

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Materializing of Cecil
 BY L. M. MONTGOMERY



A Return—A Fishing Story
 BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



John Gyles, Captive
 BY GRACE McLEOD ROGERS



Herbert S. Holt, Power Financier
 BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Fiction



Number



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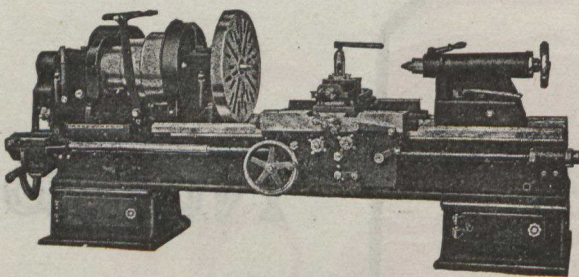
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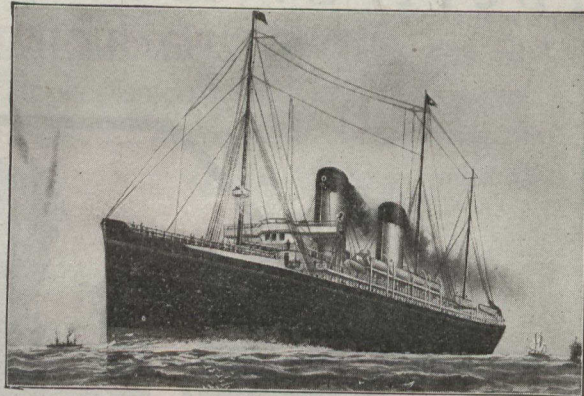
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Courier

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NO. 7

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Editor's Talk

SUMMERTIME and fiction are just about cause and effect. From now until the end of the hot weather most people will worry along with a minimum of facts and a maximum of fiction. We shall do likewise. The present issue is the first of a fiction series to run through the summer. The three short stories in this number have been chosen with particular regard for the interest of folk away from home, traveling or summer-resorting, or camping, or staying at home to look after the domestic regime while the rest of the family are away.

At the same time we have not neglected those facts and human-interest matters which have the engaging quality of fiction. The page of cyclone pictures from Regina; the page of news pictures from the old land; the character-sketch; the regular departments all lightened up to suit a fiction number—all prove that everybody but the editor is able to take a real holiday.



Our new serial will begin in a week or two. The story, "His Little Girl," by Miss Lucy G. Moberly—well, it's the sort of good thing that takes the least amount of sustained mental effort, because it has the art of easy, graphic narrative wedded to the evolution of a romance. "His Little Girl" is an adventure story such as is possible only in a continent like Europe; quite impossible in America. It is the entanglement of a family romance, caused by the international manoeuvres of the man whose little girl becomes the immediate cause of the story. Sir Giles Tredman, a young English officer returning from his regiment in India, finds himself suddenly the guardian of a little girl whose family history is a remarkable complication of adventures. The tracking of these adventures becomes the obsession of Sir Giles Tredman. The lonely child and her mysterious jewel, the abduction, the jilting of Sir Giles by his fiancée, the villain in the case— But this is giving the story away. "His Little Girl" speaks for itself: a grippily interesting piece of domestic fiction with a strong romantic and adventurous turn, which no reader of this paper can afford to miss.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Back at Him.—"Young man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter's waist last evening."
"And I suppose you noticed how she struggled?"—Detroit Journal.

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In panniered paper dress,
Your pedigree or history
No Sherlock Holmes could guess.

'Tis true you bear in letters plain
The legend "Hardy Pride,"
But outward seeming oft is vain
To show what is inside.

And whether, when you come to sprout,
You'll prove an onion set
Or somewhat shyly should put out
A spray of mignonette.

I can not answer. You may be
Perhaps a summer squash,
A cantaloupe, an apple tree,
Or simply succotash.

Oh, well! What is to be must be.
I'll plant you in this row.
The charm of sweet uncertainty
We farmers only know!
—New York Sun.

Literary Faking.—Gabe—"Yes, Spinks had a good job in Washington. He was fiction editor of the Congressional Record."

Steve—"Fiction editor?"
Gabe—"Yes, he inserted (cheers), (laughter), and (applause) in the speeches published every day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hope.—"And you still have hopes of influencing old Titewad to become a regular attendant at your church?"

"Yes, and I am more sanguine than ever."

"You are?"
"Yes. If the Government really begins the coining of half-cent pieces I regard it as a cinch."—Houston Post.

Sold.—One day, Beckmann, the comic actor, was induced to take off a well-known newspaper editor, Frankel by name, in one of the characters he was representing in Berlin. He performed his task so cleverly that at the close the audience broke out into loud calls for Frankel.

The journalist brought an action, and Beckmann was condemned to go to the house of the insulted party and there beg his pardon in the presence of witnesses.

At the hour appointed Frankel sat in the circle of his family, together with a number of relatives and friends whom he had convened for the occasion, waiting the arrival of the delinquent. He tarried long, and half an hour had passed in weary suspense, when, at last, the door opened, and Beckmann put his head in and asked: "Does Mr. Meir live here?"

"Oh, no," answered Frankel, "he lives next door."

"Ah, then I beg your pardon," said the actor, and hastily withdrew, having thus acquitted himself of the imposed penance to the great annoyance of Frankel, and the intense amusement of the assembled witnesses.

A Common Trouble.—Larry—"I like Professor Whatshisname in Shakespeare. He brings things home to you that you never saw before."

Harry—"Huh! I've got a laundryman as good as that."—Jack o' Lantern.

Diplomatic.—"She had him arrested for kissing her forcibly, and he was fined \$200."

"Yet they are good friends now."
"Yes; he announced in open court that it was worth the money."—Washington Herald.

Flunked.—"How's your son getting on in college?"

"Not at all. Every time there are two men on bases and it's his turn to bat, they bench him and give a substitute hitter a chance."—Detroit Free Press.



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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 P. D. C. R.

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Men of

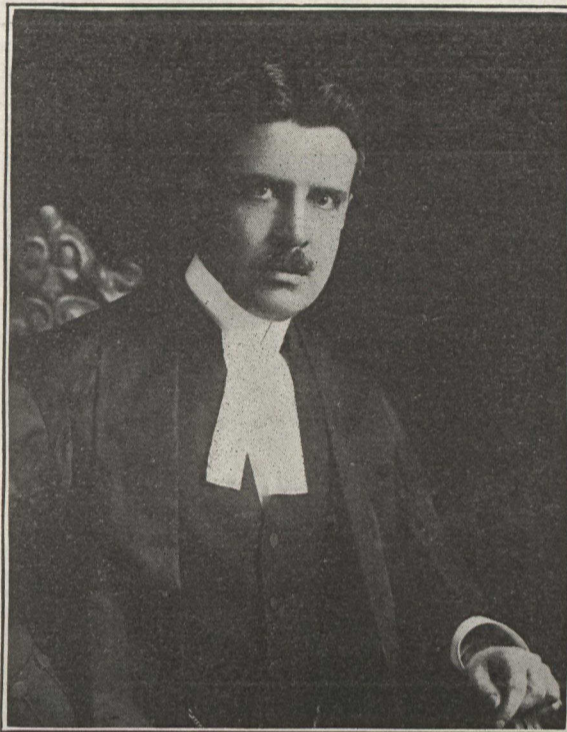
Arbiter of Railways

THE new Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission is personally just about all the late Chairman, Judge Mabee, wasn't.

Up till a few days before his appointment to the leadership of the most important tribunal in Canada, Henry L. Drayton, corporation counsel for Toronto, was as much of a "dark horse" as any of the Democratic nominees at Baltimore. No mere observer of the young counsel, just into his forties, would have slated him for the post to which Judge Mabee had given such a robust and strenuous distinction. He hadn't the make-up that popular sentiment had associated with the Chairmanship of the D. R. C. A small, rather stockish man, with a square head on narrow shoulders; the carefully groomed habit, the pale countenance of the typical indoors city man, the precise, almost dapper lineaments of style—are all in contrast to Mabee.

Mr. Drayton embodies subtlety and finesse. It is these qualities which give him that peculiar distinction which spectators in a crowded court room would not take him to possess until they heard the silken, smooth tones, and observed the suave, insinuating force of manner of the man who has just become the most important tribune in Canada. Mabee was greater as a personality than as a lawyer. Drayton is pre-eminently the lawyer. Judge Mabee had a sort of sixth sense which enabled him to get at the truth without the labour of detail. Mr. Drayton, precise, intellectual, digging at his papers in his little, black bag, has the coldly legal method of approaching problems.

No pedlar ever unpacked a valise with more bewildering finesse than Mr. Drayton unloads that black bag—till he has books, papers, by-laws, private bills, letters, memoranda, and all the visible machinery of argument on the table before him. With an elastic band twiddled about the fingers of



HENRY LUMLEY DRAYTON, K.C.,
 Who Succeeds the Late Judge Mabee as Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission.

one hand he proceeds to unfold the argument. He may have heckling opposition.

But before the last word is out of the critic's mouth the Drayton smile anticipates it; he slides in on the retort—

"That is perfectly true, but—"

"My friend Mr. H. is quite right."

"Then the city of Toronto is a kind of philanthropic institution," remarked a cynical heckler in the Ontario Private Bills Committee.

"We are *more or less* philanthropic," smiled the counsel.

And he proceeded to weave his deft web of argument with the skill and the nicety of a very alert spider; never perturbed by an opponent; seldom raising his clear-cut, quiet tone above the level of conversation, but once in a while landing on some obstreperous party in a real James J. Corbett style.

Such briefly is the temperamental characteristic of H. L. Drayton; and it may exert some change on the rather man-made procedure of the Railway Commission court.

A Professor for President

THE second scene in the Presidential drama has just finished at Baltimore. The actors have walked off the stage to prepare speeches for the next. The Democratic Convention was just as historically stupendous as the Republican duel.

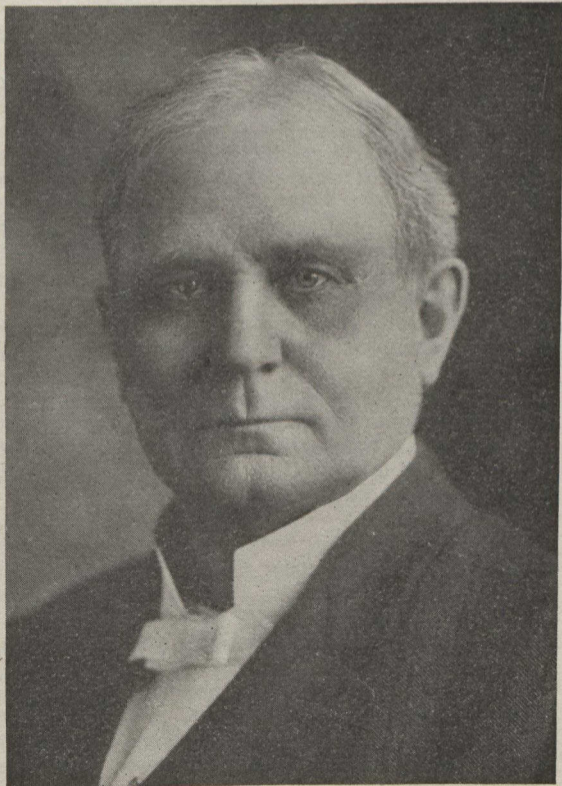
The selection of Governor Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of Princeton University, as Democratic candidate, has created a sensation. The excitement produced is mainly because of two circumstances: In the first place his nomination is the end of a long, intense struggle of forty-six ballots to decide whether Speaker Champ Clark, frank annexationist; Governor Judson Harmon, conservative; Oscar W. Underwood, unruffled, from Alabama; William Jennings Bryan, three times Presidential loser; or Governor Wilson, the professor in politics, should bear the party's standard in November. The stage in the final moments was cleared for Clark and Wilson, with Bryan in the wings prompting now and then. At one time Clark had Wilson beaten two to one; then came the deadlock; then

To-Day

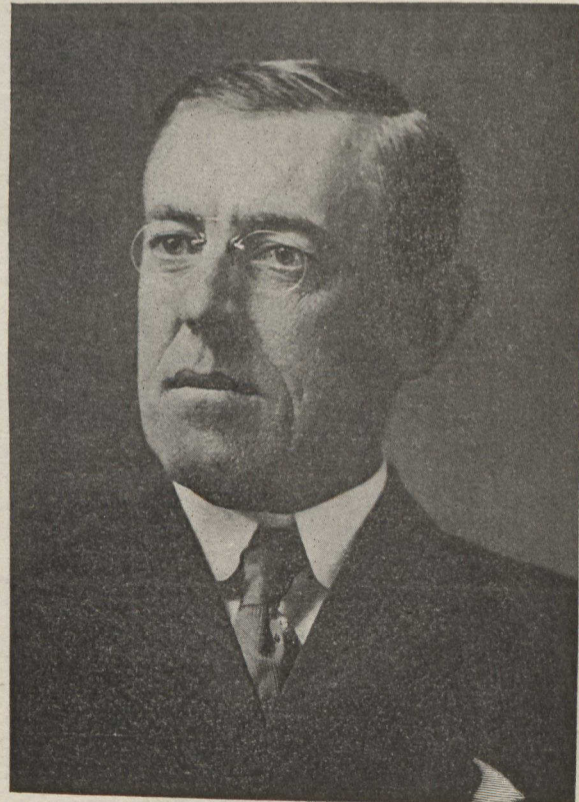
the gradual desertion of other forces to Wilson and the final verdict: Wilson, 990; Clark, 84; Harmon, 12.

In the second place the nomination of Woodrow Wilson is remarkable because of the man himself. Two years ago, Dr. Wilson had one of the best academic positions in America. He was known as a man of predominant ability; a quiet scholar, who liked to write critical, constitutional books like "Congressional Government," and evinced practical interest in democracy by carrying on crusades in college halls against millionaire student clubs. Suddenly he resigned his position. The lean, tall, college president and political theorist stepped out of the cloister and electrified the State of New Jersey by announcing himself as candidate for Governor. For years no Democrat had been able to buck the Republican line. But Dr. Wilson's striking phrases got him through. He became Governor. He was a success. The schoolmaster whipped the trusts and the machine who were disturbing. Last autumn, it became rumoured that he was a Presidential possibility. The Doctor made a great many speeches. He placed a young Princeton chap, with turned-up trousers, called McCoomb, in charge of his campaign. He is now near the final rung.

Will a lion hunter or a college professor be the saviour of the American people? What forces does Wilson represent? His critics claim that he is more radical than Bryan or Roosevelt and a risky experiment. His admirers urge that he stands for the new idealism in United States politics; for the forces which in young Hunt, of Cincinnati, rescued that city from the clutches of Boss Cox; for tariff revision downward, the income tax—a cure for millionairism; that he is the only true Progressive. And Wilson says about the nomination, "I feel very, very solemn."



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK,
 Who Ran Second in the Race at Baltimore.



GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON,
 Democratic Nominee for President.

Personalities and Problems

5---Herbert S. Holt, Power Financier

Whose Motto is—Competitors Must be Absorbed and the Public Pays the Piper

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THERE is at least one man in Canada who believes absolutely in the beneficence of corporations. To Herbert S. Holt, the power and light financier of Montreal, the benevolence of a big, well-managed corporation somewhat resembles the kindness that animated creation when first the command went forth—Let there be light! No doubt about it; he is the one man capable of convincing you that a great light, heat and power company has something to do with the sun, moon and stars.

Incidentally should you wander down Craig St. any time before midnight, you would see the most sumptuous daily free display of electric light the year round in Canada. The Power Building where Mr. Holt has his offices is seven storeys high; every night in the most good-natured way illuminated to resemble fairyland. All it lacks is WELCOME. You feel at once that the big company of which H. S. Holt is President stands for the diffusion of light, heat and power at the most profitable rates to consumers—and stockholders. And there is a lordly magnificence about the M. L. H. P. Co. that compels admiration. Ask the consumer. He will tell you that six weeks ago the M. L. H. P. Co. reduced the cost of electric light and power to 7 cents a kilowatt hour. Ask the shareholder. He will tell you that the dividends are now 8 per cent.

THE two are co-operative. It is in the ritual of the M. L. H. P. that whenever dividends are raised, rates to the consumer are proportionately lowered. Keep this up long enough and some day Mr. Holt may be able to announce that the dividends are a hundred per cent. and that light costs nothing per kilowatt hour.

However, there are reasons why this paradox will never take place. Mr. Holt knows them all. There is probably nothing about the practical science of light, heat and power that Mr. Holt does not know. He is an eminent engineer; trained in the mathematics of engineering at Trinity College, Dublin—for he is a real Irishman, every inch of his more than six feet one, and a big, well-knit, powerful man that knows the open, whether burrowing underground to plant wires, or swinging across prairie and up into the Rockies, to build railroads, which he did for the C. P. R. away back in the early eighties.

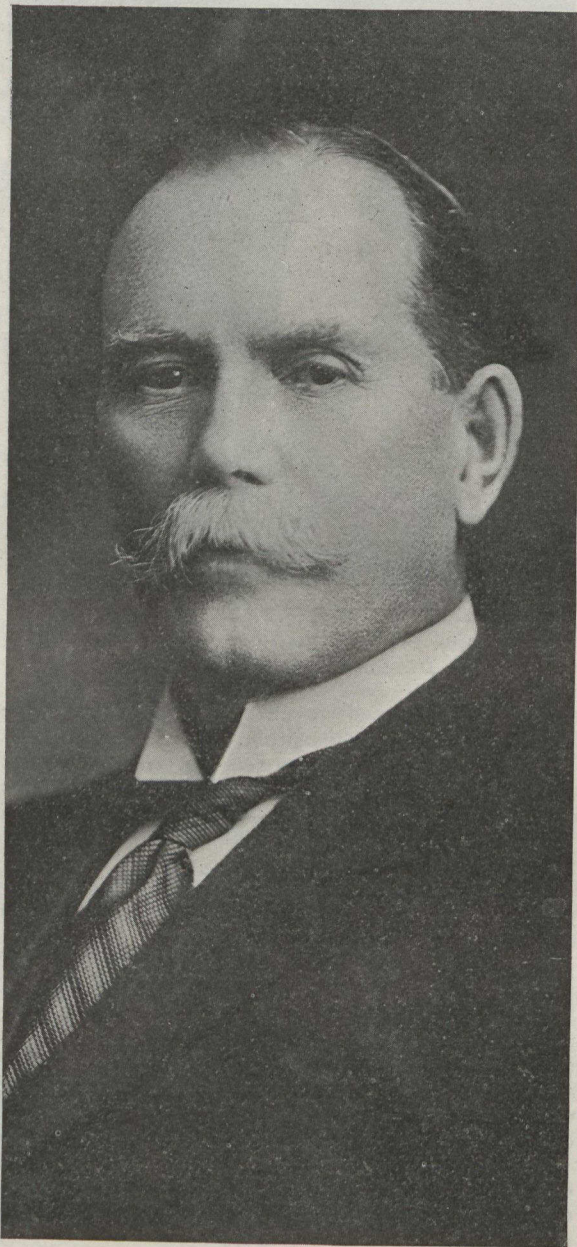
He is also an eminent financier; millionaire and President of the Royal Bank, whose recent amalgamation with the Traders Bank is the latest consolidation under the strenuous wizardry of Mr. Holt. He is a liberal investor in stocks of any kind that have any phase of industrialism at the root. He is one of the top ring in Montreal to whom most big financial deals naturally relate. He is President, Vice-President or director of more companies of various kinds than there is room in this article to enumerate. From now on Mr. Holt could very well afford to forget all he knows about the net difference in the cost of lighting by gas and by electricity, and confine himself to the quips and cranks of the money market.

But H. S. Holt is instinctively an engineer. If he were out of a job to-morrow morning he could step into the engine-room of any power-plant in Canada and make big wages running the machinery of light, heat and power. He can read you the cost of a factory day's work in kilowatts. He can look at a dynamo and the engine she is direct-connected to and just about tell from the tune she plays what the stoker in the next room is doing with the steam lump at the stoke-hole. He can look at your gas jet and compute by the colour of the hydrocarbons in the core just why the gas costs you a dollar a thousand, less or more. He can walk into a kitchen and tell any housewife what she is losing in time and heat units by not using a gas stove. And on the billboards of Montreal you may observe posters advertising how to buy a gas range from the M. L. H. P. for three dollars down and a dollar a month—not including gas.

FUNDAMENTALLY H. S. Holt is the kind of constructive Irish-Canadian that finds it as natural to do things in a big, practical way, as to eat or sleep. He struck Canada from Ireland in 1875, before there was a commercial electric light in America; before trolley cars were in operation;

when railroads in this country had less mileage than the streets of Montreal have to-day; when even gas was a luxury and when half the dwellers in towns and cities had wood stoves or fire-places.

As a phase of this pioneering it happens that H. S. Holt has the distinction of once having been the employer of Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann on C. P. R. contracts. That was some years after he had been engaged on engineering work for a string of railways in Ontario. He remembers the strenuous days of railroading when there wasn't a pound of beef or a bushel of wheat in the West. From '84 till '89 he did C. P. R.



"A Big, Powerful Man, that Knows the Open."

contracts in Maine, Quebec and the Rockies; up till 1892 he was associated with Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann and James Ross building side lines north from Calgary and Regina. Then he quit.

Mr. Holt says he got tired building railroads. Anyway it was after Prince Albert and Edmonton had been linked up to the C. P. R. that he went east and got into Montreal, which in those days was as badly lighted, heated and powered as a town of that size could be and hang together at all. There were a lot of jerkwater utility corporations, most of them poorly administered. It became the direct business of H. S. Holt, in company with Mr. C. R. Hosmer, the telegraph builder, to merge these into one company by the introduction of modern methods. He hammered away at the consolidation idea till he got the old Gas Co., the Royal Electric, Montreal and St. Lawrence Light and Power Co., the Citizens' Light and Power Co., the Temple Electric, the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic and Land Co., and the Consumers' Gas under one centralized management.

There was one root idea; the elimination of competitors. The root has grown into a tree which is the M. L. H. P., the biggest thing of its kind in Canada. The M. L. H. P. lives to eliminate competition; mainly because H. S. Holt radically believes and openly preaches that competition in public utilities such as light, heat and power is the worst of economics. To him consolidation is the root of economy. It is an engineer's principle; and you find it in every centralized power plant. Incidentally it means bigger dividends as well as reduced rates. But that's the financial result that traces back to the engineering principle.

There are two axioms in the economic science of Mr. Holt. One is a paradox: that when almost every other known commodity in civilization is increasing in cost, light, heat and power are becoming cheaper. Cause—consolidation and centralized management. The other is: that if competitors insist upon butting in, they must be absorbed—and the consumer pays the ultimate cost of the absorption.

So let the small competitor keep out.

THIS is the motto that is written all over the Power Building, upon the third floor of which the President of the M. L. H. P. has his office. Down the corridor leading to the President's door are seven doors marked "Private"; a fashion which seems to be spreading in Montreal. But there is no such door leading direct to Mr. Holt. To reach him you must present yourself at a general office, show cause why he should be interviewed, and pass through into the biggest private office in Montreal, which happens to be also the Board Room, with a long, handsome table in the centre doing its best to cover a fraction of a tremendous Oriental rug big enough to hold a symphony orchestra. At the far end of the big room, in a profound, almost mysterious silence, sits Mr. Holt at his desk.

Once reconciled to the finality of the principles embodied by Mr. Holt, you find him one of the pleasantest men in the world. Dispute him on the economics of light, heat and power and he overwhelms you with batteries of arguments as swift as the turn of a fly-wheel.

Moment I mentioned "consolidated corporation" he was off. Present agitation against corporate activity in America he regarded as purely political. So with the packing-house iniquity some years ago.

"Why the existing laws were adequate to remedy such rotten conditions," he said. "But for the sake of a political sensation Roosevelt made it the subject of a White House message."

But as to the business of LHPing Montreal: here he showed first of all the schedule of rates lowering from 13½ cents a kilowatt hour in 1902 to 7 cents now.

