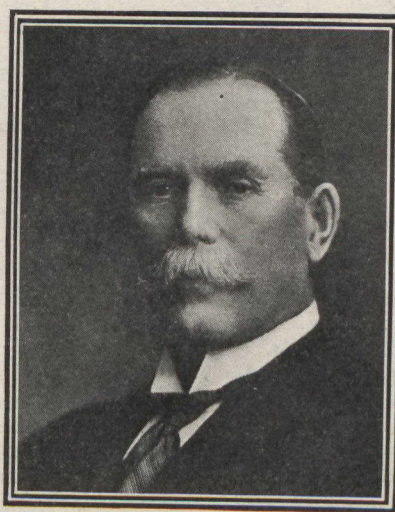
HOME SMITH, about the same physical size as Mr. Holt, but a much younger man, has come to the front as a maker of urban landscapes since he left the offices of the National Trust Company. He has done more than any other man in Toronto to set on foot a great scheme for converting a fine natural valley into desirable city property. He has rediscovered the Humber Valley and has added it to Toronto. Under his direction there is now going on a set of improvements that means much to the making of a city beautiful. In his many walks to and from the Lambton Golf Club, of which he is a member, he saw the possibilities of turning a vast area of lovely farm lands into valuable city properties, by the making of roads, creating transportation facilities and getting people on to the land without traveling half a day to reach it. To reclaim the Humber Valley as part of the great waterfront and boulevard scheme of the Harbour Commission, of which he is a member, meant the raising of a lot of money and the expenditure of much talent and time. Home Smith found his work and he did it. He is still a young man and has already made a reputation for creative ability. Besides, he is pretty well acquainted with Ottawa, and he has the kind of big-hearted geniality that makes him popular.



MR. HOME SMITH, of Toronto, Who Will be a Member of the Government's Commission to "Improve" Ottawa and Hull.



HON. ROBERT ROGERS, Who Has Been Visiting Toronto and Hamilton and Promising All Sorts of Good Things.



MR. H. S. HOLT, Of Montreal, Who May be Chairman of the Ottawa and Hull Improvement Commission.

HON. ROBERT ROGERS has paid his first official visit as Minister of Public Works to the harbours of Hamilton and Toronto. He pronounces Toronto harbour as the finest natural harbour in the world and Hamilton as the finest land-locked harbour in Canada. In both cases he proposes to co-operate with the Harbour Commissioners to spend vast sums of money in the very near future to make both these harbours live up to their possibilities in taking care of the ships and the trade from the

great lakes and the Welland Canal. He agrees with most residents of and visitors to Toronto that it's a marvel that Toronto, the second city in Canada, could so long put up with the rotten mess that is called a harbour. So much was done by nature that it seemed easy to let well enough alone. The Liberal Government had fifteen years in which to let Toronto Harbour alone. The Harbour Commission, with its new scheme of development, makes it necessary for the Government to act if these natural advantages are to be used as a national asset.

much alive and capable men. Two reproduced on this page, one from Montreal, the other from Toronto, are H. S. Holt and Home Smith. The other Toronto member is Frank Darling, the well-known architect. No one doubts that as an engineer Mr. Holt is very eminent. He has more to do with keeping Montreal supplied with light, heat and

Personal Philanthropy

What Befel Four City Chaps Who Went to the Aid of a Sick Farmer

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THE camp by the "Tarpeian Rock" was at the northern extremity of that Quebec fishing preserve. And across the Lake, half an hour's row through the islands encircling the "Rock," stretched the Dorsey place, the only farm for six or eight miles around. From it "the old stag four" got their bread and eggs and butter; and there was a young orchard, too, which promised to make its contributions in due season.

On that particular sultry day in the last week of June, Dr. Fergusson had ended his trolling by having Ciprien pull into Dorsey's bay to see if he could not get a blanket option on the Red Astrakhan yield. And when he got back to camp he brought some rather bad news with him—Dorsey had been knocked out by the heat. He had cut the hay in his "upper ten," and that afternoon he had persisted in finishing the raking of it; now he would have to stay on ice for a week, or maybe two.

Vanderdecken and the Colonel dropped the tackle they were working on, and looked at him concernedly.

"And his hired man's skipped out to take up some guiding job, hasn't he?" asked the Judge, lifting his large obesity to the grass under the cedars.

"He has, and Dorsey doesn't seem to know where under heaven he'll get another, either. But he'll be 'round all right before long. I'll go over and see him again to-morrow morning."

He did; and he could return with further reassurances. Also, on the way back he had passed the Judge's skiff.

"Where is Foxy Grandpa going?" he inquired.

"Up to Narrow Channel."

"Well, it'll be the 'broad road' with him, one of these times, if he isn't more careful. I hope the bass at least will have the sense to stay in till the thermometer drops a few."

Evidently they had, for the old gentleman came back with an empty creel. He took his ill luck with uncommon equanimity, however.

Next morning, although the thermometer had most patently *not* "dropped a few," Vanderdecken "thought he'd drag a spoon around Painted Island and see if he couldn't tempt a 'lunge from bottom.'" He came back as trophyless as the Judge.

But neither of them appeared discouraged. "Foxy" went off immediately after luncheon. And an hour later "Vander" took the other single skiff and followed in his turn.

The Doctor had expressed his scientific opinion of both of them. But, none the less, a few minutes afterwards he announced that for his part he was going over to see his patient.

The Colonel reddened somewhat and reached for his hat. "Oh, oh—Doctor," he said, with awkwardness. "I dare say you'll consider me all sorts of a Quixotic ass, but I think I'll just pull over with you, and see if I can't pile up a little of that hay Dorsey's been raking in his 'upper ten.'"

When the prow of the double skiff grounded in the cove at the end of the lane, Vanderdecken had just gone into the Dorsey barn to get a pitchfork. When he came out again he walked squarely into the arms of the two latest arrivals.

Their jeers were unlimited. But at length the Colonel turned his eyes towards the pine-bordered fields. "What is there to do out there, anyway?" he asked. "Let's go and see."

They climbed through the bars and followed the lane along a field of oats and another of buckwheat. When they had pushed through the last thick green windbreak, they all stopped short together and stood rootedly agape. Ponderously wielding a fork in the centre of that "upper ten," the round rubicundity of his countenance blazing more lambently than the sun itself, was Foxy Grandpa.

WITH outraged war whoops they descended upon him, seized his arms, and roweling him behind with his fork, rushed him back into the nearest shade.

He puffed and deprecated indignantly. "Pshaw, boys—I suppose I've arrived at years of discretion."

"You have—and passed them!" avowed the medicine man.

For a space they fanned themselves with their hats in silence.

"Of course," said the Doctor, after a time, with a grin, "I don't say that a little hay-making need be an absolutely sure-death proposition. With proper precautions one or two of us might survive

the experience. But why not offer Cip's services instead?"

"Yes, and try doing our own camp work again?" derided Vanderdecken. "Oh-h no!—Oh-h no! Not in little Willie's!—Besides, Doc," and he dug him benignly in the ribs, "your heart being professionally nickel-plated, you are essentially incapable of comprehending that this is one of those occasions which palpably call aloud for personal philanthropy—for the good angel con game."

"Well," and Fergusson beamed, "it certainly isn't every day that you get the chance to be a blessed Santa Claus in midsummer. And if you are willing to remain under my orders—"

The thing was settled. "We'll have the hayrack out before seven to-morrow," said the Judge; "and



"Foxy Grandpa ponderously wielding a fork in the centre of that 'upper ten.'"

in a day and a half we'll have the whole crop in the barn."

On the way home and during the evening they did a good deal of joking about that "good angel con game." But generosity will not be mocked. They fell asleep that night with hearts sweetly beatified by that inward guerdon, the consciousness of prospective virtue. And it gave them dreams from which they were hardly awakened by the thunders of a midnight downpour.

Owing to the Judge's having refused, with adjurations, to get up when he was called, it was considerably after nine when they pulled into Dorsey's bay next morning. But that "it is always better for hay to have a little sunshine on it before it is handled," was something which, in Foxy Grandpa's opinion, could not admit of argument.

The Doctor left them still arguing about it, and disappeared up the lane to see the owner of the hay.

And they had only got the team and rack through the first bars when he returned. For the Colonel alone had been able to bring to bear any actual knowledge of double harness with which to buckle together his intuitions. But, after having let down three successive fences, they at length entered the "upper ten."

FILLING their hats with basswood leaves, they prepared to go to work. The Colonel said he supposed they would want him to build the load. They let him, but they put the Doctor up in front to drive and to look after the bow end of the enterprise.

Vanderdecken and the Judge followed the windrows to the right and left of the waggon, and heaved up the uncocked bunches. And after the first five minutes that timothy did not go aloft "unsalted." As for the two on top, they were in the full solar focus; and to add thereto they had a job upon their hands which was as exasperatingly

tricky as it seemed profoundly simple. Again and again the Colonel flounderingly piled up the rear end of the load, only to have it avalanche back upon the twain below.

"Wouldn't you be wiser," said Foxy Grandpa, beginning to lose his temper, "wouldn't you be wiser to make its hind quarters squarer—to give it some supporting angles—sort of like a cow's back, you know? That's the way I've been used to seeing loads built."

"Like a cow's back!" panted the Colonel, sliding and wallowing anew; "there's some bony structure in a cow's back. This thing's like some cursed monument of feather-beds!"

However, the load was built at last. But before starting for the barn the driver steered his team into the grateful shadow of a big "islanded" elm. The two on the ground sank without comment into the cool of the grass. They had no mind to hurry the caravan.

And, for the matter of that, they got finally under way again only after a slight controversy up above. "But, if you observed," the Colonel could be heard repeating with great politeness, "the bridge into the barn is unusually steep and narrow, and I did a little gun-and-wheel driving in the artillery, you know."

"Well, if I've never done any of that," replied the Doctor no less politely, "on occasion I've tooled my 'bubble' along a rippled chalk line. It's awfully good of you, old man, but really I think you deserve a rest while we're going in."

So the Doctor drove, and he drove very well indeed. But, just as he swept down the barnyard with ever-gathering speed, a flying column of chickens attempted, with frenzied squawkings, to cross his bows—and the last two of them were juggernauted clean and clear!

The Colonel did not say anything, desiring to acquire merit. Also he knew well that the Doctor would be aware of what he was *thinking*, anyway.

He was allowed to take the next load in himself. And he did nobly, too. He "shaved the gates," he went through those successive gaps as if they had been the barriers of the tan-bark ring. He sent the team up the lane in a lilted canter, mounted the slope to the barn on the gallop, and stopped as squarely in front of the mow as if it had been the judge's box.

AND when at length it came to the third load, it was plain that his performance was going to be even more brilliant. Once out of the lane he began a kind of wheeling rush. He took the bridge with the speed and sweep of a cavalry squadron, and, inside the door—ran over one of Dorsey's juvenile Berkshires!

For a moment the warrior remained fixedly where he was. Then with better feelings he began to climb down to the succor of his victim. It was only a very small Berkshire, and at first glance one might well have thought that the vital afflatus had been squeezed entirely out of it.

"Poor piggy! Poor old *fel-low!* But, good heavens, why couldn't you have taken warning when I shouted?"

Even as he grasped at it, with an anguished squeal it kicked out and scuttled for the barnyard.

The Jehu was still giving an almost tremulous pursuit when the two others came up and offered their commiserations.

"Really, really," he panted, "I don't think it damaged him—so *very badly.*"

He made another dive, which the vociferating piglet again eluded.

"He seemed extremely well padded—he did, indeed. It was much—much like running over a Bologna sausage."

He made one more breathless raid after it. And for a moment it looked as if he had successfully cornered it in the angle between the horse trough and the chicken coop. But once more it dodged like a half-back and was away! "All right, then—all right!—*Don't* listen to reason! *Don't* let us do anything for you!—And don't shut your yap either!"

He turned red-eyedly to the others. "If Mrs. Dorsey comes down here, you can tell her I'll square for the brute—when the Doctor squares for his chickens. But I'm not going to stay around and be made look like a fool! I'm going back to the field!"

In the wish faithfully to chronicle the incidents of that morning, all too little has been said of its

tremendous labour. The four from the "Tarpeian Rock" could in no way be said to be biased, for they were none of them agriculturists. But, after the first hour of it, they were making perspiring oaths to one another that of all man's work, handling a timothy crop on a hot day must certainly be classified in a limbo of its own.

When the third load had been thrown off, it was long after one o'clock. They put the team in the stable and gave the horses their midday oats. Then they wearily dragged themselves back to the field, and in the shade of the big elm opened their lunch basket.

A half hour later, following the advice and example of the Doctor, "Foxy" and "Vander" proceeded to take a balmful siesta. The Colonel still sat glowering for some time, but ended by joining them.

They slept much longer than they had intended to. It was almost three when they got up stiffly again. Nor could it be said that they went back to work with any vigour renewed. That first load of the afternoon was put on with creakings of the joints which no perspiration could lubricate, and hoisted into the mow with interminable groanings.

IT seemed rather queer, too, that Mrs. Dorsey had not yet made any appearance. Of course nobody desired it. In point of fact, her benedictions would no doubt be rather embarrassing than otherwise. But it would be well to have the thing over and done with. And, to say the least of it, it was strange that she had not so much as shown herself, though they had come in with load after load.

The Doctor made apologetic explanation for her. "Her husband's on his back, you know, and she hasn't begun to get over her first fright yet. It's natural enough for her to be blind and deaf to everything else. In fact, I told her myself to stay by him as closely as possible."

When they came in with the last load, however, the good woman was standing by the barn door. She had her milk pails with her, but it was plain that her mind was upon things other than the milking. She was very full of shy and stammering gratitude indeed.

Yet—yet—there was something else.

"I—I just hate to speak of it," she said, weakly, "but that hay—I should 'a' thought to come out and look at it myself in the beginnin', for none of you could be expected to know—that hay seems to be left wet and heavy by the storm last night; I'm terrible afraid you've fetched it in before it's got rightly dried. If it should heat and go sour—it's terrible thin this year at the best, and if we were to lose what we have, I don't know what in this world we'd do for feed! I can't tell you how much we're thankful an' obliged to you, and I know how it must sound for me to be sayin' this, but if that hay—"

The Judge made answer. He said they could not tell how glad they were that she had spoken of the matter. They would make all haste to take that hay out again. They would do it the first thing in the morning. But for the dew, they would insist on doing it before they went home that night.

As they pulled haltingly and bitterly across the lake, there was much more they might have said—but to what end? There was nothing else for it but to take that hay out. Besides, no mere trifling blunder can affect an underlying, ethical principle. It is the intention which is the reality. If Dorsey really was too ill to get up and do his work like a man—and the Doctor at any rate appeared to believe he was—they accepted the situation, and they would go through with it to the bitter end.

It was much later even, next morning, when they got over to the farm than it had been the day before. And as they stood in the barn door and looked at the high-rising and plethoric mow, enthusiasm, that winged aid, had given place to taciturnity and gloom.

VANDERDECKEN had an idea, however, which seemed likely to subtract somewhat from the amount of work ahead. On the west side of the barnyard, and stretching back to the bush, was a field which had been allowed to lie fallow. To open the rail fence to it would offer a spreading-ground directly at hand. It would save the necessity of any laborious load-building, too; for they could pitch the hay down on the rack as loosely as it would be forked off again. The judge alone found fault with the scheme; and all he could say was that it seemed a good deal too easy, somehow.

It was the objection of unreasoning pessimism, and it was over-ruled with contumely.

The morning was sweltering hot, and the hay-mow was in the sunward wing of the barn. It was an oven which there was no breath of air to cool. And out in the fallow field, the four distilled in perspiration. Thereto was added yet another thing: the bun-backed shoat, which had been healthily mumbling a corn-cob when they arrived, now persistently got in front of the Colonel as he drove, and fled before him with the renewed squeals of an anguish by this time too palpably simulated. And the super-human restraint which the Colonel was plainly putting upon himself wore hardly less sawingly upon the nerves of the other three. Because, too, they were now moving only half as much at a load, there were twice as many loads to move. There appeared to be absolutely no end to the operation.

BUT, a few minutes before twelve, it was finished. Now at least they could begin again where they had originally begun, and there was fresh hope in that. They ate their lunch in the shade of the barn, and then once more headed the hayrack for the outer field.

A new fact, however, was revealed by a more careful examination of that "upper ten." Perhaps half its acreage consisted of rather low ground, and before the hay on that part of it could be brought in, it would have to be turned and left to



"They could not have believed they had any such power of exertion left in them."

sun for at least another day. That, too, was something which obviously demanded attending to before anything else. For which reason they turned sourly away from it, and proceeded to take another load from those windrows which were already dry.

They had just put it on, when the Doctor decided that this time he preferred to walk to the barn. In getting down he managed to prod the nigh horse with his fork. In the fine free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can runaway which ensued, if the Colonel was not left upon the field, the greater part of that load of timothy was.

But once again they silently hoisted it on and started for the barn. And when they reached the head of the lane, what sight awaited them was this: from the maple bush at the other end of that fallow field, to the hay spread forth before them there had come up every hoof and horn of the Dorsey stock. And they had encompassed it about, and were laying waste, and trampling, and with all possible speed devouring it!

The four made no demonstration of passion. They had no more heart for it. They simply opened the fence, drove the animals into the barnyard and closed up the gap after them again. In the strugglings of even the most indomitable spirits there too often comes a moment when it is evident that fate itself has declared against them. Thereafter they may still resist, but it is with the unhoping automatism of fish caught in the net of Ananke.

They threw off their load, and wended their weary way back to the field to turn the wet windrows of that "upper ten."

It was on towards the end of the afternoon that "Foxy" and the Doctor took their forks on their shoulders and again mounted the lane to see if the first hay was not now dry enough to put back in the mow. It would have surprised them little, if, in their absence, a tidal wave had rolled over it, or the earth had opened and engulfed it.

But the imp of the perverse takes too keen a delight in the exercise of his ingenuity to contrive any such commonplace calamities. When the pair had examined that loathly, fallow field timothy, and decided that what remained of it was at last cured beyond any danger of relapse, they went moodily back to the stable to get the horses. Leaning against the feed bins was a half-grown, red and white calf; and even the Judge could see at a glance that its condition was pathological.

The Doctor took a second and confirmatory look. "Great heavens!" he cried, "this—this puts the crown on everything! He's got into the oats!"

"Well—and I've no doubt it was I who left the barn door open," spluttered up "Foxy." "But all I've got to say is that I hope he may be rewarded for the smartness he's displayed in working his way clear through here, by an infernally good pain in his pinny!"

"Pain?" The Doctor turned the beast's eyes around to the light. "Pain nothing! The brute doesn't feel anything at all, most likely—but he's on the verge of collapse!"

"What?—What?" The Judge's whole attitude underwent the most immediate change. "Good Lord, Fergusson, don't tell me that! Why, merely a few oats—"

"Get hold of his other ear!" shouted the Doctor, swinging the animal ruthlessly to the right-about. "I've no hope whatever that there's anything in the stable I could give him. But if we get him outside and keep him on the jump—make him run like blue blazes—!"

