

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Monsieur Bourassa's Hooligan

By GILBERT E. JACKSON



A Mining Camp Story

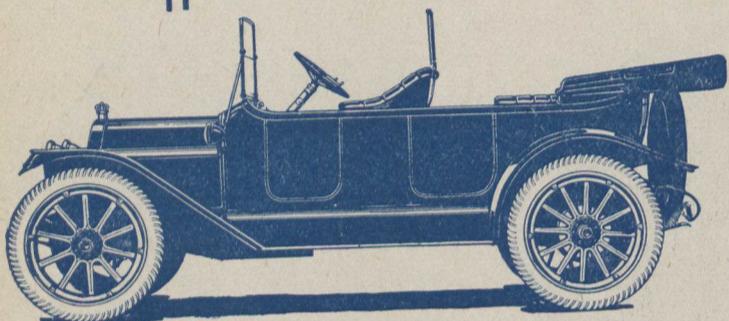
By S. A. WHITE

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
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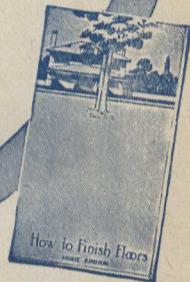
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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NO. 9

CONTENTS

- Overcoming a Handicap By D. C. Nixon.
- Monsieur Bourassa's Hooligan ... By Gilbert E. Jackson.
- Eugene Ysaye By the Music Editor.
- Plays of the New Year By J. E. Webber.
- Quarantine Camp, Story By S. A. White.
- Improving City Plots By E. T. Cook.
- A Bribe Not a Bribe By the Monocle Man.
- Corridor Comment By H. W. A.
- For the Juniors Illustrated.
- Men of To-day Illustrated.
- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
- Dr. Aram Kalfian (a serial story) By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.
- News Photographs Interesting Current Events.



Editor's Talk

MR. HENRI BOURASSA'S attack upon the English immigrant is well answered in this week's issue by Gilbert E. Jackson, of the University of Toronto staff. S. A. White, the author of several Canadian novels, contributes a humorous mining camp story. J. E. Webber, our New York correspondent, tells the story of several plays which may come to Canada later.

Attention is again directed to our prize competition for the two best essays on the question of the greatest industry and the greatest manufacturing town. The competition closes March 1st. Any Canadian is eligible to compete.

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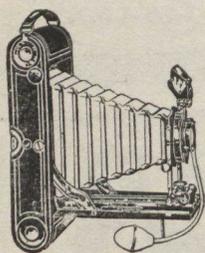
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In Lighter Vein

Smart Boy.—Years ago in Jamaica, West Indies, before artificial ice was very well known, a shopkeeper, who tried to keep up with the times, thought he would outclass his rival across the street and purchased a thousand pounds of fine "cool" ice, paying about twelve dollars for it. He did a wonderful business the next day. All the town trade came to get a cool drink, while the shop opposite was empty. When the shopkeeper shut up that night he had made good profits and had about eight hundred pounds of ice left.

The next morning his brilliant black boy, who opened up the shop, greeted him with a happy grin. "Morning, boss," he said. "It's done a good bit of business this morning, sah."

"How's that, boy, how's that?"

"Well, sah, I sold that fool nigger in the store across the street all that stale ice that was left for fifty cents, and he never knew the difference, sah!"

—Everybody's.

Accidental.—The Southern Bivouac attributes a severe remark to Stonewall Jackson, who was not a man to speak ill of another man without strong reasons. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major — was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty for which he had been suggested.

"Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is really so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—Christian Register.

New Use for the Hyphen.—A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was the word "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.—Continent.

His Speed.—"The hired man fell off the fence down in the meadow lot just now!" "Had he hit the ground when you left?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Paving the Way.—They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically: "Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!" "Indeed it must," was his response.

Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenuousness, she exclaimed: "It does not seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—The Argonaut.

Ouch!—He (pompously)—"I tell my wife all I know." She—"How delightfully quiet you must be at home."—Brooklyn Life.

Defined Again.—Love is what makes a man spend \$90 on a diamond ring for a girl while he tries to keep warm in last summer's low-cut shoes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Post-Impressionist Poem.
The snaky twilight crawls and clanks;
A scarlet shriek thrusts home;
The jig-saws snap among the planks,
Where, lush and loud,
Plump, plastic, proud,
The coupons crowd
Along the road to Rome.

Aerid, essential, winged with eyes,
The powdered plummet drops;
The beldame's bonnet draws and dies.
And, foul or fair,
Calm Neverwhere
Inscribes his square
Amid the malt and hops.

Oh! anguish of the slaughtered shaft
That skims the sullen looms!
Oh! vaguely vaunted overdraft!
Oh! savage spin
Of twain and twin,
While out and in
The shapeless secret booms.—Punch.

Not a Still Small Voice.—"Conscience is what tells a man when he is doing wrong."

"That may be true in your family," replied Mr. Meekton, "but my wife's name is Henrietta."—Washington Star.

Dainty Sweets

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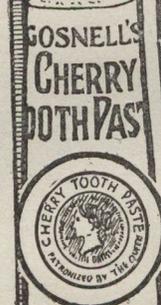
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The
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No. 9

Vol. XIII

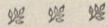
February 1, 1913

Men of The Day

The Mayor of Ottawa.

WITH so much national politics housed on Parliament Hill, one might be inclined to think that the Capital City would not have much time or interest for municipal politics. But Ottawans do not overlook domestic politics, believing, perhaps, that good government, like good other things, begins at home. The mayoralty contest at the Capital was unusually interesting this year. Mr. John Albert Ellis, who was Mayor for three years, from 1904 to 1907 inclusive, again was elected to the office. He succeeds Mr. Charles Hopewell, who has been chief magistrate during the past four years.

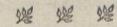
Mr. Ellis has spent most of his life in the service of the people of Ottawa. He was born in England and came out to Canada a mere boy in 1886. As soon as he was old enough, he ran for alderman and was elected. After three successive years in the mayoralty he was city treasurer; then member of the Legislature. Few men know Ottawa like its mayor-elect. He has one great passion besides public life. That is for flowers. He has been vice-president of the Ottawa Horticultural Society. During Lady Minto's reign at Rideau Hall, he was most active in assisting Her Excellency in her efforts to promote floral culture in Canada.



A New Chairman.

RECENTLY Mr. James Leitch, K.C., was appointed to the Bench, for which his experience as Chairman of the Ontario Municipal and Railway Board was excellent training. His removal left an awkward vacancy. The Queen's Park authorities excited not a little interest when they announced that Donald Malcolm McIntyre, of Kingston, was the man whom they intended as chief arbiter in the province of the rights of railways, municipalities and individuals.

Mr. McIntyre takes the chair with the potential qualifications of a good administrator. He is one of the leading citizens of Kingston, where he and his brother have practised law for years. He is public spirited in a city whose larger enthusiasm has given statesmen to Canada. Mr. McIntyre has been alderman and mayor of Kingston; active in its charities and National University, of which he is a graduate. His profession has taught him to talk little and clearly, to know a fact and its place in the problem.



Law for Law's Sake.

IN my opinion—law is a profession and not a side-line to a business. A lawyer has no business in real estate or company management, at the expense of his legal work. If this kind of thing keeps up, where are we going to get our real leaders of the bar?

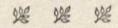
The opinions with the question

tagged on were given by Mr. H. M. Ludwig, who has been made President of the Ontario Bar Association. He takes the place of Mr. Nickel, K.C., of Belleville, last year's president. Mr. Ludwig is as well known as any lawyer in Ontario to members of the honourable profession. He has held all the positions which a barrister may fill who gives attention to the broader aspects of law.

He observes degenerating tendencies in the mixture of law and business, which, if unchecked, may do away with really impressive arguments in the courts. His view of the law is that of an artist—law for the law's sake. Great pictures or books are not written by men engaged in side lines; nor should legal interpretations of weight be the work of lawyers distracted by remote interests.

President Ludwig is one of the most distinguished graduates of Osgoode Hall Law School. He won the medals in every year of his course, and gradu-

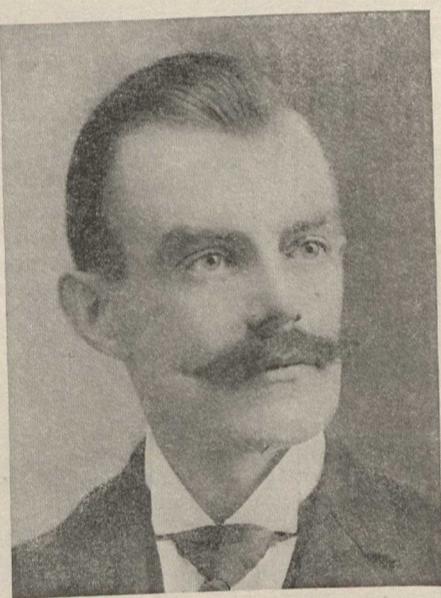
ated with the gold medal. In 1892 he was president of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, in days when an election at the school was the event of the year. During 1892-3-4 he was examiner of the Law Society. In 1910 he was made K. C. Mr. Ludwig, for twenty-six years, has been of the firm of Ritchie, Ludwig and Ballantyne.



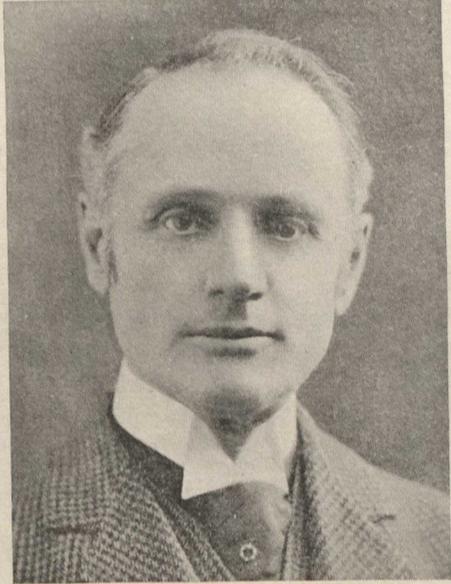
An Australian Statesman.

IT is more than ever easy for Canadians to say that Canada leads all the overseas dominions in the matter of Imperial relationships and defence. In Australia there may be a different opinion. The present Australian High Commissioner, Sir George Reid, in Canada a few months ago, may think differently. So may Premier Andrew Fisher, who rode with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Coronation procession. And Mr. Alfred Deakin, Premier before Sir Andrew Fisher, may have his own ideas about the significance of a Vancouver conference for the purpose of studying what may be done to organize a Pacific Imperial squadron, both Canadian and Australian, for the defence of Imperial interests on the Pacific. The recent utterances of Premier Sir Richard McBride point in this direction.

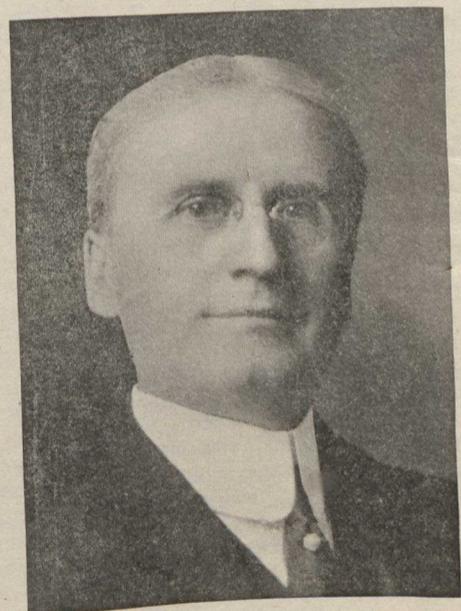
But whatever statesmen may or may not think of the concert, it is certain that Australia, who, twelve years ago, emerged from her "penal twilight," as Dr. Macdonald called it in last week's issue of the COURIER, has done Imperial things which she began to do under the energetic premiership of Mr. Deakin before the present Labour party got the ascendancy in the Commonwealth. In Australia the naval and military service is far in advance of anything we have in Canada. Only a year after the creation of the Commonwealth—in 1902—an agreement was made by both the Imperial Government and the Commonwealth for the maintenance of a naval force from 1903 to 1913. Australia made no contribution; the payments were for a squadron of British ships to be stationed in Australian waters. A more recent feature of their programme is the building and maintenance of certain ships to form an Australian squadron of the Royal Navy, under command of the Commonwealth, in times of peace, and part of the eastern fleet of the Royal Navy in war. In military matters, too, Australia, during the leadership of Premier Deakin, which began in 1903, made great progress. Australia, under the present Labour Government, has practical compulsory service—not called by that name—in which every male between sixteen and twenty-six years of age must spend a certain set number of days every year in military training. Ex-Premier Deakin, who has just resigned from the Opposition in Australia, knows how advanced that service is. He was member for Ballarat in the House of Representatives; several times member of Federal Council for Australia; chairman of Committee of Public Accounts, and for twenty years consecutively member of the Parliament of Victoria.



MR. JOHN ALBERT ELLIS
Once More Mayor of Ottawa.



MR. DONALD M. McINTYRE, K.C.
Chairman Ontario Railway Board.



MR. H. M. LUDWIG, K.C.
President Ontario Bar Association. Who
Thinks Law as a Profession Should Not
be Obstructed by Business.



HON. ALFRED DEAKIN
Former Australian Premier, Who Has
signed the Leadership of the Opposition
Under Doctor's Orders.

The Town That Overcame Handicaps

Story of a Co-operative Citizenship That Did Not Fail

By D. C. NIXON

ONCE upon a time a town, near the head of the Great Lakes, grown great in its own estimation, began to levy tithes upon the railroad that had created it. Railways hate taxes as the Irish despise the gauger. The town being obdurate, there was nothing left for the company to do but pull up stakes and get out; it would never do to establish a tax-paying precedent. They shifted their works and divisional headquarters up the harbour a piece and laid out a new town-site on conditions to suit themselves, declaring that it would not be long until the verdure would be so dank in the old town that mowing machines would have to precede the trains as they passed through.

It was quite true that some verdure did exhibit itself on the streets, and the outside world awaited the time that they might go in and homestead it. We are too prone to believe that just because a railroad can make a town it can also unmake it. This case is only true when there was no sane reason for its making it first place. But railroads, while they may establish an occasional oasis in the desert, display excellent acumen when they pick out lake or sea ports and stamp them with their approval. In this instance the somewhat deserted town allowed the grass to grow until it recovered confidence in itself by getting out and hustling for other railroads and steamship lines. They found it had been temporarily unprofitable to harass a railway corporation. Their lesson learned, they set about the building of a city, and to-day the town stands at the head of the Canadian upper lake ports, and will soon absorb the rival of its youth, having grown out to it.