"That, of course, doesn't apply to gas," he said.

"But doesn't the cost of one illuminant affect the cost of another in competition?"

"There is no real competition between gas and electricity. Neither is it possible to standardize the rates for both. Each has its own conditions."

Speaking off-hand as an amateur I suppose the price of coal has a good deal to do with the upkeep of gas; since gas can't possibly be manufactured by water-power in transmission.

"So that with the cheapening of electricity—what's to become of gas that stays up, Mr. Holt?"

He smiled; scenting a fallacy.

"Years ago," said he, "people talked about trolley cars driving out railroads. The motor-car was to eliminate the horse. More railroads and more horses are used now than ever. Electricity will never drive out gas."

HE delivered an almost poetic eulogium on the gas stove; depicting the affection that arises in a woman for the stove that economizes time and fuel.

"Electric heating is not largely practical yet. It is too expensive."

I omitted to ask Mr. Holt about gas grates and gas fire-places. I fancy he has none in his own house. There is no cottage too humble to be included in his ramified system of pipes and wires. Probably the homes of Montreal have more to do with the system than the factories and the office buildings and the street-car service—all big cus-

tomers of the M. L. H. P. In that big office Mr. Holt can see clearly the nervous system that knits them all together; from the time when it was little old Montreal to the day when suburbs are tied on over night and have to be wired and piped by the next full moon. And it is one of his sources of pride that some of the men who were with the old companies fifty years ago are with the M. L. H. P. to-day—not many, I fancy.

"But you see how the consolidation gains over the competitive unit," he said, with suave energy.

"Yes, you run the gamut—"

"We study the whole problem. We have specialists who advise builders whether steam or hot water or hot air is the best method of heating; others who are experts on gas; experts on all phases of electricity—and you have no idea of what an immense economy it is to begin right. We aim to economize for the consumer."

"Being in the long run best economy for you?"

"Our interests are identical. It's a question of copartnership and of engineering."

It is important to remember that when Mr. Holt started in to consolidate L. H. P., Montreal hadn't even an arc light, no trolleys, not an incandescent, scarcely a telephone.

Now thanks to the M. L. H. P.—he did not put it that way; but he got up and walked to the Craig St. window. A complex and powerful thought had taken hold of him. He was switching on the power; cutting out the controllers for top speed on the upgrade—just like one of those yellow cars of Mr. Robert's climbing the hill below.

"Now all those wires—except the telephones—are they the M. L. H. P.?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Not yet."

"When on earth will you ever get them underground?"

He gave me a genially penetrative look.

"You don't quite understand—Montreal."

"Except that in municipal government it is not too much unlike Toronto. But why?"

"Well, just this. And I guess it's somewhat the experience of most utility corporations in Canadian cities. Ten years ago we offered to underground every wire we had, if the City would guarantee that no other companies would be allowed to erect overhead systems. They refused. They wanted competition. The wires you see down there belong to three companies. And they are a miserable mess. What else could we do?"

Merely as a poll-tax payer I saw the point.

"What do you think it would cost to bury all our wires in this city?" he said, suddenly.

"Really I can't do higher algebra by mental arithmetic, Mr. Holt. How much?"

"Fourteen million dollars."

"And when that money is spent that way—what becomes of the dividends?"

He smiled. It seemed a more feasible problem in arithmetic to compute that the interest on \$14,000,000 would have something to do with keeping the rates from lowering beyond seven cents a kilowatt hour—how long I didn't ask him.

"It costs us \$40,000 a mile to underground on that street just below," he said. "Oh, we are undergrounding now as much as we can under the conditions that exist. But it's slow work."

"Those street cars—have you anything to do with them?"

"Merely as merchants supplying them power," he said, with swift emphasis. "We sell them a maximum of 18,000 horse-power a day. But we sell more than that to any one of a few big factories."

EASY to see that the M. L. H. P. does not do much generating from coal; in a city surrounded by water powers.

"On general principles if municipalities will have competition, I suppose it's fair that the people who elect municipal governments should pay the piper, isn't it?"

I could see that he was coming to a curve.

"But I daresay a good many of the public in Montreal are permitted to buy stock in the M. L. H. P.?"

"We have about three thousand shareholders in Montreal."

"And elsewhere?"

"Throughout Canada, in the United States; in England and Europe."

"And the more you diffuse capital the more you consolidate the works. How about inter-urban consolidation?"

"That is difficult in Canada as yet. Larger plants are too far apart."

I saw no reason in Mr. Holt's personality and stock of ideas, why some day he should not be President of a consolidation, unifying Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec city—not to mention smaller places en route. He admitted that this was abig

feature in United States utilities—covering, for instance, such a sweep as Chicago and St. Louis. But of course that involves tractions; and as Mr. Holt had said a moment before—the M. L. H. P. had nothing to do with the M. S. R. Some day—who knows? This federal idea is capable of being worked on other systems besides railways. A federal union of all the light-heat-and-power companies in Canada—consider it, oh consumers of cheap L. H. P.! Suppose that from the Power Building, Montreal, it should be settled that when dividends go up to stockholders half round the world, rates should go down simultaneously in Vancouver and Halifax; that when Winnipeg grounds its wires, rates in Toronto and Ottawa should cease to go down—and so on.

BUT of course there are as yet only signs and symptoms of this. And Mr. Holt is content to consider himself a trail-blazer. At the same time he knows as well as any man the diverse power conditions in Canada. He spoke of the coal areas up the Brazeau head of the Saskatchewan in the Rockies; of gasoline tractors on the prairies; of the crude oil possibilities beating out gasoline on the prairie farms; of the inefficiency of producer gas except in large units; of the extension of water-power plants—and some of his own stationery is headed "Kaministiquia." He is surely a federalist in power. And the more he federalizes the more obsessed he is with two or three great principles. He pointed out the high risks in L. H. P. as compared to banking, for instance; how that one night he himself was telephoned out of bed to behold a \$300,000 blaze in a gas tank—that but for swift preventives might have been a calamity.

"Every time that sort of thing happens off go the dividends pro tem," he said. "But the rates can't go up. And it takes a big consolidation to safeguard and to stand that sort of risk."

Contemplating the enormous possibilities of the

federal idea applied to L. H. P., it seemed a trifle piffly to call Mr. Holt's attention to the other side of the question—best represented in public print by one W. F. M. in Toronto. But the mere mention of public ownership up against the federal idea, though it may have felt like a fly on the horn of a bull, set Mr. Holt off into a decisive and overwhelming pronouncement.

"Public ownership is a series of fallacies. I should say that the average municipality operating a public utility is worse than a small competitive corporation."

I mentioned Glasgow.

"Best example we have," he said. "And Glasgow has the most absurd system of public utility book-keeping imaginable. A municipality can't pick the right men, and, as a rule, it can't keep books; and most surely, as a rule, it knows little or nothing about administration. Concentration is the modern way. Public ownership is not real concentration. It is a form of competition. London is making no progress in public ownership. There the tendency is to eliminate competition and to consolidate. The reasons are obvious."

"But of course you expect always to have more or less war with municipalities?"

"Regrettably. We don't like war. We are too busy operating utilities. And so long as we can lower the rates for light and power when every other commodity is going up—the best municipalities can do is to leave us alone."

The argument seemed to be his. I doubt if any other corporation man in Canada could in the same space of time deliver himself with more superb ease of conviction.

But I wondered how the case might be—if Herbert S. Holt should wake up some day to find himself Mayor of Montreal?

The next article will deal with George E. Drummond, Vice-President of the Canada Iron Corporation.

One Man, One Vote

By H. LINTON ECCLES

A REMARKABLE piece of pending legislation has, so to say, slipped into the hall of St. Stephen's at Westminster, where British, and some think Imperial, politics are made. I am not sure if the Canadian Press man in London cabled over a story about it. If he didn't he made a bad break in his day's work. If he did, it was probably an un auspicious-looking paragraph—one of those important news items in few lines that have a habit of getting buried away by the make-up man in a corner of the paper where the busy reader scarcely notices them.

This piece of legislation-to-be—for nobody seriously doubts that it will pass into operation as soon as the present British Government can get it passed—is called The Franchise and Redistribution Bill, 1912. Popularly it is known as the "One Man One Vote" Bill, and so no doubt it always will be known. It is the bill for which democratic Britain has been waiting ever since the great Reform Acts of '32, '67, and '84 began to be misinterpreted; that is to say, almost ever since they went down on the Statute Book.

The absurdity of the plural vote is scarcely understood in Canada, because, happily, Canadians for their own sakes have not been called on to understand it as a vital thing. Through the misapplication of the principles of the Reform Acts, there has grown up in Britain a class of voters who hold and have exercised an unfair advantage over the average voter. By the simple expedient of owning property in another constituency besides the residential constituency, these privileged persons have become possessed of more than one vote.

THE Bill just introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Pease, the Minister for Education, on behalf of the Government, will place the plural voter where he belongs—on a level with his fellows of the free franchise. Instead of seven and a half million persons having eight million votes, the Franchise Bill will ensure ten million people each possessing one vote, and no more. It will bring into the daylight of understanding the at present obscurely defined election law that has led to various revising barristers putting various interpretations upon such confused points as to which particular lodger with a latchkey is entitled to vote, and whether the payment of a shilling more or less per week for a rented room prejudices a man's right to have a say in the election of the people's representatives.

The spectacle of the wealthy property owner—and let it be remembered that there are many such on the Liberal as well as on the Conservative side of politics in the Old Country—rushing in his automobile from the polling booth in one town or village to the polling booth in another, or several other, towns or villages, will be at an end. In a word, whether a man owns one house or fifty, or owns not at all, so long as he is otherwise qualified he will vote once if he chooses, but no power or pull in politics, when the Franchise Bill becomes an Act, will give him the right to register his preference at the polls more than once in an election.

The plural voter goes, and in his stead will reign the citizen who has qualified simply by reason of his residence or occupation for six months, but without condition as regards property. Also the system is started of keeping a continuous register enabling every man who has fulfilled the six months' residence or occupation qualification, to have his vote within two months of the end of the period.

IT will be seen that the British Government's Franchise and Redistribution Bill is not a Reform Bill in the sense that the measures passed in 1832, 1867, and 1884 were Reform Bills. And yet it is a very notable and very considerable piece of reform legislation. The present Bill merely enfranchises those classes of voters who were meant to be enfranchised in principle by its predecessors, and some of whom were disfranchised owing to legal obstacles and entanglements introduced after the acts began to be in force.

The Bill does not penalize the property owner; it gives him the one straight vote he is entitled to as a citizen. On the other side it settles the standing of thousands of citizens who were never sure of their vote from one election time to another; whose franchise has been shuttle-cocked about by the rulings, unrulings, and misrulings of revising barristers, until even those legal luminaries themselves became confused at their own clamour. There are sons of monied men living under the paternal roof who are excluded from voting by the same set rule as poorer men's sons are shut out. But many rich middle-class voters are brought in along with many poor ones, also on well defined principles. That is just what the latest effort in franchise legislation sets out to do—to put the rich man and the poor man on the same level as regards qualification or disqualification of voters.

A RETURN

How They Two Recovered Youth and Happiness

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

DURING that week almost every one else was out after 'lunge. It was probably for this reason that, on Thursday, George Vanderdecken went down to the Ragged Rapids for black bass.

The Raggeds broke white across the Wistassining, in the midst of the thick, second-growth pine woods, some three miles below Little Pickerel Lake and two above the Steel City Club-house. Their galloping waters possessed as much of the disorderly picturesque as their enclosing shores did of pure sylvan beauty. But, because they lay in a deep bend of the river, the road across the portage which they necessitated passed almost out of hearing of their lusty, all-bemuting roar. In the regular bass season they were frequented enough. At other times only an occasional sketcher or camera enthusiast was wont to make them visitation.

This not being the bass season, Vanderdecken expected to be alone. He beached his canoe above the first chute, climbed the bank, and pushed on down through the thorn and juniper scrub. Another dozen paces and he was parting the last screen of cedars that overhung the shore below.

Poised ankle-deep in mid-current was a young woman. Her hair had blown across her face; and, with rod nipped under arm, she was standing lance-straight against the wind, trying to twine the flying wisps into their place again. She wore a drooping canvas hat, a raw-silk shirt-waist with elbow sleeves, and a kilted grey outing skirt, which—doubtless because she was tall and large of limb—did not give her the customary effect of dumpiness. From below it there came the coal-like glinting of a pair of small rubber boots. She turned to spring her line again, and then Vanderdecken saw that she had a fine, breezy, sun-and-tan beauty.

At this moment, too, she caught sight of him. And not only did she show no nervousness: she watched his approach with a kind of bright, impersonal recognition, as if to say, "No doubt you also belong to the club, even if as yet I haven't met you." Then she quietly returned to business. With a muscular ripple of well-rounded triceps and shoulder-blades she made another cast.

He liked that. And girdling up his waders, he struck out into the thrust and whirl of the river. He could see now that she was standing on the edge of the "Bowl," a great, twenty-foot, central eddy, brimmed about with water-washed limestone. He started for the shoal rocks on the other side of it, keeping always well up-stream so that she might not misunderstand him.

He had all but reached his position when the "chute wind" caught him and flicked off his hat. He slapped out for it with his jointed steel, but it circled impishly away. There was no time to go around, and the "Bowl" was much too deep to cross. And then he became aware that the lady was moving rapidly along her arc of the watery ledge. Her skirt went in to the hem, but she recovered the battered felt, with all its millinery of feathered barbs, and held it out to the owner on her split bamboo.

That also George Vanderdecken liked. "Jove!" he shouted, above the tumult of the falls, "you're mighty good! Almost every fly I brought down with me is on it!"

"Nothing at all. You'll find you'll have the best of uses for them, too!"

Once more she sent her silk twisting and looping far down the main current. And, in a zipping flash, she had another bass.

FOR a long minute it fought fiercely to and fro through the dark-green swirl she had hooked it in. Then the line swung out, and the spitting fin of water drove through the hurrying "racers" straight up-stream. Next moment it was veering sharply, and, as if by direct intention, cut sheer athwart George Vanderdecken's bows!

It was sudden enough, but his gaff-net twitched with eagerness. "May I?"

She laughed and nodded.

He gathered in the fish, dropped it into the creel, and held up one finger.

"It's the tenth!" she cried, almost with the rush and exhilaration of the rapids themselves. "Mr. Davidson wanted me to go up to the lake with him and troll, but I told him I'd rather stop off here and catch something!"

Ten minutes more and a bass on *his* line was

sweeping down by *her*. Manifestly it was her turn to make the capture. But he could feel that it was a big one, and started to her aid.

He was within a yard of her when his foot went down the slope of a weedy boulder, and in a moment he was floundering. As if it were entirely a matter of course, she flung out an arm and clipped fingers with him. Her hand was as firm and cool as an apple, and of the vigour of a man's. But the look of almost scolding nervousness she bent upon him till he was in safety again was feminine enough.

During the hour of glorious fishing which followed, other and kindred incidents took place. In all of them the lady showed well-nigh as little restraint as does that ideal woman who reigns at times over every man's secret imaginings. It was an experience wholly new to Vanderdecken, and by now he did not merely *like* it. It seemed better to him than good cigars, or a new gun, or bass-fishing itself. It was reminiscent of something, too. Every minute he felt that more and more. But of what was it reminiscent? At the end of another half-hour his inability to say had become a constant tantalization.

Both creels full, they journeyed in to shore together. The shimmering rainbow fays poised and flitted above the frilling eddies, and even so did the elf-light seem to flash again and again over Vanderdecken's memory lens, but all too instantaneously for the sensitizing plate to grasp and hold it.

In truth, had he not been perplexing himself so absorbedly, he might have noticed that in her eyes, also, memory was at work—and not with any shadow pictures, either.

IN the cool lee of a big waterside basswood she dropped her trappings. "I hardly think I'll be going out again. Mr. Davidson was to return at noon, so he ought to be here at any time."

The shore was broken into a series of tiny, shallow bays. Vanderdecken began to pile flat stones across the mouth of one of them. "I mayn't go out again myself," he said; "but I always make a sort of pound to keep my fish in, even for a little while. If you'll just sit down and take it easy, I'll dike off half of it for yours."

"Sit down—fiddle-de-de! Do I look so anemic?" She rolled back her sleeves a little more—evidently she was a swimmer, for the tan did not end at the soft hollow of her elbow—and began to build out a causeway from the other side. Again Vanderdecken received that memory flash.

She had almost finished when she looked curiously around at him. "Shall I tell you something?"

"Why, yes, if you will—?"

"Well, I've done just this same thing years and years ago, when I used to spend my summers in the country and go out fishing with a little boy cousin of mine."

"You did? Why—why—Jove!—of course I know now! I had a small cousin in the country, too. We used to fish together in a creek back of her father's farm." The memory streamed into his mind again with the pouring quiver of the biograph. And he stood looking at her as if he expected to see her hair suddenly become corn-coloured, and her eyes turn from brown to hazel. She was *not* the same. For the matter of that, his small cousin was now a sedate little "housemother" in East Orange. But the thing itself had been the same! "I know *now*," he kept repeating. "Of course I know."

"It came back to me again and again this morning," the girl said, smiling. "It was pretty good fun, wasn't it?"

"Fun? It makes me feel as if I'd been traveling through the bad lands ever since!"

"Tell me, did you make all-day expeditions of it?"

"Always, unless it rained. And did he occasionally try to fall in—and you saved him first and lit into him afterward?"

"Well, if I did, he always richly deserved it. And, in your case, did you ever give the lady any thanks for saving you?"

"I don't believe I ever did! And what about your hair? Wasn't it everlastingly getting into your eyes?"

"I never could keep a hair-ribbon for two days together! It used to get into his, too, and generally just when he had a bite! And then he'd be simply furious. How did you do about your dinner?"

"Look here"—in his ardour he fairly commanded her—"you arrange to come up again to-morrow, resolved to stay till the afternoon, and I'll show you then exactly what we did about our dinner!"

She met his eyes with the same tumultuous impulse. "I'd just be afraid to tell you how much I'd like to! But—but—I guess I couldn't very well explain to Mr. Davidson. And if I came without telling him, you'd think it sneaking of me."

He gazed at her, boyishly honest, and his face began to fall. "Yes—I suppose— No, now, by jinks, I *wouldn't* either! For you'd be coming as a kid and not as a grown-up at all. It needn't make any difference what particular stupid person either of us is *now*. We are offered this chance to be our proper selves again. I only want you as that hair-ribbonless ten-year-old who'd never heard the name of Davidson."

"Do you really mean that? Cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart!"

"Very well, then," she smiled out bravely, "I *shall* come! In *that* case, though"—her colour rose again—"I'll have to ask you to go away now, before he calls for me on his way home."

Five minutes later he had reached the head of the chute and was pushing off his canoe. From out on the portage road there lifted in a long, cheerful, but peremptory yodel. Undoubtedly it was Davidson, who was even at that moment approaching.

DID your creek run out of the bush into flats, with big beeches every little way along it?"

"There were big beeches overlooking the two best ponds we had. We used to lie down behind their side roots, and the fish couldn't see anything but our rods and noses."

"I know! I know! I used to take off those red hair-ribbons of mine so as not to scare them. It was then that my hair would get into his eyes and make him so raging."

Again they had been fishing for two ecstatic hours. Again the falls bellowed from behind their drifting screen of pearly mist. Again the rainbow fays shimmered and poised, and the obstreperous wind and the sun talked to them in joy.

He hooked another bass—an unusually large one. As he let it flop into his creel, he looked at her with challenge. "Huh, I guess he's the maziest yet!"

She took it up on the instant. "Well, I bet he ain't as big as that one I caught yesterday!"

"Ah, you on'y say that because you know it's too late to measure them up."

But her own line was again on the jerk. "There, you see, I've got another. I'm ketchin' the *most*!"

"Well, an' good reason, when you're always fishin' in my place as well as your own! Every time my cork bobs you go and scrouge over beside it!"

It was not merely a case of "beside it" this time, but on the other side of it. Their tackle was crossed, with two bass on!

"First cut!" he yelled ferociously.

"But what did you let him come over where I was for?" she shrieked as venomously back.

"Well, that doesn't make any diff, does it? It's the fellah that hollers 'First cut!'"

"Aw, you always say that! And, there now, my line's broke—and the hook an' lead gone and everything!"

"Aw, gee, no, it ain't, is it? Aw, jiminy, I didn't mean to! Don't yuh care. I'll lend you mine for a while, and then I'll fix yours up better'n ever! I'll give yuh that mud-cat I caught, too! But don't yuh care!"

SHE was not shedding tears. But, for the time, their fishing was ended. It was almost noon, however; and there was fun ahead which they were ready enough to get to.

In addition to his regular kit, he had brought down a hatchet, a big tin can, and some small sundries in a dunnage-bag.

"In the first place," he said, "we need a stove."

"A stove?"

"So you've forgotten how to make a stove? Then I'll have to show you all over again."

About a hundred yards up the shore, sheltered by a clump of cedars, a spring jetted from the bank. And all about it lay a drift of granite "hard-heads." "Here's where that range goes up," he announced, and proceeded to roll three big, smooth-faced boulders together for the back and sides. The lady helped him fill in with smaller stones and clay; and presently they were in possession of something so far superior to the steel-and-nickel article of commerce that it seemed insulting to call it a stove at all.

"What'll you cook on, though?" she asked. "We used to do ours on an old pie-pan."

"Huh! Pie-pans is like getting your dinner at home! I've got to fix the fish, first. But if you'll

get the kindling while I'm at that, then I'll show you!"

She took the hatchet and started off along the shore. And when, fifteen minutes later, she returned with an armful of driftwood, and chips from various stranded pine stumps, he had three good bass ready for the griddle.

"Scrumdidious, even if they're not minnies!"

He touched off the lightwood, and then, bringing out his big tin can, threw it into the growing blaze. The "Niagara Peaches" wrapper browned blisteringly from it. The solder began to run like mercury. With a little "clink" the ends flew off and the whole thing opened out. He let it purify in the flames for a few minutes longer. Then he forked it swiftly out and across to the water. When it had cooled, he straightened it upon a rock, turned it over, and laid it upon the middle of the stove. "What do you think of that?"

"Great!"

She dropped a dab of butter on the fryer. They spread the bass side by side, and let them sizzle.

Some clean splinters of pine remained from the kindling. It did not take him long to give them points and edges. "They're a lot better than forks," he explained.

She went down the beach again, and catching one of the lower limbs of the big basswood, proceeded to nip off a hatful of the broad, heart-shaped leaves for plates. And, "Whee!" she cried, a moment afterward, "I've found a table, too!"

It was a two-foot square of bleached-out pine slab. He skipped down and carried it back for her. "Say, you're doin' loolaw to-day! I'll let you smell the fish for that!"

She smelled them. "M-m-m-m!"

The table was soon spread. "It hasn't any legs, you know," she apologized; "so we'll just have to sit down opposite each other, tailor fashion, and each take an end of it on our knees."

He lifted off the frying-pan, laid it on the stones beside them, and they fell to.

It was a feast that went beyond anything ever prepared in Arcadia; and they ate it with the earnestness of a hunger which was in no wise simulated. They desired neither bread, nor spiced meats, nor any dessert. In those bass was the delectable savor of another age. The meal was a rite, too, the consecration of liberty regained.

THEY fenced for the last brown morsels with their forks. And then, having sealed their emancipation by drinking in turn from the old Chianti flask which served Vanderdecken as a water-bottle, they sat back and regarded each other as with new eyes.

In hers there was a mocking gleam. "I know what you'd like to do now, I'll swear I do! And I dare you to own up to it!"

"What?"

"You want to build a playhouse!"

"Well," he chuckled outright, "we never called them playhouses. We called them cronies."

A clump of evergreens formed their back wall and one of the sides. The other was furnished them by the ledgy, overhanging bank. To put the thatch on they climbed to the top. And they had to steady each other a little to lean out, as they knelt there on the edge.

In their nostrils was the balsamy odour of the bruised cedar twigs and the fresh, loamy smell of the woods. Far off in some hidden wild raspberry patch a berry-bird kept sounding the long sweetness of his quavering pipe.