THE old gentleman grasped the left ear, they flung out of the door and started on a gallop down the lane. They reached the bars at the end of it, turned, and with almost unslackened speed made their course a second time. They could not have believed they had any such power of exertion left in them.

The red and white calf rolled his head from side to side, and tried desperately to balk. But the two Tarpeianers thumped upon his thick, oat-filled rotundity, and rushed him onward. He could only keep sending forth a piteous, blating bawl.

And it did not go unanswered. By the time they had thrice made the circuit of their hippodrome, every milch cow, heifer, and leggy yearling which those enemies of the bovine kind had imprisoned in the barnyard, was following the amazing spectacle with ears set forward and eyes protuberant. And, by their fourth time around, the herd had started after them. They did not make any attempt at a rescue. But, bellowing their sympathy, they circled and pushed one another in upon the torturers as they ran.

"My heavens! but will you get out?" roared the Judge.

They only "boo'd" their protests, and flung their tails, and crowded in the closer.

Another round of that was all that human nature could endure. When the two reached the place where they had opened the fence in the morning, the Doctor let go of his "handle," and began furiously to pitch the rails down again; and that done, he did not stop until he had driven the last of the herd through into the fallow field once more. "No doubt they'll finish that hay," he choked; "but let them! Let them! And it's a choice between that and the field of oats!"

In the meantime, while he was closing up the gap again, the *vis inertiae* which the calf was able to oppose to the Judge's single propelling power had fairly brought him to a standstill. And it was a standstill which Foxy Grandpa showed a craven willingness to take advantage of.

"Fergusson," he panted, as the former came back on the run, "I really think he's getting over it—I'm almost certain—"

"Look here!" And the Doctor launched the brute ahead again while trying vainly to contain himself. "What—what do you imagine—would be likely to happen to you—if you had eaten about two bushels of dried apples?"

(Concluded on page 14.)

Labour Strikes and the Militia

Dealing With Recent Mob Rule on Vancouver Island

By A. O. MacRAE, Ph.D.

Principal Western Canada College, Calgary

AT the Trades and Labour Congress, held in Montreal last week, the annual argument that union men should not belong to the militia was duly presented. The leadership in this came from British Columbia, where the union miners were disgusted with the use made of the militia in the Vancouver Island mining struggle. A Montreal speaker complained of the use of the militia in a dock strike in that city when he himself had been humiliated by being forced to parade with ball cartridge in his pouch. Other speakers urged that it would be unwise to pass a resolution against the militia, and in the end their view prevailed. The Resolution Committee refused to endorse the series of recommendations submitted to them by various members and reported in opposition to a union law compelling the unions to expel their members if they joined the militia. The Congress, however, approved of the action of certain international unions which forbid their members belonging to the militia. The decision was therefore in the nature of a compromise. Any union which decides against the militia can, apparently, have its ruling or by-law approved by the Congress.

There is another side to this question which is presented in the following article. Employers of labour have also some objection to seeing their men in the militia. Dr. MacRae deals with this point in a way which commands attention.

SOME interesting questions have arisen as a result of the widespread strike on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. As is well known, the militia had to be sent into the strike zone, and they came just in the nick of time. Much more widespread damage to valuable property, and even bloodshed, would undoubtedly have ensued had the soldiers not arrived on the scene when they did. But the circumstances attending the dispatch of troops have given rise to important questions.

What is to be done with such conditions in time to come? How are such events to be faced in the future? Protection of business, of shops, of banks, of private property, of citizens themselves, must be assured. How is this to be accomplished? The Minister of Militia and the Government will have to face the problem, and these authorities cannot do this too soon.

The employers on the coast of British Columbia have been much troubled by the calling out of their office men and employees to do duty as soldiers. Vancouver and Victoria, whence the troops came, were much annoyed by the dislocation of business due to the absence of men, who being members of the militia, had to obey the call. While the writer was in Nanaimo, many of the volunteers on duty received letters from their employers threatening them with instant dismissal if they did not return to work immediately. Of course this threat was a penal offence, but the reader can readily conclude what was likely to happen. Big business concerns like the banks and factories will forbid their clerks and workmen entering the militia, or they will issue orders that employees must first get permission before they join the volunteer regiments of their city.

In other cases men may be dismissed some time after returning to work, because by belonging to the militia, and making themselves subject to public service, they created great confusion in business and industry.

The trades unions have already taken a step in this direction. They are using every influence to prevent their members from uniting with the militia. The British Columbia Electric Railway Men's Union has issued an order lately, that all its members must give up service in the militia or cease to belong to the union. On August 22nd of this year the Trades and Labour Council in Winnipeg, after denouncing soldiers and volunteers as assassins, murderers, tools of capitalists, etc., declared, by an enthusiastic vote, "that the delegates of the Winnipeg Trades and Labour Council to the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada request the labour representatives there to express condemnation of the action of trades unionists in join-

ing or remaining associated with the Canadian militia."

One of the leading bankers on the Pacific Coast, referring to the call of the regiments, said that unquestionably a circular would be published from the head offices of the banks on membership in the militia. In Victoria, one branch lost eight men from its staff when the militia was summoned to the strike zone; another bank was deprived of the services of twelve clerks. The general opinion among bank men was that these young men, on their return, would be removed and scattered to other branches to break up their connection with volunteer regiments.

BUT if these various agencies are put to work, what will become of the militia in Canada? And without militia, or without sufficient militia, whence can be obtained protection of life and property in case of labour disputes, strikes and strike violence? Had the street railway employees gone on strike in Vancouver and Victoria during the trouble at Nanaimo, an event that was fully expected, a very serious condition would have resulted. To provide for such contingencies, Canada will simply be driven to a considerable increase of its permanent corps, or the formation of the nucleus of a small standing army. After passing through the experiences on Vancouver Island during the recent strike violence, one is driven to the conclusion that permanent corps and standing armies have more uses than protection against foreign invasion.

It is useless for anti-militarists to write or talk otherwise. They can either take the risk of having their premises wrecked when the mob has sway, or demand federal, *i.e.*, military, protection. Local police, and even a swarm of special constables, were inadequate to protect the mines and the pro-

perty of people in the mining towns in Vancouver Island. Infuriated mobs, declaring they owned no flag but the red one, are not easily subdued. It was not till the bayonets and the rifles and the machine guns appeared that the strikers were cowed into respect for law and order. In this Canada of ours the average citizen is apt to forget that military forces are more than mere ornaments. Some even speak of the militia as an expense to gratify the vanity of certain people. If such individuals could have been under mob rule as it was in portions of Vancouver Island last month, if they had been in the critical position of some non-union men, some shop-keepers and hotel men, people who were warned by third parties that they might expect their homes blown up by dynamite, they might conclude that the militia and the machine guns were very real utilities. When men revert to primal passions and brute force, when women and children are treated with rude violence, it is certainly high time to call for the man behind the gun. This is an Anglo-Saxon land and it demands before all else that which is the mark *par excellence* of the people's genius, to wit, Law and Order.

DISPUTES there are and will be, but these must be settled by arbitration, or the processes of law. Our people will not tolerate violence or outrage of any kind, or under any circumstances. That principle is axiomatic. It remains for the Government and those in authority to determine what way this can be done most efficiently, and with the slightest dislocation to industry and commerce. What solution will be offered is the question. The writer can see nothing but the very considerable increase of a permanent corps, that is, of sufficient forces widely enough dispersed, and ever ready to go to the seat of trouble, wherever that may be. No doubt the question will come up in the Dominion Parliament before long. We cannot see how it can possibly be postponed for any length of time.

A Drab Sky and an Incoming Flock

Things Worth Knowing About the Wild Duck—The Novice Hunter and the Old Timer

By A. P. McKISHNIE

HAVE you ever crouched in a rush hide or "duck-blind" with a nor'west wind lashing the slate waters outside until they showed their white fangs? Waited there numb and patient with the low-hanging clouds spitting little dart-like pellets of icy rain or snow against your face, the while you scanned the drab skyscape in search of an incoming flock? If you are a duck-shooter you have learned that the best duck day is the one that is dark and stormy.

An old duck-shooter once said to me in answer to my question of how he always knew when to go out after ducks, "Son, I just sit by the fire till she gets so tarnation nasty outside that I feel I don't ever want to go out ag'in—then I pick up my old number ten and get goin'. About the only time you can make a decent bag is when the weather's that bad 'taint fit for a mortal to be out in."

True it is that the wild ducks, so shy in time of calm, seem to be more trusting when the west wind piles up a sea and the low-hanging clouds spit snow. They hate a choppy sea, a gale makes them uneasy. They are companionable creatures. During a calm the small flocks join the larger ones until out in the centre of the bay are miles and miles of ducks of various kinds. Great redheads, kingly canvas-backs, little widgeon, fat little bufflehead, saw-beaked shell-drakes, crested meganzers, spoonbills, bluebills, and plump ruddy ducks join forces and banquet on the wild celery as one big family.

Then with the passing of the Indian summer calm comes the breaking up of the great flock. An angry sunset, slashing the edge of a white-crested cloud, hanging low in the west, bespeaks a "blow." Then a sullen twilight wipes up the amber colouring off the sun-warmed bay and paints a drab slate shadow from rushland to rushland. Night falls and an ominous silence grips the reedy world of the wildfowl; and with the deepening shadows

grows up the storm cloud from the west. By and by there is the sound of a million whispering voices in the rush hedged shallows and this murmur grows into snarling, slapping waves as the cloud drifts above the bay.

SHOOTING SIGNS.

TO the hunter sitting beside his shanty fire, the snarl of those waves and the moan of the wind comes as sweetest music. Perhaps for days he has waited for just such things as these, waited for the "blow" that would chop that great flock of ducks, out in the centre of the bay, into frantic remnants.

He lights his pipe and smiles as the shanty rocks before the onslaught of the increasing gale. Outside the waters are leaping and piling now, across the heavens, save for a wisp of white and orange sky eastward, scurry the threatening clouds. All this the hunter marks as he steps outside and feels the wind and sleet in his face—marks with an "old-timer's" eye and an "old-timer's" gladness of heart. There will be shooting to-morrow.

As he turns to re-enter the shanty, he hears the wail of the wind-threshed reeds along the shore; morning will find them flattened low in the muck or drifting on the heaving water, and the hunter's mind goes out to the rush blind he and his companion have built on a not far distant point, against just such a time as this. Will it, he wonders, withstand the gale? To-morrow morning will tell the tale.

He fights his way inside. A gust of wind extinguishes the light. He does not relight it. Instead, he puts another stick of wood in the little stove and opens up the grate doors so that the fire-light can weave in and out while his imagination weaves dreams of the "doubles" he will make on the morrow.

His pipe once more alight, he glances across at

the partner of many a duck hunt, sound asleep in his bunk, and smiles. That partner, discouraged and just a little disgusted—what duck-hunter has not been?—has turned in at sundown. Now he sleeps and his regular breathing bespeaks all disappointments forgotten.

The man beside the stove decides to let him sleep on. To awaken him means that he will stay awake pretty much all night, which means that he, too, will be kept awake pretty much all night. The man in the bunk is a rank enthusiast. The promise of real duck weather is bound to make him wilder than a Sioux Indian with a bottle of Scotch. The "old-timer" knows this. He lets the sleeper sleep on and lifts his number twelve Parker from the hooks on the wall.

Somehow, he simply has to take down that gun. He holds it across his knees as he weaves his dreams. He has owned it for many years. Of course he can't very well go back over the old days without it. He holds it tenderly. Ever notice how a sportsman will baby his pet gun? But, maybe you are not a duck-hunter.

The fire dies and the flame-ghosts cease to dance on wall and ceiling. The man sits very still. His pipe has gone out long ago. One hand, resting on his knee, holds its bowl upward, the other snuggles the gun close. Olden memories have taken him out of himself away to other marshy fields. He and Bill are huddled side by side in a blind. The sudsy spray is flying and the clouds are scudding low above the water. A flock of redheads are coming in to the decoys and he is having trouble with Bill, who won't keep down and insists on shouting something about freezing to death. He is about to tell Bill just what kind of an idiot he is when—

He struggles up with a shiver and realizes that he has been asleep. Bill, sitting up in his bunk, is shouting him an order.

"Put some wood in that stove, I'm freezing."

The one who has dreamed gets up and stands his gun in a corner. As he reaches for the wood, Bill's voice comes again. "Say, is that wind I hear outside?"

"No, just crickets," dryly.

"Hokey smoke, you don't mean to say that our luck's turned, do you?" cries Bill, rolling from the bunk. He opens the door and a wet wind slaps him in the face and soaks his pajamas, but he stands there with a grin of pure joy on his face.

"They're going out over the bar in thousands, Jim," he chuckles. "I can hear the whistle of their wings. This old gale has split the flocks into shreds. They'll be hunting for each other tomorrow and will decoy fine."

"Everything points that way now," agrees his pal, speaking in muffled tones from the interior of the sweater he is drawing over his head. "Shut that door now and let's turn in."

THE OLD-TIMER AND HIS METHODS.

PARADOXICAL, it may be to say that the keenest of fun is also the hardest of work. Nevertheless, duck-shooting, if properly followed, is hard work. As the Irishman would say, "It is no bye's job," for he who would bring home a bag at the close of the day must possess powers of endurance above the common.

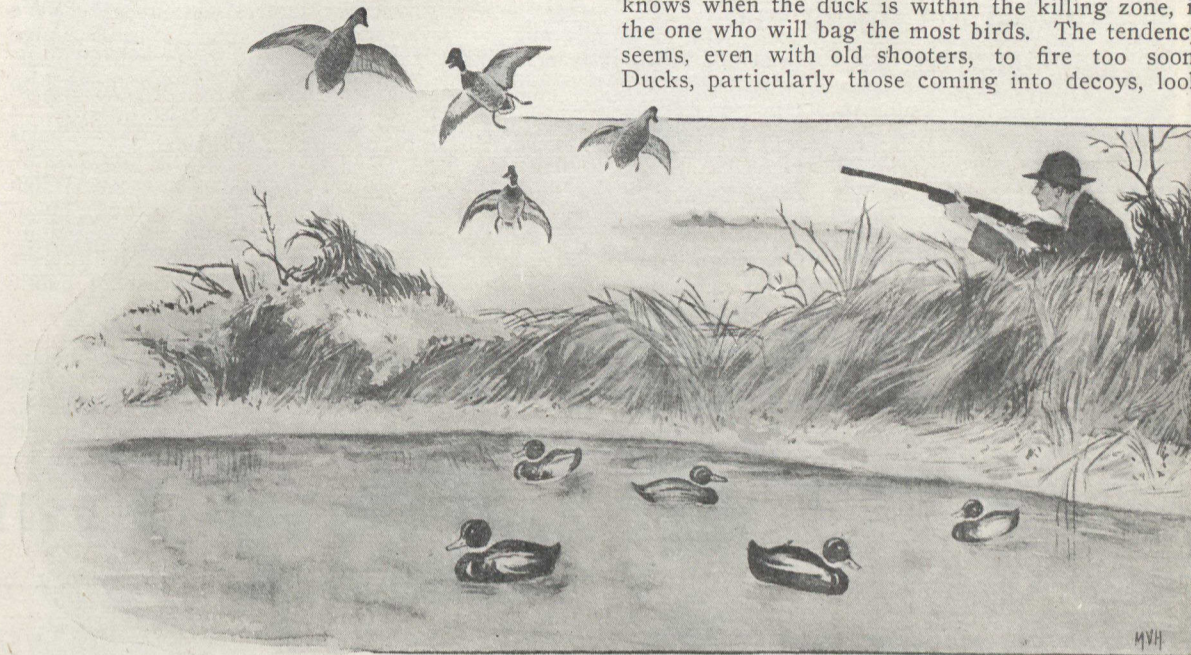
To sit, cramped up in a narrow blind, with a thirty-mile wind whipping the waters into spray, that clings and crystallizes to frost as it slaps you, requires a physique capable of great resistant powers. But old duck-shooters do it, day after day, and do not seem to suffer in the least from the exposure. This is because they have become inured to the work, or sport, if you will. Then, too, there is the love of the game, the glow, following the successful shot, to offset the numbing cold of wind and spray. There is the quick retrieving of the slain birds with skiff and paddle, or perhaps it is an exciting chase after a cripple through the rough seas. When the old-timer becomes chilled he exercises. But even to the very hardiest old ducker the numbing sting of the elements goes home at times. Often he misses because his cold, pinched finger fumbles on grip-stock or trigger. When this happens he stands up and whips his arms about his body until he feels the circulation quicken. He rubs the numbness from his fingers. Perhaps he takes a swallow from his flask. By various tricks known to old duck-shooters he woos warmth back into his cold-stiffened limbs and fingers.

If, when the next flock sweeps in above his decoys, he is, to use his own vernacular, "at himself again," well and good. On the other hand, if he finds that the cold has made his nerves unsteady, his aim unsure, he promptly quits the game, takes up his decoys and goes back to the warmth of his shanty fire. It's a wise shooter who knows when

he has exerted his powers of endurance to their limit.

OUR MARSH AND OPEN-WATER DUCKS.

OUR wild ducks are divided into two classes, namely, marsh ducks and open-water ducks. The marsh ducks are, for the most part, home-nesters. To this class belong the teal, both green



"If he finds that the cold has made his nerves unsteady he takes up his decoys and goes back to the warmth of the shanty fire."

wing and blue wing; the mallard, the black and the grey.

These ducks hold mostly to shallow ponds and reedy water-beds. Many of them nest in the low lands of Northern Ontario and afford good sport any time after the opening of the season—in most provinces, the 15th of September—until the middle of October. Most of the marsh ducks migrate early. Particularly does this hold good of the blue-winged teal, who owns the distinction of being the swiftest-winged of all wild ducks. This bird has been known to attain a speed, in flight, of over ninety miles an hour.

The marsh ducks are shy birds, and either they possess a greater degree of intelligence than their cousins of the open water, or else they are less trusting, for they decoy very poorly.

They fly in little disordered bunches that make it hard for the fowler to "lead on his bird." Marsh ducks are seldom found on the open water.

The open water ducks are orderly fellows. They fly in straight lines, with a leader at their head. To this class belongs the redhead, the canvasback, the bluebill, spoonbill, buffle-head, ruddy duck and widgeon. These ducks, with the exception of the ruddy, are all good decoyers, particularly the bluebill, which has been known to fly into the decoys while the shooters were standing up in full view in the blind. Often, too, they will twist about and return to the flock of wooden ducks, above which only a minute or two before deadly toll had been taken of their ranks.

The redhead is without doubt the finest duck that flies, with one single exception, the canvasback. They fly in flocks, usually of from ten to twenty. They are swift and graceful, and while suspicious, are good decoyers.

Wild ducks are very tenacious to life. It is marvelous the amount of heavy shot it takes to bring them down, therefore the necessity of the modern "full-choke" gun.

The open water ducks come into our waters any time after the first of September. Usually, however, the greater number do not arrive until a month later. The fifteenth of October usually shows a goodly number of ducks in the feeding grounds.

RULES OF THE GAME.

OFTEN the question is asked—"How can I become a duck-shot?" I have never known an old duck-shooter who could answer the question. The fact is, no one knows just how he shoots ducks, any more than an Indian knows just how he picks a coin from a stake with bow and arrow. He just knows how; that's all.