HISTORY has the habit of telling the same story twice—or more; and as Port Arthur did not languish and die with the withdrawal of the Canadian Pacific, neither will Owen Sound suffer because the same corporation had reduced it to a mere calling place, with a boat once a week, and created out of nothing a Georgian Bay terminus at Port McNicoll. But why should this greatest of transportation companies make this change? The moving from Owen Sound to Port McNicoll is easily explained, for as a late musical comedy has it, "every little movement has a motive." Owen Sound and Toronto are connected by rail, by a road originally known as the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, that never got into Bruce. It was a narrow-gauge affair and constructed on the air-line principle. It had ant-like proclivities; never going around anything it could go over, climbing a steep grade out of Owen Sound, and negotiating the Caledon Mountain out of Toronto. Climbs like these mean heavy coal bills, and the C. P. R. either had to reconstruct the road to get away from heavy hauls, of necessity diverting the route, or find another port with a short rail connection with their Toronto to Montreal line. While the water route to Port McNicoll is longer than to Owen Sound, the time is made up by the easy grade on the new road. But the C. P. R. has by no means abandoned the town, for while its steamship headquarters are at the new port, a boat makes a weekly call at the old place, and a considerable amount of freight originating in Western Ontario still goes through Owen Sound. Two other steamship lines, the Northern Navigation Company and the Dominion Transportation Company, serve the town, making a total of six boats a week for upper lake ports.

IN actual dollars and cents Owen Sound does not miss much the payroll lost by the removal. In round figures one hundred and sixty thousand dollars was the annual disbursement for wages; and as the greater majority of men were longshoremen having no permanent abode, at least one-half of this amount went out of town. Six dollars per head of population is a loss easily forgotten, and the Owen Sounder resents the commiseration of the outside world, feeling that in no way does it deserve it when, despite the loss of these floaters, it has increased in population. To prove this I made a careful survey of the town and found less than a dozen vacant houses in a town of over 13,000 people.

The great drawback to the town has been lack of proper railway facilities. Its harbour has anchorage for all the tonnage on the Great Lakes, and with the expansion of Canadian shipping the Dominion Government must see that Owen Sound, being the best natural harbour and the nearest one to Western Ontario's manufacturing centres, it will devolve upon it, the Government, to do for lake traffic there what it is doing for ocean traffic at St. John, N.B. Yes! Owen Sound suffers by lack of proper rail service, and the

sins of the father are heaped on the heads of his heritors. Here is another case where history has a repetition. Owen Sound might have been much further advanced had it once in its early youth the foresight which unfortunately comes seldom the right side of middle age. When the old Northern Railway (now part of the Grand Trunk Railway system) began seeking bonuses for its line from Toronto to Georgian Bay the various municipalities along the route came along with the bonuses; all except Owen Sound, which, possessing the only natural harbour, childishly reasoned that the railroad would have to come to Owen Sound, bonus or no bonus.

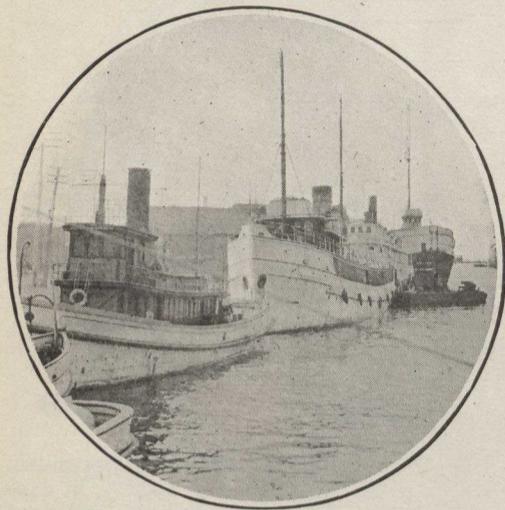
SILLY child! The directors never having heard of Mahomet, built harbours, one at Collingwood and the other at Meaford, leaving the foolish, cock-sure young cock's comb with a perfectly good harbour but no railway. And then just to rub the juice of the lime into the still open wound, the Grand Trunk ran a line into Wiarton to the east. Eventually relenting, not out of good nature, but because business policy demanded it, a branch was run from the latter line, giving the much-suffering town a G. T. R. connection, but by a round about way, with Toronto. Long before this, though, the narrow gauge had been the outlet, and, when taken over by the C. P. R., it was changed to the standard gauge. Had the town listened to reason in the early days and bonused, as all towns did, the old Northern Railway, the line would have followed around the shore from Meaford on a perfectly level roadbed; there would not have been the necessity of building artificial harbours at Collingwood and Meaford, and who knows that there would have been any reason for their existence, though I am sure that I will be accused of high treason by both these towns.

Owen Sound realizes its early mistake, and has realized it for many years. To-day a company, the majority of whose directors are Owen Sound men, has a charter for a railroad from Owen Sound to Orillia, covering the missing link along the Georgian Bay between Owen Sound and Meaford, thence to Collingwood and across country to Orillia. Opportunity has been offered the town of Owen Sound to bonus this road, buy stock or guarantee its bonds, the Dominion Government providing a substantial subsidy. The idea being to construct it and lease it to one of the three great Canadian railroads with a proviso that the road operating it gives the other two running rights. It seems a large order for a municipality to undertake, but the success of the spur that Guelph built and leased to the C. P. R. is emphasized by its promoters. There is no doubt but that such a road would be of great advantage to the town.

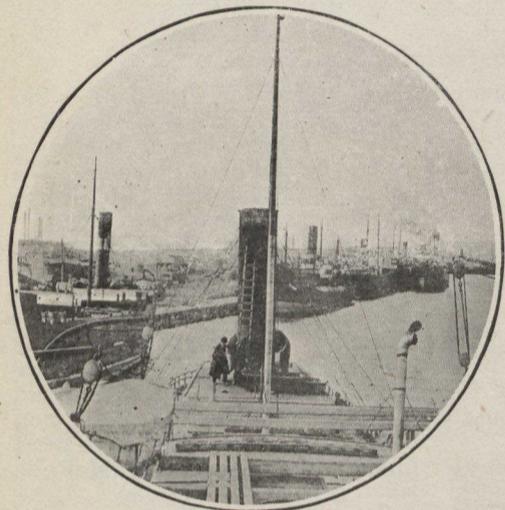
WITH all these handicaps what has Owen Sound been doing industrially? Speaking of handicaps, who or what has ever become of any account without them? Destiny and geography picked out Owen Sound as one of the manufacturing centres of Canada. Lumber was its chief industry, and while much of the glory of saw mill days has departed, it still had some big lumber plants on its outer harbour. But modern saw-milling has followed the modern trend of departmentalism; there was too much waste in the old days; to-day by-products play as much a part if not greater than the main product of yesterday's operations. No longer do our mill-men devastate a forest in order to burn half of it on the slab pile. One Owen Sound mill, besides using every available piece for straight lumber, uses the scraps for pails, tubs, kegs and baskets, and then finds that tooth picks can also be made from the by-products. Another mill doing a big business in lumber has a sash and door mill with a side line of meat skewers for the English trade. The other mills also specialize and in this way manage to give their men continuous employment. A match factory has just been granted a loan and will begin to manufacture next year.

But it is in furniture that Owen Sound excels, and without bias I believe that this town will be the greatest wood-working centre in Canada before many years go by. Fifteen years ago a small factory began operations here. It has developed into a number of companies whose interests are controlled by the same group of local capitalists and whose operations are next biggest in Canada to the trust. They manufacture cheap and high grade chairs, high grade tables, dining-room and bed-room sets. Four immense factories are now in operation, and a fifth is under construction.

Three cement mills (not in the merger) have been in operation. Two of them have amalgamated and will manufacture under a new process, getting their



The Port of Owen Sound. Boats Come up the Sydenham Which Divides the Town.



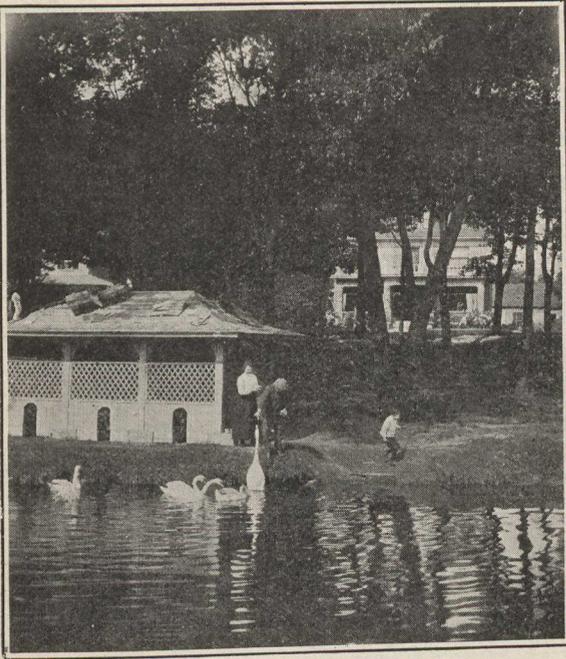
A More General View of the Port With Its Variegated Shipping.



One of the Many well-kept Residential Streets in Owen Sound—Tenth St. West.



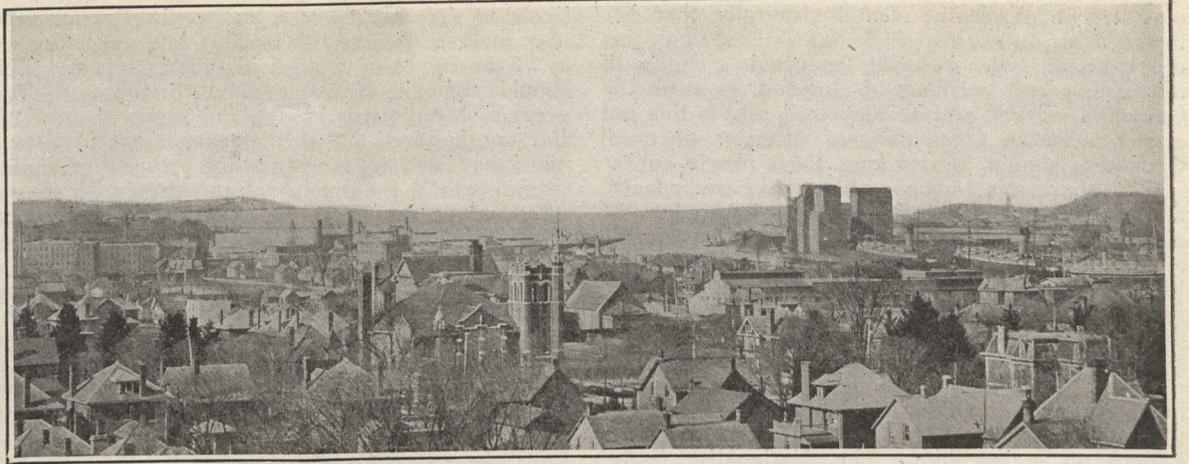
The King's Royal Summer Hotel Near Owen Sound.



The Home of Mayor Lemon who, with Mrs. Lemon, is Seen Feeding His Swans.

material of a gravel nature from an island some miles out. The other company manufactures from marl.

Turbine water wheels and propeller blades are the output of one foundry which does the bulk of this trade of Canada. A steel casting plant is an adjunct of this foundry and bids fair to surpass the parent company in volume of business. Steel bridges is the product of another concern. Stoves, ranges and furnaces constitute a big bulk of the shipment from another Owen Sound institution. Farm and ornamental fence and steel gates keep another factory busy. These active industries are evident that iron working is not the least important. A pickle, cider and vinegar house adds to the diversity of the manufacturing activities, while a biscuit and confectionery factory was one of the first of its kind established outside of Toronto. Although being a local option town two breweries manufacture for



General View of Owen Sound looking northwest from the hill towards the open water.

outside consumption. Of course there are other local industries, but I have dwelt on those doing a national and world-wide business. Without contradiction I can say that Owen Sound has more working men in steady employment in its factories and mills than any two other towns on the Georgian Bay.

Since the C. P. R. abandoned Owen Sound several new industries have been put under way and some in operation. These include a malleable iron works, a match factory, a roller pipe mill, a steel wire mill, nut and bolt factory and an upholstered chair factory. With these added to the already existing industries the pay roll contains 1,000 more hands than when the C. P. R. had its docks at Owen Sound, at a higher rate of wages than the hands employed by the railway.

The western side of the harbour out towards its mouth is settled by a flourishing summer colony, for the most part Owen Sounders. Here is situated the King's Royal Hotel, without doubt one of the best appointed summer hotels in Canada. This has been recently reopened under the management of Mr. William Gall, lately of Algonquin Park. Back of the town, up the Sydenham River, is Inglis' Falls, one of the most delightful bits of Canadian scenery

imaginable. The elevation is about three hundred feet in less than three miles, down which the river cascades. The wild grandeur of the banks tones down as the river, after its tumble over the falls, nears the town. Here the banks rise high on either side, from whose height palatial homes look down on a busy town.

There is need of better hotels. The Mayor is a live, aggressive man, he has a fairly good council, and the Board of Trade is doing considerable. And the handicap is being overcome.

No doubt there are many other towns and cities in Canada that have sometimes wondered whether the town made the railway, or the railway the town. The intelligent co-operation of both is usually necessary in the interests of real progress. In cases where one has decided for some reason to buck the other, the general public who make both the town and the railway have been the sufferers. The story of Owen Sound and of Port Arthur may not have exact parallels. But the story of how, when it looked as though the one chief distinction of the community was removed, the aggressive citizenship of the town rose to the occasion and added a thousand more to the industrial population, should be of great practical interest to any live community.

Monsieur Bourassa's Hooligan

By GILBERT E. JACKSON

MONSIEUR HENRI BOURASSA was born to do many things; among others, to show the world the follies of its proverbs. Tradition tells us that a prophet hath honour with others, but not in his own country. Monsieur Bourassa hath honour in Quebec; not long ago he came to gain honour in Toronto. Like a wise man, he addressed himself to the student. When we want to compliment the student, we call him a soulful, receptive young man; when we want to abuse him (which, to be frank, is not often) we call him credulous. So the seed of Canadian Nationalism was sown in fruitful ground.

What Monsieur Bourassa said about the language question does not concern us here. His views are well known. He foresaw the time when the Slav and the Pole and the Jew will outnumber the French and English stock in Canada. He saw the native race submerged beneath a flood of foreign immigrants. The only hope lay in the possibility that French and English may stand together, recognizing one another's moral rights, and deliberately preserving one another's language. He went on to say that they had a common interest in preserving the physical and mental and moral quality of the race; which, as Euclid would put it, is self-evident.