"Lord," the young man murmured, as he rose to his feet again, "what idiots we are to grow up, anyway!"

"Well, we're getting a good deal of it back again, you know."

"Oh, you—I don't believe you've ever lost a bit of it!"

"I'd lost so much of it that if any one had told me when I came up here that in two days I'd be doing this—!"

"Let's sit down in the crony again for a while."

They dropped to the beach.

"I don't know, though," she said; "I think this cozy corner is a lot too fine to use!"

It was a cozy corner composed of an old log heaped with bracken and a pair of moss-upholstered tamarack stumps. She let herself slowly down into it and gave her soul to pure delight with eyes that shone and a mouth that fairly laughed aloud.

"I guess it's worth while, isn't it?" he asked.

"Worth while!—I feel now as if we two people were in a position to settle all the problems that

have ever afflicted men and women!"

"Problems? Why, I see now that there needn't be any problems at all. We had everything straight in the beginning as youngsters—as boy and girl. We never had any difficulty in understanding each other. We knew how mighty little we really differed. And like a lot of batty clams we've simply been tying ourselves up, eyes and all, in five thousand kinds of mummy wrappings ever since!"

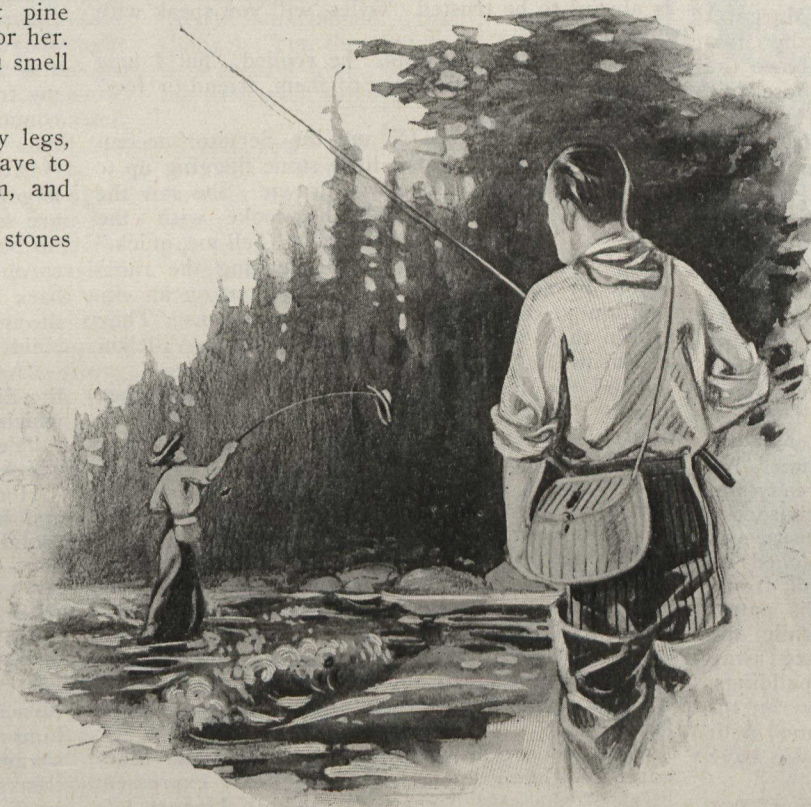
"I know it! I know it! But surely some others have been like us! We can't be the first to conjure it back again. Tell me—are men—the rest of them—all so hopeless? Don't they, somewhere or other, keep a little of the real thing in them?"

"Well," he said, blushing needlessly, "we're an awfully dignified bunch of four-flushers, you know, and I can't speak for past thirty; but I guess till then most of us keep a whole lot of it, always carefully concealed, of course. Now I want to know, how is it with women?"

She reddened in her turn, but came courageously to the confessional. "I'll tell you how it is with them. I believe there's hardly a woman alive but would fling away everything else on earth—at least everything but the kiddies—for just this!"

They fell into a relishing little silence, meeting each other's eyes every few moments as if in a hand-clasp.

"I—I've a good mind," he said, "to say something childish."



"Her skirt went in to the hem, but she recovered the battered felt."

Drawn by H. W. McCrear.

"Well, I guess you may, all right."

"I'm happy."

She laughed again.

"I am, though. And I herewith jolt one to that cheap philosopher who says man never is, but always to be blest. I'm happy right here and now. Do you remember when you used to imagine yourself a candy house, with candy walls and candy furniture, and everything candy; and whenever you wanted any, you just turned and chewed it off? Well, that's where I've got to at the present moment! Think I want to go to heaven? Shucks! you couldn't get me away from earth with a logging-chain!"

"Nor me, either, I'm afraid. And I could own up to more than happiness, too." Her colour deepened. "It's the lunistest thing, ever, to say, but do you know, the last few hours have given me the feeling that in spite of this old world I'm good!"

"WELL," he beamed, "that is pretty lunny, all right! But, to tell you a secret, I'd really guessed that you were, myself. And now I'm going to be rash, and say something that is a great deal lunist."

More jarring than the fatal horn in "Hernani," from the portage road came that cheerfully knelling yodel.

They started back to their "pound." "Look here," he suddenly broke out, "I don't know that I want to run away this time. I'd like to stay and meet your husband."

"My husband? Good gracious! Did I—have you

been—? Why, Mr. Davidson's my brother-in-law. He's married to my sister Evelina!"

In the gulping precipitation with which he gathered his fish together, threw his gear into the dunnage-bag, and charged for his canoe, there was a striking imitation of good farce-comedy.

ABOUT eleven next day an ancient kingfisher, who also made the "Bow!" his favourite fishing-place, beheld something which greatly astonished him. For some time the pair had left their rods leaning against the big basswood; one might have said that they had forgotten them. From the spring above their camp a little stream ran down to the river. Without appearing to have any reasonable idea of what they were doing, or why they were doing it, they were digging at its channel with pieces of stick, and clearing the stones out of the way. To move a particularly big one, he had to take one side and she the other. Their heads bowed more and more together. Her hair blew into his eyes. And on the instant, as if those random wisps had grasped out at him, he leaned breathlessly forward and kissed her!

If he knew why he did that, he did not show it by his actions. Having done it he got to his feet, and stood gasping and quivering. One might have imagined that some one had just kissed him. "I—I—I love you," he said at last. "That's why I did it. I nearly did it twenty times before!"

As for the lady—since we have set out to tell the truth—she said, "Great Caesar!" Then she began to tremble. "Oh, you mustn't—not now, anyway!"

"Why not now?" He seemed to be becoming braver. "It can't be any truer in a thousand years!"

"But it's only three days! The thing is perfectly frantic! And you're acting on the merest impulse—!"

"Then it's the strongest impulse I've ever had in my life! And I don't want to bind you, now. I wouldn't let you even if you were willing yourself. I only want you to know how it is with me. And I've felt it, too, since yesterday!"

EVEN in the wildness of her agitation she had to laugh, though the laugh itself was wild enough. "But let us try to come to our senses. Can't you—can't you see that people will say that we couldn't possibly know the first thing about each other?"

He challenged her to say so herself. "You know me better after these two or three days down here than any other woman ever has or can! You must know you do, too! And tell me now, at the bottom of your heart, don't you feel the same way about my understanding you?"

She nodded. "But, but g-granting that I do, that wouldn't make it any the less perfectly frightful to Evelina!"

"Then we shan't discuss it with Evelina."

"I guess we shouldn't, if there was anything else we could do! You don't know her yet! But I'm not sure myself whether I'm not just dreaming—or crazy!"

"Look here"—he caught at her hands—"don't you feel as if some mysterious chance or accident had given us two people the gift of the Golden Touch?"

"Yes, I—I can say that, anyway."

"And don't you feel, too, that we have the power to keep it, to keep it till the very end of time—if only we—we don't let ourselves get parted again?"

This time she could only nod.

"Then if you feel—if you believe that, don't you see that that's all there can be to it?"

She wavered, then let herself go. "We're utterly mad, both of us—and we'll have to keep it from Evelina, some way or other—but I do believe it!"

After what occurred next, they walked over to the "crony," their arms still about each other. And the cozy corner took them both into its embrace together. . . . Out in the river the white-green waters of the Raggeds bellowed and flung themselves tumultuously; the four winds circled in impish tumult round and round that pearly, drifting bridal veil; and the rainbow fays leaped and danced like all Titania's train.

And then, as in all truthful endings—alien, unwished-for, ridiculous, and unromantic—there broke in upon them the harbinger of the world outside. To speak more humanly and directly, with a sliding of gravel from the top of the bank, his boots ahead of him, arrived Mr. William Davidson. He had

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John Gyles, Captive

How a Mere Boy Met a Great Responsibility

By GRACE McLEOD ROGERS

Author of "Stories from the Land of Evangeline."

THE yellow light of an October sunset shone over the hills and water about the fort up the Jemseg, brightening into glorious green the great reach of pines bordering the lower bend of the river, burnishing the russet ochre of elm and walnut, and freshening the full grey of the low, hewn-stone buildings.

The Jemseg was a channel-like stream, three miles in length, connecting the River Saint John with Grand Lake, a great sheet of water to the north. The Fort, built here by the French, had been one of their chief strongholds. From it, under Villebon, had gone forth many an expedition against the English settlements. But as frequent washings of the river, in flood, made the defences unsafe, Villebon had moved up River St. John, to Nashwaak, and the fortress at Jemseg with its gardens and its broad extent of marsh, was now the peaceful habitation of Louis d'Amours de Chauffour, a French Seigneur.

The small silver bell in the turret of the little chapel was pealing its call for evening prayers. Not a sound, besides, broke the stillness of the lonely scene. Leading the way to the chapel walked the wife of Louis d'Amours, the lovely Margaret Guion, of Quebec. Following her were her two children, an old man, physician and servitor to the family, the maidservants, and a youth whose fair hair easily bespoke his English blood. The Sieur d'Amours, himself, was not of the number. He had been for some months in France on important interests.

At the gateway of the sentry court the lady paused, and spoke a kindly word to the English youth, then entered the chapel, followed by her train, and the old Servitor, who in the absence of the priest and the Sieur, read the prayers for the household of Louis d'Amours.

The youth did not join the company, but paced the small court within the enclosure, his eyes fixed intently at every forward beat out upon the lower bend of the river. Plain on the sunlit water at the river's mouth could be seen a single canoe. An hour before, when he had been making ready the chapel for service, it had been but a black speck; now it was making swift course up the Jemseg, and heading for the Fort. Anxiously he watched its approach, gazing out often over the low wall, fronting the river, then hurriedly resuming his patrol when the chanting voices ceased; and while the little procession passed out, kept his gaze away from the channel and facing the courtyard buildings.

As the children crossed the square they ran toward him, and each seizing a hand, continued with him his pacing across the little court. "We have you a prisoner!" exclaimed the girl.

"Hush!" cried her brother. "You know our mother told us not to say that to our good Gyles!"

"I do not see how it is wrong," said the girl.

"Because I am in truth a prisoner, little one," replied the youth, "and the lady would not hurt my feelings."

"You were once, and many years, I know that," she said. "But you are not now, for my father bought you away from the savages and you belong to us."

"And don't you think that is being a prisoner, still?" he asked. "Would you like to be bought, and sold, and belong to people?"

"It is all the same as we are," replied the child, gravely. "We belong to someone, and when you are loved it makes no difference. And we all belong to God, everybody on the river, Gyles."

"Not the Maliseet Indians, I hope," said the lad, grimly, stretching out his hands and arms, scarred with thongs and burns, his flesh recoiling in cold pricks at even the memory of his tortures. "See what they did for me, little ones; do you think they belong to God?"

"Well, anyway, it must be better to be prisoner here where we love you, and are good to you," replied the child. "And my father said, when he left us, that he put us in your care, Gyles. I heard him say that to our mother."

And the while he was talking the youth had led the children away from the ramparts, and toward the gardens, and now calling their attention to some late fruit inside, he passed quickly on alone toward the house, at the outer door of which stood Margaret Guion and the old Servitor.

"There is a canoe coming up river," he said, with respectful but eager tone. "Would it be word from the Seigneur?"

"It cannot be he," replied the lady. "He would

not reach home for a two weeks yet. Where is it?" and both she and the old man followed the Sentry as he led the way to the little court, in full view of the river. The approaching canoe could now be plainly distinguished. Two men plied the paddles, a third sat between, and swiftly over the yellow water they were urging the bark boat.

"Some news from the Grants below," said the lady, with forced calmness. "Are they strangers, Gyles?"

"Two are Indians, Madame, the third face I cannot see."

"I hardly think they come to harm us, dear lady," said the old Servitor; "if they be Indians they are our friends."

And now the canoe made straight for the little cove on the shore, directly under the wall, where stood the waiting group, and Madame d'Amours gave a glad cry as she saw the face of the centre Indian. "'Tis old Franceway," she exclaimed. "He is always to be trusted. Gyles, will you speak with him for me?"

"I will do as I am bid," he replied, "but I hate and fear every copper face of them, friend or foe."

MARGARET GUION and the Servitor accompanied him to the little stone flagging up to which the strange canoe was drawn. She saw the lad's face pale and flush as he spoke with the Indians. "What is it?" she cried. "Tell me, quick." "Madame, the English are revenging the raids of the French and Indians, and are out on an expedition to capture the French occupations. They are on their way up here, and then on to Villebon at Nashwaak."

"And my husband absent!" She wrung her hands. "What else does he say? Is it Colonel Church, of Pemaquid? He knows no mercy. He will kill, or take us all prisoners, Gyles!"

"Not us all, Madame. He could not take captive one of his own countrymen, and I may be able to plead for your safety."

Not marble could have grown whiter than her own face as she looked into the pallid, eager one of her young servant, and read the import of his answer. These invaders were his own people, and from them, and through their raid he could get his release. But what of her and her children, and the fortress, containing all their possessions in this new land!

Whatever of dread her heart might hold, Margaret of Guion knew nought of fear, expressed. "Gyles," she said, "when the Sieur d'Amours left home he gave me instruction to oversee all that I could, with my own eyes and wit; when I came to a hard place to trust to yours, and he left us in your charge, though you are but a lad of seventeen, and a servant in name, and a foreigner in race. I have not told you this before because I had no need, but I have told it you in my trust and confidence reposed, and I meant in good time, when peril came, to let you know his very words."

"Your children told me of it, Madame," he answered. "I had not thought of so great an honour being put upon me." And he turned again to the Indians and talked for some moments. "It is true that it is Colonel Church, Madame," he said. "Franceway tells me that he has already been to Minas and Chignecto, and is on his way to Villebon at Nashwaak."

"We know him well!" she exclaimed. "He and his men in their flat-bottomed, black boats, are worse than pirates. He will think this place still a fortress, and will burn and sack."

"Unless you do what the Sieur bade," said Gyles.

"What did he bid?" she asked.

"MADAME, he told me if any trouble came we were not to try to save the place, because we had not a large enough household to defend any attack, but we were to flee up to Grand Lake and get you and the children in safe keeping at the Big Grant. This is what I suppose he meant when he told you to trust to me if peril threatened."

"You lie!" cried the Lady Margaret. "Why should I flee like a frightened child! I can stand by my own! The Lady L'Tour stood by her fortress. Margaret of Guion can do as well!"

"She did not do well, Madame, if I heard the story aright. The Sieur said I was to see that you

were safe away from the place."

"And then you can be free yourself!" she said. "How do I know that this is not a pretext to get all our stores besides! This Colonel Church would take you away to your home again, in Pemaquid."

"Yes, Madame, I know that."

"And yet you ask me to trust you!" she cried.

"No, Madame, your husband, the Sieur d'Amours, he asked you to trust me, and bade me care for you."

Her face flushed at the quiet, grave words, and she moved to him, offering her hand. "I did not mean to be so hard," she said, "but it is not easy to believe you could do this thing for us when freedom and home are in your grasp. My husband bade you, and gave you the trust, and he would expect you to be true to it, because he is that sort of a man. He does right for right's sake, not for any one's command. And he would think you were our servant and must obey orders. But because I am a woman I can see your chance, and I know how you long for your own home and your own people, and how verily a prisoner you are here even though you have freedom of foot. But, Gyles, the Sieur d'Amours, he would believe that you would do your duty now, so do I. I would like well to stay here and face the grizzly old Briton and save my treasures, but I dare not disobey my husband's commands, and I will do as you have said he bade me. Must we leave this very night?"

"We dare not wait," said the youth. "Franceway is going down the portage with his brothers. They are strangers here and on their way to their home in Norridgewick. But they can make their way to one of the villages on foot, and he will come back here by midnight. With his large canoe for the maids and the luggage, and your own for your children, you can all be in safety by dawn."

"And when you have made ready the place, as the Sieur commanded, there is the little pirogue in which you can follow."

"Yes, Madame, there is the little pirogue in which I can follow."

Her quick ear caught the repetition of her words, and her own young heart, her mother heart, responded to the lad's hopeless tone.

"GYLES," she said, "I know the struggle is hard, and will be harder still when we are gone, but I believe you will be faithful to us. I wish I could promise you your freedom, but I cannot. The Sieur is not the stamp of man to be turned by a sentiment. He does ever what he himself deems just. He bought you from the savages out of kindness of heart, but I know he thinks he owns you and that you are to do his will implicitly, so I can make no promise. But, Gyles, I have no one else on whom I can depend in this strait. Old Salvadore is too feeble to do more than hold his strength for the journey, and my children and I must look to you for protection."

"There is not a moment to lose, Madame," said the Servitor, who had been having a further conference with the Indians. "The British burned every house at Beaubassin. The soldiers are rough men and cruel. You, Madame, must be out of this in safety."

Hastily the lady explained to him her husband's wishes and commands, and soon she and her household were making ready for the departure. The unexpected return of the Indian in an hour made their haste even more imperative. Down river he had learned that an additional force had joined Church, that they were waiting at the bend all night and at early morn would probably make their attack.

All silently the little procession left the house and descended the pathway to the flagging, where lay the canoes. In the Indian's large one were placed the maid servants, and their few necessary stores, and leading the way the Indian started off. Close behind was the light, strong craft of Madame Guion's, paddled by her own hand. With her were her children and the old Servitor. And drawn up on the shore was the stout little pirogue which was to be left for the youth. The hunting moon, yellow and full of glory, shone over the wild, lonely land.

Madame Guion drew back a few paces and out of the others' hearing.

"Gyles," she said, "in the little room over your own is a strong box, locked and strapped. It holds my silver and jewels, and a few treasures besides. Written on it are plain directions how, and where, to hide it in the garden behind the chapel. You will

find the spot prepared, and I had intended placing it there myself, but the extra haste hindered me and I must leave it to you. No one knows of the box or its hiding-place but ourselves and the Sieur d'Amours. Drive the cattle out of the enclosure, so that they may stray to the marsh and perhaps be spared. On the escriptoire is a paper, which you are to fasten on the great outer gate. Put it in plain view. In it I have demanded that Church leave our place untouched. He cannot but respect it if it meets his eye, for I have told him of my husband's repeated kindness to the English. Until you join us I will not know if this is safely posted, or if the box be hidden. I would trust you, myself, Gyles, even if the Sieur d'Amours had not bidden me."

"I will do my best, Madame," he replied, with grave salute, passing in the paddles, and steadying the canoe for her step.

A moment and the light sentient bark shot out and up the stream, and the English lad stood alone at the foot of the old French stronghold, free from the people whose bond-servant he was, and in easy reach of his countrymen twenty miles below.

Swift through his mind passed the nine years of his captivity, that terrible night of the massacre at Pemaquid, his father and brothers killed before his eyes, his own forced march with the savages, its sufferings and his captor's cruelty, the agony of those long, dreadful years at Meductic, with their hunger, and fear, and torture, then that long tramp to the big fortress, where he was offered for sale, and purchased by the Sieur d'Amours, and brought to this little, old stronghold. But here the torture had ceased. Good food, a quiet bed, and easy work, the love of the children, the trust of his master, and the kind care of the Lady d'Amours—all this had been his lot. Yet even this was not liberty.

He could see his mother's face, could hear again her parting words as they carried him from her on that dreadful night. Her sweet, white face—how often the memory of it had lulled him asleep in these bitter years, those early, young years with his dusky captors, when the tortures broke both flesh and heart! To think of seeing her again! How blessed it would be! He could hide the strong box, post the proclamation, and then make his way down to the invaders. He might, by pleading, even save their attack upon the place, and thus render his master a service above what his mere servitude demanded.

The thought made his step buoyant and quick as he sped up the pathway to the house. The strong box lay outside Madame d'Amours' own apartment. It was bulky but not heavy to carry, for the treasures in this new land were few. An hour had passed before he had it in safe keeping in the little vault outside the courtyard square. Now and then as he worked he paused to listen, alert for the slightest sound that might come upon the still, night air, but no noise broke the utter silence, and he completed his task, smiling to think how easily he could have faken the chest and its contents as bounty for his safe passage with the invaders.

IT seemed as if he would never accomplish all the charges, and his fingers fumbled over bolts and bars; but at length the place was secured, the cattle and sheep driven away, and the notice placed on the heavy plank gate. Going up to his little chamber at the stair's head, he took from a chest some skins he had trapped, gathered together a few articles of clothing, and hurried again down the stairway, and out the great door. Hastening to the riverside, where his little pirogue lay, he threw in the pelts and was turning to take back the key to its hiding-place, when a short, thick-set man stepped out from the walnut clump, and a voice called in rough tones, "Are you in possession of the Sieur d'Amours' domains?"

Quick the youth turned to the water. Down shore a few yards was a long, black boat, manned by several men. Straight his eager thoughts told him that this was one of the invading craft, and that the man who addressed him was perhaps the Commander, Colonel Church.

A half smile flitted over the youth's anxious face. How good it was to hear his own tongue again, even though so roughly couched, and half in fear, yet feeling somehow strangely at home with this grizzly warrior of his own race, he came near, so that his face showed clear in the bright moonlight, but he did not speak.

The stranger frowned and laid a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. "Give answer," he said. "Who are you, where is the Sieur d'Amours, and what are you doing here, in the enemy's country? Brown-faced though you are I know you for an Englishman!"

"I am servant to my master, Louis d'Amours," replied Gyles. "He bought me from the Indians

three years ago. They had killed my father and brothers, at Pemaquid, and taken me prisoner." He stripped up his sleeves from his scarred arms—"this is the life I led," he said, "till I came into d'Amours' hands."

"And since then, lad?—speak the truth, for I am Church, and I am sent out to avenge such deaths as your father's, and such living deaths as yours. The French are in league with the savages in all their depredations. Since coming here, lad, how have you fared?"

"I have fared well," said the lad, gravely, "so well that I am left in charge of the place to protect it against your attack."

The gallant soldier laughed. "The fortunes of war!" he exclaimed.

"Through one you are taken, through another freed! How much loot is there inside? Could you get enough for me to make it not worth my while to attack? I knew the Sieur himself was absent, but where are the household?"

"They are not here," said Gyles. "The place is vacant."

"Well, I've never yet burned women and children!" exclaimed the Colonel, "but there must be treasures here. Show me where the prizes are."

THE youth led on up the steep path through the wood to the heavy plank gate, and pointed to the placard.

"Madame d'Amours thought you would not destroy nor pillage, when you had read this," he said.

Church chuckled grimly as he stepped close up to the document, which by the moonlight that lay so bright over the land, could be plainly read. "So she claims protection for her possessions and her domain in earnest of her husband's repeated acts of kindness to English captives," said the soldier. "So much so good, but is it true? And why did you stay behind when the lady fled?"

"I had promised my master to see her safe away if danger threatened," explained the youth; "and there were things she asked me to do besides—to post this placard, and secure the place against your attack. That was why I remained, but I was not going to follow her. I planned to go down stream and find you when you were at anchor, and ask you to take me to my mother and my people at Pemaquid, and I thought if I told you of the kind treatment I had met at their hands that you would spare the place here and go on up river instead, to Nashwaak."