Duck-shooting is something everybody must learn how to master for himself. Of course one can advise on a side or straight-away shot, or suggest that the shooter pick his bird and lead him so far that he feels sure he will shoot ahead of him. There are, however, a hundred difficult shots presented to the novice, when the ducks are flying

well, and the problem of how to make them he must solve for himself.

I have known the best of field shots to miss shot after shot at ducks. On the other hand, I have known men who could not bag a grouse or quail if they tried all day, do some phenomenal shooting over water.

Undoubtedly, the steady-nerved, level-headed man who can measure distance accurately and knows when the duck is within the killing zone, is the one who will bag the most birds. The tendency seems, even with old shooters, to fire too soon. Ducks, particularly those coming into decoys, look

closer than they really are. It is a good idea to wait until you can see their eyes before you fire, and always pick your bird.

In closing, this bit of advice to the novice who contemplates a little duck-shoot this fall might not come amiss. Keep low in your hide, because an incoming duck will see you before you see him. Let the flock come in and do not fire until they are about to settle among the decoys. Take your time and always pick your bird or birds. If a flock passes across—just outside your decoys—don't make any mistake and shoot or raise up. They will, in nine cases out of ten, come back. When they return, if they do not attempt to settle, still keep low. They will come back—but remember, only once more. Therefore, it is well to be prepared to shoot the next time they twist above the decoys. It will be your only chance with that flock.

The Black Fox Industry

Charlottetown, Sept. 12th, 1913.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I notice from time to time in some journals published in Toronto rather slighting remarks concerning the black fox industry in this Province, which can only arise from want of knowledge concerning fox-breeding, the proportions it has assumed and the profits that have accrued to those engaged in it.

This year, for the first time, an official enumeration of all the foxes in the ranches of the Island was made by the Provincial Government, and a valuation, under oath, was made of the young foxes bred and reared this year, on which a tax of 1% is imposed. As only the young are taxed, no official valuation was placed on the older foxes.

The sworn valuation of the young foxes of this year is over \$3,700,000. There are in all 2,480 foxes in captivity in 233 ranches, and of these 1,325 are classed as silver black, while of other grades much less valuable and classed as patch, cross and red foxes, with a few unclassified, there are 1,155.

A moderate valuation of the foxes and ranch properties would be \$10,000,000. This exceeds the total value of all the horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry on the Island.

Thousands of shareholders in the fox ranches of the Island have reached dividends of 50% to 300% during two years past. The companies are now beginning to pay their dividends for the current year. The Dalton Fox Company, capitalized at \$625,000, will pay 40% on that capitalization, besides placing something to rest account.

I have information from five other companies that are paying respectively 40%, 45%, 100%, 175% and 320%. The average over all the ranches should be close upon 50%, judging from the official valuation of the young foxes of this year.

There is already a good demand for options to purchase the young foxes of next spring at \$12,000 per pair, 10% cash and the balance on delivery in September, 1914.

Prince Edward Island is the undisputed headquarters of the growing fur-farming industry in the civilized world.

J. E. B. MCCREADY,
Publicity Agent for Prince Edward Island.



Through A Monocle

Should Not Redistribute

REDISTRIBUTION is promised for next session. This is a splendid chance for the Government to establish a new and lasting reputation for that spirit in all "sporting events," such as general elections, which the Canadian people most dearly love—*i.e.*, fair play. I do not mean that they shall themselves give us a fair redistribution of the constituencies. I do not even mean that they shall appoint a bi-partisan committee of Parliament with the hope of achieving that result. I do not ask a miracle. I know that no Government party could possibly redistribute the constituencies fairly. It is not in human nature. I know that a bi-partisan committee would give us nothing but a majority and a minority report—both partisan. When we get two parties in Parliament which could prepare a new electoral map of the Dominion, framed presumably to accommodate changes in population, which did not show evidences of being manipulated to help this or that party, we need not care what constituencies we have—the millennium will have arrived.

THERE is only one way to get a fair redistribution, and that is to let disinterested people do the job. Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier might be able to sit down together and do it, provided they were not interrupted. They would both have so much to gain by producing a signally fair bill that they would make every effort to thus win resounding renown. But they both have "wicked partners"; and it is dollars to doughnuts that these "wicked partners" will be "the boys" who study up the facts and dictate just where it will be in the highest interest of our glorious Dominion and our world-wide Empire to have the new boundary lines run. So we must look outside for disinterested draftsmen. What I would venture to suggest is that Parliament should entrust this delicate and yet important task to the same persons to whom she now entrusts the trial of election petitions—*i.e.*, to the judges. At one time, Parliament tried its own election petitions. Then it came to the wise conclusion that it was too incurably partisan for the job; and it turned it over to the judges. There it showed its perfect understanding of its own faults, and proved the possession of at least a lucid interval in which it was ashamed of itself.

SO why not let the judges redistribute the constituencies? I would select for this job eight or ten of the very highest and best judges we have got. I would take judges who have been so long removed from party politics that they have forgotten how they used to feel. I would lay before them the cold facts—that is, all the facts except the "hot numbers" which show the party predilections of certain districts. Then I would tell them to divide these voters into constituencies without any reference whatever to a previous state of party servitude. They should strive not to know what effect their work would have upon the parties. Then they should publish it to the world as a finished product before any politician was allowed to see it and blurt out any disappointment or jubilation.

WOULD I put these judges above Parliament? I would not. Parliament must always be supreme—it must carry its responsibilities. But I would send this report of the judges to Parliament as a suggestion, and then let either party dare to mutilate it for party reasons at its peril. If we have not enough public spirit and political independence in this country to protect such a report, framed by the most judicial minds of the nation, from the selfish knives of narrow politicians, we will deserve the fate that will overtake us. We should be "gerrymandered"—it will be a punishment to fit our criminal cowardice. I should certainly send the report to Parliament and let Parliament endorse it; and Parliament would understand that it must give an exceedingly good reason for any change it dared to make in it.

THERE is just as good cause for putting the redistribution of the constituencies beyond the reach of the politicians as for putting the trial of election petitions there. Politicians are human; and they should not be asked to sit as judges in

cases in which their own interests are at stake. We do not even ask judges to do that. When a judge is personally concerned in any feature of a case, he will not try it. He refuses to trust himself to be impartial in his own cause. At all events, he refuses to demand that the people believe that he is impartial. And we apply the same rule to our Parliamentarians in matters of financial interest. When a Member of Parliament is mixed up with the financial side of a measure before the House, he simply does not vote. He assumes that his personal interest might be thought to over-ride his sense of public duty.

NOW, who does not know that party politicians as a whole take a far deeper personal interest in scoring a point in the great battle which is always in progress with their political opponents

Remembering Tecumseh

A Hundred Years Ago, on October 5th, 1813, a Most Remarkable Imperialist Known as Tecumseh, the Great Indian Chief, Met His Death in the Battle of Moraviantown on the Thames River in Ontario.

By J. W. BENGOUGH

THERE is something of the "old-timer" in the appearance of the book that lies before me. A glance at the title page accounts for this—the publisher's imprint reads: Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company, 1886. The book is "Tecumseh, a Drama," by Charles Mair.

Divers and sundry copies are no doubt scattered on book-shelves throughout the Dominion, but I have an impression that the work is not so generally known or so highly appreciated as its merits deserves—it may, indeed, have passed out of the memory of most of those who have read it. Some of its passages I, for one, have found unforgettable; while from first to last the writing is of a high order.

In view of the approaching celebration of the hundred years of peace, the theme our poet treats—the part played in the War of 1812-14 by the great Indian chief—is seasonable. The story is told in dramatic form in five acts, though manifestly not meant for actual representation on the stage. The action begins in the Indian country on the Tippecanoe, where Tecumseh, as the leader of the allied tribes, comes in contact with Gen. Harrison, the representative of the United States Government; it is then transferred to Canada on the breaking out of the war, and ends with the death of the hero at the battle of Moraviantown.

Being concerned at present only with the literary quality of the work, I can devote none of my available space to the plot, and what might be called the politics of the piece, beyond saying of the latter that it is sturdily British. I have only room for a few random quotations; and to say that there are many others equally good that might have been selected, is, in my opinion, very high praise for the author.

The opening speech is by Tecumseh's brother, known as The Prophet—a scheming traitor.

"Twelve moons have wasted, and no tidings still!
Tecumseh must have perished! Joy has tears
As well as grief, and mine will freely flow—
Sembling our women's piteous privilege—
Whilst dry ambition ambles to its ends."

"All feelings and all seasons suit ambition!"

"Who works for power, and not the good of men,
Would rather win by fear than lose by love."

"Twelve infant moons

Have swung in silver cradles o'er these woods
And still no tidings of his enterprise,
Which—all too deep and wide—has swallowed him
And left me here unrivalled and alone."

On Tecumseh's return shortly afterwards, to his enquiry, What tidings here? the Prophet replies—

"No brand has struck to bark our enterprise
Which grows on every side."

than they do in many of their little personal enterprises? It is very easy to imagine that a Member of Parliament might be more anxious to keep his party in power than to get through the House a bill incorporating a Company in which he is a share-holder. Yet we let him vote on a bill which may "load the dice" for his party at the next elections; but will not let him vote on a bill of much less importance to him which deals with a Company in which he has some minor investments. This is not good common-sense. It is choking on the gnat and swallowing the camel. It is true that we cannot wholly prevent the Parliamentary partisans from voting on these redistribution measures. It is only by their votes that they can pass into law. But if we first ask a Commission of Judges to prepare the measures, we will have reduced to a minimum the chances that our Parliamentary partisans will have the "nerve" to intervene in their own favour. This is the best that we can do; but it is good "best"—and it seems to me that it is well worth the doing. Public opinion ought to make Parliament ashamed to lay a finger on so personal a task as the delimitation of its own constituencies—as the careful "stacking" of the cards with which it is about to play a game for high stakes.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Referring to the laws which he had imposed in Tecumseh's absence, he says—

"And never more
Must vile, habitual cups of deadlings
Distort their noble natures, and unseat
The purpose of their souls."

In these lines Tecumseh announces the coming declaration of war by the Americans on Great Britain—

"Know you, then,
The nation that has doomed our council-fires
Splashed with our blood—will on its Father turn,
Once more, whose lion-paws, stretched o'er the sea,
Will sheath their nails in its unnatural sides,
Till blood will flow, as free as pitch in spring,
To gum the chafed seams of our sinking bark."

"And all our nations, knit by me and ranged
In headship with our Saganash allies
Will turn the mortal ipue 'gainst our foes
And wall our threatened frontier with their slain."

This is from Tecumseh's speech to Barron, the envoy of Harrison—

"From vales and rivers which were once our own
The pale hounds who uproot our ancient graves
Come whining for our lands, with fawning tongues,
And schemes and subterfuge and subtleties.
O for a Pontiac to drive them back
And whoop them to their shuddering villages."

Lefroy, the lover, to Jena—

"My love! My love!
What! Jena in tears! Your looks, like clouds,
O'erspread my joy which, but a moment past,
Rose like the sun to high meridian."

Jena—

"O, I have lain for hours upon the grass
And gazed into the tenderest blue of heaven—
Cleansed as with dew, so limpid, pure and sweet—
All flecked with silver packs of standing cloud
Most beautiful! But watch them narrowly!
Those clouds will sheer small fleeces from their sides,
Which, melting in our sight as in a dream
Will vanish all like phantoms in the sky.
So melts our heedless race!"

Tecumseh to his braves—

"As even in the past, so is it still:
Our sacred treaties are infringed and torn;
Laughed out of sanctity, and spurned away;
Used by the Long-Knives' slave to light his fire,
Or turned to kites by thoughtless boys, whose wrists
Anchor their fathers' lies in front of heaven."

The Kickapoo Chief at the Conference then de-

scribes one of the signers of the Ft. Wayne treaty, implying that he was a traitor—

“The Deaf-chief, too,
With head awry, who cannot hear us speak
Through thunder shouted for us from the skies,
Yet hears the Long-Knives’ whisper at Vincennes;
And when they jest upon our miseries,
Grips his old leathern sides, and coughs with
laughter.”

Harrison—
“Tecumseh’s virtues are the theme of all;
Wisdom and courage, frankness and good faith—
To speak of these things is to think of him!”

Tecumseh, replying to Harrison’s complaint that he had come to the Conference in force—

“Why is our brother angry at our force,
Since every man but represents a wrong?
Nay! rather should our force be multiplied!
Fill up your streets and overflow your fields,
And crowd upon the earth for standing room;
Still would our wrongs outweigh our witnesses,
And scant recital for the la. of tongues.”

Half-Mile Tracks

HALF-MILE tracks for running horses have become in this country an aid to book-making. Strangely enough, Toronto tolerates two of these institutions, simply because Mr. Abe Orpen is known to all the public officials and “the man on the street” as a good fellow who is generally believed to be an honest dealer in wagers. Nevertheless there is grave doubt as to the wisdom of the whole business. When Mr. Orpen, through the Ottawa Driving Club, tried to get a lease of the Ottawa Exhibition track for this purpose, the directors very wisely refused the application.

Stranger still than Toronto’s “official” tolerance of these half-mile tracks is the attitude of the Toronto papers towards such “outlaw” racing, both at home and abroad. They get out special editions to boost the betting business, but they wouldn’t issue a special edition to help any other business. These special editions affect the public mind, with the result that bar-tenders, barbers, chauffeurs, and even young mechanics are induced thereby to put a large percentage of their wages into the futile business of “beating the bookmaker.” The newspapers are either paid agents or they are seriously prejudicing their reputations as guardians of the public interest.

Rugby Days are Here

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

IN typical sunshiny weather, for which Alberta is so justly famous, the Calgary Tigers and Edmonton Eskimos pried the lid off the 1913 rugby season to-day. The gridiron was in perfect order, the grandstand and bleachers fairly well filled for an opening game, and the enthusiasm of both teams to carry off the first victory, which means so much to any team, manifested itself in hard checking, brilliant running and strong kicking. Many of the fair sex graced the match.

Calgary Tigers won with a score of 16 to 6, but the score does not indicate the play, which, at the end of the third quarter, stood 6 to 6. Condition and belated judgment only won the game for the Tigers; brute strength and weight were pitted against condition and science, and only by the application of the latter in the second half of the match were last year’s champions able to turn defeat into victory. Thrilling with interest during the first three quarters, owing to the closeness of play and score, a sudden change in tactics from a bucking to an open kicking game, spelt the downfall of the splendid aggregation from the arctic regions.

To treat the visitors first, I would say that the Eskimos have, this year, the makings of a championship team; they have weight, they have speed, they have grit and determination; no criticism can



Press Honours a Parson. Editors of Alberta and Eastern British Columbia Recently Visited Jasper Park, B. C. Sunday Morning, After Service, the Parson of the Mountain Church, Who Works With a Pick and Shovel on Week Days, and Has Just Been Married, Was Presented by the Journalists With a Hat Full of Bills, \$102.00. Mrs. Arthur Murphy, President of the Canadian Women’s Press Club, Made the Presentation.



Seeking New Honours. Three United-Kingdom Golfers Competing in the Canadian Championships at Montreal. Miss Muriel Dodd, English Champion; Miss Mabel Harrison, Three Times Irish Champion; and Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, English Ex-Champion.



Rugby is as Popular on the Prairies as in Ontario or Nova Scotia. This is Calgary’s Team of 1912.

be made of their forward line, and had their backs been as strong as their forward line, the result would have been a different story. Brilliant in flashes in both booting and running, they were weak in catching and in headwork; now-a-days, it is not a brilliant play for a back to catch the ball; it is what he is expected to do; that’s what he’s there for, and to muffs of this character on at least two occasions at critical moments was due 9 points of their opponents’ score.

Calgary as a team were, however, better balanced, apparently in first class condition, and except for their failure to change their game to an open one earlier in the contest, played with their heads. To continue to buck a line that is heavier than your own, and buck it unsuccessfully, was folly, but to persevere in such action failingly, and in view of the fact that a strong back division was eating their hearts out to take part in the game, must be classed as rank stupidity. When at the end of the second

quarter the Tigers found themselves face to face with possible defeat in a score of 4 to 0, it was borne into their heads that the time had come to try different methods, and to those different methods, backed by their well-trained back division and the general good condition of the entire squad, is due a splendid victory pulled out of the fire with the tongs in the last quarter.

The following is the scores:

	1st 1-4	2nd 1-4	3rd 1-4	4th 1-4	Total
Eskimos ..rouge	1	goal field 3	safety 2	0	6
Tigers	0	0	goal from touch 4	touch 6	fld. goal 3
			3 rouge 3		16

If Calgary’s Tigers are to make a showing against the famous Hamilton Tigers, who recently trimmed the Winnipeg football team to the tune of 27 to 1, they must be quicker to note their own and their opponents’ weak points and to take advantage of that knowledge.



A Heavy Tackle in the Opening Game of the Alberta Season, September 20. Edmonton versus Calgary.



Edmonton Forcing the Pigskin Down the Field, But Alas, the Final Score Spelled Defeat.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Religion in Schools

ROMAN CATHOLICS have always maintained that there should be denominational teaching of religion in all schools. They have successfully gained their point in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In six provinces out of nine they have their own schools where the catechism is part of the day's study.

Now the Anglican Church in Ontario is trying to secure the same privilege. A majority of the clergy seem to favour an imitation of the Roman Catholic policy. The Anglican clergy are showing great unwisdom in such action. If they were to take the opposite tack and become the leaders in the movement for the support of non-sectarian public schools, they would accomplish more for themselves and for Protestantism. By their seeking after the shadow of things and their persistency in refusing to assist in promoting Protestant unity, they are making it possible for the Roman Catholic Church to extend its privileges. Unity of purpose is sure to be successful against division of purpose.

Speaking of the remarks of Canon Kittson and others, the *Ottawa Free Press* says:

"Sectarianism must be kept out of our public schools at all costs. If the Anglicans, or the Methodists, or the Presbyterians, or any other church body desire to give denominational teaching to the children of their people, they can just as easily utilize their own church buildings."

The Anglican Church should be the leader of Protestantism. This renewed agitation for the impossible makes clearer the failure of the Church to realize its national responsibilities.

A Distinction

AMAN desiring to invest in western city property should distinguish between two classes of towns—those whose population is subsisting on basic industries and those whose population is due mainly to construction of the town itself, the farm houses of the district and the railways and public works. In the first class, for example, are Prince Albert and Medicine Hat. The former has a real lumber industry; the latter manufacturing plants drawn in by a plenteous supply of natural gas. Building artisans form a percentage of their population, but when construction work is over their place will be taken by other mechanics. Of the second class, Saskatoon may be taken as a sample. Once the building of Saskatoon fell to natural proportions, a large percentage of the population had nothing to do and the real estate boom blew up.

There are towns in Ontario with half a dozen idle carpenter shops and planing factories. When everybody was building a new house in the town or township, these were hives of industry. Then came the day when the carpenter, the bricklayer and the stonemason were forced to move out, and immediately property fell from 25 to 50 per cent. It will be the same in Western Canada. This is a point the investor in Western real estate must ever keep in mind.