So far so good. But Monsieur Bourassa was not content; and when he proceeded to descant on the physical and mental and moral inferiority of the English immigrant, he hurt my feelings in a very tender spot. He held that it was to the mutual advantage of the Canadians of Quebec and Ontario, strictly to supervise the mass of immigrants from England, because a number of them would drag down the quality of Canadians in future generations. His reasons for rejecting these people were three: First, that 80% of the population of England is now massed in the towns; secondly, that the quality of English army recruits, on Lord Roberts' testimony, is getting worse and worse; and, thirdly, because a certain English Emigration Society boasts that it is sending out to Canada the London hooligan. As to the accuracy of the first statement, I cannot speak from memory; but the fact that Monsieur Bourassa says

there are ninety millions of people in South America (whereas there are really forty-five) leads me to wonder whether that is strictly true.

Supposing, nevertheless, that these three statements are strictly correct, it is worth while to see what they mean to Toronto. The first implication contained in them, is that town life leads to physical and mental and moral deterioration; the second is that since the English are more crowded in towns than any other people, they are the least desirable immigrants; and the third is, that the growth of towns in the Dominion (which is proceeding very fast) is to be regretted.

That town life, as it exists to-day, is bad for the human race cannot be doubted. Mr. Charles Booth's great survey of life in East London (Labour and Life of the People, Vols. I.-XVII.) which is perhaps the greatest social study that any man has ever made, leaves this abundantly clear. He finds more poverty in the Londoner of the second and third generation, than in the later comer; more initiative in the newcomer (and, consequently, more of the good things of life) than in the Londoner of one or two generations. Other investigations, of a later date, have found the same thing in other towns, on a less magnificent scale. The townsman of to-day is inferior, it seems, in more or less direct ratio to the time during which he and his people have been townsmen.

Equally true, of course, is Lord Roberts' statement that the quality of English army recruits is bad, and grows still worse. Strange to say, this is almost a matter of congratulation, although Lord Roberts and Monsieur Bourassa take it rather sadly. The pay of the soldier remains very small. It remains about the same from year to year. It is nearly as small as the soldier's chance of finding honest employment after his discharge. For these three reasons, the workingman in England does not like the army. He wants work and the prospect of work; he is still more anxious for good wages. All things considered, the factory-worker is infinitely better off than the soldier. In war time, we grow very sentimental over Tommy

Atkins; in peace, we leave him to his dull life of routine.

"It's 'Tommy this,' and 'Tommy that,' and 'Tommy, wait outside!'"

"But it's 'Special train for Atkins,' when the troopers' on the tide."

So it is that the workman looks on the barracks as the last resort. Three months of unemployment, his savings spent, his clothes pawned, and the young man goes up to the recruiting sergeant in Trafalgar Square, and "takes the shilling." His uncle the baker, and his cousin the cabman look down on him, of course; but they do not feel that he has really disgraced the family, as if he had gone in the workhouse.

Now the survival of the fittest is always visible in the factory. If someone is to be discharged, it is the man who is least "up to" the work: and the army is constantly being recruited from the weedy, untrained youths who are dismissed from a precarious employment, whenever trade is slack. If trade is very slack, recruits are plentiful: if trade is good, the supply of men for army service falls away. Consequently, the quality of British recruits is to some extent an index of the prosperity of the country. To-day, when the woollen industry of Yorkshire, the cotton industry of Lancashire, and various sections of the steel manufacture cannot get workers enough, only the worst workers, who are absolutely incapable of sustained productive effort, are driven to the army. A subaltern of the West Yorkshire Regiment told me this summer that the spirit and stamina of his recruits drove him nearly to despair. Five years ago, when trade was depressed, and wages were lower, a better class of men was driven to the service. Fifty years ago, when wages were only half as high as they are at present, recruiting was comparatively brisk.

If Lord Roberts' lament proves anything, it proves that conditions of labour, in the town as well as in the country, are growing better day by day. Yet it saddens Monsieur Bourassa; after all, he had to strike a mournful note. And he still retains this consolation, that town life does make

men less fit, physically, mentally, morally, than life in the fields, beneath a smokeless sky. Add to this the hooligan, who is being exported, along with the cottons and woollens of England, to stock the Canadian market, and he may well ask, is this not a clear case of community of interest, when all Canadians should join to keep these people out?

Mr. Bourassa's hooligan, like the Paris apache, and the New York gangster, is a by-product of city life. He springs from parents who have made a poor thing of their lives. He has failed to fit himself for factory work; and so he has drifted into petty crime. Take him all in all, he is not a desirable person, especially at nightfall. We respect his eccentric ability, we sometimes envy the romance of his life in the underworld; yet, somehow, we feel we cannot do without the police-force that controls him. But that is not Mr. Bourassa's indictment against him. The Nationalist leader looks to the future, to the time when his hooligan will endow Canada with (presumably) other little hooligans, who will be bad playmates for our children, and will lead them into evil ways.

Now this is precisely what the hooligan is least

likely to do. He made a failure in England; he may make a failure in Canada; but, take him all in all, he comes of a stock inherently sound, which should right itself under good conditions. The great rush citywards in England began about 1780. For one hundred and thirty years it has persisted; and it has been due mainly to the prospect of higher wages, which the manufacturer presented to the wretched peasant. It has attracted to the towns, not the dull and unambitious, but the venturesome; not the mentally weak, but those whose imagination was fired by this spark of hope. In themselves, those who have flocked and do flock to the towns are a finer stock than those who remain on the country side of England. Bad housing, bad drainage, and bad conditions of labour have made the modern hooligan. But England was consistent, in that she manufactured the hooligan, like everything else, out of the best material that she could get.

Acquired characteristics, whether they be bad physique or bad habits, if we may believe the biologists, are not inherited. They may be perpetuated by bad conditions of life: under good conditions they will disappear. This was a stock of

some value, which has lost its value through exposure. Canada can offer conditions most favourable to recovery. Canada can profit more than any country, by the brain and muscle of a good stock of men. Australia, whose situation is similar, has for many years refused to do so. Now her political leaders complain of under population. She has the resources, but she has not got the men. She could see no use for the hooligan.

London, Paris, New York, Toronto, all attract to them the best and the most enterprising men. All of them take from those men more than they give them. The nervous strain and the physical discomforts of the cities are not healthy. Toronto must deal with them; for the present, in spite of her versatile adviser, she can do little good by refusing admittance to his hooligan. The same conditions which produced him in England, or for that matter in France and in America, will produce him here. But if we can by some means reduce the strain, if we can abolish the discomforts; above all, if we can produce a stable industrial system, then we need not fear the hooligan, whether he be Canadian or foreign-born.

Quarantine Camp

Story of the Hard Lines of Life in a Gold Camp That Made Sark an Unheralded Hero

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

Author of "Empery," "The Wildcatters," etc.

THE toughest of the leathered stampedeers trailing up Dyea Valley by the aurora's light stopped and rubbed his eyes as if their keen vision had for once played him false.

"Oh, your lamps are alright, Sark," his grinning comrade assured him. "Yon's a golden-haired cheechako in the lead. Saw him break camp on the beach. Tons of baggage. All Indian-packed. Must have money. Just look at that outfit."

Sark frowned. "That's what I am looking at. He can bring all the luggage he can pay for, Bassett, but why in thunder does he want to pack a kid?"

"Eh? Kid?" Tom Bassett's body, bending under its forty-pound load, straightened like a released bow. He stared at the back of the nearest Indian buck. Strapped to that back, papoose-fashion, in a sheath of blanket was a boy of five or six. He had his head stuck out, peering at the huge bulk of Chilcoot mountain.

"Dad," he chirped, "isn't it a whopper?"

And "dad" dropped back at the ingenuous question, walking beside the lad's man-horse with one hand on the ropes of the blanket sheath. Tom Bassett and Eric Sark heard him explaining how they must climb old Chilcoot, going up by Canyon City and Sheep Camp to the steep of the Scales and on through the stormy Pass.

"Easy saying it," sneered Sark.

"Oh, he'll do it, Eric," Bassett declared. "At least, his money'll do it. All he's got to do is to shift his

feet. The bucks will 'tend to the baggage and the boy."

"What's his name?"

"Whose? The father's?"

"Blast the father! No! He ought to be shot for bringing him here. What's the kid's name? First name, I mean?"

"Don't know. Man's name's Challis. From the States, a fellow told me on Dyea Beach. Looks as if he came from the peachland part."

"Why didn't he leave the kid in the peachland, eh?" demanded Sark, fiercely.

"Widower, the fellow said. Widower without relations. No place to leave him."

"His wife's relations, then?"

"Aren't any."

"Huh! Aren't there friends and things? You know, Bassett, the Dawson Trail's no place for infants."

"Or peachland fathers," supplemented Tom. "But what you lagging about? What's griping you? Turning paternal, you big black gorilla?"

"Maybe so," Sark growled, and fell to his plodding again.

"Faster," urged Bassett, pulling his arm and swinging past the cheechako outfit. "Yonder's morning on the Pass. Want to be last through? It's none of our funeral anyway. We'll never see

them again. We'll be on Lake Linderman before they hit the Crater Lake Divide."

BUT Sark and Bassett did see them again. A late autumn gale was holding all the Linderman boats at the head of Bennett when two hired boatmen lined Challis' craft through the mile-long neck of bad water connecting the two lakes. In spite of warning and protest they pushed on. The wind blew a hurricane, but one boatman attending the sail and the other holding the steering sweep, they tacked into the teeth of the storm.

Sark and Bassett watched them, and Sark cursed Challis for his ignorant foolhardiness. And even while his anathemas rang, the sail split like a rifle-crack, the boat kicked round viciously, snapping the steering oar. Then they saw her tossed like a chip on a wave-crest to plunge bottom-up in the trough.

Sark turned upon his comrade a face as hard as the crater rocks. "Ever think such a mild, peachland man could be a murderer, eh?" he demanded in an awful voice. "He's drowned that kid. I told him he would. He told me to go to hell. Now where do you suppose he'll go himself?"

Bassett gave a start. "You've gone batty on that boy," he accused. "Hold on, Eric. You know an accident—"

"Accident!" roared Sark, in interruption. "Didn't we tell him?"

And with that he wheeled and dashed along the beach. Tom Bassett sprinted after, and a half-mile away they came upon the boat tossed high on the shore. It was still bottom-up, broken-backed, and battered. They set shoulders to it to heave it over. As it tilted back against the boulders, they both gave a cry.

Lashed to the seat amidships was the boy.

Sark's fury and violence of motion went from him suddenly. He stared helplessly, and it was Tom Bassett's hands that felt the beating of the heart and passed carefully over the limbs.

"Sound as a dollar," he announced, "but half-drowned. What he wants is the water shaken out of him and blankets and hot drinks. Here, lift! We got to run for the tent."

Half an hour after, the yellow-haired boy sat up in the hot blankets and between sobs sipped at the coffee which the men practically forced him to take. First grief was his. The first lesson of real life had been thrust upon him. Sark's rough heart was touched to the raw as he saw the child battle bravely with that grief. He forbore to speak much to him till he had cried himself out. Then he inquired his name.

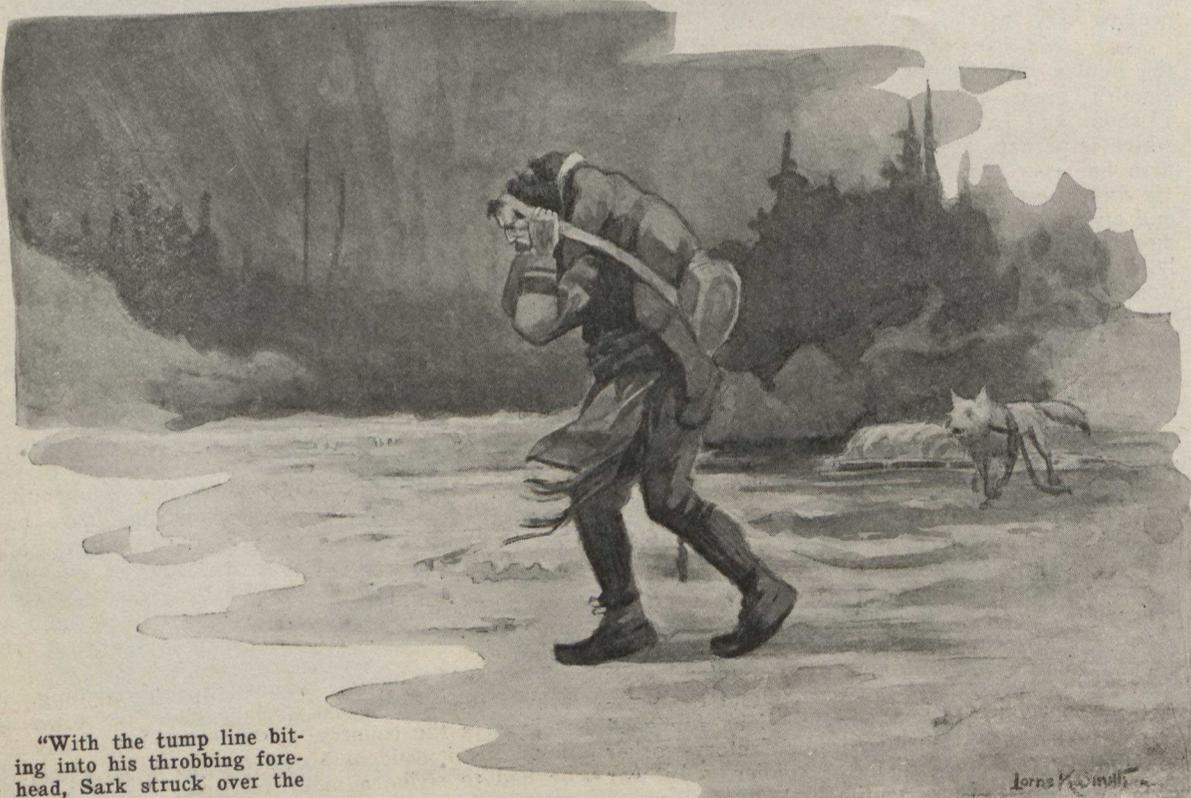
"Foam," was the answer, "Foam Challis."