"I'll gladly set you free," said Church. "You'll be a star in my crown. But show me the booty. Quick, boy, the tide is dropping and I will be stuck here as we were on that blasted mud flat at Minas. Open the gate and let us get at the loot."

The boy flung him the great key. "Open if you will," he said. "I could not hold out against you and your men even if I resisted;" and he retreated down the path to the river side.

Something in the tone moved the old soldier's heart, and he followed quickly and came up beside him, where he was bending over the pirogue, arranging the bundles inside its small space, and drawing it farther up shore.

"You can accompany me in my own boat," said the Commander, "unless you like your own craft better, and would rather follow in it. The force is at anchor in the large river, just below the Jemseg mouth. I came up to reconnoitre. Bright moonlight hinders my sleep, and I am restless while it lasts. I thought to have a quiet look around, un-

detected, before we attacked, but I soon discovered that the birds had flown. How soon will you be ready for the start?"

THE youth sprang to his feet. "I am not going with you," he said. "I am staying here."

"Suppose I burn the houses, kill you, and go on up the Big Lake and discover your lady, what then?" asked Church.

But the youth did not answer.

"You would stay here a captive, a slave, with life and freedom in your grasp!" exclaimed the other. "You are indeed a fool."

"But I am not a craven," replied Gyles. "I gave my word to the Sieur d'Amours to guard his family and his fortunes in his absence. I belong to him, and must keep my faith. I did intend to go with you, but when you told me to discover you the treasures, I knew that my duty was here, to obey my master's orders."

"And your mother, at Pemaquid, waiting these many years for your return—has she no claim upon you?"

The boy's voice broke in a half sob, and he dropped down on the stone flagging at the water's edge. "I think she would tell me to stay," he said, stolidly. "Mothers do not call you from your trust. Mine has waited long, she must wait longer yet, till I am free with honour."

The old Commander's eyes blinked, but there was no blinking in his voice when he spoke. "Stay on," he said, "and I will write a document to your lady that will bind you yet closer. The place here I may spare, not because of you, but because I like the little lady's wit in supposing I would listen to her pleadings, and it humours me to save her and her household. This time I pass, but another voyage when the Sieur d'Amours himself is at hand and I can cross swords with a gentleman of honour, I'll have my revenge. I'd not stoop to take even the key from the hand of a fellow so bound in spirit as you are," and flinging it upon the ground he strode away.

But at the turn of the path he came back. "There is yet time," he said. "If you should change your mind, and choose to follow us, even when I am at the river's mouth we will turn back to meet you. My men will keep the watch. But if you show no sign of relenting by then, get you gone, and quickly, from here, for I will be sending up a letter to the Lady d'Amours who so keeps you in bondage, and should my men find you on the spot I will give them orders to fire every building, so that there will no longer be shelter here for the lady or her slave!"

FOR the whole hour while the black boat rapidly sped down the little river, the youth sat on the stone flagging by the shore. The waters fell away from the sand at his feet, as the moments passed. The moon sank behind the black woods beyond the Grand Pond. Once, as the boat came near the point at the Channel's head, he seized his slender pirogue and started to draw it down the sand, but quickly dragged it back; and quietly sat there until the black boat became a speck, and was lost in the blur of the great waters beyond the river's mouth.

Then, wearily, he drew down his own craft, picked up the key and secured it in a wallet, pushed off from shore, and without a glance backward, pulled away up the little river to the Big Pond, and the Lady Margaret who had given herself and her

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The Materializing of Cecil

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables."

I had never worried me in the least that I wasn't married, although everybody in Hillburn pitied old maids; but it did worry me, and I frankly confess it, that I had never had a chance to be. Even Nancy, my old nurse and servant, knew that, and pitied me for it. Nancy is an old maid herself, but she has had two proposals; she did not accept either of them, because one was a widower with seven children and the other a very shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow; but if anybody twitted Nancy on her single condition, she could point triumphantly to these two as evidence that "she could do as she would." If I had not lived all my life in Hillburn I might have had the benefit of the doubt; but I had, and everybody knew everything about me—or thought they did.

I had really often wondered why nobody had ever fallen in love with me. I was not at all homely; indeed, years ago, George Adoniram Maybrick had written a poem addressed to me, in which he praised my beauty quite extravagantly; that didn't mean anything, because George Adoniram wrote poetry to all the good-looking girls, and never went with anybody but Flora King, who was cross-eyed and red-haired; but it proves that it was not my appearance that put me out of the running. Neither was it the fact that I wrote poetry myself—although not of George Adoniram's kind—because nobody ever knew that. When I felt it coming on I shut myself up in my room and wrote it out in a little book bound with red morocco which I kept locked up. It is nearly full now, because I have been writing poetry all my life. It is the only thing I have ever been able to keep a secret from Nancy. Nancy, in any case, has not a very high opinion of my ability to take care of myself, but I tremble to imagine what she would think if she ever found out about that little red book. I'm convinced she would send for the doctor post-haste and insist on mustard plasters while waiting for him.

Nevertheless, I kept on at it, and what with my flowers and my cats and my magazines and my red book, I was really very happy and contented. But it *did* sting that Adella Gilbert, across the road, who has a drunken husband, should pity "poor Charlotte" because nobody had ever wanted her. Poor Charlotte, indeed! If I had thrown myself at a man's head the way Adella Gilbert did at—but there, there, I must refrain from such thoughts. I must not be uncharitable.

The Sewing Circle met at Mary Gillespie's on my fortieth birthday. I have given up talking about my birthdays, although that little scheme is not much good in Hillburn, where everybody knows your age—or if they make a mistake it is never on the side of youth. But Nancy, who grew accustomed to celebrating my birthdays when I was a little girl, never gets over the habit, and I don't try to cure her, because, after all, it's nice to have some one make a fuss over you. She brought me up my breakfast before I got out of bed—a concession to my laziness that Nancy would scorn to make on any other day of the year. She had cooked everything I like best, and had decorated the tray most beautifully with dear, pale-pink, baby roses from the garden, and ferns from the woods behind the house. I enjoyed every bit of that breakfast, and then I got up and dressed, putting on my second best muslin gown. I would have put on my really best if I had not had the fear of Nancy before my eyes; but I knew she would never condone that, even on a birthday. I watered my flowers and fed my cats, and then I locked myself up and wrote a poem on June. I had given up writing birthday odes after I was thirty.

IN the afternoon I went to the Sewing Circle. When I was ready for it I looked in my glass and wondered if I could really be forty. I was quite sure I didn't look it. My hair was brown and wavy, my cheeks were pink, and the lines could hardly be seen at all, though possibly that was because of the dim light. I always have my mirror hung in the darkest corner of my room, Nancy can not imagine why. I know the lines are there,

of course; but when they don't show very plain I forget that they are there.

We had a large Sewing Circle, young and old alike attending. I really cannot say I ever enjoyed the meetings—at least, not up to that time—although I went religiously because I thought it my duty to go. The married women talked so much of their husbands and children, and of course I had to be mum on those topics; and the young girls talked in corner groups about their beaux, and stopped it when I joined them, as if they felt sure that an old maid who had never had a beau couldn't understand at all. As for the other old maids, they talked gossip about everyone, and I did not like that either. I knew the minute my back was turned they would fasten onto me and hint that I used hair-dye and declare it was perfectly ridiculous for a woman of

about the roses which were climbing over Mary Gillespie's sill; I meant to inscribe them in the red book when I went home. Georgie's speech brought me back to harsh realities with a jolt. It hurt me, as such speeches always did.

"Didn't you ever have a beau, Miss Holmes?" said Wilhelmina, laughingly.

A silence had fallen over the room for a moment, and everybody in it heard Wilhelmina's question.

I REALLY do not know what got into me and possessed me. I have never been able to account for what I said and did, because I am naturally a truthful person and hate all deceit. It seemed to me that I simply could not say "No" to Wilhelmina before that whole roomful of women. It was too humiliating. I suppose all the prickles and stings and slurs I had endured for fifteen years on account of never having a lover had what the new doctor calls "a cumulative effect," and came to a head then and there.

"Yes, I had once, my dear," I said, calmly.

For once in my life I made a sensation. Every woman in that room stopped sewing and stared at me. Most of them, I saw, didn't believe me, but Wilhelmina did. Her pretty face lighted up with interest.

"Oh, won't you tell us about him, Miss Holmes?" she coaxed, "and why you didn't marry him?"

"That is right, Miss Mercer," said Josephine Cameron, with a nasty little laugh. "Make her tell. We're all interested. It's news to us that Charlotte ever had a beau."

If Josephine had not said that, I might not have gone on. But she did say it; and, moreover, I caught Mary Gillespie and Adella Gilbert exchanging significant smiles. That settled it and made me quite reckless. "In for a penny in for a pound," thought I, and I said with a pensive smile: "Nobody here knew anything about him, and it was all long ago."

"What was his name?" asked Wilhelmina.

"Cecil Fenwick," I answered promptly. Cecil had always been my favourite name for a man; it figured quite frequently in the red book. As for the Fenwick part of it, I had a bit of newspaper in my hand, measuring a hem, with "Try Fenwick's Porous Plasters" printed across it, and I simply joined the two in sudden and irrevocable matrimony.

"Where did you meet him?" asked Georgie.

I hastily reviewed my past. There was only one place to locate Cecil Fenwick. The only time I had ever been far enough away from Hillburn in my life was when I was eighteen and had gone to visit an aunt in New Brunswick.

"In Blakely, New Brunswick," I said, almost believing that I had, when I saw how they all took it in unsuspectingly. "I was just eighteen and he was twenty-three."

"What did he look like?" Susette wanted to know.

"Oh, he was very handsome." I proceeded glibly to sketch my ideal. To tell the dreadful truth I was enjoying myself; I could see respect dawning in these girls' eyes, and I knew that I had forever thrown off my reproach. Henceforth I should be a woman with a romantic past, faithful to the one love of her life—a very, very different thing from an old maid who had never had a lover.

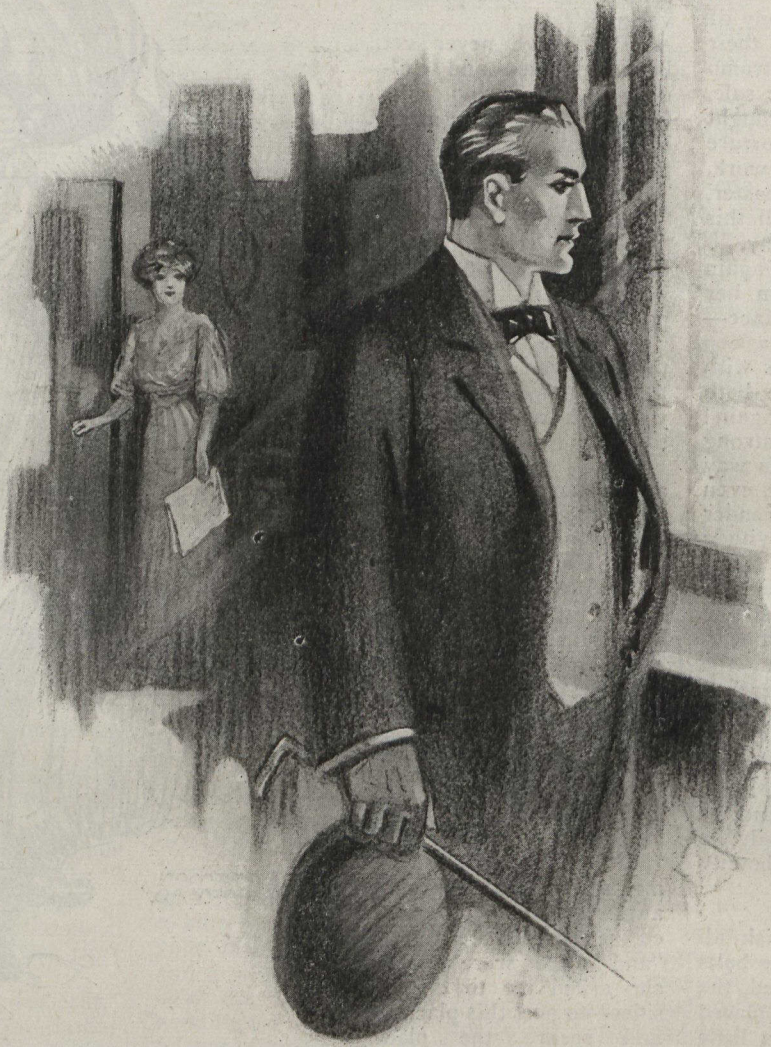
"HE was tall and dark, with lovely curly black hair and brilliant, piercing eyes. He had a splendid cleft chin, and a fine nose, and the most fascinating smile."

"What was he?" asked Maggie.

"A young lawyer," I said, my choice of his profession decided by an enlarged crayon portrait of Mary Gillespie's deceased brother on an easel before me. He had been a lawyer.

"Why didn't you marry him?" demanded Susette. "We quarrelled," I answered sadly. "A terribly bitter quarrel. Oh, we were both so young and so foolish. It was my fault. I vexed Cecil by flirting with another man"—wasn't I coming on?"—and

(Continued on page 27.)



"A man was standing by the south window."

Drawn by H. W. McCrea.

fifty to wear a pink muslin dress with lace-trimmed frills. I dare say it was ridiculous; but what is the use of being an independent old maid with nobody to care if you can't be ridiculous when you want to be? A person must have some compensations.

There was a full attendance that day, for we were getting ready for a sale of fancy work in aid of parsonage repairs. The young girls were merrier and noisier than usual. Wilhelmina Mercer was there, and she kept them going. The Mercers were quite new to Hillburn, having come here only two months previously. They were very nice people, and Wilhelmina was a very nice girl; but it did seem as if her tongue was hung in the middle, and if she ever thought of anything except the boys, it didn't show in her walk and conversation.

I was sitting by the window, and Wilhelmina Mercer, Maggie Henderson, Susette Cross and Georgie Hall were in a little group just before me. I wasn't listening to their clatter at all, but presently Georgie exclaimed teasingly:

"Miss Charlotte is laughing at us. I suppose she thinks we are awfully silly to be talking about beaux."

The truth was that I was simply smiling over some very pretty thoughts that had come to me

THE CYCLONE THAT DEVASTATED REGINA



Lorne Street, with a Mile of Houses Down; Described Below by Judge Hannon, who Lived on that Street.

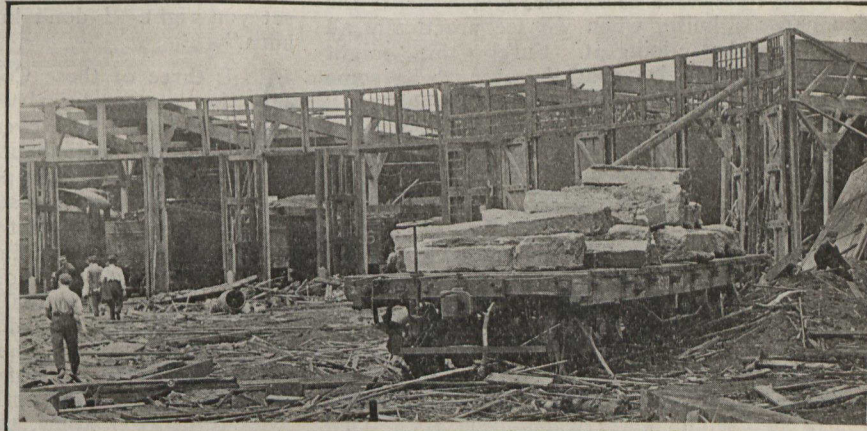
Smith Street, Reduced to a Mass of Wreckage in a Little More than One Minute.



It was the C. P. R. Right of Way, but the Cyclone had it. Elevators and Warehouses, Houses and Waggon in One Colossal Upheaval.



The Metropolitan Methodist Church and the Y. W. C. A. Building.



The Carload of Stones Was Not Carried Away from the C. P. R. Round-house.

Story of the Storm

Told by Judge Hannon, whose home on Lorne Street was wrecked, whose family had an almost miraculous escape from death, but who, with true Western hustle, found time to write his experiences for the Canadian Courier.

Photographs by Rossie and Progress Photo Co.

FOR a week we had extremely hot weather, 90 in the shade and upwards, without very much relief at night. Sunday afternoon I had gone for a walk and had reached about a mile from home when the approaching storm became so threatening that I thought I had better make the turn. I retraced my steps with all speed, as the storm came on; the forked lightning was vicious in some three sections of the horizon. Approaching home I crossed from Smith to Lorne Street on Fourteenth Avenue, which is in the very heart of the destruction in the best residential district. The lightning and the great black clouds with some thunder simply indicated to me the swift coming on of a very heavy storm.

As I struck Lorne Street, one block from my home, the rain began, and I ran that last block at my top speed through heavy sheets of rain and strong wind. Reaching the verandah I took in a couple of chairs. Before I could go upstairs to change I was struck by the shrill whistling of the

(Concluded on page 24.)



Church in the Background out of the Storm Zone; Looking North from the Parliament Buildings.



A Bedroom Suddenly Exposed to View.



Through A Monocle

UNDERSTANDING OUR FOREIGNERS.

THE strangers who are within our gates continue to be "taken in" and bamboozled and patronized and "missioned" and plundered and put upon and educated and—everything but intelligently understood. We will do anything in the world for them—and to them—except set our imaginations at work in an effort to find out what they are, and why. We just marvel at them—that they can actually come to this Heaven-blessed country and really see our superior selves living the beautiful lives we so easily see ourselves living, and yet go on being so unlike us as they manage to do. It is truly beyond words. How obdurate they must be! Why, we should think that one good look at a Canadian would convince them that they were all wrong where they differed from that "specimen brick," and set them copying us like so many industrious monkeys.

WELL, it doesn't. They pick up our language in such broken fragments as they find most easily masticated; and they pick up a living after the manner of their own kind; and they have their quarrels and their pleasures—and they usually go about both of them in a fashion which brings them into collision with our laws. Doubtless, they wonder at us quite as much as we wonder at them; but we are both very slow at understanding each other. And mutual understanding must come before we get very far on the road toward assimilation. A little understanding, indeed, would help a lot. Take, for example, the playful habit the Italian has of carrying arms and using them. We send him to jail for it, and we scold him and assure him that he doesn't need a knife, and sometimes forcibly take his "side-arms" away from him. But we never take the pains to think out why he wastes his good money in buying weapons, and to ask ourselves if we may not be in a large measure to blame. One might think that we would come to suspect that it is not pure perverse wickedness which makes the Italian carry a knife, when we see practically all Italian immigrants doing it. Surely this might suggest to us the idea that there must be some general cause for what looks like a national habit. And if we could get at the cause, we would do more toward wiping out the effect than by jailing individual Italians after they have stabbed somebody.

IF you will imagine yourself to be an Italian immigrant for a moment, you will see the cause plainly enough. At home, in "sunny Italy," you have had a profound distrust of the authorities, and have looked to your own right hand for your safety. You may have belonged to a secret society which made that safety more secure; but even the secret society has defended its members by an extreme readiness to use the knife when necessary. That has been your home training. Very well; you think of venturing forth out of Italy, the centre of the world's civilization to you, the country which was old before "America" was discovered; and risking your skin in that far-away "America" where there must be much less law and order than at home. If you have any doubt on that point, you will probably have bought some books on "America" in your Italian book-store—the novels of Fennimore Cooper, for choice. There you have learned that deadly combats with Indians form a daily part of the lives of most Americans. I may just say that, in Naples, Fennimore Cooper's yarns, turned into Italian and illustrated in the most blood-thirsty fashion, are to be seen in many bookshop windows.

SO you start out for "America," believing that, when you step off the ship, you will be taking your life in your hands. And what is the first thing you see? In one Canadian city that I know very well, the street all about the Italian Labour Agencies is lined with second-hand stores in whose windows are displayed all sorts of revolvers and ugly-looking knives. They are more frequent in that district than any other single sort of merchandise. Now what does the Italian immigrant infer? Why, what else than that his previously conceived notion was right, and that any man who would be safe in "America" must be well-armed? He probably thinks that all these "gun shops" mean that every Canadian carries a revolver; and he feels

exceedingly insecure until he gets one. The fact that the police do not want him to be armed doubles his conviction that he ought to be. He has grown up with an innate distrust, as we have said, of all police. So he buys his revolver or his knife; and he meets all too many occasions upon which undeniable bad treatment leads him to think that this is a time when he should "show himself a man."

THEN consider the Chinaman. He has a weakness. He loves "a little game." I know lots of "whites" who have the same weakness; but they know enough to play their "little games" while keeping within the law. The Chinaman wants to take a risk. He does not understand the Stock Exchange, and so cannot take his risk in the kid-gloved manner affected by our best citizens. If he knew a little more, he could gamble, not only with impunity, but amidst the admiration of the community. Nor is he sufficiently informed to join in the riotous real estate "game." If he could only

do that, he would be so respectable that we would see in him the makings of an ancestor of one of our future "best families." But poor "John" doesn't understand these "games." They are too deep for him. Still he wants to frisk with the "elusive goddess" a trifle, just to sweeten his hard hours of labour. And he gathers together in a quiet company in a little back room and starts to enjoy the game he does understand, when we send our police—who never play anything but checkers—to break up his party and drag him into court. He and all his tribe are not nearly as much a menace to the community as one "bucket-shop" artist—I beg pardon, there are no "bucket shops" officially now. What I mean is one man who encourages stock-buying on small "margins."

NOW do you not think that this refusal to let the Chinaman relax a bit over a game of "fan-tan" may drive him to worse vices? Remember, he is a pretty lonely individual out here—a bachelor, an alien, finding no association with "whites," except with those who want either to rob or to preach to him. I think that Chinamen might be doing worse than losing a little money to each other. As for the "Dago," why not give him a help along the right direction, by forbidding the exposure of arms for sale, and enforcing the law? He will believe what he sees ten times as quickly as what the police tell him.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Birthplace of Sir John

THREE well-informed Conservatives lately had a dispute as to the birthplace of Sir John Macdonald. They were yachting down Kingston way, and the talk turned upon the suggested memorial to the late Conservative chieftain to be erected at Adolphustown on Hay Bay.

One of the party, a Conservative journalist who knows Kingston even better than the city he lives in, said:

"But why not at Kingston? Sir John was born there."

"I think you're wrong," said the Ontario M.P.P. "He was born in Adolphustown."

"I believe you're both wrong," said the third, also a member of the Albany Club. "But I can't set you right. I don't know where Sir John was born."

ALL three of these Conservatives had begun to be young political workers about the time Sir John Macdonald died twenty-one years ago. They knew a great deal about Sir John's political life and character and his place as a nation-builder. They knew rafts of the stories told or said to have been told by the weirdest character that ever came on the stage of Canadian politics. They had a most vivid recollection of the dramatic events in Canadian public life that centred about the chief actor. They had heard the old chieftain speak many a time. They knew his personality better than they know that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Premier Borden. But not one of them remembered, even if he ever knew, the exact place where Sir John Macdonald was born.

One might fancy three equally representative Americans having a talk about Abraham Lincoln, who certainly was no more remarkable a figure in the United States than Macdonald was in Canada; and a book might easily be written about the similarities between these two great men. But the chances are, there would have been no doubt in any of the three as to the exact spot, perhaps the year, and most certainly the day of the month that had to do with the birth of Lincoln, whose birthday along with that of the "Father of his Country" is one of the public festivals in the United States.

MERELY as a matter of fact Sir John Macdonald was born at neither Kingston nor Adolphustown. He was born in Glasgow on January 11th, the year of the battle of Waterloo. His father was a manufacturer who, as a young man, moved to Glasgow from a Sutherlandshire village in the Highlands. The boy John, third of five children, was five years old when he came with his parents to Canada. They settled first in Kingston, which was then important as a military and social centre. The elder Macdonald failed to succeed in business in Kingston, just as he had failed in Glasgow. The family moved first to Hay Bay, then to Stone Mills, on the Bay of Quinte. From ten to fifteen years of age the boy John was a pupil at the Kingston Grammar School, which was all the formal education he got. As he once remarked to a friend, "I had no boyhood. From the

age of fifteen I began to earn my own living."