Source of Western Industries

STRANGELY enough, nearly all the manufacturing industries in Western Canada have come from Eastern Canada, not from the United States. When an American firm establishes a Canadian branch factory, it is placed in the East, seldom in the West. The American wants to be in the big centres of population. He is not looking so far ahead as the Canadian manufacturer, preferring immediate returns.

All the flour milling concerns in Western Canada were founded by Eastern capitalists, with a big mill in Moose Jaw as a notable exception. The same is true of the cement mills, most of which are now controlled by the Canada Cement Company. The Diamond Flint Glass Company, at Red Cliffe; the Dominion Bridge Company, at Calgary; the Smart-Woods Bag Company, Alaska Bedding Company, and Sherwin-Williams Company, at Winnipeg; the Quaker Oats Mill, at Saskatoon; the Copp Stove Works and the Berlin Bedding Company, at Fort William—all these and many others may be mentioned.

The situation is pleasant. It spells unity of feel-

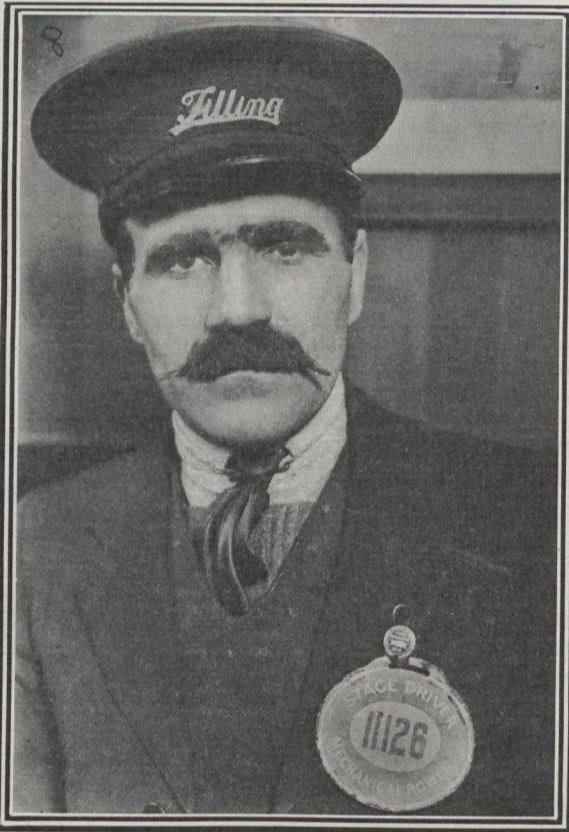
ing and unity of interests between the West and the East. It bespeaks a development in industry of a national character. What the three transcontinental railways and the national banks have done to unite East and West will be completed by our progressive and patriotic manufacturers.

Militia and the Unions

LABOUR congresses are peculiar events and must not be taken too seriously. The congress last week at Montreal threatened to call for one or two resignations in the Borden Cabinet and to pass a resolution against union men joining the militia. In the end, none of these motions carried. But the effect of putting such resolutions on the order paper and publishing them in the press had the effect of making the congress look ridiculous in the eyes of a considerable portion of the population.

Horatio Bottomley, editor of *John Bull*, a weekly paper published for the masses of England, says that the Labour or Trades Union Congress of Great Britain is a joke. From some critics, say the

TINY CAUSE OF MIGHTY TROUBLE



The Troublesome Tiny Union Badge Which Caused a Heap of Trouble Among the Motor-bus People in London, England. The "Tillings" Foolishly Said Employees Should Not Wear it. The Picture Shows it Just Above the Bigger Badge on the Man's Coat.

Westminster Gazette, this would not mean much. From *John Bull* it comes with much force. No one desires to intimate that the Canadian Trades and Labour Congress is a joke, but something should be done to keep its more irresponsible members under control.

The militia is as necessary as the police, the police courts and the judicature. It is never used to prevent strikes, but simply to preserve order during industrial struggles. A strike won by fists, brick-bats and revolvers is not a creditable victory. In addition, the militia has a national significance which is greater than its local usefulness on behalf of public order. It is the nation's first line of defence and the nation's means of physical training. As such it should have the enthusiastic support of all patriotic citizens.

The Canadian League

AT Newmarket, last week, the first public meeting, under the auspices of the Canadian League, was held. The promoters of this movement are endeavouring to educate public sentiment in favour of a non-partisan settlement of the naval problem. They declare that they are not opposing the government's temporary policy, but

simply trying to urge that the permanent naval policy of Canada should have the support of both parties. The proposition seems reasonable and the League may do a grand work for Canada if its supporters are patient and persistent.

The *Hamilton Herald*, one of the few independent daily papers, quite approves of the work of the League, as may be gathered from the following editorial remarks:

"It is, however, well to remember that the policy of contribution is not the permanent policy of the Borden Government. That notion has been distinctly repudiated by the Premier himself and by several of his colleagues. The Government might without embarrassment embrace the policy of establishing and maintaining a distinctive Canadian navy.

"In our opinion such a policy would be undesirable so far as Canada's Atlantic defences are concerned, but is desirable with regard to naval defences on the Pacific. The Imperial fleet in the North Sea affords ample defence for Canada's Atlantic seaboard. But there should be a Canadian fleet-unit in the Pacific to co-operate with the Australian fleet and possibly with the future fleets of South Africa and New Zealand in protecting the interests of the Empire in that quarter of the world."

The promoters of the League hope to ultimately convince the leaders of both political parties that their work is in the interests of each and will help to solve a question bristling with difficulties. Should they be able to do so, the national benefit will be unmistakable. A similar attempt was made last autumn by three hundred prominent business men of Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and other cities who signed and forwarded a memorial to the two political leaders in favour of a bi-partisan settlement. The League is broader in that while it emphasizes the navy question, it has other objects.

Truth May Prevail

WITH Sir Wilfrid Laurier's naval policy put out of court by Liberal non-support and Mr. Borden's tumbled and tousel by Mr. Winston Churchill's scatteration of the North Sea fleet, the naval discussion may get down to a sane basis. True, it was horribly unkind of Mr. Churchill to mislead our honourable premier and "get him in wrong." Mr. Borden is not to blame. The circumstances were unusual and it was difficult for a Canadian premier to avoid being misled.

The natural explanation of the break-up of the North Sea fleet is that Great Britain and Germany have come to an understanding. Whether that understanding is in the form of a written agreement we do not know. Many think it is. All we know is that a large British fleet has been sent to the Mediterranean and a squadron to Bermuda.

Now there is an opportunity for Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier to get together and compromise upon some kind of truly national naval policy. The "Emergency" is out of the way, but the need for speedy action is more acute now than in March, 1909, when the word "speedy" was deemed of importance by Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster. We have wasted four years in fruitless discussion. We have made an unholy exhibition of ourselves before the other peoples of the Britannic alliance. It is time for a change.

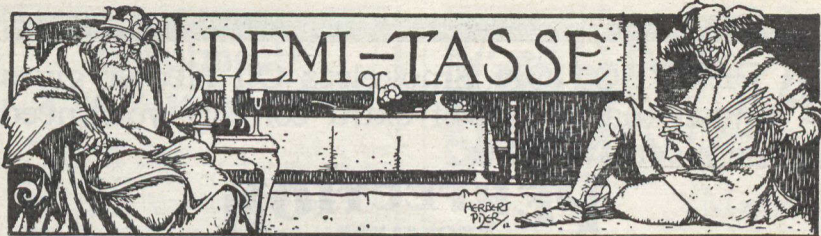
The *Rainbow* and the *Niobe* are being dismantled and the Canadians who did enlist are being discharged. The little beginning made by the Laurier Government is being neutralized. We are going backward instead of forward—all because both parties have made a political football of this great national issue.

Biennial Municipal Elections

NO alderman, controller or mayor of any city should be elected for less than two years.

This is a municipal lesson which comes to us from Europe and the United States and which we have largely refused to adopt. New York elects its mayor for four years, and Toronto and Winnipeg elect a new mayor every year. Toronto usually gives its mayor two years, but it makes him submit to a second election, which lessens his efficiency. Montreal elects its mayor for two years and its controllers for four. London has just adopted the two-year term. But most Canadian cities are still villages so far as the term of their elected officers is concerned.

In Toronto, the aldermen and controllers elected last January are already beginning to manoeuvre for another election. Thus their efficiency is reduced for fully three months in every year. Add to this the holiday months of June and July, and it is easily seen that these gentlemen really do good work in only seven months of the year. It is the same in other cities and will be until Canada follows the lead of older countries and elects its officers for a term ranging from two to seven years.



Courierettes.

After all, home is the dearest place on earth, as the man with the small salary and the large family remarked.

One hundred lone bachelors in British Columbia have sent out a call for wives. Some fellows never know when they are well off.

Somehow or other, you will notice that it is the chap who is always taking a brace who finds it impossible to brace up.

John D. Rockefeller has decided not to manufacture automobiles. He is happier and making more money selling the gasoline for them.

Emperor William, of Germany, has bought up tracts of land in British Columbia. Some zealous patriots will no doubt suspect this to be the thin end of the wedge or a German conquest of Canada.

A Toronto policeman was chased by an elephant which escaped from the Zoo. Yet some folks are unwilling to credit dumb animals with intelligence.

London, Ont., claims to have 55,000 people, an increase of 1,500 in a year. It still has a strangle hold on the title of "London, the Less."

It's a little over a hundred years ago that Perry walloped the British fleet on Lake Erie, and an awful lot of talking and writing about it has been crowded into that century.

Until the wires are buried in our big cities we continue to complacently bury the linemen.

An Ottawa firm requires its employees to pledge themselves not to join any union. The employees should require the firm not to join the C.M.A.

A noted woman newspaper writer calls on parents to make their children respect them. Asking too much from some children, we fancy.

Premier Asquith was attacked by women and rescued by a woman. Mere man gets mighty little chance nowadays.

Puccini, the composer, was nearly drowned off the coast of Italy. Probably not the first time he had trouble on the high C's

When a man will admit that he's wrong and a woman that she is plain, you can rely on anything else they may tell you.

Is it a Coincidence?—Britain's best golfers, Ray and Vardon, were beaten by a twenty-year-old French-Canadian New England amateur.

Immediately afterwards a big meeting was held in London and it disapproved of golf being included in the next Olympic games.

Remarkable, isn't it?

The Three Modern Gods.—Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., whose vigorous words and strong personality were the outstanding features of the recent session of the Ontario Anglican Synod, is a master of the art of saying much in a few words.

In a conversation with a newspaper man the other day he was asked to summarize what he thought of the civilized world as it stands.

"It bows down to three heathen gods," he said. "Mammon, the god of greed; Mars, the god of war, and Bacchus, the god of wine. Against those three it is almost impossible to do anything."

A Comparison.—An Ontario judge awarded a laborer \$900 for his lost hand.

That's nothing to the prices paid by the fathers of some heiresses.

A Word to the Wise.—In Germany, the very latest fad is to take tea in an aeroplane.

We fancy there would be serious danger of taking a drop too much.

Cupid, the Conqueror.—Some people go as far west as Reno to rid themselves of their matrimonial entanglements, but here's Miss Elsie Smith, of Toronto, travelling all the way to Honolulu to get married. Cupid wins.

He Deserved to Win.—A certain high school boy was taking his examination in Ancient and Modern History. On his question paper was the query: "Say what you know of Nero's life and influence upon his country."

The boy chewed the end of his pen. His brow darkened; then it cleared again.

"The less said about this man the better," his answer read.

He wasn't plucked in his examination!

Here's a Problem.—The very latest fad in the smart set is to wear stockings to match your eyes.

Fine. But how about cross-eyed people?

It all Depends.—Many people denounce long engagements. Theatrical

ney Earle, known as "Affinity Earle," because of his numerous wives, is in sore matrimonial trouble. In fact, the indications are that if his several better halves get on his trail he will be a "belted" Earle.

An Old Rhyme Revised.

JACK SPRATT could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean— Which, of course, was entirely due to the fact that the beef trust had boosted the prices of cuts in a manner exceedingly mean.

What is Theft?—Just what constitutes theft?

It is a nice point. We heard it discussed the other day by a party of rather intelligent young Canadians, and there was a decided difference of opinion.

Incidentally there was related an incident so much out of the ordinary that it will bear telling here.

It concerns a certain Eastern Ontario dealer in mineral water, who, for obvious reasons, shall remain unnamed.

Some years back Canada had no export duty on mineral water. This man used to ship a lot of his product across the St. Lawrence and into the United States. He worked up a very profitable business.

By and by Canada imposed an export duty on mineral water. It worried the dealer. He wondered how he could escape it.

He went to a shrewd lawyer and left the problem with him. The lawyer turned up his legal tomes, studied the statutes, scratched his head and thought. Then he thought some more. Then a flash of inspiration—source unknown—came to him. He sent for his client.

"There is an export duty on mineral water," he said. "There is none on ice."

That was enough. The client went away and installed a freezing plant and the mineral water went across the line frozen and free of duty.

Was it theft?

The Retort Courteous.

Here's another little anecdote about Rev. L. W. Hill, the well-known Methodist preacher, who was the subject of a story recently told on this page.

The minister is a lover of the out-of-doors, and one of his earliest investments was in a cottage in the region of the Muskoka lakes. It was an ideally pretty spot that he selected, and he thought it only appropriate to call the place "Paradise."

So he painted the name "PARADISE" on a big board and nailed it up in front of his cottage.

Happened along a wag who saw the sign. He awaited a favourable moment, took a brush and some paint and added the word "LOST."

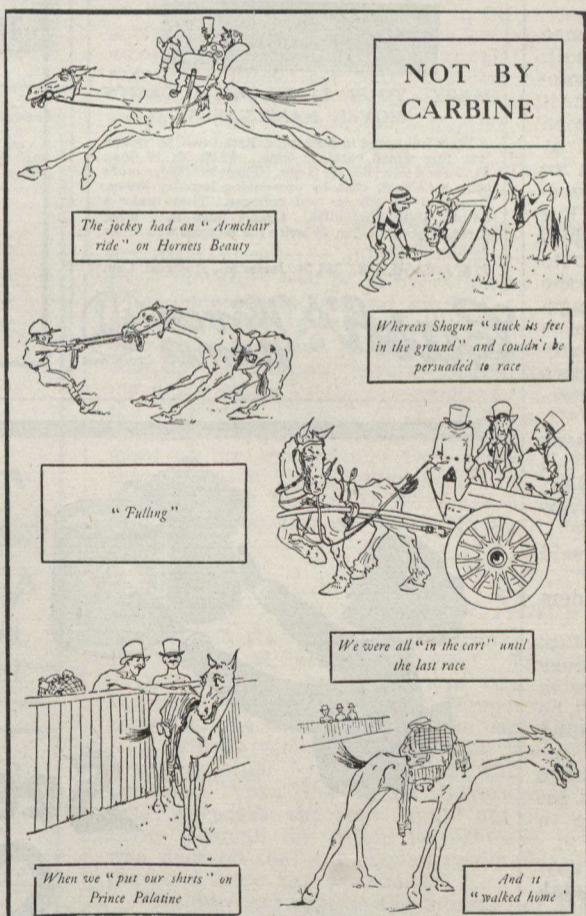
Mr. Hill was, however, equal to the occasion. When he noted the change that had been made in his sign, he at once got busy with brush and paint, soon painted out the "Lost" and in its place in big capital letters he painted the word, "REGAINED."

He had the last word, so to speak.

Was He Right?—When the late King Edward was asked upon one occasion what he would do if the people of England abolished the monarchy and instituted a republic, he said: "What should I do? Nothing! The people of England would ask me to be their first president!" Another instance of the ready wit of the late king.

Biblical Knowledge.—"Why," asked the teacher, "why is it wrong to cut a dog's tail off?"

"Because," replied the smart boy—there is always in the story-book a smart boy who confounds the teacher—"because what God hath joined together let no man part asunder!"



Some Racing Terms Explained by an Artist in the London "Bystander."

cal people, however, are very fond of them.

On a Sliding Scale.—The economical husband was ordering a meal for the family.

"What do you charge for a steak, waiter?" he queried.

"One dollar, sir."

"Gee, that's tough."

"Yes, sir, but it's tougher at fifteen cents, sir."

Ferdinand's Fate.—Ferdinand Pin-

Sailings from Montreal and Quebec

CANADA	Sat., Oct. 4th
*MEGANTIC	Sat., Oct. 11th
TEUTONIC	Sat., Oct. 18th
*MEGANTIC	Sat., Oct. 25th

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PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 16th day of August, 1913, incorporating Alexander Murray Garden and Charles Alexander Moss, barristers-at-law, Waldon Lawr, student-at-law, Fannie Bingham Cox, stenographer, and Gertrude Hancock, bookkeeper, all of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—(a) To carry on all or any of the businesses of manufacturers, merchants, wholesale and retail importers and exporters, merchandise generally, but especially of woollens, silks, linens, textile fabrics and general dry goods; (b) To acquire the goodwill, rights, property and assets and to undertake the whole or any part of the liabilities or engagements of Thomas Ogilvie & Sons of Toronto, as a going concern, and of any other person, firm, corporation or association carrying on a similar business, and to pay for the same in cash, stock, bonds, debentures or other securities of the company or otherwise; (c) To enter partnership or into any arrangement for the sharing of profits of the union of interests with any person, firm or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in; (d) To take or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects similar to the company; (e) To take over, acquire, hold, use, sell, lease and exchange such property as may be deemed necessary or expedient for the purposes for which the company is incorporated; (f) To carry on any business pertinent to the objects for which the company is incorporated, whether manufacturing or otherwise, which may be carried on in connection with the purposes of the company, or which may be beneficial or profitable thereto; (g) To amalgamate with any company in Canada constituted for the purpose of carrying on a similar business, and to manage, operate and carry on the property, undertaking and business of any such corporation; (h) To apply for, obtain, register, purchase, lease or otherwise acquire and to hold, use, own, operate and introduce and to sell, assign or otherwise dispose of any trade marks, trade names, patents, inventions, improvements and processes used in connection with or secured under letters patent of the Dominion of Canada or elsewhere or otherwise; to use, exercise, develop, grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account any such trade marks, patents, licenses, processes and the like, or any such property or rights; (i) To issue and allot, as fully paid up, stock, shares of the capital stock of the company as consideration for work done, guarantees given or agreed to be given, or services rendered or agreed to be rendered in furtherance of the objects of the company; (j) To sell or dispose of the property, mills, assets, undertakings and business of the company, in whole or in part, for such consideration as the company may deem fit, and in particular the stock, bonds, debentures or other security in any other company having objects similar to those of this company, and divide among the shareholders by way of dividend any cash, stock, bond, security so received; (k) To do all or any of the above mentioned things as principals, agents or attorneys. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Thomas Ogilvie & Sons, Limited," with a capital stock of two hundred thousand dollars, divided into 2,000 shares of one hundred dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 20th day of August, 1913.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

8-2

NOTICE is hereby given that Alicia Hill, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Erastus Hill, formerly of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Dentist, but now of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, United States of America, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

Personal Philanthropy

(Concluded from page 7.)