"Isn't that a funny name?" asked Bassett, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Nickname," the boy replied. "Fomeley is the right name. Dad, you know, dad—"

He hesitated. The sensitive lips quivered. The blue eyes blurred. He, man-like, raised his coffee cup to hide his emotion. The partners heard his teeth click two or three times on the cup rim, but the spirit of him checked the tears.

"Dad—dad shortened it to Fome," he presently went on, "and the boys at school made it Foam for



"With the tump line biting into his throbbing forehead, Sark struck over the land."

easy spellin'. Now everyone calls me that. But dad—"

Again he broke off, choking with repressed emotion, and the cup fell as he cast out his hands in a childish gesture of clutching at something far beyond reach. "I have no dad," he cried, "no one to take care of me."

Like a flash Eric Sark had him in his arms, blankets and all.

"Yes, you have, Foam," he soothed. "Don't my arms tell you that? Aren't they strong enough to take care of you?"

The boy looked at him in bewilderment for an instant, then put his head down on Sark's monstrous shoulder and sobbed quietly.

Sark, holding him close, became aware that Bassett was grinning at him from the door-way of the tent, grinning and scratching his scalp. "I was just trying to remember that remark of yours about infants and the Dawson Trail," he chuckled.

"You go to thunder," retorted Sark.

NORTH up the lakes passed the rush to make Dawson before the freeze-up, and somewhere in the mob went always Sark and Bassett with the bit of flotsam they had picked up. Men called them fools to be hampered in the race for gold by a child, but they termed them that behind their backs. One at Whitehorse who had spoken in that manner to Sark's face remained in that camp with a broken jaw. Thereafter the trio were given no audible advice, although the voyagers came to look upon Sark's devotion to the lad as but one of the many manias to be encountered in the northland. And it was this intense devotion that began to heal in a measure Foam's grief. Not that it healed as quickly as most childish sorrows! For Foam Challis was in many ways an abnormal boy. His retentive brain kept continually breaking back to the past. And though Sark was shrewd enough to counteract the influence of such despairing spells with the wonder of new scenes and the joy of exciting incidents, he secretly feared that Foam was not truly healthy in mind or body. Which fear was confirmed when they went into camp one night at the Stewart's mouth. Foam would eat no supper. He complained of shiverings and a sick stomach. Sark found his skin dry, his pulse very high.

"A touch of fever," Bassett deduced.

"I don't know," Sark brooded. "For the life of me, I don't know."

By morning Foam grew worse. There was rigour, vomiting, pain in the back.

"He can't travel, Tom," was Sark's decision. "You take the boat and tent and half the outfit. I'll move into yon empty cabin up the bank."

Tom Bassett immediately protested. "Do you know what you're throwing away?" he demanded. "The freeze-up's coming any minute. You'll never get in on Eldorado if you wait for snow and dogs. You got to go now."

"Shut up and travel," answered Sark. "I'm staying here. I'll get what medicine's in this Stewart camp and doctor him before I move an inch."

IN the near-dawn Eric Sark threw his great legs over the edge of the upper bunk, felt gingerly with his toes for the rim of the lower one, slipped, and scraped his shin as he thudded on the cabin floor. At the noise there arose a stirring in the lower bunk and the murmuring of Foam's voice.

Sark rubbed his shin. "Feeling better, Foam?" he asked, gently.

The murmuring, though louder, was incoherent. Alarmed, Sark sprang quickly for the matches. The candle flared between two extremes, between a healthy giant, huge, black, hairy as a caveman, and the sick boy, frail, feverish, his blue eyes shining deliriously through his yellow, matted curls.

On the boy's flushed cheeks red specks showed. Sark held the candle closer and turned down the blanket. "Steady, Foam," he whispered, as the child tossed and cried out in his delirium. "Steady—just a minute!"

A few of the red specks appeared on the neck. Lower there were none—as yet.

The candle's beam on the ceiling quivered oddly back and forth in the arc of a circle. It was the trembling of the man's muscled arm that caused it.

For Sark knew small-pox!

He had seen it before.

SARK threw fresh fuel on the coals of the night fire in the sheet-iron stove. As he took his coffee pail to fill at the river, he saw that the freeze-up had come. During the night the shore ice had crept out and bridged the current. Henceforth no boat would move till spring. And no man would move from the camp till the ice had thickened enough to safely bear dog teams and loads.

How thick was it now?

Sark had a deep and peculiar interest in ascertaining that! He tentatively broke the sealed hole where the water-takers drew water. This was no guide because of the frozen slush that rimmed the pool. So he strode out on the mid-river surface. It bore his weight, but cracked ominously at his every movement. He stood a moment as if debating, seeing in a vacant fashion the grey morning creep over the stark divides and down the narrow canyons, noting many smokes from many fires rising straight as pillars into space. Then he shook his head dubiously, came back to the water-hole, and dipped his pail.

The boy could take no solid breakfast, but Sark managed to feed him some gruel by spoonfuls. Also, he fished out a bag containing a half-dozen lemons saved for time of sickness, and made him a soothing drink. Then Sark himself cooked and ate the heavy meal for which he would presently have need. That done, he ran up to the cabin of Randall, the Stewart trader who dealt in supplies at fabulous prices.

"How's the kid this morning?" Randall asked.

"Not too bad. Give me a light sledge and three dogs." He threw down the heavy stipend.

"Think the snow's coming soon?" the trader inquired as he led the way to the shed where he kept

the dogs.

"Might as well be ready," Sark evaded. In five minutes he had picked out three large huskies, harnessed them, and helped them drag the sledge over the frozen ground to the river ice.

At the front and rear of the sledge he tied four large, empty, syrup tins, from the cabin shelves. Next, with the provisions, he lashed on the boy, swathed in blankets against a chill.

From his door Randall saw him. From other doors other men saw him. They ran down.

"What you doing?" they demanded.

"Going to Dawson," answered Sark. "The kid's worse. I have to get him to a doctor."

"You're crazy," declared one man.

"Might as well plop through right here," suggested another.

Sark tried to ignore them, but every face was grim, and the grimmest one was Randall's. "Look now, Sark," he began, "you can't go on. It's murder and suicide. If I'd known, you wouldn't have got the dogs. I thought you were only outfitting early. You can't go on, I say."

"Can't?"

"No."

"Who'll stop me?"

(Continued on page 21.)

The Art of Eugene Ysaye

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THE picture below is one way of looking at Ysaye. He looked that way about ten years ago. When he played last week with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra he was a portly, prodigious personality who looked as much like the late Oronhyatekha as any man ever could and play the violin. Huge, thick shoulders, a tremendous chest, a mop of crow-black hair and a slight stoop, he resembled no other violinist that ever played in America. Little Mischa Elman he could almost have poked into one of his cavernous trousers pockets. Kubelik would have made a nice-sized walking-stick. Only Kreisler, six feet and more and every inch a soldier, could compare in mere bodily strength to this giant of the four strings and the bow. A dress suit on him looks like a disguise of mere makeup. It by no means becomes him. He is cheerfully more at home in a floppy big smock, a spraddly felt hat, a tously scarf and a pair of big shoes; such as he is sometimes dressed when he goes fishing.

And Ysaye is as unusual in his use of the violin as he is in looks. When a lad at the Liege Conservatoire the tutors said he never would learn the violin. They sent him home. Some years ago, however, he began to be the greatest living violinist. At the age of fifty-five he is still the big chief. Other violinists may have genius, Ysaye has lived to conquer the violin; to make it speak the language of absolute, interpretative art.

Colossal, cyclic and immense he walked heavily out with his little fiddle to the front of the stage, bowed with tremendous gravity, took a twiddle at his violin and intimated to the conductor that he was ready to begin the Viotti concerto. At once he began to play with the first violins; just sawing away in a leisurely fashion to warm up the strings. In a little while he was playing solo.

From that till the end of the Beethoven Concerto, which took the best part of an hour, Ysaye recreated art in most of its eloquent forms, with the consummate, impeccable certitude of a great master. He performed. He spoke. He sang. He whispered. He shot off fireworks. He did aerial convolutions. He rolled the bow and it was like a small boat on a big sounding sea. He built up ponderous climaxes of tone. He hair-brushed a phrase till it was as smooth as oiled silk. He double-stopped on a long galaxy of chromatics till they became as garrulous and querulous and as jubilant and as heydayish as a pack of birds in a summer grove. He let the bow decline on to the G string and it gave out deep, tenderish voices vibrant with restrained pathos. He slid up to the last cobweb of his E string and made it speak a little mes-

sage in a clean, articulate, well-rounded phrase that never once became maudlin or doubtful.

But why recount the things he did—with that queer little eloquent fiddle? He did—everything that the fiddle can do. But it was always art. Always he was master of himself and of his instrument. Mainly he seemed bent upon giving you Beethoven and Viotti, and in the one encore St. Saens, with or without as much Ysaye as it needed. Much of what he did was overpoweringly technical; perhaps too much. It has been said of Ysaye that he profoundly expresses himself in the violin. But a man does not naturally think in technical terms. Had Ysaye wanted to make his fiddle laugh and weep and preach and philosophize as some claim he does, he would have chosen a more obvious programme. Instead, he chose to demonstrate that Ysaye is the perfect master of the violin, which has no potentialities that he has not explored. To him the fiddle was not a naive thing like the blowing of a shepherd's pipe, on which he artlessly uttered "things that lie too deep for tears." No, it was the thing he had made his servant, to say what he wanted it to say at any particular time—in the name of violin art.

IT was all art. Ysaye left nothing to chance. He was not there to show how daring he could be. He had rehearsed all. At the rehearsal he was most devilishly exacting. Many great virtuosos at a rehearsal just go through the motions to give the orchestra an outline of the tempo and the nuances. Not so Ysaye. He did everything even to the long cadenzas just as he had it to do at the concert. When he had finished the band was a bit fagged; so was he. But what matter? It was necessary.

Art must never be left to casual inspiration.

It was suggested to Ysaye that the public might like to hear an encore with the piano accompaniment.

"Tut!" he stormed, "I do not care what the public want. I will not play an encore with the piano—this time."

So he played it with the orchestra.

And it must be said that the orchestra supported Ysaye better than they have played for any of the long line of big artists in their clientele. It was a hard test. The Viotti concerto they had never seen until Ysaye fetched it the day of the rehearsal. The maestro was obviously pleased; though always critical. He has a fine ear for balance of tone and dynamics. But after the opening of the first movement in the first concerto he seemed to settle with himself that the band was in good hands; he had nothing to fear. That's as severe a test as is possible.



EUGENE YSAYE, VIOLINIST.



When is a Bribe Not a Bribe?

PERIODICALLY we are told of some constituency of "easy virtue" being bribed by a Minister who either calls its attention to what he has put in the "estimates" for its benefit or tells it frankly before hand what he proposes to put there. It seems to a "rank outsider"—so far as party politics goes—like myself, that it is time we ceased to chatter nonsense of this particularly naive sort. Does a government bribe a constituency by giving it, or promising it, public works? Isn't that what a government is for? It is precisely charged with the task of establishing certain classes of public works throughout the country, and with maintaining certain kinds of public services. When it decides to build some of these public works in a particular constituency, it is simply doing what we pay it to do; and, if the methods by which it decides where these public works should be built are unsatisfactory to us, we have the remedy in our own hands. We can turn the government out. But if governments of both shades of opinion pursue a certain policy in this regard, year in and year out, taking now this constituency and now that; and, so far from "kicking them" out on that account, we never even seriously hold it up against them. What are politicians to infer, if not that the country likes this policy?

NO one would argue for a moment that a government has not a perfect right to seek a legitimate political advantage in the eyes of the electorate by the proper and wise expenditure of public money. A Prime Minister may surely argue that his government is entitled to be returned to power because it has spent the public revenues well. He has as much right to demand the confidence of the country on that ground as on his railway policy or his tariff policy or his naval policy. Very well, then. How is the noble constituency of Stuffuss to judge the wisdom with which the government has expended the public money? Who is to decide for the Stuffussians what standard they should apply? Why, surely the public-spirited and high-priced—I mean, high-minded—Stuffussians themselves. They would scorn to permit Toronto or Montreal or any other place to lay down the principle by which they, the free and independent (or the expensive and independent) electors of Stuffuss, should govern their duty as patriotic citizens. They will attend to their own judgments themselves, thank you. And how, then, will they judge the propriety and wisdom of the government's expenditures? Very likely by that part of its expenditures which they can most easily and clearly see—that is, the part nearest to them.

IT will be of no use to tell the Stuffussians that the government is giving the country a fine line of post offices if Stuville still gets its mail in the back-room of a frame grocery as it did before the flood—that is, the flood which swept the government into office. And it will be equally idle to tell the Stuffussians that the government is wantonly extravagant in the matter of post office buildings, with real stone trimmings, when they can see for themselves in their own shire-town of Stuville that the government is erecting precisely the sort of attractive post office which the country needs. In two words, the constituency of Stuffuss is going to vote—so far as the building of post offices affects its vote—for or against the government as that government builds or does not build it a fine post office. That single fact will decide its vote on the post office issue. And in this regard there are no constituencies which are not worthy of the name of Stuffuss.

THAT being granted, what does it matter whether a Minister waits until Stuffuss can read the item in the "estimates," or sends it word of its good luck beforehand? It has the same right to vote on a prospective policy as the rest of us. We do not regard it as immoral when a party says—"Put us in power, and we will give you Protection or Home Rule or 'lower cost of living.'" Why should it be immoral, then, when a Minister says to a constituency, about to vote—"Elect our man, and we will give you a post-office building policy of which you will ardently approve"? Why should

it be wrong to vote for a "public works" policy you want, and right to vote for a "tariff" policy you want? This is a question of higher ethics which I would like to submit to a Commission of College Professors. "Ah, but," you say, "the government make voting for their man a condition precedent to the granting of the desired policy." Quite so. Governments must always do this, more or less. A government cannot go to the country at a general election, declaring—"We will give you reciprocity, whether you vote for us or not." If the country does not vote for the government, the government will not be in a position to give it reciprocity or anything else. The government must always say to the country—"Vote for us, and we will give you the fiscal policy you want. Vote against us, and you will not get it." Is that immoral? That is the way we manage our system of popular government.