At the age of fifteen he began to study law as a junior clerk on a small salary in the office of George Mackenzie, a friend of his father in Kingston. At twenty-one he was called to the bar in Kingston. The following year he became almost famous at the hands of subsequent political biographers by his connection with the defense of Von Schoultz, the Polish revolutionist who had joined the rebels of 1837 in Canada. In 1842, at the age of twenty-seven, Macdonald made his first visit to England, and for the first time revisited Scotland, the Highlands and Glasgow. Two years later two hundred electors presented an address asking him to become a Conservative candidate for Kingston. In his first address to a Canadian constituency Macdonald said:

"I therefore need scarcely state my firm belief that the prosperity of Canada depends upon its permanent connection with the mother country, and that I shall resist to the utmost any attempt to weaken that union."

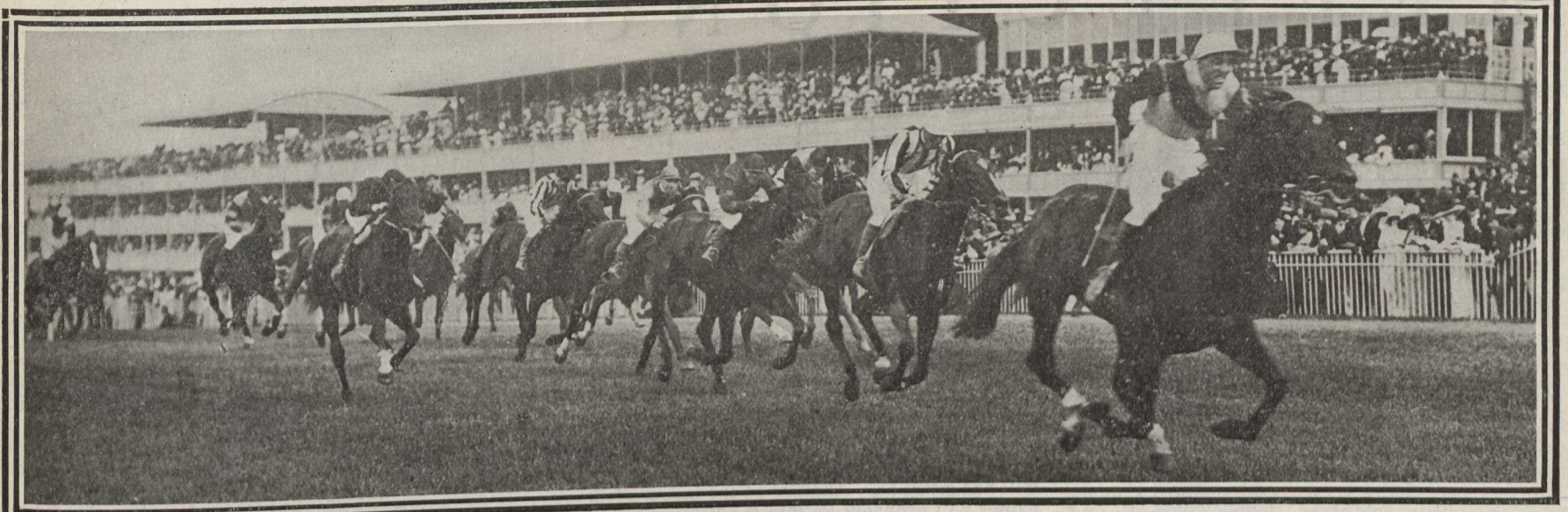
HE was elected by a huge majority as member for Kingston, which, with one short interruption, he represented from 1844 till 1891. He was the first Premier of Canada after Confederation, of which he was at least one of the "fathers." In 1873 his Government was succeeded in office by that of Alexander Mackenzie. In 1878 he reaffirmed his British connection plank and added to it the bigger one of a national policy of protection for Canadian industries—since endorsed and adopted by the late Liberal Government along with the British Preference. By a big majority he was returned to power, which he held until his death in 1891.

In that period there were four general elections, the Northwest Rebellion and the building of our first transcontinental railway. The 1878 election was won on the British connection and the National Policy ticket. In 1882 the principle was confirmed.

In 1887 the issue was Commercial Union, whose chief protagonist in the United States was the ex-Canadian Erastus Wiman, and in Canada the ex-Englishman Goldwin Smith. In that election Sir John lost part of his grip on Quebec by the agitation over the hanging of Louis Riel, leader of the Northwest Rebellion, in 1885; in which year the last spike of the C. P. R. was driven at Craigellachie, B.C. In 1887 Hon. Wilfrid Laurier succeeded Hon. Edward Blake as leader of the Liberal party. The election in 1891 revived the commercial union bogey and led Mr. Blake to decline a nomination for the House of Commons. Sir John won the election by a reduced majority after a hard winter campaign, which led to his death while Parliament was still assembled in June. He died in Ottawa and was buried in Kingston, where as a lad of fifteen he first studied law.

So, Highland Scotchman though he was, John Macdonald probably had more regard for Kingston till the day of his death than he had for either the Highlands or Glasgow.

Doings at Home and Abroad Recorded by the Camera



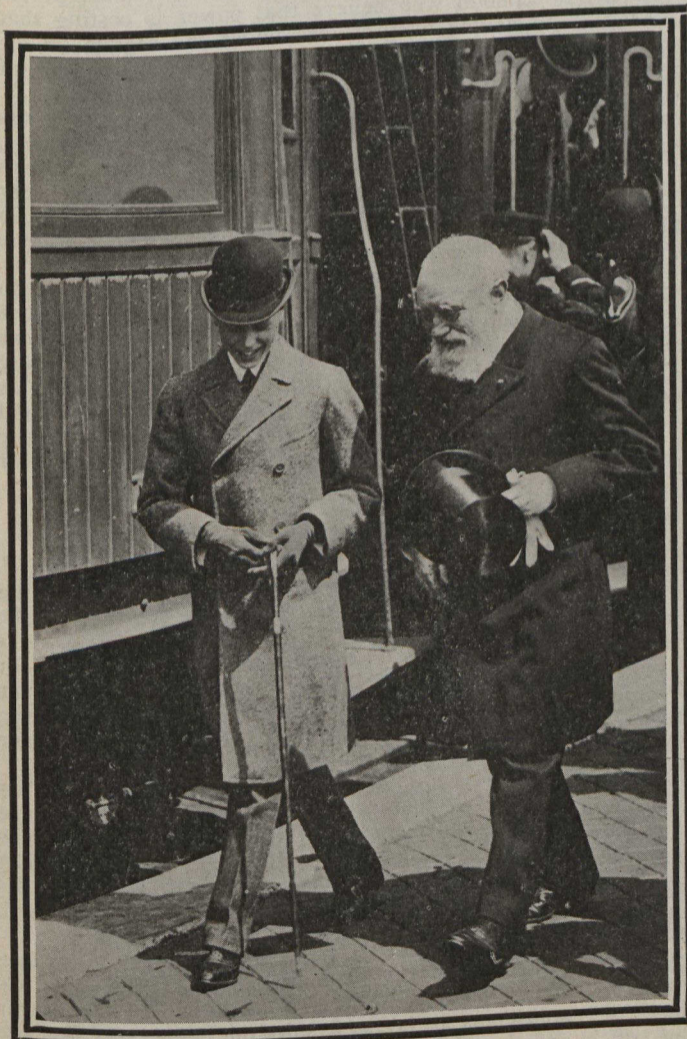
Spectacular Finish at the Ascot Races when the Royal Hunt Cup was won by "Eton Boy."



Band of the Scots Guards Playing at the Change of Guard at St. James' Palace.

Changing Guard at St. James.

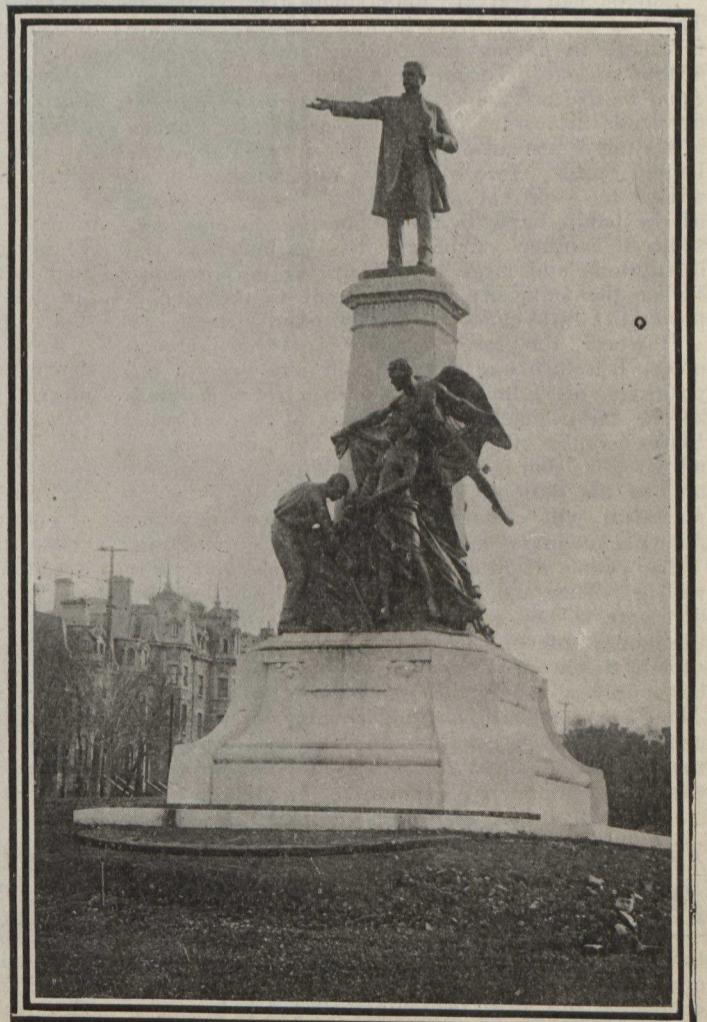
EVERY morning the year round at eleven o'clock, just below the Nelson monument on Trafalgar Square, occurs at once the finest daily band concert and historic spectacle in the world. It is the changing of the Foot Guards at old St. James' Palace; a ceremony which is witnessed by not less than a million people every year from all parts of the civilized world. Every morning there is a crush of people to see this survival of an ancient custom that dates back to the time when the Palace was the real centre of London, and now, with the splendour of uniforms and the magnificence of four great military bands, has become part of the daily pageant of modern London. The guide you happen to pick up in Trafalgar Square—he knows the stranger because the Londoner never stops to gawk up at the Nelson monument—tells you intricately just how this spectacle is manoeuvred and why. He can explain how long the guards in the arches of the old tower have been on duty; which regiment is going off, and which of the four great Foot Guards bands should be coming up from beyond Buckingham Palace. If he discovers that the Scots Guards are on the march in when the Coldstreams are really being relieved by the Grenadiers, he tells you that sometimes such incongruities happen. But he doesn't explain that the reason may be—that the Scots Guards are putting in extra shifts for the Grenadiers, who may be away at an exhibition or over in Paris; and that in a few weeks the Grenadiers will be paying back the Scots while they are over in Canada playing at the Canadian National Exhibition.



Prince of Wales, Leaving Calais, Smiles at a Story of the British Consul.

PRESERVING the French language in Canada was the object of a most enthusiastic congress in Quebec city a few days ago. Unveiling a monument to Honore Mercier, one of the most brilliant French speakers that Canada ever produced, was a preliminary to the real business of the convention. The chief Canadian speakers on this historic occasion—occasions are frequently historic in Quebec—were Senator Belcourt, whose advocacy of French as an instrument of culture has its best embodiment in himself; Mr. Henri Bourassa, who was dramatic rather than convincing; Armand Lavergne only less dramatic than his chief; Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, whose cathedral city is about five-sixths French, and Mr. Paul Leduc, whose chief diversion was moving a resolution of censure upon Mgr. Fallon, Bishop of London. Mgr. Fallon, the Irish bishop, is not an enthusiast for the French language. A canard was sprung upon the convention to the effect that he forbade his priests to be absent more than a day at the congress. It turned out that the Bishop had given no such an order; that he had been absent from his diocese all through the congress; and that the whole thing had been invented.

An interesting episode of the convention was the disgruntled remark of Mr. Alfred Bonneau, a journalist, who said: "The whole time has been taken up singing the praises of the French language, and nothing has been done to help the French-Canadians of Ontario or the French-Americans."



Monument to Honore Mercier Unveiled at Quebec, June 25.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Holidays and Self-Indulgence.

TOO many men ruin their holidays by lolling, over-eating and over-drinking. Their holiday is an excuse for excesses. This should not be. A man should come back from his holiday trip with an increased chest measurement and a decreased waist measurement.

I am not greatly enamoured of the expensive summer hotel. It gives the comforts of home, but it gives too much. It affords opportunities for excesses in eating and drinking which are not good for most men.

The ideal summer holiday is taken by men in khaki, not in white ducks and immaculate flannels. It should entail hard, physical work in the open air. That is the sort of change which the city man needs. Lolling in easy chairs, on a freshly-painted summer verandah, with a cold John Collins and a box of perfectos is not a holiday. It is a refined debauch which does not make for enlarged muscles or an improved digestion. It does not expand nor clear the lungs.

The big city is a place of foul smells and distracting noises. Over it hangs a haze of soft coal smoke, mixed with an exhausted atmosphere. It whitens men's faces, makes their muscles flabby, and engenders nerve troubles. The summer holiday is intended to bring back colour, strength and steadiness of nerve. But only a rational, decent holiday, mixed with hard work at oar or paddle will do that.

Poor Old Wall Street.

BOTH political parties in the United States seem determined to down Wall Street—or the big financial interests of the country. The Republican party has not actually declared war on Wall Street, but a section of it refuses to support President Taft for another term because it thinks him too sympathetic with trusts, mergers and general financial institutions. It nominated him half-heartedly, and only because it feared Roosevelt, who talks like an anarchist and acts like a man bereft temporarily of his senses. The Democratic party has openly declared against Wall Street, and nominated as presidential candidate a man who is thought to be sanely opposed to the money-power.

Canada can scarcely understand the situation. There is no Wall Street in this country. We are fortunate in having two leading stock exchanges instead of one. Toronto and Montreal are almost equal in size and importance, and each has its own financial interests. The money power in Canada is scattered, instead of being concentrated as in the United States. Two of the big railways have head offices in Montreal and one in Toronto. Some of the banks have their headquarters in one city; some in another. Each city has its own financial institutions and large manufacturing corporations. Hence the animosity of the people to the money-power has little chance to focus or unify itself.

However, the lesson is clear. If the money-power is selfish and avaricious it must expect opposition. Sir Edmund Walker in a recent address before the Bankers' Association of the United States pointed out this danger. The money-power must realize that it has a responsibility to the people and to the nation. If it forgets its duty to the public, it will create unrest and agitation. Our financial magnates must be just and even generous.

The people of America are not slaves, and never will be. They are determined not to let a few men dominate. They want to be fair, but they expect the money interests to be fair also. They will not submit to extortion, nor to what they consider to be unduly advantageous to concentrated wealth. They are fortunate, in this country, in having a champion such as Sir Edmund Walker, who realizes that the public have rights and that these rights cannot be ignored with impunity.

The Cement Situation.

APOLOGISTS for the Government's action in reducing cement duties skilfully evade the points at issue. The Ottawa Journal states that everybody approves the action "except the operators of the cement merger, and of independent companies in Canada which are alleged to be operating with the merger so far as the selling price of cement is concerned—and those who are endeavour-

ing to drag politics into the question."

This is not accurate. The CANADIAN COURIER is not in either of these three classes. Our position is that the duties should have been reduced or suspended at all ports west of Sault Ste. Marie, and not in Eastern Canada. Also, we object to changes in the tariff by order-in-council, as being against the spirit of the constitution.

Again, the cement merger is not opposed to what has taken place. The cement merger is pleased. Its officials admit this to their friends. This is a further inaccuracy.

The Journal is right when it says that the independent companies are objecting. The big new plant at St. Mary's has suspended operations. The Owen Sound mill has closed down. The Durham mill has given up. Another of the independent companies will probably go into the hands of a receiver this week. These are the people who are hurt—not the merger. The latter awaits the outcome with confidence.

There is no politics in this. The Liberal party and the Liberal press approve of the suspension of one-half of the duties. They do not sympathize with the small companies any more than the Conservative administration does. The Liberal press would not object if duties on a hundred articles were cut in two.

The situation is clear. Both political parties approve this duty reduction because they think it is punishment for the cement merger—whereas it is exactly the opposite. It is a political blunder. It punishes only those who should have been protected and is of doubtful value to cement users.

Decently and in Order.

BOTH parties are to blame for the present tariff uncertainty. The vote in September last was a vote for tariff stability and for our present system of protection. The Liberals wanted to introduce lower duties by means of "reciprocity." The Conservatives opposed it, and the people voted with the Conservatives. The latter, therefore, have no mandate to change the tariff any more than the Liberals had when they made the reciprocity treaty.

I am not saying that the tariff is either just or necessary. That point is not in question. The people decided that the present system should be maintained, and it must be until the people decide differently. The people must rule. It is not for Mr. Borden and his Cabinet to decide what measure of protection we shall have any more than it was for Laurier, Fielding and Paterson. Parliament and the people alone have that right.

These changes in cement duties and these reductions of duties on raw material are clearly improper. There should have been an investigation before any such action was taken. The public is entitled to see the evidence on which these changes were based. They are entitled to know why.

In short, we should have a tariff commission, independent of the Cabinet and appointed by Parliament. This commission should investigate and report before a change is made in any customs item. Mr. Borden and Mr. White are not to be allowed to be czars any more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding.

There is this to be said for Mr. Borden and his colleagues—they wanted a tariff commission, and would have created one, had not the Liberals successfully blocked the bill. The Liberals said that such a commission would have raised duties instead of lowering them. The sequel shows that the Borden Cabinet would not have influenced the commission in that direction. The Liberals were wrong. Let us hope that they see their error and that next session will produce a more successful tariff commission bill. Then tariff changes will be made decently and in order.

Canadian Athletes.

SO far as Canada is concerned, the Olympic events at Stockholm on Saturday last came as a surprise after the events at Henley. Butler failed at Henley, and so did the Argonaut Eight. The showing at Stockholm is much more favourable to Canadians than the facts as seen in Canada. All our amateur lacrosse teams show a falling off. Professionalism is tainting us in every direction and

the outlook is not good. Cricket and soccer football seem to be the only two amateur sports which are holding their own.

The truth is that the young Canadian is following the example of the young American and devoting himself more and more to money-making and pleasure-seeking. The luxurious club-houses are places in which to eat, drink, smoke and look at picture papers—rather than convenient assembly-places for hard-working athletes. The young Scotch-Canadian who figured years ago in the Caledonian games at Lucknow and elsewhere has disappeared. The electric lamp, the electric street-car, the telephone and the motor-car invite to ease and luxurious living. The future athletes of Canada will probably come from Northern Ontario and from the newer provinces where luxury is being held in check by pioneer conditions.

Our colleges might have saved the day, but they have neglected physical education. Only the R. M. C. and two or three boys' schools recognize the necessity for developing the body as well as training the mind. Certainly there is little to hope for from our materialistic, money-seeking universities. The race must look elsewhere for ideas in maintaining the physical stamina of the race. There is some hope in the scout and cadet movements.

Rational Medicine.

DESPITE the struggle of the allopaths, the day of the homeopath and the osteopath is dawning. In the Ontario Medical Council, the homeopaths have won recognition, and the osteopaths are likely to gain a similar victory. The allopaths' monopoly is passing away.

The feature of the near future will probably be a national medical science, absorbing the best in all three systems. There is no reason why the doctor of the future should be ignorant of the best there is in homeopathy and osteopathy. All that is needed is a broadening of the curriculums of the different medical colleges.

Triumph of Hydro-Electric.

HON. ADAM BECK'S Ontario hydro-electric system is gaining victory after victory. By a vote of 560 to 10, Collingwood has decided in its favour. Other northern towns have voted similarly, and the Georgian Bay district is now in the game. East of Toronto, the victory is not so sweeping, as Kingston has decided to stay out. But Mr. Beck's triumph is almost complete.

And yet it is not clear that the Beck hydro-electric policy is a financial success. There are people in London who believe that power is costing that city double what it was under the regime of the private corporation, and that only a juggling of accounts prevents the truth becoming known.

London has already spent \$100,000 more than was estimated, and the expenditure is not yet complete. Toronto has appropriated over a million dollars more than its first estimate of cost, and another million may be required. Brampton started out to spend \$40,000, and is said to have already become liable for over \$200,000. And so it goes.

The different cities and towns will be slow to admit they were misled. It will be some time before they say that Adam Beck fooled them. Such an admission would destroy the reputations of many local politicians, and hence it will be delayed as long as possible. Nevertheless, the truth will gradually be disclosed, and eventually the public will know whether Adam Beck is a brilliant man or an honest blunderer.

The Temperance Laugh.

TEMPERANCE people in Ontario are laughing at Mr. Rowell and Sir James Whitney, as the COURIER predicted they would. Mr. Rowell's "abolish the bar" has been accepted and so has Sir James Whitney's "abolish treating." The former is taken somewhat seriously, the latter with a shrug and a smile. For the time being, the Temperance people have both the leaders in tow.

"Years ago," says Secretary Spence, of the Provincial Temperance Alliance, "the temperance people adopted three cardinal principles: (1) banish the bar; (2) do away with drinking in clubs; (3) abolish the treating system. Mr. Rowell takes the first two and Sir James Whitney grabs the third. It looks to me as though I'm out of a job."

This is good. It indicates that the temperance people know that Mr. Rowell and Sir James are simply playing politics. They will use these clever politicians as far as it suits the temperance purpose and then forget them. Mr. Rowell has little to lose in the mix-up; Sir James has much.

AT THE SIGN of the MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

we're away; we'll just take plenty to see us through, and we'll need a fresh frock every second day at least."

They took three trunks between them, and ironed industriously for two weeks after they got back. They said they'd had a nice time. They had met an American family who had connections with one of the Embassies at Washington, and one of them had learned a new crochet stitch. They said it was good to be home again. Toronto was never so nice as in the summer, when you could live in a wrapper on the back verandah and sip soda-water lemonade.

THERE was a dear little girl once who said of Phillips Brooks that she "loved to go walking with Mr. Brooks because he had no morals." I take the hint and pass on to my next division.

As I write, I am sitting on a great lichen-covered rock facing a stretch of open, blue water. Behind me fresh-leaved oaks and white pines—just getting their candles out like mighty Christmas trees—are mingled in lovely contrast, and in front of them is a fringe of Boehmeria—one of the nettle family—with its many spikes of inconspicuous, greenish bloom. I snipped off several of them as I passed by a few minutes ago, half vexed with their weedy profusion, and regretted it afterwards when I saw they were the objective point of a humming bird's frequent visits. The tiny creature is but a few yards from me now, poising delicately before each stalk in turn, its quivering form gleaming like a burnished bronze-green jewel in the sun. Its low hum ceases for a moment as it alights on a twig and preens its iridescent feathers in blissful unconsciousness of, or indifference to, my proximity. (For there is no bird so truly tame as your Northern humming-bird, if you only know how to play your own role—which, of course, you don't.)

It is not easy to say just why this animate morsel of nature has power to confer upon me such joy. Perhaps it is partly the glorious morning, the air, the escape from city bondage. Perhaps it is that inner exhilaration we all confess to in "getting



WHO COULD RESIST!

Lady Victoria Pery and Mrs. Hector Sassoon selling their blossoms in Bond Street. Ten million artificial white roses were made by the John Groom's Crippleage and Blind Girls' Mission, to be sold on Alexandra Day.

back to Nature." Undoubtedly we do experience a sense of relief, a freshening, a buoyancy, in sloughing off convention and renewing acquaintanceship with Nature at first hand. It is the ideal way of spending that two-weeks' holiday. It brings bigger returns for small outlay than any other vacation investment. That is why so many people are "going to the country." It is the proper place to go to in the summer, and blessings be upon all those who go.