"God bless me!" cried the old gentleman, with a horror wholly inexpressible, and he clutched at that left ear anew.

It was just at this moment that the Colonel showed himself at the bars below them.

"Come on!" cried "Foxy" desperately. "Come on and help! Don't stand staring there! Doc'll explain it all to you afterwards. Get hold of his tail. We've got to keep him going. It's our only hope!"

If the Colonel was beyond measure astounded, he was still always the man of action. He did not pause to ask whether that red and white calf had swallowed carbolic acid or the Kohinor. With an ejaculation which showed how entirely they had imparted their feelings to him, he grasped the tail and jibed the animal around. And once more they started it on its bucketing course down the lane.

But, at the third turn, in spite of all, it was too evident that the beast's vital energies were hopelessly upon the ebb. "Twist harder! Twist harder, Colonel," gasped the Judge in an agony.

Alas, the Colonel had already corkscrewed that caudal impetus to the uttermost.

The reckless gourmand was now being all but carried along by the three. No one could any longer blink the fact that his condition was moribund, hipocratic, in articulo. His sufferings, of a truth, though, seemed to be very little. Like the frozen, he wanted only to lie down and slumber. And they gave up and let him.

It was at this juncture that Vanderdecken made his appearance. And "Vander" was one of those individuals who are cursed with an untimely sense of humour. He climbed the fence, balanced himself upon the top rail long enough for one glance of sufficient comprehension, and then dropped to the grass in a shouting heap. "Oh, Lord! Another regret-report! Another item for the casualty lists. Only give you three a few hours more and you'll do for the whole farm!"

If his jokes had been such as you could have laughed at—if they had been such as might have lent the kindly relief of comedy to the situation! But no, he went on to ask if they'd tried oxygen, and if it was too late for artificial respiration.

The Doctor turned away from him, and looked back again at that blubbered muzzel.

"But I'm afraid it's no use, Doc, no use now. You've plainly lost another patient."

Fergusson set and re-set his glasses, and tried to keep his lips down over his teeth. "I don't wish," he said, "I don't wish to be taken as showing animus. But you seem determined, George, to touch me on that point where I am entirely justified in some degree of sensitiveness. And if you attempt further to remind me of how, in this matter, I have been willing to step across the wide professional gap which separates—"

"Oh, well now," broke in the Colonel testily, "there's no use losing your temper—and especially when it was you who first started this philanthropy business—"

From behind him there was emitted a kind of chuckling sniff, a sniff of malevolent, joying triumph. The Colonel was the first to turn. It was the bun-backed shoat which had thus expressed itself.

But on sight of the warrior's face it let loose a squeal of terror and ran for its life. And the Colonel was already in murderous pursuit.

"This is the end!" he panted. "There's a limit to all things—and I've reached that limit with you!"

This time he might have caught it, too; but under the further side of the barn there was a hole which he did not get his eye on soon enough.

He had just slowly and gaspingly rejoined the others, when from up the lane there came down to them, the

approaching clink-a-clink of milk pails.

They looked at one another, aghast. It was one of those moments—! The Judge broke into a convulsive stutter. "I—I—I suppose you expect me to make some explanation to her—but really I couldn't—I couldn't trust myself to go through it to-night!—I'll have Cip come over and pay for the thing to-morrow! But as for now—" For a moment, quivering and heaving, he turned upon the calf. "Drat the stupid fool of a brute anyway! Confound the confounded—!"

The others, however, had already started for the boat. The nearest way was through the barnyard. With a nervous unanimity they climbed the fence, and skirted around the oat field for the shore.

What conversation there was at supper that night was largely made by Cip. True, Vanderdecken might with some encouragement have waxed humorous again; but the atmosphere little inspired it. The other three ex-agriculturists ate their fried bass in flushed and sullen brooding. After finishing his last cup of tea, for five long minutes "Foxy Grandpa" kept his smouldering vision fixedly upon one point. It was evident that he was not to abandon the matter without one final eruption.

"And what rats me past bearing," he burst out at last, "is that we seem to have thought of that brute's life as absolutely priceless! We had to save it—if we all died of apoplexy for it ourselves! Yet I suppose," he blustered, "I suppose if we had pooled our entire joint and several means and mortgaged our immortal souls, we might have raised enough to pay for it in the beginning, and let it die in peace!"

"Well," said the Doctor, "in any case we have the privilege of paying for it now."

And the matter having been once brought up, they went ahead with it. They proceeded to give their factotum a list of commissions which it would be his first duty to attend to on the morrow.

Cip had enough Indian in him to envisage all ordinary sources of wonder "without any amazement." But when Vanderdecken explained to him that, to begin with, he would have to go up to the "New Settlement" at the head of the lake and make arrangements to have Dorsey hauled down as much hay as there had been originally upon his "upper ten" and a ton or two more for damages, Cip showed astonishment gaping and unlimited.

"Also, there's a couple of chickens to pay Mrs. Dorsey for."

"Mais, I pay for dose cheeken', dere's a week!" he protested, recovering speech.

"These are other chickens," said Fergusson shortly.

"Ho, oder cheeken! You cook dem hup dere?"

"No," said Vanderdecken. "No, Cip, we didn't cook anything but our goose up there! Are you going to throw in your Berkshire, Colonel? We can't be sure he'll ever be good for anything any more."

The Colonel swallowed. "He'd have been good for less if I'd only once got my hands on him. But he goes in with the calf, I suppose."

There was a pause. "Is there anything else?" asked the Doctor metallically, resetting his glasses.

"Well," said Vanderdecken, "when we're putting down the calf, I suppose in simple equity we ought to include the oats he was filled with—?"

"Yes!" exploded the Judge. "Yes!—and he crammed his carcass so—so full of them it was like trying to heave along a truckload of Saratoga trunks! Confound the confounded—!"

Appearance is Everything.—"Woman," growled the Villain, "the crime is on your own head."

"Is it on straight?" anxiously demanded the Villainness.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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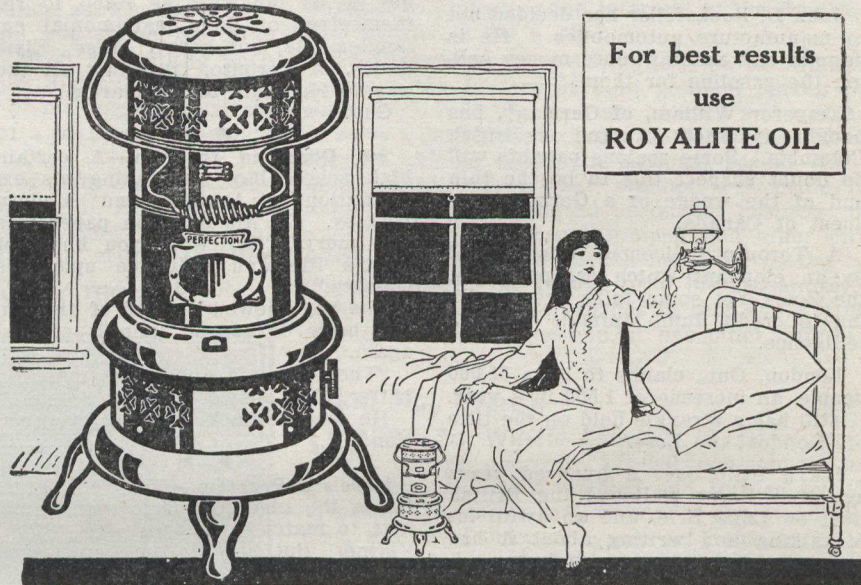
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Many Signs of Strength

PERHAPS the past week has not seen such a plenitude of stimulating developments, so far as the markets and trade generally is concerned, as the earlier weeks in September. Of course, reactionary checks have set in in a few cases. This was inevitable, for, as the Courier showed in its issues of September 20th and 27th, some of the bull movements were remarkable. There are one or two factors even yet that might occasion a set-back. In some quarters there has been felt a distinct apprehension of more trouble in the Balkans, and consequently foreign markets are not quite so strong as they have been for the past two or three weeks. Then, again, the vagaries of the stocks in what is known as the Dominion Bond group have been the nucleus of a rather disturbing circle of bear rumours.

There is, however, no question of the distinctly improved outlook which the brokers and public alike see before them. The light offerings of stock on sharp advances is certain evidence of the thoroughly liquidated state of the stock market. So far as the crops are concerned, no one seems to mention them. Harvesting is completed, the financing has been arranged and that successfully, and the fear and foreboding which was so markedly present a few months ago is forgotten. But it is well, now that we are the other side the rainbow, to figure just how much we owe to what is—from every point of view—an eminently satisfactory crop. The war in the near East and the money stringency (that phrase comes so easily now) would have jeopardized this country, or, at anyrate, seriously inconvenienced it.

However, the prevailing expressions on all hands are those of relief and hope. The other one, that needs to be heard, too, is discretion. The expansion at an almost unprecedented rate of a new country entails peculiar problems, all the more difficult since they present themselves in the light of taken-for-granted matters. It seems fitting once again to urge upon all who put Canada first the half truth which was the perfectly good kernel of the otherwise distasteful nut in the shape of press attacks upon our credit. These attacks have been replied to in a manner equally as foolish and equally as wise as the attacks themselves. But the middle line has been pointed out, and it is along that line that financially, as well as in every other sphere, Canada must proceed. Canadian credit stands high. It is ours to maintain that eminence.

Expanding Circulation

THE August statement of the chartered banks was awaited with a good deal of interest, and when it appeared it proved to be unusually interesting. The predominant feature is in the increase in circulation which is nearly one million greater than in August, 1912. This may be attributed to the fact that the movement of the Western crops is much earlier than it was last year. Circulation is more than four million in excess of a year ago, though the paid-up capital shows an increase over last year of practically three millions. Probably September will show the greatest increase in circulation inasmuch as the crop movement is now in full swing. At the end of August there was a margin of eleven millions in circulation before the banks would have to take advantage of the Government regulation permitting them to issue notes to the amount of fifteen per cent. in excess of their paid-up capital.

Business deposits increased nearly two millions; savings deposits decreased by about two millions and a quarter. Total deposits are now \$26,884,249 more than they were a year ago. Call loans in Canada show a slight reduction; out of Canada they show a moderate increase.

A Move in the Right Direction

FROM Edmonton there comes the news that fifty-one co-operative grain elevators will be in operation by October first. This announcement is at once significant and gratifying. The Alberta Government has seen the great necessity in this connection and has collaborated with the Alberta Co-operative Farmers' Elevator Company in a solution of the difficulty. The company is building these elevators, eighty-five per cent. of the cost of building being borne by the Government. A meeting took place last week between the Executive Council of the Alberta Government and the directors of the Elevator Company, who presented to the Government a full detailed statement of the cost of directing, purchasing and equipping elevators, showing that a total in the neighborhood of \$300,000 would be required for the establishment of a line of 42 elevators to be in operation this fall. "This sum," said the Hon. Duncan Marshall, "will be voted by the Legislature at this session."

After Many Years

THE Alberta Waterways Railway—an affair outstanding for several years—has at last been settled. Premier Sifton embodied his solution in a measure referred to as "An Act respecting the Alberta and Great Western Waterways Railway Company." Thus an end is put to the financial complications which followed the cancelling of the first charter.

It will be remembered that the proceeds of the \$6,000,000 bond issue had been deposited by the brokers who sold the bonds in the Royal Bank of Canada. When the Sifton Government wanted to divert this money to other purposes, the bank would not concur. The case being referred to the Privy Council, the Sifton Government found themselves checkmated, for it was decreed that the money could only be used for the purpose for which the bond issue had been made.

The new Act repeals the measure of 1910, which said that the funds of the project were to become part of the general revenue of the Province. The road will now be built, and the bank will pay over the amount of the proceeds to the railway company as construction progresses.

A Funny Sort of Optimism

THE COURIER is a great optimist. It has advocated optimism all along, and believes in the potency of a defiant hope. But optimism which is worth while must be based upon a foundation more substantial than sand. The Ritz Carlton Hotel Company, of Montreal, possesses in an inordinate degree a funny sort of optimism. It must do, or it wouldn't have sent out a circular, upon the authority of the directors, inviting the preferred shareholders to subscribe at par for \$750,000 second mortgage ten-year six per cent. gold bonds, because "the earnings of the company during the first four or five days of September, when the rooms were full, demonstrate that when the hotel is doing the business that the directors have every right to expect, and which they believe it would have done had it not been for the

Investment Lists

Once a month, on an average, we publish some suggestions for investment in the form of a list embodying what we consider the most attractive stocks at the time of writing.

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Canadian Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds

financial stringency, not only would the interest on the 1st and 2nd mortgage bonds have been earned but also the dividend on preferred stock."

It seems to us that we remember that the first four or five days of September were the days when the delegates to the American Bar Association foregathered in Montreal, many of them staying at the Ritz-Carlton. The preferred shareholders ought not to be led into thinking that the American Bar Association has permanently taken up its quarters in their hotel.

On and Off the Exchange

Good Year for the Sherbrooke Railway

SUBSTANTIAL increases in gross and net earnings were the features of the second annual statement of the Sherbrooke Railway and Power Company. The gross earnings amounted to \$126,646, which is an increase of \$34,058, or 36.7 per cent. over last year. The net made a gain of \$19,080, or 58 per cent. over last year. Offsetting this, somewhat, were the fixed charges, which were higher by \$13,196, or 39 per cent., than last year. The balance, after bond interest, was \$5,654, which was sufficient to leave a small surplus of \$875 for profit and loss account, after allowing for all fixed charges. Mr. Clarence J. McCuaig, the President of the company, said that while the increase in net earnings was fairly satisfactory, it was not as large as anticipated. Two of the company's large consumers of power were unable to take the power contracted for as early as was expected.

New Issues

THE City of Ottawa's loan of \$800,000 four and a half per cents was oversubscribed in London. The scrip was quoted at ½ premium, 53 per cent. Although the amount of the loan was small, Ottawa's credit stands pretty high in London. The Victoria four per cent. issue has been left with the underwriters.

An important issue at present open for subscription is that of the Dominion Government, three million sterling, at four per cent. This is the first four per cent. floated by the Government in years. It is witness to the fact that, like other dominions, Canada is now compelled to adopt a four per cent. basis.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada has sold an issue of \$4,500,000 five per cent. debenture bonds, maturing in 1925, to a financial house in Boston, Lee, Higginson & Co. The proceeds of the new issue are, it is reported, to be devoted to necessary additions and improvements to the company's rapidly growing plants.

The situation in the bond market shows decided improvement. A prominent man in financial circles told the Courier that, especially in the municipal market, things were moving more easily and more quickly. In this connection, the Montreal Financial Times says that one bond house has sold more bonds during the last week than during the five months previous.

Arrangements are proceeding for an issue in London of city of Edmonton five per cent. bonds for £900,000 at 96. The price is three points below the present quotation of the five per cent. sterling bonds for a little over a million, issued in April last at 100½.

A Big Merger

MR. H. A. LOVETT, President of the Canadian Coal and Coke Company, states that, at last, the absorption by his company of the Western Coal and Coke Company, the Pacific Pass Coal Fields, the St. Albert Collieries and the Lethbridge Collieries, is completed. The authorized capital of the Canadian Coal and Coke Company is \$15,000,000, divided into \$4,000,000 preferred and \$11,000,000 common. Of this amount about \$3,750,000 of preferred has been issued and between nine and ten millions of common, the balance of the issue being retained in the treasury.

The Canadian Coal and Coke Company has authorized an issue of three millions of bonds, negotiations for which are now in progress.

On the Wrong Side

THERE is a balance on the wrong side of the ledger of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway, a subsidiary concern of the C.P.R. For the second year a deficit was shown, \$537,520 being the figure for this year.

Ever since 1910, there has been a deficit to report at each annual meeting. Each year it has grown larger.

Of Interest to Canadians

AN annual report which is of interest to Canadians is that of the Consolidated Gas Company of Baltimore. This concern is headed by Mr. J. E. Aldred, who is also President of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company and a director of several large corporations. A good deal of the stock of the Consolidated Gas Company is held in Montreal. Net earnings increased \$329,393, or about 11.7 per cent. over last year. The balance available for common stock dividends was \$1,358,670, equal to 15.3 per cent. on the outstanding common stock, against 13.1 per cent. the previous year.

The issued preferred and common stock total \$14,160,000, and on this combined stock the net earnings last year were at the rate of 14 per cent. The report generally reflects the continued success of Mr. Aldred in his management of the concern, which six or seven years ago he reorganized.

Two New Markets?

ACABLE to the Montreal "Star" says that Manchester and Glasgow are likely to be the new financial meccas of Canadian municipalities and industries seeking capital. Many influential men from the north of England and Glasgow have visited Canada and, returning, reported favourably thereon. Their idea is to deal direct and save the London commission, using the funds hoarded in the Northern banks by wealthy industrial kings. The returned delegates, who are North-Britishers, do not seem to agree with some London financiers who have seen fit to cry down Canadian investments.

It is understood that negotiations are proceeding to handle the Winnipeg waterworks issue between Manchester and Glasgow, but who are unready for such a large amount until January.

Another Notable Optimist

MR. H. S. HOLT, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, says: "I have never had greater faith in the future of Canada than at the present moment. Business conditions are absolutely sound from coast to coast. The only trouble is that we have been going too fast, and the present steady down will serve a very good purpose. The so-called setback—if I can designate the financial situation for the past six months by that word—will enable the people to get their wind and shape up matters for another period of increased confidence and general prosperity."

Next Week's Meeting

THE Ogilvie Flour Mills holds its annual meeting next week.

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Brown Month

SOMEONE has called the month on which we have just entered, "Nature's Quaker, grave and sober." It has always seemed to me entirely amiss, if the words are intended to apply to October as it comes to Canada. It is certainly no demure, grey-clad figure, as it marches up the hill-side or flashes through the forest. We have ever so many October pictures and poems, by Canadian artists and writers—and who can wonder? It is a month of such varied moods—such splendour, softening to tender tints of brown and purple as the autumn afternoon creeps on.

In the South, it is a month of magic, with the warmth of June and the richness of the year's waning pageantry. The October roses you may find in the gardens always seemed to me the sweetest of the year, with the faintest touch of pink in their creamy hearts. There are violets lingering, too, and sometimes you even find a fragrant magnolia bloom with its petals of ivory velvet within the dark, glistening leaves.

But to Canadians, October is a month of exhilarating sport and radiant afternoons, with the best of golf and football. And finally, it mellows into the brown month of the year, when the golden leaves have loosened and fallen into dark heaps beneath the branches. Happy are those who can get away from town and city in those days and know the vigour of the breeze which blows across the hills of October. In the north, it is a month to revel in, with a keen sharpness which sends hunter and sportsman homeward with a new zest for life and work. Then there are the frost-touched days of October, when we feel that the silence and the snow are not far away and the violet haze falls on river and hill and veils the city towers in a transforming light which turns them to palace turrets. So we come to that last night, the Eve of All Saints, when strange sounds are heard in the land, and the ghost folk come back to their old habitations.