BUT if it is perfectly moral and legitimate for the government to say this to two hundred odd constituencies, why does it become immoral for the

government to say it to one constituency? It would probably not be regarded as immoral if the government said it to ten constituencies, for it is well recognized that, if a government were to submit a proposed policy to ten constituencies and they were to reject it, the policy itself would be dropped. At what precise point, then, between ten constituencies and one constituency does it become immoral for a government to tell the voters that its policy depends upon their approval? Again I refer this nice question to our Commission of College Professors. They seem to like "fool," or academic, questions of this sort. They must remember, however, that if they do not find the point at which legitimate consultation of the people ends and bribery of the people begins, they are committed to the statement that a Minister may properly make lavish promises of public works to a constituency about to vote in a buy-election—(typographical error—I mean bye-election). Which is the whole point at issue. "But this has a bad influence on politics," you insist as a last argument. You do not quite know why it is wrong, but you are entirely positive that it is wrong. And so am I. But the wrong lies, not with the Minister, but with the nation which will permit such a policy with regard to "post offices" or other public works to pass unpunished. If that is the standard of Stuffuss and all its sister Stuffusses, then a Minister would be very self-sacrificing not to profit by it. And self-sacrifice in politics leads to where Alexander Mackenzie went.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



THE CANADIAN COURIER mentioned last week that Ham Burnham was recognized as the Bad Boy of Premier Borden's parliamentary family. But the bell prize goes to "Tom" White, the young gentleman who has been entrusted with the making of surpluses and other excellent-sounding things. Tom is the Good Boy. There is a great difference between Ham and Tom. Ham goes his own sweet way, and does as he jolly well likes. Good Boys do what they are told. And—whisper it, as they do in the corridors—that's the real, and perhaps the only, weakness about Tom. Everybody thinks that Tom does what he is told. The other day, when the West Indies trade agreement was before the House for discussion, Tom engaged in a verbal tilt with Dr. Michael Clark. In the course of the interchange he observed, with kindly courtesy: "I always enjoy listening to my honourable friend from Red Deer. He is always original. He is always Dr. Clark." A political friend and personal admirer, hearing the comment, turned to his deskmate and exclaimed: "If Tom White was always Tom White he would be Prime Minister of Canada some day." That's the rub—there's no use denying it. Ottawa looks on Tom White, and he is fair to look upon. Ottawa likes Tom White, and there are few more likeable fellows. Ottawa recounts his already brilliant career, expresses admiration—and adds, "Too bad, he's always been somebody else's man." They run the whole gamut of his achievements. They trace his rise as a public speaker. They recount his contributions to public affairs. They praise the aptness and eloquence of his famous "Naboth's vineyard speech," and recall that it was delivered in a campaign in which the interests which he served were involved. They commend his elevation to the high position of Finance Minister for Canada, and express the conviction that, before the issuing of the also famous "manifesto" by the "noble eighteen," there was an understanding with some one that affected Mr. White, though he was probably not specifically named in the protocols. And thus they go on their way, extolling the personality and accomplishments of the individual, and lamenting that he is always a Man Friday to Someone Else.

All this isn't just to the Good Boy. He isn't half so good as most of his associates think. There are times when he wouldn't do what he was told. He has ideals of his own; he told the House so in the first speech he made. He is a big man because he has been in touch with big things, and, they say, he has succeeded, in the short time in which he has

been in office, in mastering with amazing thoroughness all the intricacies of the complicated financial system of the country. Tom White, they tell us, doesn't have to depend on his deputies.

But it was the general notion that the Good Boy was doing what he was told that let him in for the storm of parliamentary protest which broke about his head, from both sides of Mr. Speaker, when he essayed to pilot through Parliament his recently revised act. Tom hasn't yet caught the spirit of the corridors—perhaps he doesn't mingle with his fellow-members quite enough. The corridors were throbbing with protest, even before the storm broke in the House. Everybody was sorry it was the Good Boy who had to take the brunt of the criticism, for everybody was satisfied that the Good Boy was doing simply what he was told. And everybody thought that the Good Boy was the Bankers' Boy.

Even the Opposition has caught something of the sentiment. They give him the most curious form of attention when he speaks. They, too, think of him as the Good Boy—and Oppositions don't usually find any good boys among the members of the Government. It has been pointed out with truth that in cases where they charge misdemeanour and scandal and whatnot, and Mr. White comes to the defence of the Government, they cry: "Oh, oh," much the same as a crowd of children on the street would cry out if the shining example of the neighbourhood came along smoking a cigarette.

The peculiar problem before the Minister of Finance is living down a good reputation. Maybe, if, like Ham Burnham, the baddest of bad boys, he would cut loose a bit, smash up some furniture, and tell everybody to go to blazes once in a while, he would find the parliamentary path easier. The parliamentarians want him to be Tom White for a while.

BIG Frank Carvell, the tall, sinewy New Brunswicker, who loves a parliamentary fight and always wants to be where the shot and shell is thickest, is credited with turning the retort courteous in the most gallant fashion at one of the recent social functions at the Capital. The fighting man from Carleton, according to the story, arrived somewhat late. His name was announced to one of the "ladies of the cabinet" who was assisting in the duties of receiving.

"Mr. Carvell?" the Minister's wife exclaimed in clear tones which carried almost the length of

Railway Station and New Hotel in Calgary



About three years ago, the C. P. R. opened this handsome railway station in Calgary. Since then, two new wings have been found necessary. In the distance is the new C. P. R. Hotel, now nearing completion. It will cost nearly a million and a half.

the room. "You are surely not that bad man who we all hate?"

The member bowed with Chesterfieldian deference. "Madam," he responded promptly, in the same resonant baritone which has so often hurled anathemas across the Commons chamber, "I pay a heavier penalty than I thought for doing my duty."

IT is not very often that anyone scores off Hon. George E. Foster in repartee, but no one enjoyed better than the clever Minister of Trade and Commerce the interchange which occurred between himself and the Hon. Dr. Pugsley in the House when the West Indies trade agreement was under discussion one evening recently. Dr. Pugsley was plying questions. Mr. Foster was parrying in his brightest and ablest manner. Finally the former, momentarily overlooking the rule of the House which requires members to address all their remarks to the Speaker and through him to their fellows, furnished an opportunity for the alert Minister to smilingly call him to order. "The right honourable member for St. John," began Mr. Foster, when the laugh of the members called the attention to the fact that he had unduly honoured his opponent. He joined in the laugh, observing: "I do not know why I addressed the gentleman as the 'right honourable' unless—"

But he got no further. "Ah," interrupted Dr. Pugsley, in his silkiest tones, "that was because the honourable Minister recognized that I was right."

The whole House enjoyed the retort, none more so than Mr. Foster, who smilingly resumed his seat and abandoned his protest.

The Three-Point Flag at the South Pole

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN told three thousand Canadians last Saturday how he discovered the South Pole on December 14, 1911. He is as fine a type of explorer physique as could be imagined: lean in the leg, broad in the shoulder, keen of eye, with a most prodigious nose as sharp as an eagle's beak. With a voice that could be heard from the bridge to the bottom of the Fram in a roaring gale, and with over a hundred slides and movie films he told the simple story of how he and his crew got from Christiania, Norway, to S. Lat. 90 between August, 1910, and December 14, 1911. The large audience was immensely pleased, but not thrilled. Capt. Amundsen is no spell-binder. He has no resemblance to Peary. He said nothing about Fate and the Demon of No-Man's Land. He did not tell humorous stories like Shackleton, whose name appeared so often on Amundsen's chart, clear down to 88 deg. 23 min.

S. Lat. His knowledge of English is rather limited but very effective.

But it was the sketch outline of a great story. The Fram, which years ago, under Nansen reached farthest north of any ship, and touched farthest south in the Bay of Whales next to the great ice barrier in S. Lat. 80, took five months to sail from Christiania to where Amundsen's crew unloaded her. They reached the Bay of Whales in January, 1911. It was then fall in the Antipodes. They got ready for the long winter of night which began on April 23. They built a main station and as far south as possible threw out a line of depots, caching supplies on the route which they intended to retrace.

Here they discovered that the Eskimo dogs they had brought, instead of the Manchurian ponies used by Shackleton and Scott—still on the South Pole quest—were a wise choice.

On April 23 they went into winter quarters, dogs in huge tepees, men in the "hut," and a village of cave-rooms tunneled from the ice in the Barrier. Pictures of these peculiar ice-walled, under-ground igloos were shown. Here they spent four months—though what they did besides feeding the dogs and eating and sleeping the Captain did not relate. He probably thought it was of no interest.

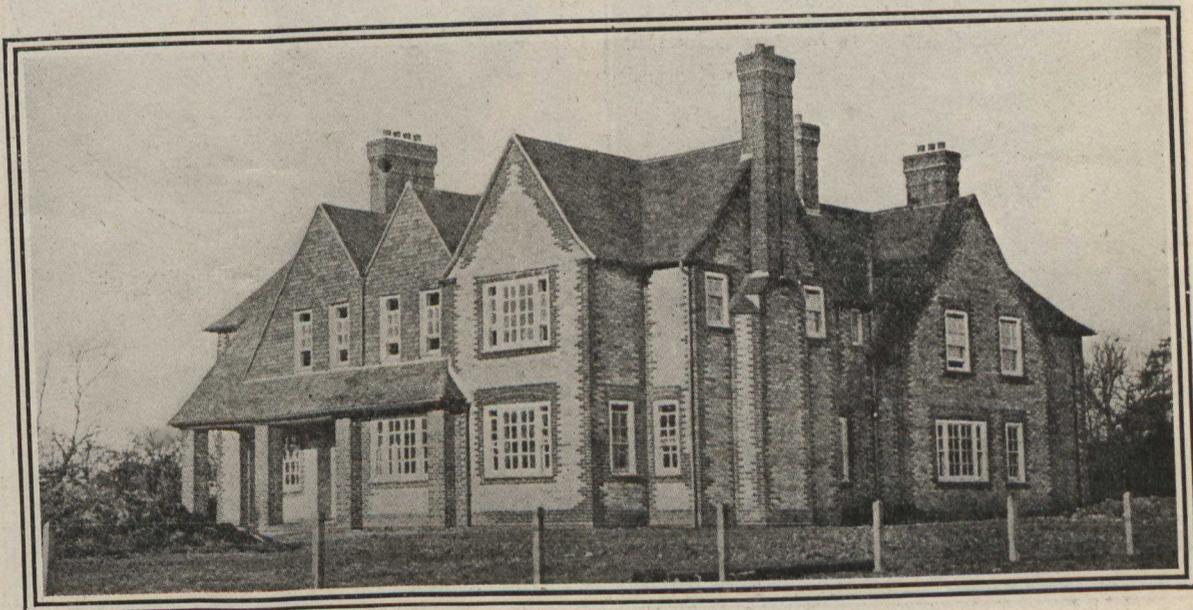
How the party set out in October, traversing the

750 miles between the barrier and the Pole, was very briefly described. There seemed to be no tremendous difficulties, beyond climbing mountain altitudes of 10,700 feet and toiling over man-hungry crevasses, all of which had been described by Shackleton. No lives were lost. Nobody went astray. For 39 days averaging 19 miles a day, which even in sub-Arctic regions is remarkably good going for dogs, the party pushed south.

Along towards 88 deg. 23 min., when the party began to reach the point made by Shackleton when he turned back from lack of provisions in 1909, there began to be a thrill of dramatic interest. How did they know, that when they got to S. Lat. 90—the British flag would not be there? For it had been a race between two nations on two widely divergent routes. And for months the Norwegians had not heard of Captain Scott.

With no more than a fair outbreak of applause from the audience, Amundsen showed the colour picture of the three-point Norwegian flag on the Pole. The story was practically done. Nothing now but to leave the flag of Norway on the farthest south spot in the world and to retrace the journey to S. Lat. 80, where the Fram lay waiting among the humpback whales. The moving pictures told most of this part of the story.

Is Honourable Lloyd George as Democratic as He Claims to Be?



Some of the English Papers are Pointing Out That Lloyd George Rides in a Sumptuous Motor Car, Plays Golf, and has Numerous Residences. This is a Picture of a Country House Which he has Recently Built Near the Walton Heath Golf Links in England. He also has a Country Home at Criccieth, Wales, an Official Residence at 11 Downing Street, and Last Winter he Lived in the Villa Dragonniere, Cap Martin on the Riviera. A Canadian Statesman With Such an Equipment and Such Habits Would be Accounted an Aristocrat, not a Democrat.



Girls of the Chorus in "Somewhere Else," a New Musical Comedy.

PLAYS OF THE NEW YEAR

Including a Bible Play, a Fairy Play and a Children's Theatre

By J. E. WEBBER

PLAYS based on the "inspired word" have not always been inspired works of art. Frequently they have failed to qualify either as entertainment or drama and, at times lacking in sincerity, they have, moreover, tended to shock the reverent in mood. "Joseph and His Brethren" is a happy exception to all these experiences. Out of the rich, colourful material to be found in the sacred narrative of "the dreamer," Mr. Louis N. Parker, author of "Disraeli," "Pomander Walk," and "Drake," has written a beautifully impressive pageant play, which the Liebler Co. have mounted with a prodigality that by comparison at least dwarfs either "The Garden of Allah" or "The Daughter of Heaven," which preceded it, at the Century Theatre. The play follows for the most part the Old Testament narrative, the action proceeding from the tents of Schehem, where we find Jacob rejoicing in the majority of his last born child, Joseph, son of Rachel, and where he presents him with the "coat of many colours," while the brothers stand by bitter and envious of the favours shown him. The scenes which follow are "The Wells of Dothan," "Jacob's Tent," "The House of Potiphar," "Potiphar's Garden," "Zuleika's Room," "The Prison," "Pharaoh's Palace," "The Pyramid" and "Joseph's House." Liberties, of course, have been taken, such as the entirely apochryphal adventures of Zuleika and the amplification of certain episodes, or, as Mr. Parker prefers to put it, "episodes are continued which in the story are left unfinished as not bearing on the central figure."

The Children's Theatre is built atop the Century, once the New Theatre, and fulfils a plan which that

unfortunate enterprise had in contemplation. This tiny playhouse is also said to be the only institution of its kind in the world—a distinction many will contemplate with mixed emotions. Only in a prodigiously wealthy American city like New York would such luxurious provision for the entertainment of children be thought of, perhaps. And only under the conditions of *ennui*, to which such surroundings predispose youth, could children be found sufficiently unimaginative enough to need it. The imagination of children within the experience of most of us, at least, has always been sufficient to create its own illusions, without any assistance from stage carpenters or wig-makers. And for that matter so was that of grown-ups not longer ago than Elizabethan days. But the children's theatre is here, along with a new generation of children, and



Frank Losie as Potiphar, and Pauline Frederick, Potiphar's Wife, in "Joseph and His Brethren"—the Great Biblical Dramatic Spectacle, now running at the Century Theatre, New York.

it were well, perhaps, to ponder the lesson of "Milestones" before withholding a welcome to either. One cynical observation, however, we may not resist: with a theatre for children an established fact, a theatre for grown-ups may not prove such an unreasonable expectation.