BUT there is just one thing I want to say. I hope I won't engender too much wrath from Nature-lovers in saying it. The same old law that rules everywhere in life, applies here, too. You get from Nature only in proportion as you take to it. If you dawdle through your two weeks, "resting" crocheting, absorbing chocolates, reading "The Rosary," and its like, you come back rested in body it may be, but unrefreshed in mind. Your eyes have responded to the comfort of wide horizons, your lungs are braced by plentiful supplies of oxygen, but your mental roads retain the old ruts, the weedy places, the dead level of commonplaceness. You have caught no new vistas, you are visited by no angels. For Nature waits, she doesn't urge. You have to do your part before she can do hers. "What is my part?" you are saying—at least, I hope you are. I am just coming to that.

Stay a day less, if need be, and take with you materials for thought—a book that will be a guide to some one of the many roads that lead into Nature's boundless store-houses. A book on birds, flowers, stones, trees, stars, mosses, insects—the resources are endless. Do a little investigation on your own account. You have no idea, until you try it, how fascinating such work becomes, how tonic it is, what self-respect it engenders, what power of pure happiness it confers. To recognize the Veery's song at twilight, with its wonderful reed-like quality (distinct from every other sound in the bird world), to distinguish the chickadee's two pure notes from the peewee's cry—not so easy as you might think—to know the cedar bird's crested head when you see it, or the red-winged blackbird's nest, is to add something decisive and permanent to your range of pleasures. We inhabit a dramatically interesting



A SHILLING A BUNCH!

Alexandra Day in London, when ten thousand prominent society women sold flowers upon the streets. The proceeds of the great sale were devoted to the various hospitals and charities in the name of the Queen-Mother, who originated the idea.

Making Most of the Two Weeks' Holiday

By M. D. MERRIVALE

HE was a University Professor (not of Toronto), and the kind you like best—genial, responsive, interested in everything. He seemed to possess that warmth of disposition, experience of life and trained intellect which exudes the mellow wine of life in richest degree, and you said to yourself, "Now, here is a man!"

We were chatting over dessert and he chanced to say something about sea-urchins, something that showed more than mere superficial acquaintance with their habits and relationship to analogous life-forms. "Why, how do you come to know about sea-urchins?" I asked, in a mild surprise. "They aren't related to moderns."

"No," he smiled back, "but they are to me. Everything is related to everything else. There are no isolated points in life."

"Well, but why sea-urchins?" I asked.

"Those modern inquisitors, the Doctors, got after me and I was ordered off for a four months' holiday to a sea-coast fishing village where books were unknown and the intellectual life was not. I obeyed perforce, and brought our biologist back what he flatters me by saying is the best collection in the province. Had to do something," he added, defensively. Then flashing a characteristically comprehensive look at me he finished—"To merely sit back is no holiday."

Now, it chanced about the same time that two women friends of mine—good Toronto ladies of some social standing, philanthropic tendencies and presumably average intelligence—were planning for the annual holiday. They had had the subject under serious consideration all spring more or less, and ended with nothing more original than an expensive Muskoka hotel. They had sought the advice of all their friends individually and collectively, had discussed it pro and con, weighed expenses, resources and probabilities, and finally, with fear and trembling, taken the plunge and engaged rooms. For about a month afterwards they toiled over shirt-waists, lingerie dresses and fluffy, white petticoats. They said, "It's no use bothering with laundry while



BEAUTY AND BLOOM—WHICH IS WHICH?

Mrs. Llewellyn Bate, nee Miss Dorothy Walter, with her two Bridesmaids, Miss Clare Walter on the left and Miss Katie Christie on the right.

world. Its history is full of adventure and romance. We are linked to majesty and mystery. All about us the most thrilling dramas are taking place, life is being modified, tragedy and comedy are being enacted. It is worth while to know something of them, to take intelligent part in them, to be alive.

"But," you will say again—and again I hope you will—"What books shall I take?" Well, first you must choose your line—find out your specialty or arbitrarily select one. Frogs are tremendously interesting, so are wasps, but for the matter of that I don't know anything that isn't. Look over the books at your command; go to the Public Library and ask them to show you all they have in the line you select. Or write to The Agassiz Association, Arcadia, Sound Beach, Conn., for information on the general study of nature. "Wasps, Social and Solitary," by the Peckhams (Houghton and Mifflin); "Handbook of the Trees of Northern States and Canada East of the Rocky Mountains," by R. B. Hough, Lowville, N.Y.; "The Frog Book," by Miss Dickerson (Doubleday and Page); "Manual for the Study of Insects," from the Comstock Publishing Company, Ithaca, N.Y., give a suggestion. Get about it early. It will pay.

A Rhyme Rose

FAIN would send thee dew-wet flowers—too far apart we bide,
Thou on the strand that greets the dawn, I by the sundown tide;
So, up the ladder of my dreams a Romeo, I climb
And to thy open casement bear a little rose of rhyme.

Its petals gleam, its inmost heart a scent divine exhales—
It bloomed within a bower hung with nests of nightingales!

But oh, to wed it to thy lute, and some sweet vesper-time
To tell thee all the rapture of this little rose of rhyme!

—A California Troubadour.

Some Recent Events.

THE Iorgnon of aristocratic Britain—indeed, of the fashionable feminine world at large—is fixed at the present moment on Lady Duff-Gordon, otherwise, to that same beau monde, "Lucille." And the Iorgnon has collected what the "Titanic" inquiry has not. Namely, that this woman of the much criticized spouse was born Lucy Wallace, of Guelph, Ontario. That the man she married, Sir Cosmo Edmund Duff-Gordon, is scion of two of the oldest houses of Scotland. That after financial reverses the lady became "Lucille," maker of modes (some fearfully outre) for Paris, Vienna and New York. Mrs. Elinor Glynn, the novelist, is a sister.

The sky, proverbially jealous of invasion from the time when the ancients wrote about Daedalus "bold to essay the firmament," has just claimed another victim, and this time, a woman—namely, Harriet Quimby, aviatrix. Women the world over have heard about this woman, the first of her sex, the steerers of aeroplanes, to make a successful flight of the English Channel. Dread-stricken thousands witnessed her hurling to death with the man, her passenger, into Dorchester Bay—sad close of her famous demonstrations.

Horticulture, in Canada a most responsive pursuit, called lately a high day and holiday for itself in Hamilton's voluptuous Flower Show. The lecture hall of St. Paul's Church provided accommodation, the refreshment boxes, in addition to the magnificent floral displays, coming in for unstinted praise and attention. Mr. Cameron, of Toronto, distributed the awards, thereby gladdening many women—besides men and children.

No other province perhaps is so amply qualified to set its seal to the radiant month of roses in this country as British Columbia is—which, as tourists tell, is almost Italian in its flora. Victoria's recent rose fete was a more than brilliant success, the pride of the land in more than one sense being gathered into the spacious ball-room of the Alex-

andra Club, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire. Lady McBride announced the function—her first public appearance since Premier McBride received the recent honour of knighthood—which promises to become a yearly event.

Needs must be mentioned the wedding on June 26th of one of Victoria's foremost daughters, Miss Ada E. Spencer, to Mr. Charles Vernon, assistant general secretary of the Missionary Educational Movement for Canada and the United States. Friendly relations between the countries, it seems, do exist. The couple will live, post-honeymoon, in New York.

That energetic pen-woman, Miss Agnes Laut, has been flying about the Canadian West in her Scotch-Canadian way that, this weather, looks super-energetic. The West is richer for it by a vast deal of praise in the ways of both prophetic speech-making and writing. Prairieland is appreciated to full, as it would seem, though Miss Laut's present habitation is in New York State.

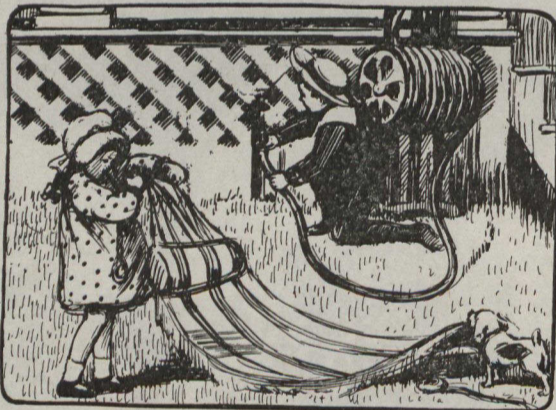
"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a wise saw that works conversely. For sewing and other industrial arts will be taught in all three of Hamilton's new playgrounds. Jills, in particular, are to have the privilege of sewing lessons from Miss Adams, of the local Y. W. C. A., two days a week during the months of July and August.

Mrs. Ritchie, a singer of note in this country and in Scotland, and, moreover, a sister of Winnipeg's worthy Mayor, is visiting friends and relatives in that city. Mrs. Ritchie's voice, a rich contralto, recently delighted Augustine Church. At one time (when this singer was Miss Maggie Waugh) she sang as contralto soloist in Knox Church. Mrs. Ritchie's present home is in Edinburgh, Scotland, where she sometime conducted a choir of sixty children's voices. She is now a principal member of John Kirkhope's choir, one of the best-known musical bodies of Scotland.

Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



When Will and Lillie went to school
One day in hot July,
Great clouds of smoke and cries for help
Came from a house near by.



The children got the garden hose
And said, "Without a doubt
This hammock will be useful
When they throw the china out."



The folks were in the upper flat,
On fire were both the stairs,
But from the upper windows
They gently lowered chairs.



The china, clocks, and pictures,
They threw amongst the dirt,
If it weren't for Lillie's hammock
The baby had been hurt.



At last the family escaped
With Will and Lillie's aid,
And when the fire was nicely out
Up came the fire brigade!



The chief shook hands with Will and Lill,
And said their aid was great—
But when they reached the school-house
They were twenty minutes late!



Courierettes.

BEFORE it happened they said that Flynn had a chance—a fighting chance, so to speak.

Five more people are asking Parliament for divorces. It begins to look as if there was something in that Taft remark about our being an "adjunct."

The cost of hemp rope has increased. Hanging is going out of fashion, so the cause must be the increased output of campaign cigars.

What is the indeterminate sentence? Why, the kind that "Old Bill" Miner turns his into.

After all those party conventions are over we will all be on the alert to see whether the poet was right when he penned that immortal line, "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again."

A pretty and well-to-do Ohio widow offers to wed the man who writes the best obituary poem about her late husband. Looks as if there'll be no crops to reap in Ohio. The farmers are too busy finding rhymes.

Toronto has now a harbour police force of twelve men. Why not arrange a sham battle between the force and the Canadian navy?

Just as if it isn't hot enough, the International Bible Students' Association is seeking to find out if Canadian ministers believe in a literal hell.

Prisoners at Play.—On Dominion Day some of the young men of Guelph played a game of baseball with a number of prisoners at the Ontario Prison Farm.

Of course it was pointed out that the detained ones were good at stealing bases and wouldn't have objected if they had really been put out.

One of the Guelph boys remarked to an opponent who had made an error, "You'll get a blue slip if you keep on playing like that."

"Don't talk to me about blue," was the answer. "It was on a blue slip that I came here."

Those Conventions.—Come to think of it, is it not peculiar that Chicago and Baltimore should prohibit prize fights and permit Republican and Democratic conventions?

They met to name Presidential candidates and they took about a week to name each other all sorts of nasty names.

In the old days the dignified delegates used to call for the eyes and noses. The modern method is to reach for the eyes and nose.

The H. C. of L. Again.—Still the high cost of living keeps on climbing higher. It is really remarkable how the poor people of this continent keep on living.

Radium used to be so dear that it was worth about a thousand dollars a look. Now the ordinary chap has to close one eye when he wants a peep.

Attar of roses has risen to \$14.60 per ounce. Very soon few of us will be able to wear a wild rose.

Women worry because diamond-heeled shoes cost twice as much as when they first came into fashion.

Two years has seen a big increase in the price of silk shirts, much to the disgust of the economical farmers.

An Optimistic Poet.—You can't keep the patriotic poet under cover around Dominion Day. Just when Canada has been getting used to the swinging of the party axe and the dropping of official heads; to the sickening succession of investigations with their embarrassing disclosures; to the growing power of the great and the grinding of the weak—at this opportune moment comes a rhymer to the rescue and in a Sun-

day school paper he sings as follows of his "Ideal Canada":

"And none shall gain by wrong or spoil or fraud
Where poverty's unknown and greed outlawed.
Each shall respect the rights that others hold
When all are true as truth and pure as gold."
Oh, you little "when."

Nothing to Worry About.—They had just walked down the aisle to the majestic strains of the wedding march.

No sooner were they in the carriage than the beautiful young bride burst into tears.

He strove to comfort her, and anxiously inquired as to the cause of the flooding of the tear ducts.

"Clarence, darling," she sobbed, "I have cruelly deceived you. I never told you that I could not cook."

"Heart of my heart," he answered feel-



The sign says there's no fishin' here, but I'm pullin' them in as fast as I can bait me hook.

ingly as he caressed her tenderly, "worry not about that. Remember that I am a poet. There will be little to cook."

The Great "Betrayal."—The Toronto News talks of Mayor Geary's betrayal of that city because he went to England to sell debentures just when the city was in danger of a water famine.

Pity 'tis that a Mayor should so far forget his duty. He should know that he would be sorely needed to work the handle of the village pump and carry a pail of water to each of the villagers' houses.

Modern Mary and Her Lamb.

(She was a Suffragette.)

MARY had a little lamb—
'Twas but a tiny chop;
But when she heard the price of it
She wrecked the butcher shop.

The Politest Man.—Roland C. Harris, Toronto's new Works Commissioner, is a big, broad, bulky man physically, and thereby hangs this tale about him.

One day Mr. Harris encountered F. S. Spence, then a member of the Board of Control. Mr. Spence is something of a humourist in his own dry and peculiar style, and he observed to Mr. Harris:

"I am told that you are the politest man in Toronto, Mr. Harris."

The big official almost blushed. "Well, I am sure that is a very enviable reputation to have, but how did you come to hear that?"

Mr. Spence did not explain. He re-

peated that he had been given the proof of the exceeding politeness of the official.

"Of course it's very gratifying to hear it," smiled Mr. Harris, by this time noticeably curious. "But what is the proof?"

"Well, the ordinary man who sits in a crowded car arises and gives his seat to a lady who is standing, but the other day, I am told, you arose and gave your seat to two ladies."

A Sailing Joke.—An English journalist, now resident in Canada, states that the joke was very much on him in a little sailing experience he had not long ago.

He tells of the incident thus: With several more people on a fair-sized sailing vessel, I crossed the English Channel, from Dover to Calais.

Just at the start of our trip we were almost run down by a steamer, so the skipper sent me up to the bow to look for steamer lights. The night was dark and wet, and I was up there from nine o'clock till one. Then somebody came along and said, "You can take a rest now; another man will keep watch here."

So I went below, made myself some coffee and turned in. I couldn't have been sleeping more than two hours when someone awakened me and said, "Get up! You've got to take the wheel." They gave me the boat's course and told me to keep her on it. Often I dozed off. Each time when I woke I made a grab for the wheel to get the boat back on her course.

After a while I noticed that the boat seemed to be pounding about a lot, but the sails weren't filling.

I must have been at the wheel about three hours when someone came along and said, "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to keep this boat on her course," I said.

"Trying to keep her on her course?" said my questioner. "Say, we've been at anchor for the last two hours."

Making a Joke of It.—By dropping out of its place a letter that was on the window of a Toronto restaurant made the rest of the name of the place look like a joke. The place referred to is the King George Cafe, and the letter which dropped is the first "e" in "George."

At the Village Store.—Many amusing stories concerning holidaying in the country are told by the people who flee from the city's heat and dust at this time of year. One of the latest has to do with the fact that one family found that their supply of tooth-brushes was one short.

Not wishing to wait till they could get to town, some of the members of the family decided to make the necessary purchase at the village store. The boy who was keeping store made a thorough search in order to accommodate the customers. Finally he came back to them and said, "We've had a tooth-brush here for six months, but I'm hanged if I can find it now."

Learning from Uncle Sam.

O, WE Canucks ain't good for shucks,
To manifest our feelin's;
Our delegates are poor dumb skates
At cheers, and jeers, and squealin's.
We need a full-mouthed bull-moose roar;
We also need a roller,
And fifty-seven marchin' clubs
To rouse our civic cholera.

Sir Wilfrid, please, the opening seize,
And make a new beginnin';
Go, buy a hat, and lariat,
And guns, and under-pinnin';
Forget your formal mode of speech,
And talk like a prize-fighter,
Let argument go to the deuce—
We'll HOWL our prospects brighter.

JAMES BELFORD.

Poems vs. Bricks.—The Toronto Globe announced the other day that it had received eighty-five poems in its Canadian historical prize poem competition.

The Toronto Star told on the same day of the brick famine in the city—how builders were delayed by lack of bricks.

Why not put some of the poets to work at something useful—in the brick yards, for instance?

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Remedy for Car Famine.

MR. J. N. GREENSHIELDS, K.C., of Montreal, the man who defended Riel, and who has made a side issue of law to promote companies, has just put another of his ideas into practice. His fancy has been successful in organizing a concern incorporated as the Grand Trunk Terminal Warehouse Company, which promises to have considerable effect on the railroad situation in Canada.



MR. J. N. GREENSHIELDS, K.C.,
Promoter of the Grand Trunk Terminal Warehouse Company.

Hitherto, Mr. Greenshields, since he went into using his persuasive powers as a company promoter, has largely confined his attention to power enterprises and the pulp and paper business. His flier into railroad matters has been well received. He has shown familiarity with one of the grave problems of railroad administration and suggested a practical remedy.

Mr. Greenshields got his inspiration from the periodical clamour of consignors for cars. Every little while our roads get that malady known as car congestion. The public blames the roads and they the public. Probably both are at fault. To Mr. Greenshields one phase of the difficulty appealed very strongly. He applied himself to the question—why cars are not released after they reach their destination. The railroad excuse is, that shippers will detain the cars by not unloading their goods to avoid the high storage rates in warehouses. By leaving their stuff on the cars they secure its safety for \$1.00 per car a day, a ridiculously low charge compared with that in warehouses. A result of this is that when business pressure is on and a loud call for cars ensues, the arrested cars are unable to roll into the breach.

The aim of Mr. Greenshields' project is to establish a chain of warehouses across Canada, which consignees will be compelled to use instead of abusing the cars of the railroad companies for storage purposes. A consignee, if he does not remove his goods from the cars within reasonable time will have them deposited in the warehouse, which will charge him regular warehouse rates. It is expected that this system will relieve the tendency to car famine.

The new Grand Trunk Terminal Warehouse Company is to work closely with the Grand Trunk Railway, which has permitted use of its name. The warehouse business of the railway has been turned over to it for thirty years. The warehouse chain will have as its first links: Montreal, Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Prince Rupert. The capitalization is fixed at \$6,500,000, with a bond issue of \$10,000,000, half of which is being locked in the treasury at present.

A Prairie Famine in Farm Loans.

EVERY little while money gets tight out West and the farmers of the prairie, who wish to lay in new machinery, begin to have financial problems of their own. Just now there is a prevailing note of discontent because the rates of interest are said to be rather high. The Government of Saskatchewan is so impressed with the acuteness of the situation that it has decided to investigate whether or not it is feasible for it to undertake loaning money on the security of farm lands. There is much talk in Alberta and Saskatchewan of government loans to farmers, inspired partly by the fact that New Zealand farmers under a government system secure money at from 4½ to 5 per cent. The gross rates of interest earned by a prominent Canadian loan company were quoted by the management to the CANADIAN COURIER as follows: Ontario, 5.50 per cent.; Maritime Provinces, 6.84 per cent.; Alberta, 7.64 per cent.; Manitoba, 7.03 per cent.; British Columbia, 7.03 per cent.; Saskatchewan, 7.99 per cent.

The prices Canadian farmers are paying for their money look rather steep. To explain them, pseudo-economists are making broad statements. There is, for instance, some alarm expressed because of the increasing rate our banks are placing money in New York. Why should not this money be shipped to Winnipeg, Edmonton and Calgary, to help out the famine for gold? The banks have no base designs on the wheat crop. They are lending in New York, on call, short time deposits, which are manifestly unsuitable for commercial purposes in the West.

Arbitrary conduct on the part of banks or loan companies has little to do with the matter of tight money out West. The real cause is not our expanding foreign loans, but our prosperity. We are exporting very little money. Canada can absorb every dollar of capital which is offered. It is a case of supply and demand. The country is being opened up at a tremendous rate. The mine, the forest and the soil have their hosts of devotees all howling for capital to finance their different undertakings. And in the race for capital the farmer is no more discriminated against than the merchant. There is only a certain amount of capital in the country and it has to be appropriated to many national enterprises. If the farmer is paying a big price for his money, it is because he is making faster inroads on the pile of capital than are other members of the community. Out West there is an unprecedented demand for that proportion of the national capital set aside for agriculture and the price has aviated. For the supply is limited.

It is very doubtful whether a government loan to farmers would prove a

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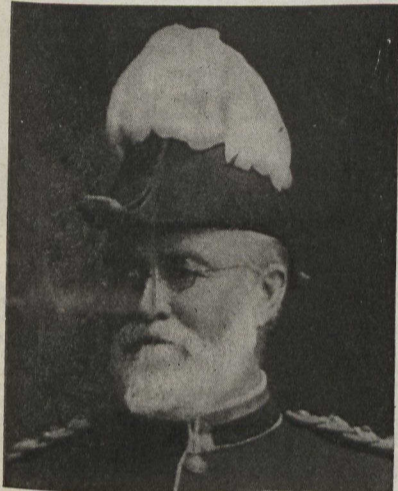
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panacea. Because of their prestige as governments, the Governments of Alberta or Saskatchewan might land money from Europe at a little less than a private company. But, to get it to the farmers, they would have to maintain an organization just as expensive as those of private companies. Because of political handicaps, which are always a feature of government enterprises, they would discover much difficulty in administering loans of money. They might encounter hazards which would prejudice the credit of the provinces abroad.

The situation on the prairies is the result of economic conditions, which will be righted by the natural readjustment of supply and demand for capital. A government with money to loan would mean only another loan company, which would have to take its chance along with the private companies.

The Hamilton Power Transfer.

HAMILTON, Ontario, has just been the scene of a big financial deal involving one of the leading enterprises of the Ambitious City. For some weeks it has been rumoured that the Mackenzie-Mann group of magnates had their eyes on the plant of the Dominion Power and Transmission Company. The Toronto financiers, during the past month, had their hands full with plans of reorganizing their power and tramway interests in South America. They approached the Hamilton project at the same time and got through with it a few days after the Rio-Sao Paulo merger was announced.



SIR JOHN GIBSON, TORONTO, Who was Active on the Hamilton Side of the Power Deal in that City.

The effect of the Hamilton deal is that of a sale of the Dominion Power and Transmission Company to the Mackenzie and Mann interests. The value of the stock taken over is eleven millions, subject to bonded indebtedness. Six years are given for payment. The present directors: J. R. Moodie, President, Hamilton; James Dixon, Vice-President, Hamilton; J. W. Sutherland, Hamilton; John Knox, Hamilton; Wm. C. Hawkins, Hamilton; Lloyd Harris, Brantford; William Southam, Hamilton; Sir John Gibson, Toronto—are to still hold their positions on the board. The management will be continued under Mr. W. C. Hawkins.

The Dominion Power and Transmission Company is the virtual successor of the Hamilton Cataract Power, Light and Traction Company, which did not have the backing to meet increasing

expansion. It has a Federal charter. The company operates a double track system in Hamilton of twenty-two miles, and eighty-three miles of inter-urban lines, including an extension to Brantford over private right-of-way. The purchasers get the benefit of improvements made in the plant this year. The tracks have been fixed, rolling stock renovated and added to, and the power plant increased fifty per cent.

On and Off the Exchange.

The Next President.