Some Narrow Criticism

THERE is a certain school of modern critics or commentators, given to exclaiming with regard to literary and artistic productions—"this is life"—or "this is not life." These persons, however, are remarkably careful to avoid anything so compromising as a definition of life—and in this course, no doubt, they show their wisdom. From the general trend of their remarks, nevertheless, it is to be inferred that life is a turbulent and riotous affair, something resembling a Donnybrook Fair or a bar-room brawl. No doubt, to such critics, fiction, poetry or art, representing a milder existence, is a poor matter and hardly worth a strong man's consideration.

The trouble with such critics is that they are extremely narrow-minded in their estimate of life's issues, and appear to be incapable of admitting more than one point of view, more than one class of experience. The description of a group of intoxicated cow boys "shooting up" a Texas town may be "real life," according to the experience of some readers. The description of two maiden ladies working over the manufacture of collars of Irish crochet lace, while the cat purrs amicably before a cheery fire, is quite as "real" a picture to other readers.

A strenuous singer may break out in the appeal: "Turn from the things that no soul felt or heard, And learn how young men laugh and old men die."

Now, just what is meant by this metrical advice? How does the writer know what things have been felt and heard by souls? In order to speak authoritatively on such a subject, he would certainly need

to be possessed of omniscience, which is a quality to which even a minor poet might hesitate to lay claim. When the varied experiences of "souls" are matter for debate or doubt, it is well for each of us to be humble and reticent, for "souls" are delicate and incomprehensible structures. And here we are reminded of the old story about the great English artist who gave us such splendid colours in sky and sea as opened our eyes to a world of brilliant being.

"I don't see what you see in a sunset," said a complaining observer.



TO SPEAK IN HALIFAX.

Mrs. W. E. Struthers, of Toronto, otherwise Lina Rogers Struthers and the first municipal school nurse in the world, has been invited to address the delegates of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Nova Scotia, this month. Mrs. Struthers has just completed a book, "The Public School Nurse," a history and handbook of notable value.

"No," replied the artist, "but don't you wish you could?" The story ends there.

"A Number of Things"

AS for the writer who insists that we should learn "how young men laugh and old men die," he is quite warranted in making such an appeal, though we may admit, at once, that laughing young men are much more to our taste than dying old ones. However, even these interesting creatures do not absorb all life's aspects. There are a few middle-aged men who are working hard and playing on bowling greens and curling rinks in their spare moments, who are worthy of some consideration. There is also a noble army of women to be taken into most serious account in these days, some of them wives and mothers, some of them merely spinsters, some of them wanting a vote, others merely anxious for a satin charmeuse gown with shadow lace on the sleeves and collar. Then there is a vast host of Small Persons, the jolliest of all to contemplate, whom Longfellow

called the "living poems" and who can tell you simply wonderful stories of what they hear and see, if you will only be properly humble and listen and believe. Indeed, there are so many facts and folk, that a poet may be kept busy all the time, and then write about only a few of them. Laughing young men and dying old ones, you see, are only a small part of the world, after all. So the strenuous singer has not given us such wonderful advice, though he meant well, no doubt.

As to facts versus dreams, let the poets choose their own subjects and write as they will. Whether it be Omar Khayyam's wistful verses of the fleeting mystery of the passing show, or Mr. Kipling's robust song of the riotous men from the "Bolivar," we only ask that the song be vital. The wisest philosophers cannot tell us what stuff our dreams are made of, and we ourselves are sure of nothing but that life is uncertain.

The Genius of Hope

AS for those wearisome beings who insist that realism means the depiction of all that is sordid and base, surely they have had their day. A rose is just as real as a garbage-barrel and, while we admit the necessity for the latter, we prefer to contemplate the former—so long as it is fresh and fragrant. To ignore the sordid side of life is quite impossible, but to give it foremost place is a dire mistake—which may be the policy of the yellow journals but can never mean healthy living or thinking. We can no more read what is little else but a chronicle of disease and crime, without becoming morbid, than we can take substantial doses of arsenic and expect to retain bodily health.

The man who talks of the lowest dissipation as "seeing life" is confusing terms and is really more concerned with death than any vitality worth having. The critic who considers that the constant dwelling on what is weakest and worst in humanity is the only literature worth while is in need of a change of air and diet. There has been a large output of decadent, despairing stuff in the last few years, just as exhilarating and healthful as a draught of wormwood. Tragedy there must always be, but there need not be hopelessness. The writer, painter or sculptor who produces that which suggests only decay and despair is an enemy to humanity, no matter how finished his "art" may be. The greatest work is positive, not negative, and Goethe uttered a mighty saying when he put in the mouth of Mephistopheles—"I am that which denies."

But, happily, we have always with us those whose art turns to the "sunnier side of doubt" and whose songs, pictures and sculpture may tell of struggle, darkness and groping, but always of ultimate faith and victory. This came to me anew, one dismal rainy afternoon in Toronto, as I looked up University Avenue and saw through the mist that beautiful South African memorial by Walter Allward, reminding the passer-by, in its beauty of curve, and purity of outline, of the peace and the hope which follow all earthly conflict. May we be preserved from giving advice to those who have the gift of creative imagination—but may we also be protected, in this young land, from the genius which goes on the perverted paths which mean despair!

ERIN.

Nieces of England's Poet Laureate

THERE are two relatives of the Poet Laureate living in Canada. These are the Misses Bridges, nieces of the Doctor, who have a five-acre ranch in a delightful part of British Columbia, near Mission City. These two ladies came from England some years ago and bought land in B. C., and have led a retired life since that time, raising chickens and gardening. Naturally they are greatly pleased with the honour recently conferred upon their uncle, Dr. Robert Bridges, by Premier Asquith, in appointing him Poet Laureate.



PART OF THE DELEGATION

To the Charities Convention Which Recently Has Been Raging (See Text) in Winnipeg. Among the Speakers Were Dr. Helen MacMurchy and Miss Elizabeth Neufeld, of Toronto.

Discussed in Winnipeg

A Specially Prepared Report for Women of the Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections

By "PHILISTIA"

CANADIAN Conference of Charities and Corrections may sound like a very curious concatenation of c's with which to brand such conventions as the one held recently in Winnipeg, yet there were still other c's which might have been added with effect. Civics, citizenship, and Christian culture, for instance, were quite as descriptive terms, if not more so, of a gathering which resolved itself very largely into a deliberative body on economic or sociological questions, as these bear on the moral health of the community. Breadth, depth and height were alike characteristic of every paper, address or discussion at the conference. Breadth of treatment and view, depth of insight and inquiry, height of aims and aspirations. There was no puttering about whatever with superficial

had a happy disposition to come down to "brass tacks," and though there was an utter lack of sectarian, sextarian, or national prejudice, things were flailed out remorselessly.

On an afternoon devoted to the study of immigration as it related to Canadian citizenship, it was interesting to note that of the three exponents of the subject one was a Russian Jewess, one a French Catholic medical man from Quebec, the third a Canadian, or garden variety of Protestant. Among those taking part in the subsequent lively discussion one was a Slavic immigration officer, one an Anglican clergyman, the third a Unitarian minister. Yet there was no clashing. All were listened to with the closest attention, and each varying angle of vision seemed only to illumine the whole matter. This, too, in spite of the fact that Miss Neufeld, of Toronto, and Louis Kon, the Slavic gentleman aforesaid, handed out some pretty hard knocks to Canadians in their appeal for fairer, better treatment of the foreigner. Both touched on a spot which in earlier years would have roused a storm of indignation, when they protested against the proselytizing of Jews or Catholics. "Why not," said Miss Neufeld, "leave the Jews good Jews, the Catholics good Catholics, rather than try to make them both poor Protestants? Neither free dispensaries, old clothes, nor missions will make new faiths. We must show them, rather, what good Canadian citizenship really means. The rest will follow." Hot stuff, rather, as you must admit, but nothing happened except loud applause.

An afternoon of castigation, that! Dr. Page, Dominion Immigration Medical Health Officer at Quebec, arraigned Canadian Governments, past or present, for their niggardly policy toward the immigration service. He stated that of the \$3,000,000 odd collected annually as head tax on immigrants, Canada spends only one-third on the service. He made a strong plea for a national, permanent, well-equipped service, and received great applause when he emphasized the fact that a six-minute examination of an immigrant at the point of entry was entirely inadequate if one were to detect insanity, feeble-mindedness or tuberculosis. He advocated careful consideration of the new method now being adopted by Australia of examination of immigrants not at the point of entry, but that of embarkation.

ANOTHER strong note at the Congress was struck by Owen Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labour Committee of New York. He remarked, during a fine address on the conservation of the child, that he was convinced "that this world needed no unskilled labour, or any unskilled labourers, because from painting fine pictures to collecting garbage or cleaning streets, the job was best done by the man who directed his hands with his brains." And again when he said: "I believe that one kind only of people should have homes, and those the people, rich or poor, who work." Among Ontarians who left a deep impression on the Congress may be mentioned the Hon. W. J. Hanna and W. B. Findlay, on "Prison Reform"; Dr. Helen MacMurchy, on the "Problem of the Feeble-Minded," and Dr. J. M. McDougall,

of Spenceville, on the "Exodus from the Farms."

Mr. Hanna is an oratorical gatling-gun question-mark, who drives home, by pointed query to his hearers, not only the sanity of his belief, but the enormous energy and earnestness of the man himself. Though a successful politician, he is a big humanitarian, and the combination is as inspiring as it is unusual.

Mr. Findlay, Superintendent of the Yonge Street Industrial Farm, on "Adult Probation and the Indeterminate Sentence," had a heavy subject, but so instinct was his long-bodied, loose-limbed, high-souled personality with love of God and man, freakish humour and horse-sense that those who heard him will never forget either himself or his message. It might seem a bit queer for anyone else to "put his feet on the whatnot of his soul" in pondering matters, but in Mr. Findlay the thing seemed absolutely correct, if not conventional. This whole prison reform business was an eye-blinker to us in Manitoba, and the strong presentment of the magnificently successful experiments of Ontario by Mr. Hanna and Mr. Findlay are almost certain to kindle some one to similar action in this province.

DR. HELEN MACMURCHY delivered two addresses while in Winnipeg, one on "The Custodial Care of the Feeble-Minded," the other on "Modern Ideals of Public Service." Both were enlightening, and her words of warning about the
(Concluded on page 21.)



MRS. T. R. DEACON,

Wife of Mayor Deacon, of Winnipeg, and an Active Member of the Entertainment Committee, Conference of Charities and Corrections.

aspects or effects. The whole tendency was to up-root causes, and by up-rooting, or other process, end them. In any case, however, to seize upon and expose them ruthlessly so that there could be no possible excuse for a misunderstanding of facts.

Charity used to consist of an amiable indulgence, a kindly patronage, a philosophic pitiful acceptance of the poor by the rich. To-day the science of social service which has mercifully displaced it insists on a newer, finer spirit of democracy. If men are not born equal they should have, at least, equal opportunity and a square deal. Therefore, those deep-seated economic evils which are so largely the cause of the misery and crime of the world must be unearthed and cured or destroyed.

Social service, then, is a system of applied Christianity. Its followers have one common aim—the betterment of humanity. Its class-rooms are the world, its key-words faith in mankind as well as God, justice and education.

Such was the impression gathered by attendance at the sessions of the conference in Winnipeg. It



MRS. JOHN DICK,

Convener of the Entertainment Committee, the Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections.

Gena Branscombe Tenney

Song Composer

By KATHERINE HALE

IN a certain "Ulysses Court" on the Riverside Drive in New York City, lives a young Canadian whose songs are appearing on many of the most important programmes given by American and European artists—Gena Branscombe, in private life Mrs. John Ferguson Tenney.

Knowing her, one can easily imagine "Ulysses Court" as a sort of mediaeval tall tower and Gena Branscombe as a princess under a spell which turns most of her thoughts into forms of life and beauty. The whole environment carries out a sense of charm. Within the studio-apartment the grand piano is not sole god, for two lovely children blossom there like flowers. Outside, so close that you can almost hear its song, the great Hudson lures and beckons and fills one with dreams. It has all become a part of the composer in my mind, and she seems to me to send each song, quite gayly and easily, like a little message out of a magic case-ment, into a world that is only learning, as yet, to catch the meaning of the music of pure happiness.

Happiness is, I think, a predominating quality in the themes of this remarkable composer; that and a strength which is neither masculine nor feminine, but a singular combination of both. I know that it is a kind of virility that, Wagner-like, almost breaks your voice before it has accomplished its purpose with you—a purpose merely to make the singer a temporary interpreter between the god Genius and man, careless in the old god-like way of the life or death of the medium.

She is so quickly becoming a celebrity that much biographical detail is almost unnecessary. But I shall tell you that Gena Branscombe was born in Picton, Ontario, not so very long ago, and while still a young girl became a professional musician: pianist, and teacher. She worked with Felix Borowski in Chicago, and won medals and scholarships. But the urge of composition was upon her. She went abroad and further studied the technique of musical forms, putting her own ideas constantly forth into songs and short tone-poems for instruments, some of her duos for piano and violin being quite unique, also her compositions for organ, piano and violin.

Humperdinck, the great German composer, and Rudolph Ganz, have been her masters and critics in Berlin, where many of her compositions have appeared with success.

I came upon her work by way of a private quest for sources of Canadian songs, and after weeks of study in Indian and French-Canadian lore was finding the present field a good deal less interesting than the past. Some one announced that Gena Branscombe was to give a Recital in Toronto, and armed in ignorance I went to hear her. The programme was composed entirely of her work, interpreted by a quartette of singers with the composer at the piano. The words of the songs at once showed a wide mental range: Browning, Milton, Eichendorff, Lawrence Hope, and Browning again.

TO a hearer for the first there may be a hint of the bizarre, the too unusual in the swift progressions, the strange turns, the much-embroidered harmonies of these fascinating songs, but as one studies and sings them, or hears them sung very often, the fact grows that Gena Branscombe has really seized universal aspects of life and not those lying merely on the surface of things. One realizes, too, that under the brilliant colour-pictures there is tremendous knowledge and facility, so that, just as a painter sees buried in each of his perfected canvases many half-formed but discarded ideas, one can fancy in studying almost any of the Branscombe songs, that the theme might have been worked out by her in half a dozen different ways, so rich is her mind in imagery, so redolent is she of ideas.

Always the musical translation is

typical of the genius of the composer. She makes a choral picture which rivals the very strength—the flower-wreathed strength—of Milton himself. So, in the Lawrence Hope suite, dark with eastern passion, the lilt of Browning's Cavalier Tunes or the in-



CANADA'S CREATIVE MUSICIAN.

Gena Branscombe Tenney Snapped With One of Her Sources of Inspiration, Her Little Daughter.

tensity of his love poems we find the inwardness of emotion searched for, revealed, and expressed in a language of singular force and intensity.

"In what direction do you feel that your work will finally lead?" I once asked the composer.

"MY ideal lies in Symphonic forms," she said, "and at times great opera motifs surge through my mind. I hear the music of the St. Lawrence, and have almost completed this water-theme. Mountain music also comes to me, and the sound of wind across the prairies. Some day a poet will arrive to fuse my picture into a composite whole. Together we will make a Canadian or an American opera. In the meantime, the critics say that my work is too difficult, too mental, too involved, for the easy interpretation of the pianist, or singer. They wish me to become "simple." If further study and research induces this quality in me I shall yield to it. In the meantime I must write the things I feel and know. I must study and move forward in my art."

Mrs. Tenney's latest songs will be published this week. They are Chinese, and she says, "I designed the cover for the cycle myself, after a vain search for something in Chinese art from the Tang period—which is the period of the poems. I could find nothing to match my mental vision, so was obliged to do a cover myself, whose only claim to merit is its simplicity." She adds, "I have just finished a big Festival March for orchestra, and am finishing a Christmas Suite for piano—very easy. I had a great deal of fun doing it, as it is dedicated to Vivian, my baby. Plans for the coming season include some Recitals of my own things in various parts of the country, but principally quiet work in my own dear home at some orchestral and choral compositions."

In Mrs. Tenney's opinion the most interesting happening in New York at present is the "music for the people" movement as exemplified in the English opera at the Century Theatre, and the various pageants throughout the country for which Arthur Farwell is writing the music.

I am glad that the illustration of this little sketch shows her madonna as well as composer. Life itself is the best teacher, life that is lived in the glow of that magic over-plus which gives to one so young, so wonderful, so happy, the whole shining field of music to explore.

England has her Liza Lehmann, and France her Chauminade. I am glad that Gena Branscombe, so young and happy, is ours.

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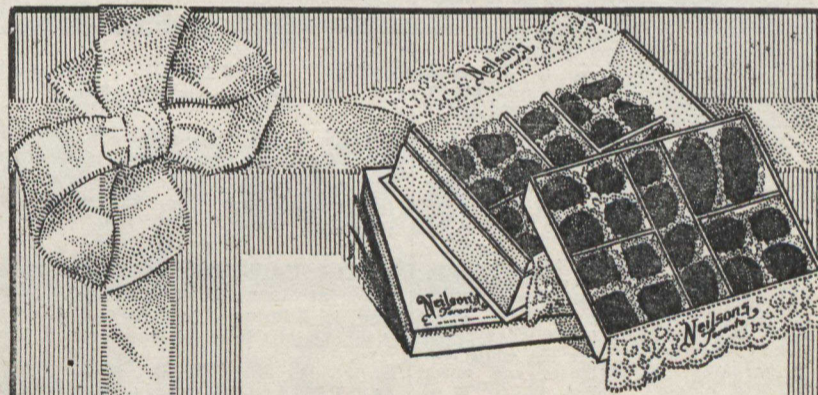
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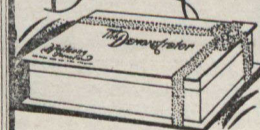
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A "Lost Leader" Lady Dawson

THE recent demise in Montreal of Lady Dawson, widow of the late Sir William Dawson, who was formerly principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University, was the loss to women of a sometime leader in charitable organization, which cannot fail to be marked the country over.

Since the death of Sir William in



LADY DAWSON.

Who Died Recently in Montreal, and is Remembered There and in a Wider Circle for Her Charitable and Educative "Works."

1899, the life of Lady Dawson had been one of comparative seclusion, the previous period having been marked by a multiplicity of public interests. Lady Dawson, for many years, was president of the Ladies' Bible Association, and an active member of many other local organizations designed for the benefit of society and the advancement of women. She was one of a number of enterprising women who founded the Ladies' Educational Institute of Montreal.

Born in Edinburgh, where she resided during the earlier part of her life, the late Lady Dawson married Sir William in 1847, coming to Montreal eight years later. She, like the Roman matron of old, "the mother of the Gracchi," was also the mother of several brilliant sons. To her husband Lady Dawson was an ideal "help-meet." A friend who remembers sums her up in the recent tribute, "The great wife of a great man."

Personal Notes

HON T. W. CROTHERS and Mrs. Crothers, who have been spending several weeks in England and Ireland, arrived home in Ottawa this week.

MRS. CAMERON received recently at Government House, Winnipeg, in honour of the delegates to the Associated Charities convention.