"Racketty-Packetty House," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," as every one knows, is the opening attraction for this little theatre. It is a story about dolls, about the way dolls think and act and speak when no one is looking at them. For, contrary to general opinion, dolls can do these things and have all sorts of fun, provided they are unobserved. If any one looks,

however, they stop. Fairies know this, for of course fairies visit dolls' houses—that is, when dolls are agreeable and nice, not, however, when they are proud or bad-tempered. Performances take place every afternoon at four o'clock, and on Saturdays at ten a.m., in addition.

"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL" is the name of the fairy play which Mr. Belasco has provided for grown-up folks. It has been adapted by Austin Strong from a fairy play which Madame Rostand and her son Maurice played in Paris some years ago. Here is the story: Once upon a time there lived in the northern part of Scotland a little boy whose aunt made him live in a garret with the rats. She starved him and clad him in rags, while all the time hoarding up money sent her by a rich uncle for his bringing up. But the fairies intervened, and one night when he was sent to bed, supperless, they came to his garret bringing little Thoughts-from-afar who had seen his mother in heaven. She brought three kisses for him, one for memory, one for love, and one for courage. Equipped with these and befriended by a wandering poet, the boy, who proved always a "good little devil," has many experiences and adventures in the real world. Finally, having been tested and tried, he comes home to the garden of his blind little sweetheart to find that the fairies have restored her sight. Then everyone gets his deserts. The wicked are punished, the virtuous rewarded, the boy marries his sweetheart and both live happy ever after. Mr. Belasco has shown his customary skill in producing a perfect illusion of fairy land.

THE popularity of crook plays was again manifested in the selection of "Blackbirds," a comedy in three acts by Harry James Smith, having for its foundation a plan to steal a valuable prayer rug



Janet Beecher as the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, and Cyril Scott as Hon. Gerald Boyle, in "The Woman Of It."

from the home of a Detroit millionaire. The actual exchange of a counterfeit rug for the original is entrusted to a young woman who has shown rare coolness in smuggling jewels past the U. S. customs authorities. The scheme is spoiled by her superstition, a fatal weakness in a law breaker, an old woman warning her that the rug has been sacred for 300 years and that anyone who steals it will bring bad luck upon herself and those she loves. The piece is written in a vein of whimsical humour, with the leading role entrusted to that excellent comedienne, Laura Hope Crews, assisted by H. B. Warner, of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" fame.

"FINE FEATHERS," which comes to New York after a long and successful run in Chicago, also deals in crime. The story is that of a young wife living humbly on her husband's meagre salary at first, but, developing a longing for finer dress and richer living, she urges her husband to lend his services to a deal which he knows to be dishonest, but which holds the promise of a goodly fortune. The action of the play deals with the tragic consequences that follow.

THE plot of "The Spy," adapted from French sources and played in London last season under the title of "The Turning Point," turns upon the renewal of conjugal love in an estranged wife, when she hears that her husband has just strangled the man who had assailed his military honour. The



THE WEDDING OF THE DOLLS.
Master Gabriel as Peter Piper, and Baby Esmond as Lady Patricia in "Racketty-Packetty House," a Play for Children, Given in the Children's Theatre, New York.

NEWS PICTURES FROM THREE COUNTRIES

action of the play passes between the early evening one day and 8 o'clock the following morning. A notable Colonel Felt and his wife are guests at a Chateau on the frontier. The breach between them is soon made manifest, the wife attributing it to his habit of command which has begun to wear on her feminist temperament. The Colonel's attitude, however, is due as much to the burden of debt he is carrying as to his military training. One of his more importunate creditors, Glogau, finally gives him the alternative of disgrace or employment as a spy, whereupon the soldier strangles him. Later the Colonel seeks his wife to plead for reconciliation, and failing in the effort, blurts out the fact that probable arrest awaits him in the morning. At this her relentless spirit gives way, and she now takes charge of his fortunes, makes plans, inspires hope, and imparts the spirit of resistance until, at the fall of the curtain, she is leading him on to give the scene of the crime an appearance that will carry plausibility to their story. Miss Edith Wynne Mathison heads the cast.

"THE DRONE" is an Irish comedy in three acts, the work of Rutherford Mayne. The principal character is an easy going old humbug, named Daniel Murray, whose pet aversion is work. For twenty years he has contrived to convince his elder brother, John, a substantial farmer, that he is perfecting an invention which will make the entire family rich. A middle-aged spinster, however, who has matrimonial designs on the elder Murray, suspects his fraud and brings a Scotch engineer to expose him. The way in which the "drone" flounders out of his dilemma is one of the drolleries of the piece. "The Drone," with Whitford Kane, an excellent character actor, at the head of the company, is a further acquisition from London.

"CHEER UP" is a new farce by Mary Roberts Rinehart, part author of "Seven Days." The scene is a sanitarium on the top of a mountain, during a blizzard, after the house physician has eloped with the head nurse, the bath attendants gone on a strike and the patients become unmanageable. The story relates the struggles of a young heir to manage the institution and at the same time keep away from an irate father-in-law and an actress who is suing him for breach of promise. Walter Hampden plays the leading role.

THE new list of plays also includes another excursion into Chinese drama. "Turandot" is by the German poet Voemöeller, and comes to us in the original production of Max Reinhardt. The central figure is a Chinese princess whom many princes come to woo. Their claims are tested by their ability to guess the riddle upon whose solution her marriage depends, those who fail promptly having their heads chopped off. After many a royal house has been thrown into mourning, the real hero comes and wins her heart and hand after countless perils. The play provides ample scope for artistic fancy, of which Prof. Reinhardt has taken fullest advantage. Emily Stevens is the Chinese princess. "Somewhere Else," by Avery Hopwood and Gustav Luders, is the latest addition to our Musical Comedy entertainment.

In the Billiard Room

AFTER luncheon at the club one may always be amused and secure the necessary relaxation by listening to two men talking to each other over a game of billiards. Of course, much depends on the men. Some are silent, some loquacious. A typical conversation runs thus:

"What are we playing for?"

"Go you a dollar on the side."

"You're on."

"My break, I guess."

"Kissed you off, eh!"

"Miraculous."

"Pretty safe."

"Oh, no, that won't do."

"He didn't leave much, did he?"

"Don't make too many all at once."

"Frank can't score to-day."

"Run through the white, old chap."

"Almost close."

"Gee, that's very skinny."

"Hear it out; hear it out."

"I can't; I'm on the rail."

"85-74, what do you think of that?"

"I don't care about the white; I'm going to nurse the red."

"Oh, that's a peach for Frank."

"Thank you, Norman dear."

"Is that a draw, stop, follow, or what?"

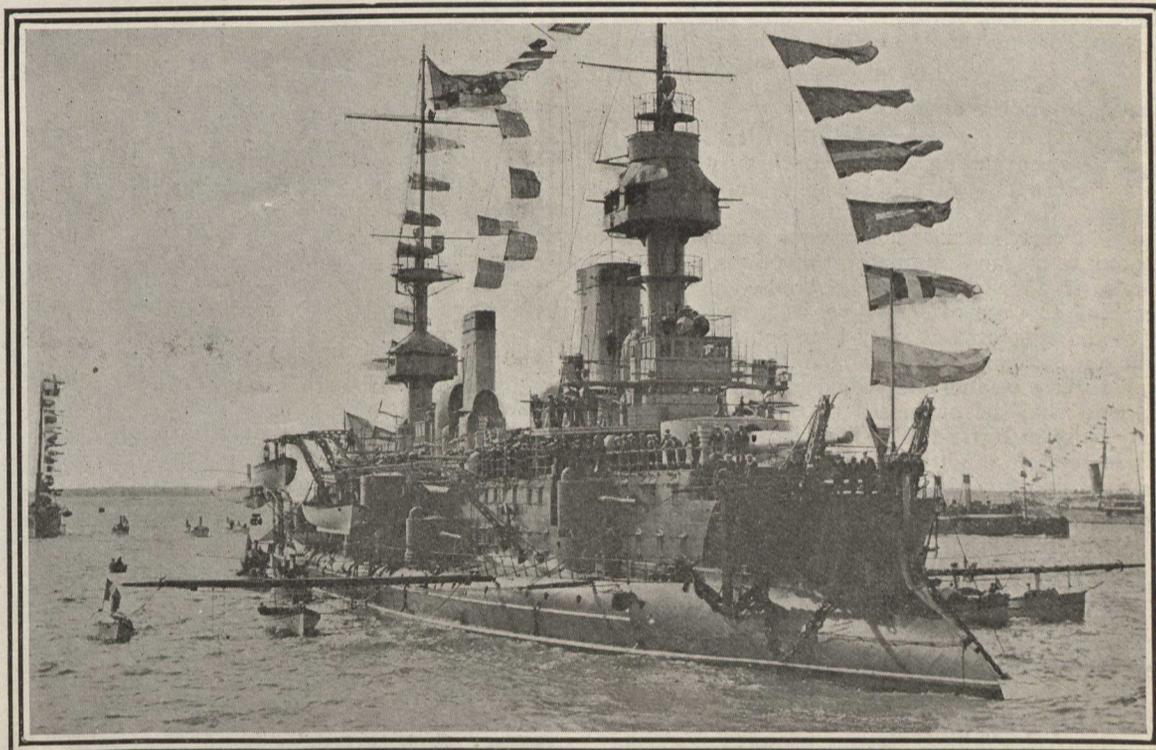
"Old bluebeard got his goat."

"Ring the bell, marker, it's a sure thing."

"Take the orders, boy."



This Striking Picture Illustrates the Military Spirit of Germany and also the Family Pride of the German Rulers. The German Crown Prince is Here Seen Riding at the Head of his Famous Deaths Head Hussars With His Second Son on the pommel of His Saddle. His eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is Also Seen on a Polo Pony..



Pictures of Battleships are Apropos of Canada's Present Debate on the Navy Question. This is a Recent Photograph of the French Battleship "Massena." On Jan. 8th an Unfortunate Explosion Occurred on This Vessel and Eight Sailors Were Killed.



Ottawa During the Parliamentary Session is Always Interesting and at This Time of Year its Streets are Usually Decorated With Two or Three Feet of Snow. Like All Other Eastern Canada Cities There Has Been Little Snow This Year But Plenty of Sleet. This Picture Shows Elgin Street in Such a Slippery Condition That Pedestrians Have Abandoned the Sidewalks and Taken to the Car Tracks.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Sky-scrappers

MONTREAL is the only city in Canada which regulates the height of its office buildings. There the limit is ten stories. Toronto has no legal limit. It has already two tall buildings, one fifteen and the other seventeen stories. Two or three new structures are arranged for, one going twenty stories. So in Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, the people seem to think that sky-scrappers are a sign of progress, instead of regarding them as dangerous menaces to health and safety.

In Great Britain and Europe, the height of buildings is usually limited to one and a half times the width of the street. The reason for this is given as the necessity for adequate light and air. This is in strong contrast with America, where the only limit is the blue sky and certain conditions as to engineering safety.

It is discouraging to see Canadian cities following the American models rather than the European. It is especially lamentable that a progressive city like Toronto should be utterly regardless of the effect of sky-scrappers on traffic congestion, public safety and public health. No building in the central part of Toronto should be more than ten stories.

Civil Service Pensions

ONTARIO Government authorities are said to be considering a pension scheme for its civil servants, and a bill may be introduced this session. Such a scheme must necessarily be preceded by a civil service commission which will make appointments and regulate promotions. For example, if a pension is to be granted to all those reaching the age of sixty-five, as proposed, a man might be appointed at sixty-four and retired in one year on pension, which is manifestly absurd. A civil service commission would probably insist that no man shall be appointed to the regular service who is over thirty-five. This is the case in the inside service at Ottawa now. Thus when a man reaches sixty-five, he has at least thirty years' service to his credit and has some claim to a pension.

No civil service pension scheme can be satisfactory which is not preceded by a civil service commission. Ontario should have such a commission. Two-thirds of the states of the Union already have it, but no Canadian province has yet taken this step to establish the merit system in its civil service.

Business Developing

DESPITE the tight money markets, financial business in Canada continues to develop at a rapid rate. January, 1912, was supposed to be a record month. Yet January, 1913, surpassed it enormously. Montreal's bank clearings for the week ending January 23rd were about fourteen million dollars larger than the corresponding week last year, an increase of over 30 per cent. Toronto increased five millions, Winnipeg seven millions, Vancouver two millions, and others in proportion. Only Ottawa showed a decline. New Westminster's new clearing house reported business to the extent of \$574,712.

Distributing the Surplus

DOMINION government ministers are busy distributing Canada's surplus. All great financial writers agree that when a government has a surplus, it should reduce taxation. Canada does not follow the advice of economists. Our politicians know more than any economist who ever spent his life investigating the history of government finance. Hence we do not reduce taxation; we simply distribute the surplus.

Hon. Mr. Burrell proposes to give ten millions to the provinces to encourage agriculture. Of this \$700,000 is to be distributed the first year, \$800,000 the second, \$900,000 the third and \$1,000,000 the fourth and \$1,100,000 the fifth. After that it will be stationary until the ten millions is exhausted. Each province gets \$20,000 as a start, and the remainder is to be divided according to population.

All this in addition to grants for good roads and other public needs. The manufacturer is to be protected by customs duties, and the proceeds are to be used to help the farmers who largely pay the duties. Thus everybody is pleased. The industries of the country are guaranteed against the foreigner,

high wages ensured for the mechanic, and bonuses for the farmer. Sounds idyllic, doesn't it? And yet there will be those who would prefer to see the taxes reduced, especially the man on a moderate salary who pays his share of the customs duties and gets no part of the bonus.

The Agricultural College

THERE are people who hope that no part of Mr. Burrell's bonus to agriculture will go to provincial agricultural colleges. As Mr. E. W. Nesbitt, M.P., pointed out in the House, the graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College do not go back to the farm. They become agricultural professors and instructors or go into business. The productivity of the average farm is not affected by the O. A. C. Mr. Nesbitt would establish illustration farms in every township, and many will agree

HAS HE A WORRIED LOOK?



This Recent Snapshot of the Minister of Finance, Hon. W. T. White, was Taken Just Outside the Parliament Buildings, Where he Has Been Most Busy Defending His Bank Act and Other Legislation.

with him. Then every farmer, young and old, will be influenced and educated. The Ontario Government has placed county instructors in county towns to whom every farmer may go for advice and information. These instructors are really more valuable than college professors.