ALTHOUGH the platform of the Democratic party commits itself only to such revision of the tariff as may be accomplished "without injury to established business," recent utterances of the Democratic candidate have quickened the interest of Canadians generally and the business community particularly in current history as it is being made in the United States. The manufacturers on the other side are pretending not to be afraid of any tariff reduction, but it appears probable that the next election will be fought on this very issue and we will therefore have a vital interest in it. The tariff will probably be a live issue in both countries for the next year at least.

Asbestos Comes Back.

THERE is said to be a real demand springing up for asbestos, and a fervid prayer will go up from all those involved in this most bitter of all Canadian citrous products, that it may be so. The Black Lake Asbestos Company is getting back into a semblance of shape, the reorganization being upon the following basis: The holders of the defaulted bonds to receive in exchange for same and upon payment of 10 per cent. of the par value of the bonds exchanged, 6 per cent. income bonds in the new company. The old preferred shareholders upon exchanging their old stock and the payment of 5 per cent. of the par value to receive new 7 per cent. preferred shares, and the common shareholders upon exchanging their shares and paying 2 per cent. of the par value, new common shares. The new company will therefore have the same capital as the old, but in addition, by the assessment on the old securities, will have in the treasury \$233,000 working capital. At the meeting there were 28,000 shares represented out of a total of 40,000 shares, showing the interest on the part of the shareholders in this plan of reorganization. Owing to the success of the plan the securities of the old company stiffened up, and the adventurous buyers who have taken on stocks at these relatively absurd levels may likely yet secure a good profit.

Buyers of General Electric.

SINCE its dividend was cut from ten per cent., Canadian General Electric has not enjoyed a great measure of popularity in this country, although British appreciation of it was shown by the steady withdrawal of stock from this market to old country accounts. The electrical and iron business is as prolific of profits in good times as it is of losses in bad times, and the investment market has apparently heard that the Canadian General Electric Company has been getting at least its share of the present commercial prosperity. There have been, therefore, rumours of an increase in the dividend on General Electric, from seven to nine per cent. The directors, however,

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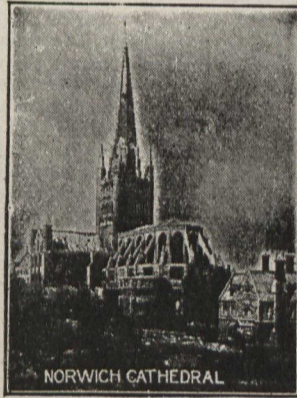
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St. Margaret's College
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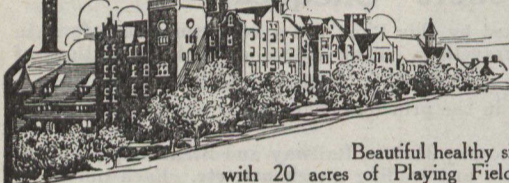
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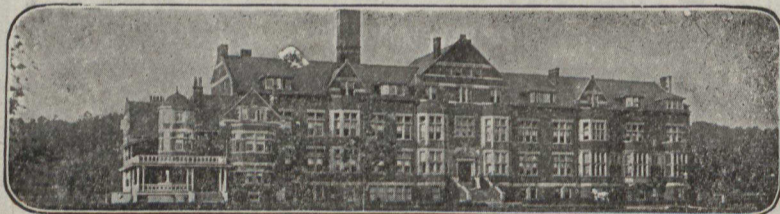
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For illustrated calendar, address, Principal DYER, D.D.

have wisely concluded that fluctuations in the dividend rate are not to be desired, and they have evidently decided not to place the stock upon a new basis now and run the risk of having to reduce that basis when the next commercial reaction arrives. Instead of this—if they do anything at all—they will very likely declare a bonus of, say, one or two per cent. This could be easily done without impairing surplus profits to any great extent and without hampering the company's operations through materially reducing its liquid assets. Last year the company earned around thirteen per cent. on its common stock, and it increased its total earnings over the year before by about fifty per cent. There is understood to be a corresponding increase this year, and although big business for a corporation like Canadian General Electric necessitates the use of a large amount of capital, the company turned the mid-year with an exceedingly bright future before it. The new stock issue is said to have been entirely taken up.

More Food Combines.

THE scheme of combining rural tea routes into one large company and issuing the stock to the public, to which reference was made last week, appears to be progressing satisfactorily. That methods of merchandising household necessities are undergoing a change is again recalled by the official appearance of the securities of the Canada Bread Company, an organization of a number of baking establishments in Toronto. There was listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange this week \$2,500,000 of the common stock, and \$1,250,000 bonds of this corporation. Simultaneously there are rumours of a combination of the smaller bakers which will compete for business with the new-born merger. If this is successful a merger of the two some day may be expected.

Making History at Porcupine.

STAGNATION in the wild-cat section of the mining market and a stir of life in the better class stocks indicates a new-born and gratifying sense of discrimination on the part of the speculative public. For the first time the sheep and the goats of the gold camp are being recognized and separated, but as recent events have proved, we will have a long time to wait before the share buying public exhibits the same judgment in their speculations as it would bring to bear on much more insignificant and commonplace affairs of life. Sentiment dominates the mining market. The tipster flourishes here as nowhere else in business, but happily he is beginning to lose some of his clientele. The education of the traders who lost money in the last bear raid upon the mining stocks was not in vain. They are seeking information now, not from those against whom they are playing, but from sources likely to be more authoritative and honest.

Back of the speculative mining position is the big fact that Porcupine is now closer than ever to the point at which it can call itself a real gold camp. The stamps of three large gold mills have been dropping for some time, and a roller mill has entered the field, so that we have at least four actual gold producers in the Porcupine camp. The Hollinger mill started work without any of the flourish of trumpets which characterized the opening of the Dome. Not only was a demonstration tabooed, but the mill has been running on rather low grade ore. The management offered the blunt explanation that their gold extraction process could not be expected to be perfect at first, and they, therefore, declined to take any risk of loss which would be attendant upon the milling of high grade ore. Nevertheless, it is practically assured now that the Hollinger has a considerable life before it, and that a fair percentage of its ore is high grade. In a short time it should be developed on the third level, or three hundred feet from the surface, and it is, and if as in all human probability it may be expected to be the case, the increase in ore reserves meets anticipations, dividends should follow very soon. The Vipond, the only mine in Porcupine to eliminate stamps from their process, is meeting with a great deal of success with its roller mill.

Schools and Colleges

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*New Serial***His Little Girl**

By L. G. Moberly

*Author of "Diana," "A Great Patience,"
etc., etc.*

Miss Lucy Gertrude Moberly is a well-known English writer, author of several novels, and a contributor to all the leading British magazines. Her latest story has been secured for The Canadian Courier, and will commence in the issue of July 27th. It will be completed in about twelve issues.

His Little Girl

Sir Giles Tredman, a young Englishman, returning home on leave from his regiment in India, suddenly finds himself forced into the position of guardian to a little girl whose mother has been killed by a motor car driven at a reckless speed by an unknown man. Before her death the woman implores the Englishman's protection of her child whom she declares will be quite alone in the world and friendless after she is gone, and places in his keeping an ivory box which is later found to contain a gem of priceless worth, the only object of value in their possession. Unable to find the slightest clue to their identity and accepting the responsibility so curiously thrust upon him, Sir Giles, to whose pity and chivalry the lonely child has made a strong appeal, returns to England bringing the little Sylvia with him.

Then the wheels of strange events are set in motion. Sylvia is stolen and a threatening letter sent her guardian demanding the jewel as a ransom. Later, the abductors are betrayed by a woman and the child is restored. Sir Giles' fiancée, angered by what she considers his absurdly quixotic proceeding in adopting the child, jilts him within a week of their wedding day, and runs away with a man who Sir Giles believes he recognizes as the unscrupulous villain responsible for the death of Sylvia's mother. Within a year after their marriage this man is mortally injured, strangely enough in a motor accident, and the mystery surrounding the identity of the child and her mother, and their possession of the wonder jewel, are brought to light.

Commences in the Canadian Courier of July 27th.

A Soldier's Funeral

TORONTO'S first military funeral in many years occurred last week when Major Charles J. Catto, of the 48th Highlanders, was laid to rest. Major Catto

a later date he was admitted to partnership under the firm name of John Catto & Son. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and attended St. James'



Casket Bearing Body of the late Major C. J. Catto Being Borne on a Gun Carriage Through Toronto Streets.

was visiting his family at their summer cottage at Rideau Ferry, near Perth, and was accidentally tipped from his canoe. Although he made a brave attempt to save himself, he was unable to do so. Owing to the darkness his body was not located for three-quarters of an hour, and life was extinct.

At the close of the service the firing party fired three volleys over the grave, after which the last post was sounded on the bugle. An unusual feature was the playing at the foot of the grave of a dirge on the bagpipes by Piper Major Dunbar, late of the Gordon Highlanders. Among the senior officers present were: General Cotton, G.O.C., Western Ontario; Col. Sir Henry M. Pellatt, A.D.C., C.V.O., Brigade Commander; Col. W. C. Macdonald, ex-Brigade Commander; Col. James Mason, ex-Brigade Commander; Lt.-Col. R. Rennie, M.V.O., of the Queen's Own Rifles; Lt.-Col. Wm. Hendrie, Commandant of the 48th Highlanders, and Lt.-Col. Gooderham, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers.

Major Catto took a commission in the 48th Highlanders in 1894, three years after its foundation. This regiment wears the full Highland costume, with the Davidson plaid. This was chosen



LATE MAJOR C. J. CATTO, TORONTO.

because their first commanding officer was John I. Davidson, a native of Aberdeenshire. Brevet-Major Catto was one of the most popular and most efficient of the present officers. His company was the largest in the regiment. He had just completed for his corps a full set of dress regulations which will no doubt become a standard for the Highland regiments of Canadian militia. He was an authority on Scottish dress, having the best library and collection of engravings on this subject on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, it is probably the best private collection in existence. Major Catto was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and afterwards joined his father in business. At

Cathedral. He was also a member of the St. Andrew's Society, the Sons of Scotland, and a life member of the Toronto Board of Trade. In politics he was a Conservative.

John Gyles, Captive*(Concluded from page 11.)*

fortress to his keeping.

Three days later when Gyles, the old Servitor, and a scout from the Grant, ventured down stream to reconnoitre, they found the place untouched, the cattle safe, and gardens and store houses unspoiled, and that night while they kept the watch the Sieur d'Amours returned. He had heard of the British raids, and had made all speed to get to his home before Church should reach Jemseg. His joy knew no bounds when he found Gyles in peaceful possession, and learned of the safety of Madame d'Amours and the children.

"'Twas she who saved the place," said the old Servitor proudly, and he pointed to the placard.

A smile, half-quizzical, half-tender, played over the face of the Sieur as he stepped up to the gateway. "She would dare ask the devil himself to do what was right," he said, "and expect him to do it, too! But what is this behind the placard, a billet-doux for my lady? No, it is addressed to myself," and he opened and read aloud:

"Your fortress, Sieur d'Amours, is spared, somewhat by the wit of your noble lady and her belief in my heart, which touched me, old as I am. But more are you spared because of your servant, the captive youth whom you bought of the Indians. In all honour he could have escaped with me, having put the lady in safety. I left him in anger, but tell him for me, that he saved your domicile. He is the stuff soldiers are made of, in your country or mine. I have the honour to presume that you are another, therefore let him go free, to use his strength for his own land. This I ask in lieu of the ravage he saved you. Send him under safe escort to me at Portsmouth before another month. From there I will see that he is returned to his mother at Pemaquid."

The Sieur d'Amours was true to the demand, and when Margaret Guion and her household were returned to their home, the captive servant was restored to his friends, and the little old fortress domain up the Jemseg River knew him no more forever. But his subsequent service to his country as Indian interpreter and as captain of several garrisons are a matter of conspicuous record. And the story of his captivity, published by himself in 1736, can still be found in the old city libraries.

The little lonely, lovely river still flows from the Grand Lake to the great river beyond, yellow and limpid under its bordering trees, but the ramparts of the old French fortress are sunk and grass-grown, the stone work has fallen to decay, and the names of Louis d'Amours de Chauffour and his wife, the noble Margaret Guion, have faded from the memory of living men.

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Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911) 63,494,580
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to this beverage you can ap-
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Brewed and Bottled by
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TORONTO.

Story of the Storm

(Concluded from page 13.)

wind through the front door. It sometimes does that, but never in the wild, weird key it was then producing. There was something peculiarly uncanny about this. I saw that the screen door was outstanding about six inches, and next observed through the glass front of the door that the verandah curtains were blown into ribbons, and that a steamer chair left outside was gliding smoothly from one end of the verandah to the other. Then, the front door threatened to blow open, and I seized it to keep it in place; then the long oval glass panel of the door blew entirely in, and I promptly backed around to a sheltering wall. Simultaneously the window glass of the parlour and dining room came flying into the hall, and the contents of both rooms were in a general whirl.

Now, for the first time, I realized that forces were in operation far transcending the resistance of human machinery. However, with four other people in danger under my own roof, I attended strictly to business.

My two sisters-in-law, who happened to be visiting us, came rushing from the parlour and dining room in much alarm and agitation with inquiries for my wife, and I started upstairs in search of her. She at once appeared, however, on the way down, and gave us the wise advice to make for the cellar. The ladies did this.

As the chief disaster seemed to be over, although the wind and rain were still active, I did not join the company in the cellar, but busied myself trying to close the rear door, which had blown open, and which I had some difficulty in propping, not yet realizing how very little difference it really made whether that door stood open or shut. I was soon joined here by the others, and from the rear window noticed that a small frame house standing perhaps twenty feet from mine was utterly gone, and I have not seen a vestige of it since. The owner's wife is one of the dead.

On the next lot due west, facing on Smith Street, I saw that a larger frame house was quite off its foundations and apparently gone. I then realized that what had partly happened to my home had already happened in full to many other people. Passing to the front of the house, facing Lorne Street, I found that the brick veneer house directly across the street was also off its foundations, the whole front blown out; the brick wall on one side gone and the frame work badly doubled in the centre; in fact, a total wreck.

The rain and wind quickly abating, I donned a waterproof and stepped out through the middle of my front door, with the thought of life first in my mind, and promising to return in a few moments. I then discovered that I was minus a very good and substantial verandah, and a glance down the street told me what I had even yet scarcely realized, that a tremendous catastrophe had swept over the city. Briefly, with the exception of my own and a few other houses, and these badly damaged, the west side of Lorne and the east side of Smith was a total ruin for three blocks, and the larger part of that area absolutely flat on the ground. At the foot of this district are the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches and the Y.W.C.A.—total wrecks, and several other splendid public buildings very badly injured.

Now, what I have said of this district generally describes the railroad section, the wholesale section, the north side residential section, where comfortable working homes abound, within the zone of the storm, from south to north of the city. Outside of that zone, scattered more or less irregularly, the same kind of damage in greater or less degree is to be found in spots. Within the zone you may call it a clean sweep.

I would say that the damage I have indicated was done within sixty seconds after I entered the house, and if I had been from one to three or five minutes later in returning home in all probability I should have been caught on the street, either Lorne or Fourteenth Avenue, in the very centre of the path of destruction. We hear of dozens of the narrowest of escapes, such as my own. Another of the dead was taken

from Fourteenth Avenue, between Smith and Lorne. A third from Lorne Street, in my block. Seriously injured persons are still in the hospital from each of these three places of death.

Just an instance or two of the force of the storm: A slight splinter of wood, under two inches thick, may be seen driven into the brick wall of the home of Mr. W. E. Mason, on Scarth Street, and still sticking out some four feet. In the upper storey of the Y.W.C.A. there was visible something looking like a ladder driven through the wall from the inside and standing straight out some six feet. One of our city architects stated to me that he had examined our Parliament Buildings, which stand intact with the exception of some window and partition damage in the upper storey, and that he found the gravel of the roof had been driven by the wind into the cut stone of the wall of the parapet, not to remain embedded, but leaving the holes. Pieces of canoes were blown from the lake six blocks, and are found in numerous situations in various parts of the city. My sister-in-law is taking one home as a souvenir; she found it beneath the stand in my room, three blocks from the lake.

I think I am about the limit of your space, and I pass over all the rest that might be said. The kind and prompt opening of homes by friends; the placing of my family in their care; some efforts to assist individually and collectively the injured, was followed by a long evening at the City Hall, where the Mayor and City Council were actively engaged in organization and the meeting of immediate needs. Here I was fortunately able to give some little assistance in the appointing of special constables.

To put it short, Mayor McEara is a brick, and a magnificent general to be in command at this crisis. He deserves the greatest admiration, and all of our leading citizens are backing him up in the finest and fullest way and deserve the same unstinted praise.

THE foregoing story in response to a wire from the Canadian Courier may be taken as a fair illustration of the experiences of many in the city of Regina. Cyclones are not an absolute novelty in the West. But the cyclone of the last day of June, 1912, is the first on record whose operations amounted to a calamity. Most civic calamities in Canada have occurred through fire, of which we have had not a few, such as Fernie, Hull, Three Rivers, Campbellton, N.B., Toronto and Porcupine. By floods Canadian cities have never been overwhelmed. We have never had a calamity from an earthquake. The falling of a mountain on Frank, Alberta, was one of the most sudden and unusual catastrophes that ever visited a Canadian town.

The Regina cyclone stands on record as causing the greatest loss to life, limb and property in the actual time occupied. According to Judge Hannon's story the whole time of destruction on his property and premises occupied not more than one minute. In that sixty seconds of time fifty people were killed, hundreds injured, \$5,000,000 worth of property destroyed, 3,000 people deprived of shelter and a great part of the city of Regina reduced to a condition of wreck. On a basis of property destruction this exceeds even the Titanic whose \$20,000,000 worth of property took hours to sink. All the damage was done by the cyclone. There was no fire. Storms move with tremendous rapidity over those vast areas that are practically seas of land. At Regina a couple of horsemen on the skyline look like ships at sea. There are no trees; and the hills and coulees are not of a height and depth to interfere with the career of such a storm as that of June 30.

The first cyclone that ever visited Regina may be the last. In the meantime the city with typical Western energy will be rebuilt on a better and sounder basis than ever. Regina has a class of citizens of whom any city in the world might be proud. And the men who are working now to restore Regina may be depended on to do all that men could do in such a crisis.

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SCRAP BOOK

Awful.—The president of the university had dark circles under his eyes. His cheek was pallid; his lips were trembling; he wore a haunted expression. Every now and then he turned and glanced apprehensively behind him.

"You look ill," said his wife. "What is wrong, dear?"

"Nothing much," he replied. "But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I— He hesitated and stammered. It was evident that his nervous system was shattered.

"What was the dream?" asked his wife.

"I—I—dreamed the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the freshman examination for—admission!" sighed the president.—Youth's Companion.

Identified.—Visitor—"You remember me, don't you, little man?"

Bobbie—"Course I do. You're the same man pa brought home last summer an' ma got so mad about it she didn't speak to pa for a whole week."—Boston Transcript.

Schoolboy "Howlers."

The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky, where lions, goats, and other animals go after they are dead.

The Pharisees were people who like to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.

Algebraic symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

An epistle is the wife of an apostle. The principal parts of the eye are the pupil, the moat, and the beam.

The Retort Crushing.—Gail Hamilton once made a cutting and comprehensive remark to a man who had just married his third wife. It was in the old days when George Q. Cannon, delegate in Congress from Utah, was living more or less happily with three wives.

"Look," said the thrice-married bridegroom to Gail Hamilton at an evening reception, "there comes Cannon, the polygamist."

"Yes," said Gail Hamilton; "and the only difference between you and him is that you drive your wives tandem, while he drives his abreast."

Discovered.—Wife—"What would you do, George, if you were left a widower?"

Hub—"Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow."

Wife—"You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else."—Boston Transcript.

A Foretaste.—"My dear girl," exclaimed an elderly lady, "do you know that the man you are intending to marry drinks heavily and gambles?"

"Yes, I know; I am going to marry him to reform him."

"Listen to me, my girl. Try one experiment before you do that."

"What experiment?"

"Take in a—week's washing to do and see how you like it."—Town Topics.

Real Test.—Faith is believing the dentist when he says it isn't going to hurt.—Detroit Free Press.

Self-Preservation.—"And you didn't know it was loaded?"

"No, judge, I swear I didn't."

"But before pointing it at the deceased, why did you not look into the barrel to see whether or not it was loaded?"

"Why, judge, that would have been a fool thing to do! It might have exploded and killed me."—Houston Post.

Politeness.—The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regu-

lations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance.

His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

Long Needed.—Knicker—"So Jones has a great invention?"

Bocker—"Yes; an umbrella handle that retains the finger print."—New York Sun.

His Only Success.—She—"You are always talking about making money in literature—why don't you do something?"

He—"I did—I pawned my typewriter for \$15."—Satire.

His Qualification.—Herman Perlet, the musical director and composer, was recruiting a philharmonic orchestra and had enlisted the services of an Italian acquaintance. Among the instrumentalists he procured was a very old man with an antiquated flute from which he was able to get a wheezy tone now and then.

"Take him away!" ordered Perlet after the first rehearsal. "He can't play the flute."

"What! Thata man can't playa da flute!" gasped the sponsor.

"Not in this orchestra. Take him away!"

"Maledetta!" He rolled his eyes heavenward. "Thata man can't playa da flute!" And he beat his breast in indignation. "Why, thata man he fighta with Garibaldi!"

A Millionaire Tucre.

Said a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"

And her scandalized ma almost shucre;

But when the chance came,

And she told the good dame,

I notice she did not rebucre.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not So Difficult.—"How did he manage to escape from the penitentiary? I thought it was well-nigh impossible."

"Well, he figured it out on scientific lines. Somebody smuggled him a pair of trunks, and after he got outside everybody thought he was running a Marathon."—Kansas City Journal.

The Best Way.—A correspondent wants to know how to pronounce Chihuahua. The best way is to say Chy-hew-hewa and then laugh as though you knew better. If it is done artistically, you can get away with it nearly every time.

The same treatment has been frequently applied to decollete with great success.—York Dispatch.

Solid Ivory.—"Yes," confessed Mr. Dorkins, "it serves me right. I engaged the man to move our goods and I forgot to ask him how much he was going to charge me for the job. If ever I do such a thing again, Maria, you can have my head for a football."

"It would be a good deal more profitable, John," said Mrs. Dorkins, "to cut it up into billiard balls."—Chicago Tribune.

Thoughtful Wife.—"Think I'll go to the ball game to-day."

"All right. Is there a telephone at the grounds?"

"There's one near there. Why?"

"If the home team loses I want you to telephone me, so that I can take the children and go over to mother's until you get your temper back."—Houston Post.

Guessed Right.—"Willie, mamma has a great surprise for you."

"I know what it is—big bruvver is back from his vacation."

"How did you know?"

"My bank won't rattle any more."—Youngstown Telegram.

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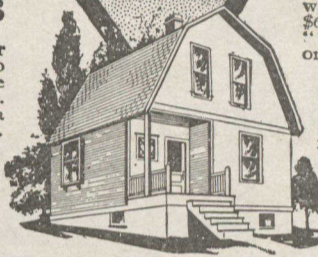


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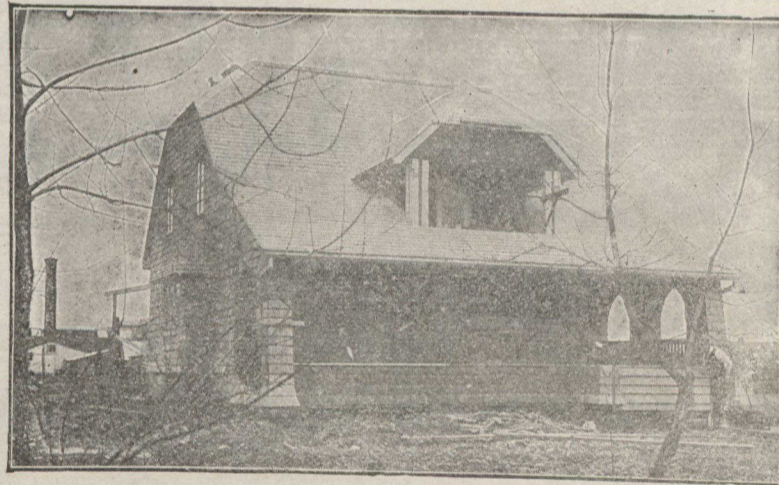
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MANY hearts, vexed to preserve to this Canada of ours its golden wealth of unreclaimed tradition, sighed as people sigh for "a light untimely snuffed," when Grace McLeod Rogers, its saviour in Nova Scotia, put aside her highly successful literary enterprises for the, to her, dearer duties and joys domestic. Those hearts, however, are about to be comforted; for now her four splendid boys are "out of arms," as she puts it—the eldest, a freshman, carried off this year Acadia



GRACE McLEOD ROGERS,
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College's trophy for essay writing—Mrs. Rogers' facile pen has been reassumed. This issue of The Courier presents one of its exquisite productions.