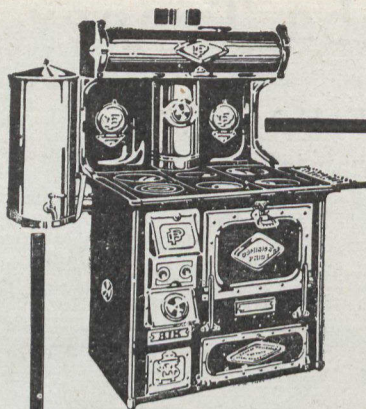
A BRILLIANT affair in Edmonton lately was Mrs. Clifton's reception at Garry Kennaugh to six hundred guests. Among the same were: His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, the Cabinet Ministers and their wives, Chief Justice and Mrs. Harvey and the members of parliament and their wives.

SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE and Lady Mackenzie have returned to Toronto from the West.

THE engagement is announced in Fredericton, New Brunswick, of Miss Nan Thompson, daughter of Hon. F. P. Thompson, to Hon. Frank B. Gregory, Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, and son of the late Judge Gregory of Fredericton.

LADY SYBIL GREY, the latter part of whose recent visit was happily spent with friends in Toronto, the Capital and Montreal, sailed from Quebec for England on October 2nd.

LADY EVELYN FARQUHAR, who is the wife of Major Farquhar, the new military secretary to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, is expected to arrive in the capital this month.



WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

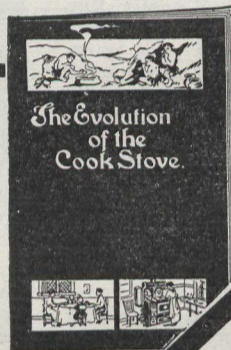
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By our special process the cloth is made absolutely Showerproof, yet light and porous. To insure complete satisfaction when ordering your new coat, see that the trade mark, shown below, is stamped on the inside of the collar.

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Only thoroughly Reliable Goods stocked
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WEDDING LINEN OUTFITS a specialty

Price Lists and Samples Post Free

Discussed in Winnipeg

(Concluded from page 18.)

feeble-minded citizens of Manitoba should bear much good fruit.

Dr. J. M. McDougall delivered one of the most scholarly papers of the conference when he spoke on "The Country Life Problem." A deep student of economic questions, as well as of human needs and of rural conditions in Canada, his was a remarkably illuminative exposition of a mysterious taxing subject.

J. S. Wordsworth, on the "Minimum Wage and the Social Welfare League"—a league endorsed, by the way, by the convention and now formed; M. Leiserson, Superintendent of the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin, on the work of that notable experiment of relating university life to civics, and on hinging the jobless man and the manless job together in public employment offices; John Bradford, on "Developing the Social Life of a Community"; W. B. S. Armstrong, of the Toronto Housing Company, R. B. Chadwick, of Alberta, on "Juvenile Courts in Canada," and Rufus Smith, on "Training for Social Service," were all tremendously worth while speakers who dealt with intensely interesting subjects.

In point of attendance the conference was a great success, each session being crowded to the doors, a very noticeable feature being the very large numbers of young men and women who thronged to all the meetings.

Arrangements were so perfect, amusements and entertainments so carefully planned, and the whole conference so smoothly conducted that the President, R. T. Riley; the Secretary, J. H. Falk; and the Committee of Ladies, composed of:—Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. G. D. McKay, Mrs. T. R. Deacon, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mrs. T. W. Taylor, Mrs. Geoffrey Walker, Mrs. J. A. M. Aikins, Mrs. N. Bawlf, Mrs. W. J. Boyd, and Mrs. E. M. Wood, came in for an immense amount of praise, and the conference was voted the most successful of the fourteen which have been held.

Under the new President, J. O. McCarthy, of Toronto, the Conference of Charities and Corrections is, however, likely to establish a new and even better record for efficiency and usefulness.

The News in Brief

A WINNIPEG Ladies' Swimming Club has been formed, with Mrs. Harrison, matron of the Winnipeg public baths, as president. The promoters were the Ladies' Life-saving Class of Winnipeg.

THE Ottawa Local Council of Women is attempting to solve the city's housing problem. It is studying schemes which are working in other



OTTAWA LADY ROWERS.

A Crew Recently Organized and Trained by C. W. Badgeley, the Members of Which are Miss I. Badgeley, Miss H. Burn, Miss M. Young, and Miss A. Taschereau.

cities, especially Toronto, and proposes to invite Mr. Thos. Adams, the famous English authority, to address it.

MRS. HUESTIS, president of the Toronto Council of Women, was one of the chief speakers at the conference in Regina of the Canadian Health Association.

THE most brilliant wedding of the year in Montreal was that of Miss Hazel Allan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew A. Allan to Mr. Claude Huebach, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred-



You'll always be proud of your knit-to-form Sweater Coat

Observe that we emphasize *knit-to-form*. Heretofore sweaters have been considered comfortable garments without any pretensions to style. *Penmans knit-to-form* process has added an air of smart elegance to these useful garments while enhancing their warmth-giving qualities because it demands the choicest of wools. Penmans Sweater Coats are *guaranteed* to retain their shapely, dressy lines—carefully shaped to set snug to the figure.

There are *scores* of outdoor enjoyments which demand these *warm* and *stylish* garments. *Penmans Sweater Coats*, for men, women and children, can be had at almost any good store. You'll find a Penman Sweater to *fit your exact type* and *satisfy your taste in style and colors*.

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\$350 VACUUM WASHER \$100

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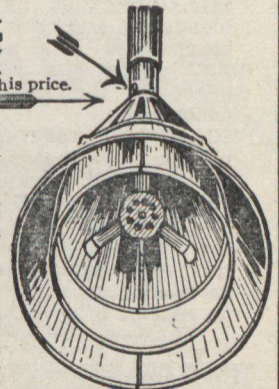
Instead of spending a lot of money advertising our Rapid Vacuum Washer we have decided to sell single washers at **COST PRICE** with the idea that the thousands of delighted users will become our agents, or if not agents they will at least recommend them to their friends. By accepting this offer you are not bound in any way to become an agent—we will take a chance on that. Send us the coupon and one dollar, and we will deliver a washer to you by return mail. Try it, and if it will not do all we claim for it, we will gladly return every cent of your money.

IT IS THE ONLY WASHER THAT HAS A VALVE, which is absolutely necessary in order to create a perfect vacuum and supply the compressed air which forces the hot suds through the fabric. It is the lightest and strongest machine made. It is guaranteed to last a lifetime. It can be used in any boiler, tub or pail equally well. It has been awarded prizes in washing competitions over \$50 washing machines. It will wash the heaviest blankets in three minutes. It will wash the finest lingerie perfectly in three minutes. It will wash a tub of anything washable in three minutes. It will save you hours of needless toil. It will save many dollars a year by not wearing out the clothes. It can be operated by a child as easily as by an adult. It is as easy to wash with this machine as it is to wash a pot of potatoes. It

will thoroughly blue a whole family washing in 30 seconds. It will do everything we claim for it or we will return every cent of your money.

With the Fisher-Ford Vacuum Washer you can finish your washing in 15 minutes. It is the valve that does it, and this valve is to be found only in our washer. It is a necessity this weather, and you will be glad that you spent a dollar.

Don't miss this chance, you may not get another. Send us one dollar to-day, and we will send you the washer post-paid to any address. Also our agent's terms, which show you how you can make fifty dollars a week.



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BECAUSE it has stood the test of public approval for over 65 years, the surest guarantee of its perfection.

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BECAUSE it is a liquid preparation and will remain on the skin until washed off, far surpassing dry powders that have to be applied frequently.

BECAUSE it is a preparation highly desirable for use when preparing for daily or evening attire.

BECAUSE the fashion of the present day requires that the complexion of the well-groomed woman shall be of a snowy whiteness.

BECAUSE it is a daily necessity for the toilet of the well-groomed woman whether at home or while travelling, as it protects the skin from injurious effects of the elements.

BECAUSE it purifies the skin, protecting it from blemishes and skin troubles.

BECAUSE of its soothing effect on the skin when sunburned.

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Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Props. 37 Great Jones Street, NEW YORK.

erick W. Huebach, of Winnipeg, on Sept. 18th.

MISS EDNA MOONEY, of Edmonton, recently won the gold medal offered by the Royal Academy of Music, in London, for highest honour marks in the intermediate grade of examinations. Over six hundred Canadian pupils wrote.

LAST week the directors of the Toronto Graduate Nurses' Club gave an At-Home in honour of their presi-



SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. But Neglects to Boast of Being the First Recognition of the Sort. Also of Having Been Formally Presented by Mrs. A. T. Harshaw, Regent of the U. E. Loyalist Chapter of the I.O.D.E., Napanee.

dent, Miss Brent, superintendent of the Hospital for Sick Children, who is shortly to be married.

THE new wing to the Women's Home, erected in Victoria by the W. C. T. U., was recently formally opened by Lady McBride. The story of the beginning and growth of the Home was told by the Provincial President, Mrs. Spofford.

DR. HELEN MacMURCHY, of Toronto, inspector of the feeble-minded, and assistant inspector of hospitals, prisons and public charities of Ontario, recently addressed the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg. Her subject was "Modern Ideals of Public Service."

LADY SYBIL GREY and the four lady golf champions, Misses Ravenscroft, Pooley, Harrison and Dodds, were the guests of honour last week at the luncheon given at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club by the committee of the ladies' section of the club.

Englishwomen and Canadian Hospitals

THERE is one stumbling stone in the path of the Englishwoman who comes to Canada with the intention of succeeding in some profession, and that is her insistence on specializing—her unwillingness to do anything that comes to hand, if it should happen to be outside the very definitely drawn line with which she surrounds her particular work. This is the attitude of the majority in positions in this country and is tolerated, no doubt, because of the low rate of payment she is willing to accept for her services.

With the enlarging of the General Hospital in Winnipeg an opportunity has arisen to provide fifty Englishwomen with occupation in this institution, and an excellent course of instruction, together with indoor uniform and medical books and a salary of four dollars a month after the first six months of training are completed, will be provided. Nurses are to have three weeks' holidays in each year of the three-year course, and these, if desired, may be spent at a delightful summer cottage provided for them at Kenora, on the Lake of the Woods. It must be remembered, however, that a nurse in Canada must not expect to confine her duties to actual nursing as she so often does in the Mother Country. She must be prepared to assist with the work of the household, and in many cases take full charge. If her patient is the mother of a family frequently there are small children to be taken care of. The success of the Englishwoman who comes to Canada to take up this calling depends more largely upon her adaptability than upon her actual talent in the nursing profession.

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"SALADA"

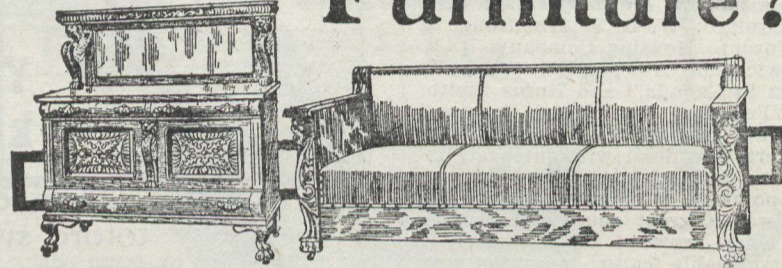
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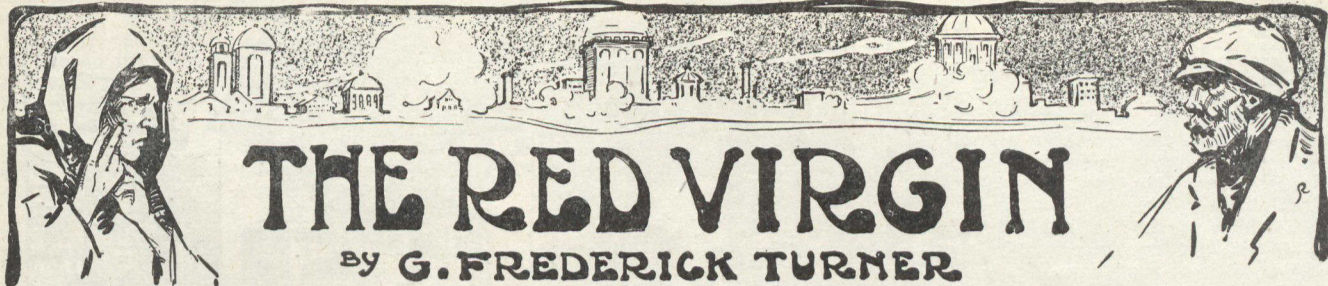
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SYNOPSIS

Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, after discussing anarchy, votes for women and wine, with several military noblemen, narrowly escapes an anarchist's bomb in the Central Meat Market of Weidenbruck. His would-be assassin, a strange woman, is arrested.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"THANKS; one will suffice. It is written from Wolfsnaden and is addressed to Frau Weber, 19 Hahngasse, Weidenbruck."

Stein rose from his seat, and pulled out a canvas sack from the back of his sleigh.

"It will be in here, Excellency. I must break the seal, I suppose."

"Certainly not," said Saunders, producing a knife, and ripping up the string stitches which united the canvas pieces at the bottom. "The post-master of Weidenbruck would notice a broken seal; he will not notice a severed piece of string, especially if it is neatly mended."

A shower of letters poured forth from the lacerated sack, and Saunders, going rapidly through them, selected the object of his search and transferred it to his breast-pocket.

"Now listen to me," he said. "That letter will reach the lady to whom it is addressed at precisely the same time, and in approximately the same condition, as if I had not interrupted your journey at this desolate and somewhat inauspicious spot; only it will not be through the ordinary channels of the post office. On no account are you to mention this episode to a soul."

"No, Excellency."

"To reward you for your assistance, I shall make you a small present," Saunders went on, producing a hundred-krone note. "That, at a rough guess, should represent about a fortnight's wages to you, and should recompense you for the annoyances and anxiety of your protracted halt on the Schlect Weg."

"Your Excellency is generous," said Stein, fingering the note with evident satisfaction.

"I am not generous," corrected Saunders, "but I happen to be rich, which is not precisely the same thing, and like most rich men I like getting my money's worth. In transferring that note from my pocket to yours I am buying you, body and soul. Do you understand that?"

"I think so, Excellency."

"I mean that you strike a covenant with me to hold your tongue. It is my habit to reward fully and to punish fully, not because I am either generous or vindictive, but because I am politic. If this incident of the stopped post leaks out you will have to look out for greater misfortunes, my good friend, than a chance schlag-lawine."

Stein bowed his head in acquiescence. Saunders was a name to conjure with in Grimland, and the Englishman's personality was sufficiently powerful to have at length won its way to dominance without the aid of gold lace and epaulets.

"Good day," said Saunders, turning his big black mare towards Weidenbruck. "Mind that post-bag, and continue your journey to the capital at your convenience."

Stein watched the rapidly retreating figure of the horseman with wide-open eyes. "Gott in Himmel!" he muttered. "What a man! I wish he would not gallop his horse along the Schlect Weg. It would be too terrible if an avalanche overwhelmed me with a hundred-krone note in my pocket."

CHAPTER IV.

The Hotel Concordia.

THE Hotel Concordia is to Weidenbruck what the Grand Hotel is to Paris, the Kulm Hotel to St.

Moritz, or the Gezireh Palace to Cairo, that is to say, an institution and a rendezvous.

At about one o'clock of this particular afternoon, the foyer was even fuller than usual.

A great thing had happened at Weidenbruck, a great blow had fallen; and public grief, like public joy, has a knack of bringing people together at eating-houses.

Karl XXII. was dead! The news had been proclaimed thrice with broken staff according to immemorial custom by the Lord Chamberlain, a hundred times by the great tenor bell of the Domkirche, and times without number by ever-issuing editions of the daily Press.

In the streets black shutters half hid the wares of usually brilliant shops; flags were flying half-mast high from all public buildings, and already every policeman, soldier, and official had a band of black crepe on his left arm.

WITHIN the Concordia was little token of mourning, save in the faces of those who thronged the foyer and the public rooms. Some doubtless were anxious for the future, for monarchical institutions in Grimland are notoriously lacking in stability, and dynastic cataclysms are apt to occur with as little warning as the stroke-avalanches of the Schlect Weg.

But nearly all were afflicted with a sense of sorrow that went far deeper than a merely conventional grief. Karl was dead! The king many of them had intrigued against, fought against, and even temporarily driven from his place, was no more! And now his lifeless body lay in state at the great Palace of the Neptunberg, now that the wise head schemed no more for a thankless people, now that the strong arm was but a thing of senseless clay, the people grieved. And their grief was sincere, for the man whom they had scorned as a friend they had learned to love as a master, and now that he was taken from them they realised that in losing Karl they had indeed suffered loss.

Within the dining-room, though a large proportion of the occupants were English and American visitors on their way to the winter sports of Weissheim or Wolfsnaden, the conversation was relegated to a low buzz, indicative of sympathy if not direct sorrow.

In the foyer itself were gathered a number of officers in uniform, a sprinkling of Town Councillors, several members of the National Assembly, a few distinguished clericals, and even one or two individuals of the mysterious, exclusive, and powerful body known as the "Rathsherren."

The Concordia had this advantage over a club, it was open to men of every rank and all shades of political thought, and at this sudden crisis in the State's affairs all were anxious to learn what wind was likely to arise and whither it would blow. Into this fine apartment, floored with marble, panelled with oak, and filled with whispering groups of Grimland's foremost citizens, entered a young man with a sadder heart than any of them. A sadder heart, but not a sadder face. In fact his gay, irresponsible air, bright smile, cheerful nod to several whom he recognised, made a strange, almost indecent, contrast with the general air of mourning and solemnity. To act grief is comparatively easy; to act insensibility is supremely difficult, and it must be admitted that the acting was masterly.

Dressed in sober hues, but in garments that suggested the tailoring of Savile Row rather than the Bahnhofstrasse, he swung through the hall with light and jaunty gait.

Aged, apparently, two or three and

twenty, he possessed in a marked degree what novelists call "the comeliness of youth." Dark, sleek-haired, soft-skinned, and clear-complexioned, his features had that ultra-refinement of modelling which one associates only with the gentler sex. His nose was chiselled to a dainty aquiline; his chin a sculpturesque projection of rounded grace. In fact, but for a very small and silky moustache, one might have thought him a tall and handsome young woman masquerading in male attire.

Having crossed the foyer he stood a moment at the entrance doors of the speise-saal, surveying the spectacle of lurching humanity.

The head-waiter approached deferentially.

"A table, my lord?"

"Yes, but not by myself. I dislike solitude at meals. I see two ladies in the left-hand corner; one middle-aged and sharming, the other young and still more charming. They are evidently English or Americans on their way to a winter resort. I think I will take the opportunity of practising my English."

The head-waiter conducted the young man to the table in question, and indicated a vacant seat. The new-comer bowed politely in foreign fashion to his fellow-lunchers, and instantly busied himself with a selection of hors d'oeuvres varies. He would have preferred to lunch alone, alone with his grief, his schemes, and, it must be added, a healthy appetite; yet he wished, for reasons of State, to appear in the public eye what he had been, but what he no longer was, a butterfly.

But acting, if it is truly artistic, brings a sense of reality to the actor.