Part of Mr. Burrell's grant should also go for the teaching of agriculture in the rural schools. Nova Scotia, Manitoba and British Columbia are doing something along this line now; the other provinces are not. No doubt Mr. Burrell intends this. He contributed some chapters on fruit-growing to the text-book which is used in British Columbia and Nova Scotia.

Callous Statesmen

NO greater exhibition of callousness was ever exhibited to the world than is now being shown by the statesmen of Great Britain and Canada in connection with the navy question and the German scare. We were told last July that there was an emergency, that all the Dominions

must flock to the help of the United Kingdom at once, quickly, immediately, speedily, hurriedly, hastily, eagerly, vehemently, without delay, as the German fleet might be sailing within twenty-four hours, and Armageddon was in sight. Some of us wondered if it was advisable to put any more money in the savings banks and most of us made inventories of our assets, so that when we passed away our affairs might be in good condition to hand over to our German successors. Every good centralist throughout the Empire made his will, so as to be prepared for the last emergency.

That was July. Then came August and September, but no Armageddon. Then October and November and the enemy made no move. But in the latter month, Mr. Borden introduced his navy bill to present three Dreadnoughts to the United Kingdom. He and his colleagues, and his newspaper organs, said the emergency still existed. The bill must be rushed through.

Then came December and Parliament adjourned for the Christmas holidays. It reassembled in January and the navy bill was again to be rushed. Now we have a lull again, and the Borden administration is discussing aids to agriculture and banking, just as if the Britannic peoples were fearing no war for half a century to come.

Over in the United Kingdom it is just the same. The Liberals have been pushing Home Rule for Ireland, education reform and suffrage enlargement, just as if the German Emperor were the most peace-loving monarch the world has known with the exception of Edward VII. The Tories, most of whom are centralists, have been discussing a new trade policy, just as if Britain's trade were not menaced by a deadly German fleet.

Can we come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Asquith and Bonar Law, with their numerous colleagues, are the most callous set of statesmen the Empire has ever seen? Or is the German menace one large sized JOKI?

The Plain Truth

PROBABLY the plain truth of the naval situation in Canada is that neither the Conservative proposition nor the Liberal proposition meets with general approval in the party which is fathering it. If the Borden policy were forced through exactly as it stands, many Conservatives would be dissatisfied. If the Laurier policy were forced through in its present form, some Liberals would be none too well pleased. There are Conservatives who prefer parts of the Laurier policy and Liberals who would tolerate certain features of the Borden policy.

We have argued for a non-partisan settlement of the question on a basis which both parties could agree and enthusiastically support for all time to come. This would be (1) a gift of Dreadnoughts for the enlargement of the North Sea fleet, and (2) a Canadian fleet unit or units for Canadian purposes and for co-operation with the Australian fleet in the Pacific. Such a policy would unite all classes of Canadians, with the possible exception of the Nationalists of Quebec and some extreme Grangers in Ontario and the West. It would have the support of eighty per cent. of the people, and hence could be carried to an immediate and permanent success. The naval service would immediately become popular, and bright young Canadians would be glad to serve as officers, engineers, electricians, marines and seamen. Such a policy would best serve Canada's interests and Australia's interests, and thus be best for the Empire as a whole.

The Late Lieut.-Col. Matheson

ONTARIO'S provincial administrations are largely dominated by the country lawyer. Being less ambitious than his city brother, he has usually a stronger sense of public service. Lieut.-Col. A. J. Matheson, who passed away on Saturday last at Perth, was one of these. In the days when his brother country lawyer, James P. Whitney, of Morrisburg, was waging an almost hopeless battle in opposition to the then Liberal administration in Ontario, under Mowat, Ross and Hardy, Lieut.-Col. Matheson was the financial critic and the quiet, persistent helper. When the long-drawn battle was finally won and Mr Whitney was made premier, Col. Matheson became provincial treasurer.

No one ever accused the Colonel of being progressive, but he was fair, courteous, dignified and reliable. He never played politics as a game nor used his position to satisfy an empty vanity. He was one of the last of the good old type of country gentlemen who kept the ship of state safely on her course, when more brilliant men were going to the United States or playing selfish games at home.

Vacant Plots Should be Cultivated

A Wide Movement is on Foot to Cultivate Vacant Plots in Large Cities

By E. T. COOK

A WIDESPREAD movement is on foot to bring forward in the most practical and commonsense ways the futility of allowing vacant plots to remain idle when they might be put to some good use. Great cities are in the course of formation and this watchfulness on the part of those who have the welfare of the community at heart is a splendid sign of a deep-seated interest in the peoples of this land. Complaints are loud of the high prices that have to be given for the ordinary necessities of life and there is also the stimulating effect of a partial outdoor life on those who till these barren acres in our midst. Sometimes a plot of land faces a public school. The vacant plot is unused, never has been used, or possibly will not be for years, the scholars meanwhile seeking recreation on a paved yard. Such instances as these are not uncommon, and it is with a view to bringing these into something like cultivation that the experiences of such authorities as Mr. Lockie Wilson and Mr. Bougher, of Minneapolis, are detailed. They apply to all large cities from north to south and east to west.

The movement should have far-reaching results. One side issue has been already broached, the bringing of ploughmen in the vicinity of great centres for a day to plough the vacant land and in this way make those who live on a farm more in touch with the hives of industry. It was suggested in the *Canadian Farm* that there should be a "farmers' day," a holiday for those who are busy far from the haunts of men, but whose work is the most important in the whole Dominion. The farmer and the town dweller should rub shoulders a bit; it is to the mutual advantage of both, and the young men of the city will take no hurt from companionship with the sturdy sons from the land.

Mr. Leroy Bougher, President of the Garden Club of Minneapolis, in an address given before the American Civic Association, at Washington, gave the following important particulars, which serve to emphasize the remarks that have been made concerning this praiseworthy work for the betterment of great cities:

More than 600 men and women, at least, writes Mr. Bougher, either have been given an opportunity to return to the soil whence they came or to go to the soil of which they know nothing. How is a man to go back to the land unless he knows he wants to go back, and if he has lived in a city all his life how better can he find out than upon the small patch of land that lies next to his home? The use of the vacant lot answers the appeal of the soil.

So many vegetables were grown on the vacant plots of Minneapolis that complaints were made by grocers. Tomatoes were plentiful at 75 cents a bushel, whereas a year ago (1910) they were scarce at \$1.50 a bushel. The economic value of the vacant lot gardens to those who took them up greatly outweighed the cost.

The opportunity for exercise comes to most people of the gardening class only on Saturday afternoon or Sunday. Our gardens developed a healthy tendency towards early rising, and the sun rose daily on hundreds of people hoeing, weeding, killing cut worms or pruning tomatoes, hands dirty and faces glowing. These hundreds must have enjoyed better health because of better exercise and better food.

Nearly 90 per cent. of the gardeners had sons 12 to 15 years old, and it transpired during the summer that many had taken the gardens to keep their children at home. The providing of pleasant work under parental direction for city boys who have none of the mischief-averting "chores" that their fathers had was of the greatest value.

Those who decorated for the civic celebration had for their keynote window boxes of flowers that covered every store front and street post down town. No visitor to Minneapolis failed to know Minneapolis as a garden city. We planted a model vacant lot garden at the fair grounds and this gave our project state publicity.

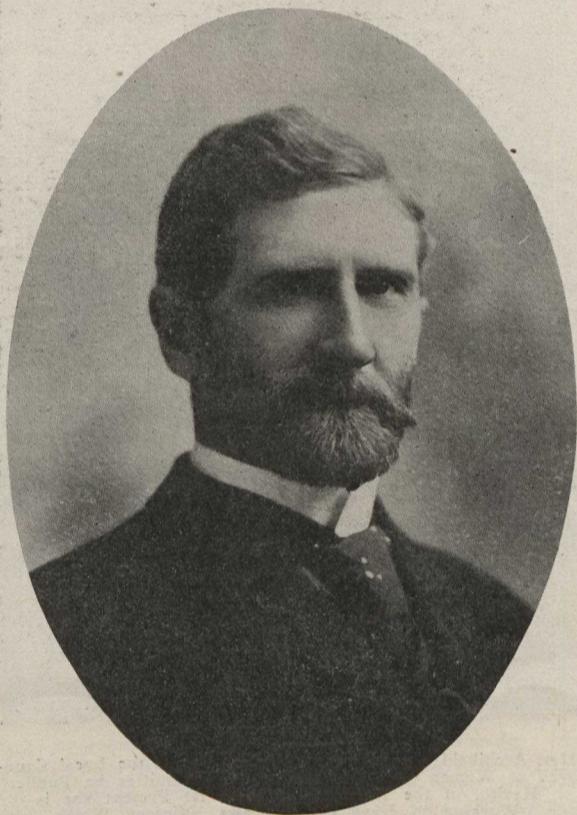
"This year (we quote from a letter to Mr. Wilson from Mr. Bougher relating to 1912) you will be interested to know that we have continued the work of vacant lot gardens this year on a much larger scale than in 1911 and with most satisfactory results. . . . The season has been a very successful one, the total number of gardens being, in round numbers, five times as many as in 1911.

"The club this year has brought about the plant-

ing of 1,002 vacant lots to vegetables and flowers. This compares with 302 in 1911 and 1 in 1910. In addition, home gardens are being cultivated, and in these twice as many rose bushes and apple trees have been planted by its members. There were no home gardens in 1911 under the auspices of the club.

"The Garden Club has brought about the decoration with flowers and grass of 149 front yards in the congested Russian-Jewish districts of North Minneapolis. Children under 16 are doing this work, and not one of the lawns had been previously improved. Grass seed, vines, and half a dozen varieties of flower seed have been distributed to each child.

"Of the 302 gardeners of 1911 all but 16 (including those who have left town) are gardening again this year. Of all the 1,430 gardeners, 84 per cent. have never attempted this before. In all, 17,725 persons are concerned in the garden movement. Every one of last year's charity gardens became a cash member unsolicited this year. This is a most significant feature of the work. The vegetable and flower gardens of the club cover 160 acres—exactly a quarter section. About seven acres



MR. JAMES LOCKIE WILSON,
Government Secretary of Ontario Horticultural Association, who is urging cultivation of vacant plots.

of this area is planted to flowers. The frontage of the gardens is a trifle over 11 miles. Based on the returns of 1911, the total value of the crop will be about \$60,000, and the gardens have kept the price of vegetables in Minneapolis far below what it has been in previous years, and lower than in other cities.

"The total cost for all purposes is less than 20 per cent. greater than it was in 1911, although the gardens have increased in number 400 per cent., and this cost includes equipment, which is permanent," Mr. Wilson says.

Vacant lot gardening has proved to be a great success in the country adjoining ours. What have the members of the Ontario Horticultural Association, particularly in our cities, done to inaugurate this splendid movement, which would mean so much for the moral and financial improvement of the dwellers in the slums of our rapidly-growing cities? A great deal is being done by charitable citizens and organizations to assist those who have little visible means of support and who find it difficult at times to earn sufficient in winter seasons to maintain their families. Commissions are being appointed to investigate the causes of the high cost of the necessities of life. Our sister city of Minneapolis has, to a large extent, found a solution of the difficulty. Our own Queen City has within her

borders enough lots that are practically certain to be vacant for several years to come which could be utilized to produce each summer at least \$100,000 worth of vegetables and flowers. But the financial end, while considerable, is not the most important. Inducing men, women and children to become interested in the tilling of the soil and the growth of vegetables, plants and flowers with improved and healthful surroundings is, perhaps, the greatest consideration.

An Economic Enthusiast

A CHARMING personality linked with a true knowledge of the subject taken in hand spells unbounded success. Such a man is James Lockie Wilson, friend of horticulturist and agriculturist, ready to help forward in every possible way the progress of these great and far-reaching industries, and one of the most worthy of public servants.

The man on the street is aware that without the farmer and the market gardener life would be impossible. We depend upon them for our very existence and quietly, courageously, and persistently this kindly man through his own enthusiastic temperament in the holding of important offices disseminated a scientific knowledge of leading principles in the raising of vegetable produce and the finest types of animals on Canadian farms. Those who know nothing or little of his great work should read those faultlessly clear and concise reports on various subjects that appear from time to time under his guidance. They are masterpieces of precise knowledge and reveal ramifications to the heart of things that are truly astonishing. The farmer on the prairie and the market gardener striving for information and ways of co-operation find in Mr. Wilson a helper and a friend. The notes that appear in this supplement are some indication of his activity, but this is one drop only in an ocean of downright useful and necessary work.

Many columns would be needful to enter into the details of Mr. Wilson's career. Suffice it to say he is happily in the prime of life and enthusiasm in these sister branches of industries seems to wax more keenly as years speed on. The Ontario Horticultural Association, of which he is secretary, owes practically everything to his erudite management, and one of the treasures in his home is a presentation of Royal Crown Derby plate encircled and chased with silver in recognition of his services. Another office of immense importance is that of secretary and managing director of the Canadian Horticultural Exhibition, secretary of the Ontario Vegetable Growers Association, and a director of the Canadian National Exhibition, and each office is not regarded as a sinecure but an opportunity for work conducted on the best and most approved modern lines.

Personal experience has been gained in the laudable pursuit of raising pedigree cattle, the importance of which can be hardly over-estimated, and therefore farming and horticulture have in Mr. Wilson one who is engrossed in their welfare. He is a true son of the soil and a scientist as well.

A Warning to Daffodil Lovers

WILL you kindly allow me a brief space in your Country Life Supplement to warn growers of Daffodils in your country of a pest which inflicts one of the fairest of spring flowers. A sharp lookout should be kept for the Narcissus fly. This has been a scourge this year in many places, due no doubt to people not being careful enough with respect to it. If any Daffodils are seen dwarfer than the rest or looking sickly, the bulbs should at once be taken up carefully, washed in cold water and replanted in fresh ground. If they are very unhealthy it is best to burn them. Growers should be always on their guard for Narcissus fly and Mite, and I am certain that it is the right to isolate weak and sickly plants.

P. RUDOLPH BARR.

London, England.

The Scent of Daphnes

A SWEET scent mingles into the spring air. One wonders from whence it comes—strong and rich and not far away is a bush of the mezereum or Daphne Mezereum, a shrub smothered over with pink flowers before the leaves have dared to appear. A small group of it is a scent bag of delicious sweetness and a few twigs will fill a large room with Daphne perfume. It brings thoughts of the spring before spring has really come. A white variety is as white as the snow that will have dissolved before the little birds open to greet the warmer suns and bluer skies, but it is not common.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



Miss Elsie Mackenzie, an English Suffragette, invited by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont to Teach Effective Militancy to the New York Suffragettes. Miss Mackenzie Has Tasted Prison Fare—at Least is a Hunger Striker. On Her Way to New York She Spent Some Time in Toronto.