Canadian folk-lore is Mrs. Rogers' field, particularly in its Nova Scotian features. Her first volume, "Stories from the Land of Evangeline," appeared when Mrs. Rogers was Grace Dean McLeod. It won immediate recognition, both here and across the waters, as a native product of rare beauty by virtue of both its matter and authorship; its tales being incorporated into the School Readers of three countries, Canada, New England, and Old Scotia, and widely used also as supplementary reading.

Later productions were published from time to time in the best periodicals of Canada and the United States. These were written usually upon request and were characterized always by the reality of subject, the delicacy of diction, and the high pervading spirit which marked that initial series of province tales. Love of the Has-Been, a faculty for research, and a genius for adapting her language to her theme, account for Mrs. Rogers' achievement. And the lapse of years has served only as a mellowing of these powers, to judge from latest examples of her work.

BUT for more than "pennish" reasons might this authoress be proud. She is the daughter of the late A. J. McLeod, distinguished as barrister and author, and is also the niece of R. R. McLeod, the well-known litterateur. Her ancestry includes the Warrens and Hopkins of Mayflower fame and the Dunvegan McLeods of Skye. The Nova Scotia Historical Society claims her as a member—a distinction she is the first woman eligible to enjoy. Also, in company with Miss Marshall Saunders—whose story about her pet goats lately appeared in this journal—she received last June at the hands of Acadia College the honorary degree, M.A. But while she fondly cherishes her family traditions, instanced by her writing when she gave her photograph, "The scarf is my McLeod tartan—I most always wear it about me"; and while she delights in her varied honours as in the symbols of her countrymen's goodwill, modesty of the sincerest type is the crown of this woman's woman-nature. "I am only a woman," somewhere she writes, "not even the much-abused 'new woman' bristling with Academic honours, member of societies legion, and burdened with suffrage, and school bill and tariff, but a simple-minded, old-fashioned one, believing in love, and home, and 'the untrodden ways.'"

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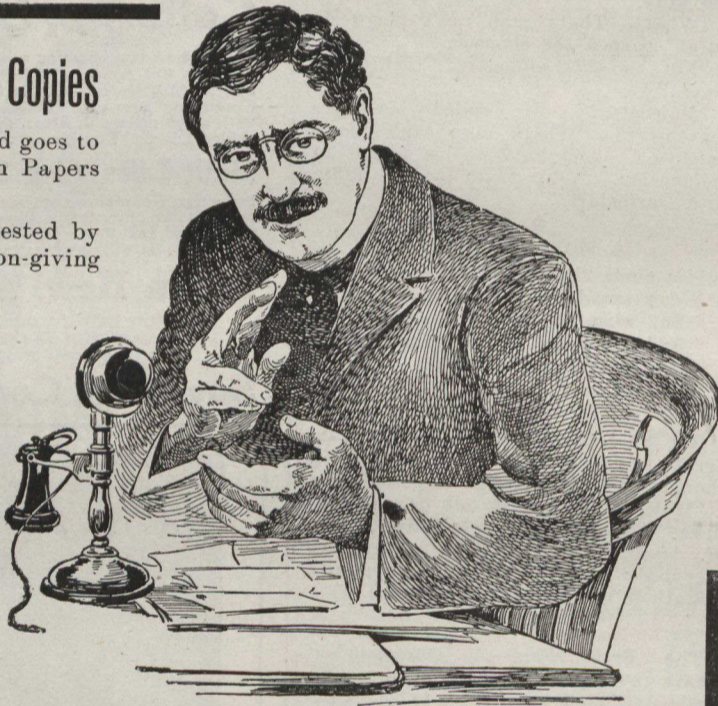
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The Materializing of Cecil

(Continued from page 12.)

he was jealous and angry. He went out west and never came back. I have never seen him since, and I do not even know if he is alive. But—but—I never could care for any other man."

"Oh, how interesting!" sighed Wilhelmina. "I do so love sad stories. But perhaps he will come back some day yet, Miss Holmes."

"Oh, no, never now," I said, shaking my head. "He has forgotten all about me, I dare say. Or if he hasn't he has never forgiven me."

Mary Gillespie's Huldah Jane announced tea at this moment, and I was thankful, for my imagination was giving out, and I didn't know what question these girls would ask next. But I felt a change in the mental atmosphere surrounding me already, and I thrilled with secret exultation all through supper. Repentant? Ashamed? Not a bit of it. I'd have done the same thing over again, and all I felt sorry for was that I hadn't done it long ago.

When I got home that night Nancy looked at me wonderingly and said:

"You look like a girl to-night, Miss Charlotte."

"I feel like one," I said, laughing; and I ran to my room and did what I had never done before—wrote a second poem in the same day. I had to have some outlet for my feelings. I called it "In Summer Days of Long Ago," and I worked Mary Gillespie's roses and Cecil Fenwick's eyes into it, and made it so sad and reminiscent and minor-musicky that I felt perfectly happy.

For the next two months all went well and merrily. Nobody ever said anything more to me about Cecil Fenwick, but the girls all chattered freely to me of their little love affairs, and I became a sort of general confidant for them. It just warmed up the cockles of my heart, and I began to enjoy the Sewing Circle famously. I got a lot of pretty new dresses and the dearest hat, and I went everywhere I was asked and had a good time.

But there is one thing you can be perfectly sure of. If you do wrong you are going to be punished for it sometime, somehow and somewhere. My punishment was delayed for two months, and then it descended on my head and I was crushed to the very dust.

Another new family besides the Mercers had come to Hillburn in the spring—the Maxwells. There were just Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell; they were a middle-aged couple and very well off. Mr. Maxwell had bought the lumber mills, and they lived up at the old Spencer place, which had always been "the" place of Hillburn. They lived quietly, and Mrs. Maxwell hardly ever went anywhere, because she was delicate. She was out when I called, and I was out when she returned my call, so that I had never met her.

IT was Sewing Circle day again—at Sarah Gardiner's this time. I was late; everybody else was there when I arrived, and the minute I entered the room I knew that something had happened, although I couldn't imagine what. Everybody looked at me in the strangest way. Of course, Wilhelmina Mercer was the first to set her tongue going.

"Oh, Miss Holmes, have you seen him yet?" she exclaimed.

"Seen who?" I said non-excitedly, getting out my thimble and patterns.

"Why, Cecil Fenwick. He's here—in Hillburn—visiting his sister, Mrs. Maxwell."

I suppose I did what they expected me to do. I dropped everything I held, and Josephine Cameron said afterwards that Charlotte Holmes would never be paler when she was in her coffin. If they had just known why I turned so pale!

"It's—impossible," I said blankly.

"It's really true," said Wilhelmina, delighted at this development, as she supposed it, of my romance. "I was up to see Mrs. Maxwell last night, and I met him."

"It—can't be—the same—Cecil Fenwick," I said faintly, because I had to say something.

"Oh, yes, it is. He belongs to Blakeley, New Brunswick, and he's a lawyer, and he's been out West twenty-two

years. He's, oh, so handsome, and just as you described him, except that his hair is quite grey. He has never married—I asked Mrs. Maxwell—so you see he has never forgotten you, Miss Holmes. And, oh, I believe everything is going to come out right."

I couldn't exactly share her cheerful belief. Everything seemed to me to be coming out most horribly wrong. I was so mixed-up, I didn't know what to do or say. I felt as if I were in a bad dream—it must be a dream—there couldn't really be a Cecil Fenwick. My feelings were simply indescribable. Fortunately, every one put my agitation down to quite a different cause, and they very kindly left me alone to recover myself. I shall never forget that awful afternoon. Right after tea I excused myself and went home as fast as I could go. There I shut myself up in my room, but not to write poetry in my red book. No, indeed! I felt in no poetical mood.

I TRIED to look the facts squarely in the face. There was a Cecil Fenwick, extraordinary as the coincidence was, and he was here in Hillburn. All my friends—and foes—believed that he was the estranged lover of my youth. If he stayed long in Hillburn one of two things was bound to happen. He would hear the story I had told about him and deny it, and I would be held up to shame and derision for the rest of my natural life; or else he would simply go away in ignorance, and everybody would suppose he had forgotten me and would pity me maddeningly. The latter possibility was bad enough, but it wasn't to be compared to the former; and oh, how I prayed—yes, I did pray about it—that he would go right away. But Providence had other views for me.

Cecil Fenwick didn't go away. He stayed right on in Hillburn, and the Maxwells blossomed out socially in his honour and tried to give him a good time. Mrs. Maxwell gave a party for him. I got a card—but you may be sure I didn't go, although Nancy thought I was crazy not to. Then everyone else gave parties in honour of Mr. Fenwick and I was invited and never went. Wilhelmina Mercer came and pleaded and scolded and told me if I avoided Mr. Fenwick like that he would think I still cherished bitterness against him, and he wouldn't make any advances toward a reconciliation. Wilhelmina means well, but she hasn't a great deal of sense.

Cecil Fenwick seemed to be a great favourite with everybody, young and old. He was very rich, too, and Wilhelmina declared that half the girls were after him.

"If it wasn't for you, Miss Holmes, I believe I'd have a try for him myself, in spite of his grey hair and quick temper—for Mrs. Maxwell says he has a pretty quick temper, but it's all over in a minute," said Wilhelmina, half jest and whole earnest.

As for me, I gave up going out at all, even to church. I fretted and pined and lost my appetite and never wrote a line in my red book. Nancy was half frantic and insisted on dosing me with her favourite patent pills. I took them meekly, because it is a waste of time and energy to oppose Nancy, but, of course, they didn't do me any good. My trouble was too deep-seated for patent pills to cure. If ever a woman was punished for telling a lie I was that woman. I stopped my subscription to the Weekly Advocate because it still carried that wretched porous plaster advertisement, and I couldn't bear to see it. If it hadn't been for that I would never have thought of Fenwick for a name, and all this trouble would have been averted.

One evening when I was moping in my own room Nancy came up.

"There's a gentleman in the parlour asking for you, Miss Charlotte."

My heart just gave one horrible bounce and then stopped beating altogether. . . . I know it did.

"What—sort of a gentleman, Nancy?" I faltered.

"I think it's that Fenwick man that there's been such a time about," said Nancy, who didn't know anything about my imaginary escapades, "and he looks

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It combines the flattest trajectory, greatest accuracy, and most smashing power, with the strongest and fastest of actions.

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Just pure, fresh juice of selected Oporto Grapes combined with Peruvian Cinchona Bark in exactly the right proportions to make a delightfully good-tasting, delicately fragrant thirst-quencher that is cooling, revivifying and permanently strengthening. Blend with cold soda or any good, sparkling mineral water.

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MOIR'S, Limited,
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31



to be mad clean through about something, for such a scowl I never seen."

"Tell him I'll be down directly, Nancy, I said quite calmly, although my heart had begun beating again and was making up for lost time.

As soon as Nancy had clumped downstairs again I put on my lace fichu and put two hankies in my belt, for I thought I would probably need more than one. Then I hunted up an old Advocate for proof, and down I went to the parlour. I know exactly how a criminal feels going to execution, and I've been opposed to capital punishment ever since.

I opened the parlour door and went in, carefully closing in behind me, for Nancy had a deplorable habit of listening in the hall. Then my legs gave out completely, and I couldn't have walked another step to save my life. I just stood there, my hand on the knob, trembling like a leaf.

A man was standing by the south window looking out; he wheeled around as I went in, and, as Nancy said, he had a scowl on and looked angry clear through. He was very handsome, and his grey hair gave him such a distinguished look. I recalled this afterward, but just at the moment you may be quite sure I wasn't thinking about it at all.

Then all at once a strange thing happened. The scowl went right off his face and the anger out of his eyes. He looked astonished and then foolish.

"Miss Holmes, I presume?" he said at last, in a deep, thrilling voice. "I—oh, confound it, I have called—I heard some foolish stories, and I came here in a rage. I've been a fool—I know now they weren't true. Just excuse me and I'll go away and kick myself."

"No," I said, finding my voice with a gasp, "you mustn't go until you've heard the truth. It's dreadful enough, but not as dreadful as you might otherwise think. Those—those stories—I have a confession to make. I did tell them, but I didn't know there was such a person as Cecil Fenwick in existence."

He looked puzzled, as well he might. Then he smiled, took my hand and led me away from the door—to the knob of which I was still holding with all my might—to the sofa.

"Let's sit down and talk it over comfy," he said.

I just confessed the whole shameful business. It was terribly humiliating, but it served me right. I told him how people were always twitting me for never having had a beau, and how I had told them I had; and then I showed him the porous plaster advertisement.

HE heard me through without a word, and then he threw back his big, curly, grey head and laughed.

"This clears up a great many mysterious hints I've been receiving ever since I came to Hillburn," he said, "and finally a Mrs. Gilbert came to my sister this afternoon with a long farrago of nonsense about the love affair I had once had with some Charlotte Holmes here. She declared you had told her about it yourself. I confess I flamed up. I'm a peppery chap, and I thought—I thought—oh, confound it, it might as well out; I thought you were some lank old maid who was amusing herself telling ridiculous stories about me. When you came into the room I knew that whoever was to blame you were not."

"But I was," I said ruefully. "It wasn't right of me to tell such a story—and it was very silly, too. But who would ever have supposed that there could be a real Cecil Fenwick who had lived in Blakely? I never heard of such a coincidence."

"It's more than a coincidence," said Mr. Fenwick decidedly. "It's predestination; that is what it is. And now let's forget it and talk of something else."

We talked of something else—or at least Mr. Fenwick did, for I was too ashamed to say much—so long that Nancy got restive and clumped through the hall every five minutes; but Mr. Fenwick never took the hint. When he finally went away he asked if he might come again.

"It's time we made up that old quarrel, you know," he said, laughing.

And I, an old maid of forty, caught myself blushing like a girl. But I felt like a girl, for it was such a relief to have that explanation all over; I

couldn't even feel very angry with Adella Gilbert. She was always a mischief-maker, and when a woman is born that way she is more to be pitied than blamed. I wrote a poem in the red book before I went to sleep; I hadn't written anything for a month, and it was lovely to be at it once more.

MR. FENWICK did come again—the next evening but one. And he came so often after that that even Nancy got resigned to him. One day I had to tell her something. I shrank from doing it, for I feared it would make her feel badly.

"Oh, I've been expecting to hear it," she said grimly. "I felt the minute that man came into the house he brought trouble with him. Well, Miss Charlotte, I wish you happiness. I don't know how the climate of British Columbia will agree with me, but I suppose I'll have to put up with it."

"But, Nancy," I said, "I can't expect you to go away out there with me. It's too much to ask of you."

"And where else would I be going?" demanded Nancy in genuine astonishment. "How under the canopy could you keep house without me? I'm not going to trust you to the mercies of a yellow Chinese with a pig-tail. Where you go I go, Miss Charlotte, and there's an end of it."

I was very glad, for I hated to think of parting with Nancy even to go with Cecil. As for the red book, I haven't told my husband about it yet, but mean to some day. And I've subscribed for the Weekly Advocate again.

A Return

(Concluded from page 9.)

yodeled, too; but, for reasons which we may leave to the psychologists, this time his yodelings had gone unheeded.

His eyes first took vision of the "crony," then of the couple rapidly emerging from it. Then he regarded the table—and the stove—and finally, getting his mouth closed, he began to blink at the couple again.

The gentleman spoke first. He remarked that the day was very warm.

As for the lady—there is nothing, modern physicians tell us, that can less be reckoned upon than the effect of "shock"; what she did was to advance upon her brother-in-law as if she were about to work him bodily harm. And, in a voice which some may think can be heard only in the dramatic school, she announced her engagement.

Now, as it happened, Mr. Davidson had always entertained an uncommonly high opinion of the lady's intelligence. In fact, in all matters of social propriety, he deferred to her. Therefore he now merely gaged and began to smile like the mentally alienated. "I—I don't know that I caught the name," he said.

The lady realized then that as yet she had not caught the name herself! . . .

The gentleman, having much presence of mind, immediately came forward with it. But that did not seem to save the situation greatly. . . .

Mr. Davidson had taken off his hat. If certain gestures express thought, others as plainly show that cerebral action is for the time suspended. "Well, at any rate," he said, as if this at least were something upon which entire confidence could be reposed, "no doubt, Mr. Vanderhecker, you know hers?"

There was another pause. "Well, not exactly," explained Mr. "Vanderhecker," "not altogether! You see, we'd been playing at kids, so to speak, and we really hadn't had to think of that. I give you my word, though—"

Mr. Davidson let himself down upon the unlit stove. "Great Scott!" he blurted out, "I'm—I'm not used to these things, you know! You'll have to—come down and talk to Evelina!"

Corrected.—"Oh, well," said the man who had been told of somebody's trickery and who takes proverbs and accepted sayings at their face value, "it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

"You're wrong there," declared the precise person. "It certainly takes all kinds of people to make this kind of world, but there are a lot who would be left out of a world such as reformers dream about,"

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Eccentric Mr. Howard.

J. A. HOWARD, the big negro from Winnipeg, who is counted on by Canadians to land the sprinting events at Stockholm, has been causing a great



J. A. HOWARD, WINNIPEG
The Big, Coloured Olympic Sprinter, Who Has Been Worrying His Team Mates.

deal of anxiety to the officials in charge of the Olympic team from Canada.

Howard, like Longboat, the Indian, is bothered with a temperament. He is inclined to be stubborn and afflicted with a desire to do things his own way.

Howard has an idea that he can train better under his own direction than under the guidance of Coach Walter Knox. Before the Olympic team left for England, Howard began to display some of his idiosyncrasies. Secretary James G. Merrick immediately jumped on him. He informed Howard that if he could not be amenable to discipline, he would not under any circumstances be taken along, but Beasley, the British Columbia boy, would be substituted. Howard promised to be good. He got to England, then became difficult to handle again. Coach Knox announced his dismissal. The Olympic officials were willing to sacrifice chances of Canada winning the sprints—which with Howard we have every chance of doing—rather than permit a member of the Olympic team to pursue a course of disobedience.

Latest news from the Olympic camp states that Howard has been reinstated upon humble promises that he would do exactly what Coach Knox told him and did not bother his team mates.

✽ ✽
A Statesman's Birthday.

THE other day, in Vancouver, Canada's "Grand Old Man," Sir Charles Tupper, celebrated his ninety-first birthday. The past year has been an eventful one to Sir Charles. He successfully pulled through a severe illness which, it was feared, might end his days. The sympathy of the whole nation went out to him this spring at the death of Lady Tupper. Resolutely, with his old-time fighting spirit, Sir Charles braved fortune, gave up his home in England, said farewell to the pleasant valleys of Nova Scotia, and turned his face hopefully westward to take up residence with his sons on the bustling British Columbia

Coast. There in the twilight of his life, while dashing, young Sir Richard McBride pleads for a larger Imperialism for Canada, the nestor of Canadian Conservatives harks back to the days before Canada was born; the stirring times of jousts in Nova Scotia when he worsted Hon. Joseph Howe for supremacy in the Nova Scotia Assembly. The last surviving Father of Confederation, Sir Charles remembers the birth of Canada; the Quebec Resolutions; the meeting at Charlottetown, and the conference in old London.

✽ ✽
New Brunswick At Home.

BACK to New Brunswick week is July 9th to July 14th. The city of St. John is planning a big programme.

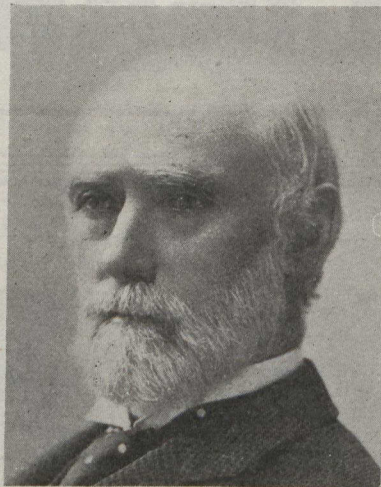
The extensive harbour works will be declared open at Courtenay Bay. There will be an international motor boat race to celebrate this. J. Norton Griffiths, M.P., the English contractor, who is very active in New Brunswick just now, has donated a shield to be competed for by some of the fastest power boats in the Maritime Provinces. Horse racing, band concerts, and other stunts will help make St. John a live place.

✽ ✽
The Message From the Wire.

A UNIQUE personality passed away in Toronto last week when Mr. H. P. Dwight, president of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company, died in his eighty-fourth year.

Mr. Dwight was distinguished as one of the first telegraph operators in Canada, the first in Toronto, and as the man to whose foresight and energy may be attributed the thousands of miles of wire over which Canadians talk every day.

Mr. Dwight was an American by birth. He learned the keys in Montreal when a youth of sixteen. In 1849 he began residence in Toronto, at the time Ontario was Upper Canada and Hon. George Brown, Hon. J. A. Macdonald and others were wondering how they could unite in ambitions and ideals five British colonies scattered across half a continent, who had few intimate dealings with each other because of tariff walls, lack of railways and communication. It is difficult to estimate what part was played in the success of the Confederation project by such simple things as the telegraph and telephone, enabling the men of the prairie, the



MR. H. P. DWIGHT, TORONTO
Whose Death Removes a Pioneer of the Telegraph Business in Canada.

coast, and the middle of Canada to exchange opinions every day, and helping reduce a straggling half-continent to a community. In the development of the telegraph, Mr. Dwight was conspicuous, and because of his enterprise in that respect he may be remembered as one of the nation builders of Canada.

✽ ✽
IN Quebec City is soon to be erected one of the greatest drydocks in the world. Tenders closed for construction the other day.

A strange feature is that only one company tendered.

SUMMER RESORT

BELVIDERE HOTEL, PARRY SOUND, under new management; everything up-to-date; beautifully situated on Georgian Bay; fine fishing; write for booklet. Fred J. Bradey, Manager.

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One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
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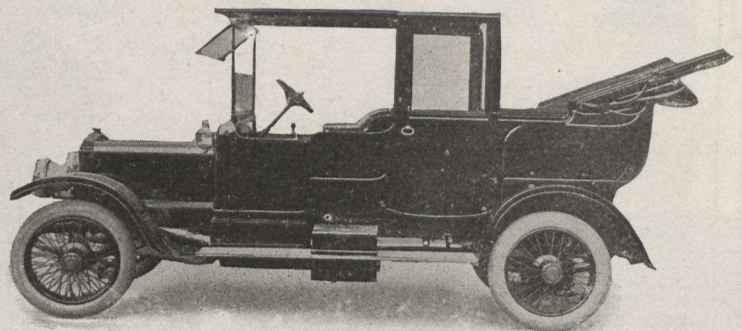
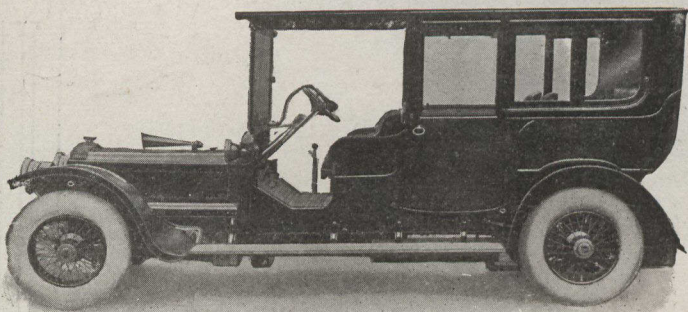
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