In the middle of a smoked sardine he became conscious of a pair of eyes. They were very large eyes, darkly lustrous, infinitely solemn. They shone from a milk-white face like twin moons gleaming from an opalescent heaven. That at least was the poetic simile that occurred to the fancy of the new-comer, who among things was something of a poet.

Further strategic glances at his vis-a-vis revealed a pair of lips that were a perfect bow, a face that was a perfect oval, with a frame of pale gold hair—so pale as to look almost white—fluffed out under the dainty fur toque that did duty as a travelling hat. Connoisseur of female beauty as he was, he felt certain that he had never seen anything so absolutely delicate in contour, or so amazingly pure in colouring. He admired, for he was one to whom admiration came instinctively, and under the circumstances it would have been profanity not to admire. The physical perfection, the shell-like delicacy, would have compelled the approval of anyone with the least capacity for appreciating the manifestly exquisite; for permeating the picture was an atmosphere that defied analysis, an air of detachment from the grossness of things terrestrial, a trail of holy light (to adopt another of those metaphors that occurred so readily to the young man's fancy) streaming from the ambrosial workshop of the gods.

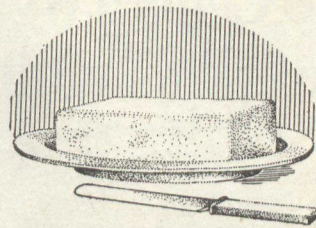
"May I trouble you for the mustard?"

THE perfect lips had spoken. A voice—"a mere thread, but a thread of gold"—broke through the rhapsody of his dreams, and he obeyed the commonplace request with polite alacrity and his brightest smile.

"You are perhaps travelling to Weissheim in search of pleasure," he hazarded in English, taking the opportunity of opening a conversation.

It was the elder woman who replied, a dignified lady of strong colouring and picturesque grey hair.

"We are staying here a few days

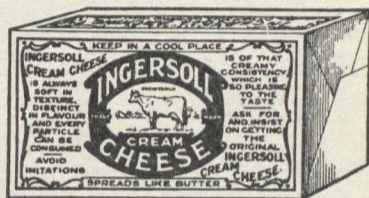


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on the way to Wolfsnaden," she answered. "They tell me that Wolfsnaden is just as healthy as Weissheim, and a great deal quieter."

"You desire quiet?"

"My daughter needs quiet and rest. She has been overworking herself."

The young man opened his eyes.

"Is it possible that the gnadikes fraulein has been working?"

"I have worked a good deal," replied the golden voice of the daughter, "and in a good cause."

"Charity?" suggested the youth.

"Not charity in the ordinary sense of the word," replied the girl, "but nevertheless true charity, the emancipation and uplifting of womanhood."

The young man looked frankly puzzled, and the girl went on.

"Perhaps the cry of 'Votes for Women' has found an echo even here in Grimland."

"I have indeed heard it mentioned," he said. "Anyway, you have my sympathy."

"Because I am overworked?"

"Because you are overworked in a good cause."

The girl eyed the new-comer with some suspicion. She noticed for the first time that he was exceedingly handsome, and she told herself that she disliked exceedingly handsome men.

"You approve of female suffrage?" she asked.

"Why not?" he retorted. "The world is sweeter and cleaner for woman's influence—why not extend that influence?"

The young woman's suspicions deepened. She was not particularly tolerant of hostile arguments, but this facile acquiescence, lacking the true ring of sincerity, provoked a latent feeling of combativeness. Moreover, she noted that his hands were white and his finger nails pink, and she scented her bete noire, effeminacy.

"I do not believe in one law for woman and one for man," she stated with a deliberate firmness that gave the lie to the gentle seraphic sweetness of her countenance.

"Certainly not," agreed the youth.

A flash of scorn glinted dangerously from her splendid eyes.

"Still less do I believe in two different moral codes," she pursued: "tolerance for the sinning man, social annihilation for the sinning woman. Do you agree with me there?"

"Absolutely."

Her lips moved with contempt, but she went on:

"I believe also that God made the souls of man and woman alike, and that on the Day of Judgment there will be no sex. I suppose you believe that too."

The young man caught the unmistakable note of scorn in the last sentence. His agreement had been too ready to afford satisfaction, and he hastened to a change of tactics.

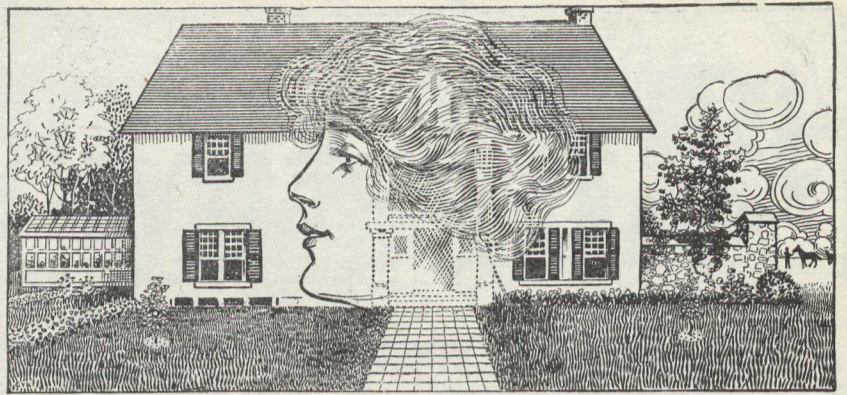
"I do not think as you do on that point," he said. "I do not think the souls of men and women are the same. I think the souls of women must be far more beautiful than the souls of men."

The young lady bit her lip.

"That is gallantry, not philosophy," she said. "I am afraid I do not care much for gallantry."

"Naturally," was the unperturbed answer; "you must be surfeited with it."

The two ladies exchanged a glance and rose; they had finished their meal. The young man half rose and bowed, and then bestowed his undivided attention on an entrecote. And he ate with relish, for he had ridden far that morning and was very hungry. The vision of beauty he had been vouchsafed troubled his soul no more than the quaint theories of sex equality he had just listened to troubled his mind. And yet his admiration for the thing of delicacy, perfume, and perfection had been genuine. The similes and metaphors that had presented themselves so spontaneously to his mind were as natural, as inevitable almost, as the mirroring of a fair scene in a clear pool on a still day. What they were not, was a permanent engraving on a steel plate. He had conceived so many temporary admirations in his short life that he refused to let his mind dwell on an ephemeral enchantment when there was a dead king lying in the Neptunberg, and



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Heaven knew what plots afoot with regard to the succession.

At the conclusion of his repast he wandered into the foyer. There were many people he wished to speak to, many who wished to speak with him. Then, as he was about to direct his steps towards the Count of Tortenform, he became for the second time acutely conscious of a pair of eyes.

Now they glowed with solemn, mystic fire from the far corner of the hall.

Perhaps he felt a spirit of sympathy for solitary ladies in a foreign land. Perhaps he wished to play the butterfly before the crowded dignitaries of the foyer. Anyway, he bent his steps to the beacon light that shone so steadily from the far corner, and with his gallantest smile and bow addressed himself once more to the English women.

"May I ask what hotel you are going to at Wolfsnaden?" he asked politely.

"The Konigshof," replied the mother. "I am told it is the best. But we shall not be going there for a few days."

"I may be at Wolfsnaden before long myself. Have I your permission to pay my respects to you there? I should much like," he went on, turning to the daughter, "to continue our discussion on female suffrage, and the sex of souls."

"I should be preaching to the converted in your case," said the young woman a little scornfully, "unless, of course, your concurrence in my opinions was merely mistaken politeness."

"Politeness is never mistaken," he returned. "If one gives offence, it is a proof of bad manners."

"Or of too good manners," she retorted softly.

"We shall be delighted to see you at Wolfsnaden," said the elder woman. "I am Mrs. Perowne, and this is my daughter, Miss Phoebe Perowne."

"A thousand thanks," said the young man, bowing. "May I give you my card?" He half turned away to take a card-case out of his pocket, and as he did so, bumped into, or rather was bumped into by, a big man in the uniform of a cavalry officer. The young man gave the soldier a swift and rather angry glance. The latter was a very tall man with broad square shoulders, snub nose, bullet head, grizzled moustache, and heavy chin. He was arrayed in the uniform of a Major of the Green Dragoons, carried several decorations on his breast and a big scar on his left cheek, and altogether looked a pretty typical specimen of an effective fighting machine. The annoyance in the young man's face melted into a look of recognition.

"I must express regret for my clumsiness, sir," he said with a smile.

The Major looked him up and down arrogantly.

"I am glad you use the right word—clumsiness," he said at length.

The young man flushed pink.

"I used the right word," he said, "but I am not sure that I applied it to the right person."

"Thunder and devils!" cried the dragoon in a loud voice, so that all in the room could hear. "You accuse me of clumsiness. That, sir, is my glove," and the officer laid his leather gauntlet flat across the other's face.

The buzz of conversation sank to absolute silence. Every pair of eyes in the room were focused on the two men, so dissimilar in bulk and all physical characteristics. The flush had died from the young man's face, which was now almost colourless save where the red blood flowed to his smitten cheek. He touched a bell on the table and a waiter appeared.

"Waiter, a cigar please. Or rather two cigars. Thank you. Major, you do smoke, I believe," and so saying he offered the officer a Havana cigar.

The Major took the cigar, deliberately dropped it on to the marble floor, and ground it to powder under the heel of his great riding-boot.

"I do not accept presents from cowards," he said. "Will you meet me or will you not?"

"I shall be charmed to meet you, Major, in any other capacity than that of an antagonist."

The officer advanced a step and thrust his face within an inch of the

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young man's. The latter stood his ground without flinching.

"Fritz of Friedrichsheim," said the soldier in a whisper, "you are either an infernal coward, or a very brave man." Then he turned on his heel and strode out of the building.

The Baron of Friedrichsheim remained smiling, watching the retreating figure with an air, not of shame, but almost of triumph.

Miss Perowne had risen to her feet. She was pale and evidently labouring under great excitement.

"What was it he whispered to you?" she demanded eagerly.

"Oh, he merely said that I was either a great coward or a very brave man."

"He wanted you to fight a duel with him?"

"Obviously."

"And you refused?"

"Naturally."

Miss Perowne hesitated a moment; then she asked, "Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Like you," he said, "I have advanced views. I disapprove of duelling."

She studied him earnestly, as if to read whether he spoke truth or mockery.

"Do you really disapprove of duelling?" she asked.

"Certainly I do. At any rate, I disapprove of duelling with Major Heinrich von Lacherberg."

"Why with him in particular?"

"Because he is a noted duellist. There are only two better shots in Grimland than old Lacherberg, and only one better swordsman."

Miss Perowne's lip curled in scorn. The base admission was only partially mitigated by its frankness.

"And who are the two better shots?" She persisted with a curiosity that surprised herself.

"One is a countryman of your own, domiciled in Grimland. His name is Saunders. The other is a countryman of mine: a young noble known as Fritz of Friedrichsheim."

"And who is the better swordsman?" she asked.

"Fritz of Friedrichsheim," he answered calmly.

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Perowne intervened.

"I think my daughter should go and rest for half an hour," she said. "She is not very robust at present, and this country seems rather an exciting place for overstrained nerves. You were going to give us your card."

"I was; yes," said the young man, putting his hand to his breast-pocket. He paused for a few seconds in some confusion. Then he went on: "It appears I have forgotten my card-case. It is most regrettable. But my name is Lugner, Johann Lugner. I shall look forward to paying my respects to you at Wolfsnaden."

CHAPTER V.

The Vow.

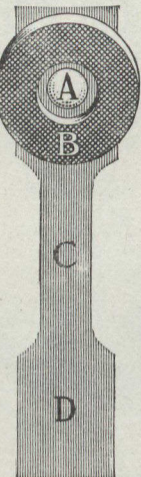
THERE is an old proverb to the effect that no one suddenly becomes a great scoundrel. It is to the credit of mankind that the converse—that no one suddenly becomes a saint—is not true. History is full of such conversions, and to compile a list of them would be to insult the general knowledge of the reader. All this apropos of Fritz of Friedrichsheim. Not that he had become a saint, but he had become for the moment, at any rate, an entirely changed and better being.

How the mere suspicion of the King's fatal malady had affected him we showed in the first chapter. It made him not ashamed of his drunkenness, but resentful of the drunkard's incapacity. His subsequent narrow escape from a ghastly death in the Central Meat Market affected him less consciously but more profoundly. It made him feel, as most men feel when they are snatched from destruction, that his life was saved for a purpose. The final tragedy of his sovereign's decease struck the last nail in the coffin which contained the old Fritz. Ardent loyalist to the House of Karl, keen lover of his country, he vowed all his strength, energy, and brains to the immediate service of the fatherland. He abjured (temporarily, at any rate) everything in which he had most delighted. Cards, because they were a waste of time and money. Wine,

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because it slackened the nerves and softened the muscles. Pretty faces, because they distracted the mind, which must be concentrated on one object, the upholding of the dynasty and the confusion of traitors. Rather a physical than a spiritual regeneration this, but a very real one nevertheless, for the resolves were made by one who had fundamentally great qualities, and who was very much a man, despite his smooth cheek and pretty features.

As the Perownes left the foyer he looked round in search for Tortenform.

At the same time the hall door opened, and a big, strong-built man in civilian attire entered.

Fritz's white teeth flashed a smile of welcome and he advanced to greet the new-comer.

"My good friend Saunders," he said, taking the other's hand cordially, "how goes it?"

"Pretty well, Fritz," answered Saunders in a low voice. "I've got a letter."

"For me?"

"No, for her—from him."

Fritz whistled softly.

"I should like to see it," he said.

"You shall, but not here. There are too many of the other side here, and we are being closely watched. As I came in I passed that old mastiff Lacherberg, whose views of Grimland's welfare are not, to put it mildly, our views."

"Not exactly," laughed the young Baron. "A few minutes ago he put his dirty glove across my face."

"And when are you going to kill him?" asked Saunders.

"I am not going to kill him."

"What!"

"I am unwilling to take risks," said the young noble slowly.

Saunders gasped.

"Fritz of Friedrichsheim is unwilling to take risks!" he ejaculated.

"At present, yes. My life is more valuable than his. I am taking the situation seriously, and I realise the difference in tactical value between a Baron of Friedrichsheim and a swash-buckling dragoon."

Saunders nodded thoughtfully.

"The situation must indeed be serious if it makes you prudent," he said.

"It is. I loved poor old Karl, and I like his boy. There is devilment afoot, but I mean the lad to sit where his father sat, on the throne of Grimland."

"There speaks a loyal soul! But it was difficult, was it not, refusing the challenge?"

"Diabolically so," agreed Fritz. "Especially as it was given under the eyes of the loveliest maiden I have ever seen."

"Ah! Fritz," laughed Saunders, "woman's eyes will bring you to bad end."

"Some day, undoubtedly; but not till the son of Karl XXII. is firmly seated on the throne of Grimland."

Saunders nodded his approval in his own quiet way.

"It is a pleasure to find you in so determined a mood," he said warmly. "But this letter calls for immediate perusal. I have given my word to the person I took it from that it will be delivered by the four o'clock post. Let us adjourn to the house of General Meyer, who is expecting us."

"Most willingly," agreed Fritz, and the two men left the building together. Both donned heavy fur-lined coats, but the damp-cold air of the city closed round them like an icy sheet.

Very different was the atmosphere of Weidenbruck from the crisp air of the uplands which Saunders had traversed earlier in the day. Here, instead of the dry light of the mountains was a thin white mist, bred of the ill-drained plains and the River Niederkessel, and instead of a sapphire blue the heavens were of a lifeless grey.

Beneath their feet a thick carpet of snow hushed the city in a noticeable silence. A long line of sleighs was drawn up outside the Hotel Concordia—some elegant conveyances with richly furred drivers, splendid horses, and silver bells; others shabby, paintless vehicles with bony steeds and poorly clad coachmen. This diversity well reflected the varied character of the visitors within the foyer. Walking down the line of waiting equipages they came presently to one

conveyance which differed in various respects from the others, and more particularly in respect of having no horses. This was Saunders' motor-sleigh, the only vehicle of its kind in Weidenbruck. It had been built from his own specification, for Saunders possessed an inventive and practical mind, and had only recently come from the makers in Coventry into his possession. Its engines were motor-engines of high horse-power, and the thing moved on runners like an ordinary sleigh, save for a central cog-wheel which bit into the snow and formed the propelling agent.

On the front seat was a driver in a leather jacket and peaked cap.

"Get in behind," said Saunders to his companion, "and wrap the rug well round you, for motor-sleighting in Weidenbruck is the coldest game I know." So saying Saunders seated himself at the wheel, the chauffeur started the engines, the clutch was put in, and with a jerk and a rattle and the hoot of a horn, the remarkable vehicle began to rush at an alarming pace down the Bahnhofstrasse. In a few minutes they left the spacious modernity of the Bahnhofstrasse for the more picturesque confinement of the Schugasse. Here it would have been advisable to go slowly, but Saunders was in a hurry, and when Saunders was in a hurry police regulations were apt to be set at naught. An open space called the Karl-Platz was reached, and leading from this they took a respectable avenue named the Peter-strasse.

At a stone house, slightly recessed from the alignment of the street and bearing the number 18 on an especially handsome door, the sleigh was stopped. Fritz and Saunders alighted, and the latter told the chauffeur not to wait, but to return at once to his garage adjoining the Neptunburg Palace.

"Meyer's house is well known," he explained, pressing the bell, "and my motor-sleigh is well known, and it is not necessary to proclaim to all the world where I am spending the afternoon."

A man-servant appeared—an ivory-faced person with close-set eyes of a pinkish hue, and hair of snowiest white. A slight stoop taken in conjunction with his bleached locks gave a first impression of age, which, however, was belied by the smooth cheek and unfurrowed brow. As a matter of fact, Langli, General Meyer's butler, had been white-haired since he had any hair at all, a matter of some thirty odd years.

His quick, shifting eyes recognised the visitors in an instant. He asked no questions, but admitted them, and closed the door swiftly behind them.

"The General is in his study," he said in soft, lisping tones.

"By himself?" asked Fritz.

"His Excellency, General von Bilderbaum, is with him."

"So much the better," said Saunders. "Announce us, if you please."

The butler led the way through a large stone-flagged hall to the end of a long corridor.

"Their Excellencies, the high-born Baron of Friedrichsheim and Herr Saunders," he announced softly, and almost inaudibly.

In a room of moderate proportions, very comfortably furnished, and somewhat thick with tobacco smoke, two men were seated in large arm-chairs in close proximity to a green porcelain stove.

One was a big, stout old officer with white hair, a billowy-white moustache, and a brick-red face.

The other was an elderly man, clean-shaven, sallow, and of unmistakably Semitic origin. He was clad in a uniform of dark green with black facings. His pose was indolent and lethargic, he wore an eyeglass and an air of boredom, and conveyed the impression of being either very tired or very lazy. This was General Meyer, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Grimland.

Meyer surveyed the new-comers through his eye-glass without attempting to rise from his seat, or even mitigating the slovenliness of his posture.

"You will find cigars on the table," he drawled, "and brandy in the side-board. If there is anything else I want, touch the bell."

(To be continued.)



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