Women Fight White Plague

TORONTO'S gaze, eye to eye with the Countess of Aberdeen's, has lately been focussed on the methods of prevention practised by the Tuberculosis Division of the Department of Health. Dr. Hastings finds himself coveted for preventive work in Erin. Likewise Miss Dyke, the city's leading tuberculosis nurse, and her staff of seven, have furnished the visitor tips for her favourite work; for the Countess' war on the plague has become a proverb.

MRS. HUESTIS AN AGITATOR

THERE are other preventive agents at work among our women, however. Mrs. Archibald Huestis, President of Toronto's Local Council of Women, has been doing some very important agitating. In a series of what she terms "half-addresses," though whole and something over in their effect, she has pointed out before the Balmy Beach Progressive Club, to the Bathurst W. C. T. U., to the Parkdale W. C. T. U., and at the King Edward School, just prior to elections, that while the physicians allege that 95 per cent. of pulmonary tuberculosis is traceable to careless coughing, expectoration and sneezing and that, while the public is supposed to be roused to the necessity of making really serious effort to stop the spread of the white plague, very little is ever really done. "Philistia" supports this view in the *Winnipeg Saturday Post*. "The statistics," she writes, "of the Winnipeg police department for 1912 have just been issued, and all the facts and figures are well worth pondering over, but I am moved at this moment to speak of only one thing with regard to them. That is that just one solitary 'lone lorn' man was charged during 1912 with spitting on the sidewalk. There is a by-law, I believe, with regard to spitting on the sidewalk. There are policemen, too, whose duty it is to enforce by-laws. Yet in the twelve months just past just one man was charged with this offence."

That the fine for this offence is twenty dollars in Toronto, is probably news to scores of men who were innocent of their danger. Mrs. Huestis expresses regret that that statement has been omitted in the wording of the notices posted about by request of the Public Health Committee of the Local Council of Women, of which Mrs. Huestis is convener. The fine, in certain American cities, is as high as fifty dollars, in others as low as one dollar; but in these cities proclaiming the fine, no matter what its sum, has proved a check which is far from negligible.

Mrs. Huestis, by the way, is a warm advocate of open air schools for children in the interests of prevention.

I. O. D. E. SAFEGUARDS CHILDREN

THE Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire are another powerful agent deadly antagonistic to the spread of tuberculosis. An enterprise the Municipal Chapter, Toronto, has in hand is the gaining a Preventorium, which shall be the winter home of the some two hundred children touched by the dread disease who have been cared for by summer at the Island.

This beneficent work was begun by the Heather Club Chapter, formerly the Heather Club, an association of doctors and nurses who at first undertook the summer work strictly on their own account. The Heather Club became a chapter of the I. O. D. E., and the sympathy and co-operation of that order became enlisted. The regret has been

that when winter arrived the work should be undone—the patients finding no winter accommodation.

And so it comes that fifteen or sixteen of the primary chapters of the I. O. D. E. in Toronto have succeeded in raising funds sufficient to warrant the looking up a premises to serve this purpose. A minority of voluntary outside subscriptions have helped the move.

The institution, primarily, will be for Toronto children. But in the case of there being sufficient room, outsiders will be admitted. The place will be formally announced in the near future. It will probably be a renovated building to avoid the expense of erection.

In Windsor, Ontario, the Border Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, has at last succeeded in its efforts to establish a sanatorium to provide relief and benefit to those afflicted with the dread disease in Essex. The contract has been awarded for such a building the design of which will admirably serve the need.

RESULT OF COMPULSORY REGISTRATION

SPEAKING of the war waged against tuberculosis, the compulsory registration of cases should give the cause an impulse. For one year



Mrs. Archibald Huestis, Toronto, President of the Local Council of Women and Convener of the Committee on Public Health, of the National Council. At Present she is Working to Have the By-Laws Enforced Which Were Passed to Prevent the Spread of Tuberculosis.

that same law has obtained in Great Britain, during which time notification has been made of 102,100 cases, and it is one of the objects of the National Insurance Bill to give proper treatment to patients who are unable to pay for the same at a sanatorium.

Need of Women Police

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

WE chatted in Mrs. Hamilton's upstairs sitting-room, the policewoman, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells, and I, she being the guest of Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, during her stay while lecturing in Toronto recently.

Mrs. Wells is a little person and the chair she sat in was deep. The picture was quite a domestic one as a kitten sprawled at her feet—without the slightest concern about its scruff. And Mrs. Wells, of Los Angeles, the first woman police appointed in all America! Which includes the Land of the Maple, please understand.

On the contrary to what might be the general expectation, Mrs. Wells is far from a connoisseur in scruffs. Oh, yes, she has made arrests. And she possesses a uniform. But, for the most part, her practical work is preventive. In places of public amusement for instance, where young people resort, the police women and their allies (which are the organized bodies of philanthropic and civic women workers) dangers of offence to the unsuspecting are being minimized and effectual checks have been put upon the breaking of ordinances.

"Oh, and a point I certainly meant to make last night"—Mrs. Wells referred to the lecture before the Women's Canadian Club—"relates to the newspaper columns advertising for women 'help.' Women police are cryingly needed to cope with this deadliest evil in our cities. Is there any officer in Toronto whose business it is to watch those columns daily? Who lays bare the pitfalls? Who brings the offenders to justice?"

Which was something more than a merely rhetorical question, as it fell.

Toronto has three women as probation officers in connection with the Juvenile Court conducted by Commissioner Starr. Reports of their work are loudly commendatory. Edmonton has Miss Jackson, an officer of repute. There are numerous others. But all these officers work as *correctors*. There are needed more recognized women *preventers* of crime—policewomen. For prevention is eternally better than cure.

Asked where she got her first impulse to prepare for her present work, Mrs. Wells declared it was at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where she worked among girls, as pastor's assistant, some years ago. Mrs. Wells is something curate, something policeman, and everything woman. Her energies count for much in the universal climb toward good.

When prophetic, Mrs. Wells looks forward to a day when every important city will have its training schools—of civics and philanthropies, or whatever may be needful—where women may qualify themselves for direct, public service, whether as women police or along other lines. There are more positions for filling than applicants to fill them in departments now newly recognized as women's.

Canada's interest is lively on the question of women police. For, what with sundry telephonic and other messages to her, my interview with their advocate and convincing commentary was the series of brief but profitable fragments—pieced together here.

Mrs. Wells, at present, is paying visits to sundry Canadian towns with purpose to interest our women in this departure.

Value of a Voice

CANADIAN hello girls will be looking to their voices as available beanstocks for getting them into the peerage. By the way, whatever may be said to the telephone's discredit, it, at least, is a potent agent in voice-culture. The newest Canadian Countess, the Countess of Ashburnham, was formerly Miss Marie Anderson, a telephone operator of Fredericton, N.B., who ensnared the presumably ready affections of the Hon. Thomas Ashburnham with the quality of her voice heard over the 'phone. Like a lordlier "Bottom" he made it his business to "see the noise he heard," and the attraction was, apparently, not diminished; for marriage ensued.

By the death of his brother recently, Major Ashburnham became the sixth Earl of Ashburnham and possessor of an estate yielding an income of some fifty thousand dollars. The new Earl and his wife prepared at once to sail for England. The Countess is an excellent horsewoman.



America's First Policewoman, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells, Who Has Done Effective Work in the Interests of Girls in Los Angeles. Mrs. Wells' Work Has Convinced Her That Policewomen Are Needed. And at Present She Has Canada's Ear on the Subject.

Dr Aram Kalfian

By
Effie Adelaide Rowlands



CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Screed Once More Intervenes.

IT was with great difficulty Ted Alston restrained himself from following his friend; he had a high opinion of the latter's courage and intellect; but a very poor one of his prudence and caution where his own personal safety was concerned; and he felt convinced that Dick was rushing recklessly into the very jaws of danger. It was little less than agony to have to leave him in such an emergency; but there was no alternative; come what might, Ted must obey his orders. His mission was to remove that which Emberson valued more than his own life, as rapidly as possible from out the danger-zone. Common-sense told him that to do otherwise would be to court disaster. Well, he would do it, he said to himself, setting his teeth in grim determination; he would carry out his instructions to the letter, return to England as rapidly as possible, and await Dick at the place appointed; but personally, he felt that it would comfort him but little to know that he had succeeded in robbing Kalfian of his booty, if that success had to be paid for by the life of his friend. That such an eventuality was only too possible, he was well aware. Again and again, as by land and sea, he retraced the ground he had previously traversed, he asked himself, "Supposing Dick never returns; supposing he is destined to add yet another to the already long list of men who have disappeared without leaving a trace behind, how shall I ever face Enid? How break the news of her bereavement to the girl who placed her lover's safety in my hands as a sacred trust?"

And the answer was always the same—"If anything happens to Dick, I would rather—far rather—put a pistol to my head than have to meet her eyes."

HE arrived at Charing Cross at 7.30 in the morning, and engaging a room at the hotel, spent a large portion of the day in tracing out the various routes by which his friend might travel, and the different hours at which he might arrive; in going over them again and again, always with that deadly fear lurking in the background that the man he so anxiously awaited would never come.

When, after a sleepless night, he saw his own reflection in the glass, saw the white, drawn visage with dark circles round the eyes which had the look in them of one who has seen death face to face, he only marvelled that his black hair showed no trace of white; and, in the years to come, he often wondered how it was that day and night of terrible strain left no indelible mark upon him.

Having met all sorts of trains at all sorts of times on the preceding day, and having an idea that Dick, if he succeeded in escaping from his enemies, would choose a different route to that by which he had himself come, Ted made no attempt to meet the morning's Continental train. The flickering hope which had now and again asserted itself within him was now almost extinct—for he had calculated that, owing to his own lengthy wait at Salzburg, his friend should reach England almost as soon as himself. He determined that, if no news of him came within the next twenty-four hours, he would ensure the safety of his trust by placing it in the hands of his bankers, and return to Vienna to seek him out. When a knock came to the door, which, opening, disclosed Dick on the threshold—Dick in the flesh, although a Dick whose eyes glittered fev-

erishly in his ghastly white face, and whose gait as he advanced was halting and feeble—he stared open-mouthed; and then, with a great cry, flung himself upon his friend, nearly bringing the latter to the ground. Clutching at the back of a chair, young Emberson just saved himself from falling; and then sinking into it, with a groan, promptly lapsed into a dead faint. It was some little time before his distracted companion could restore him to consciousness, and still longer before he was sufficiently recovered to relate his adventures.

HAVING brought his narrative to the point where Tigram, taking advantage of a moment's unweariness, had stabbed him in the back, he continued—"I was dazed almost as much by the fall as by the wound inflicted; but I never quite lost consciousness. I heard a tremendous shout, which seemed to come from English lips, followed by the sound of my assailant's flying feet, which gradually faded away in the distance. I was trying to struggle to my own when I felt myself gently raised, whilst a voice inquired anxiously, 'Are you much hurt?'"

"That was more than I could tell him; I felt a tingling smart in the region of the left shoulder-blade; and an ominous trickling down the spine; but beyond that I knew nothing. Finding I was not in a position to answer his question, the good Samaritan—a sturdy-looking Englishman—promptly removed my coat and waistcoat and examined the wound. By this time a crowd of children of various ages and sizes began to gather round, chattering vociferously, and attracted by the hubbub, also perhaps by the previous stentorian shout, sundry females came flying out of the surrounding houses. Seeing that I was bleeding like a pig, some of them volunteered assistance, providing some impromptu bandages, with which my rescuer—who had evidently studied first aid—succeeded finally in checking the flow of blood. During his ministrations the women kept up a regular fire of questions as to how it had happened, who was my assailant, etc., etc. Not being disposed to satisfy their curiosity, I feigned ignorance of German as the shortest way out of the difficulty. My very evident weakness and faintness enlisted their sympathies—and they were most energetic in their denunciations of the unknown scoundrel who, they naturally concluded, had attacked me with a view to robbery and been scared away by the unlooked-for advent of a third person. Someone, I don't know who, ran for a conveyance. Into this I was assisted by the Englishman, who gave his name afterwards as Purvis, and glad enough I was to get away from the scene of the catastrophe, and the surrounding crowd, now amounting to a swarm of voluble sympathisers. Purvis was a rattling good fellow, for he took me to an hotel, got me safely landed in bed, and then fetched a doctor.

"My wound turned out to be less serious than I had at first feared. Fortunately for me the rascal had been flurried by Purvis's timely arrival upon the scene, and consequently struck at random. The knife had glanced off the shoulder-blade, thus escaping all vital organs. 'A nasty cut and a painful; but not a dangerous one,' was the doctor's verdict; all the same when, on the strength of it, I said it was imperative that I should leave Vienna the next day, he held up his hands in holy horror, and vowed that such a proceeding was utterly impossible. One never knows how much or little fever would follow a wound such as I had received. To travel at once would be madness! I

should retard my recovery and probably find myself landed in some hospital on the way.

"Purvis adding his persuasions, I was obliged to promise I would give up the idea of travelling the next day. I carefully limited it to that, but the reservation escaped their notice.

"The doctor was much annoyed with me because I would not allow him to report the affair to the police. He got quite warm about it, saying that it was a duty I owed to society; but when I, in my turn, became angry and vehement, saying I refused to be dictated to upon a matter which concerned only myself, and should call it a piece of impertinent presumption on his part if he disregarded my wishes, he remembered that his first duty at all events was to his patient, and hurriedly begged me not to excite myself, promising that he would do nothing without my permission. He came to see me again in the evening, reported my condition as satisfactory, and said that in another couple of days, if all went well, I should probably be able to travel. On the strength of that, the next morning, I paid my bill and caught the early express—and here I am."

"You have been horribly imprudent."
"Yes, I know. Don't bully-rag me, there's a good fellow. I don't feel equal to it! Just order up some breakfast, and, whilst it's preparing, I wish you would see to my back; for it feels uncommonly stiff and painful."

TED, finding the wound to be in a decidedly inflamed condition, slipped out of the room on pretence of ordering the breakfast, and told the waiter to send for a doctor. One chanced to be on the premises, and appeared therefore, somewhat to Dick's astonishment, in company with the breakfast. This gentleman, a Dr. Lynn, quite agreed with his Austrian confrere as to the imprudence of a man travelling in the patient's state; he also displayed a not unnatural curiosity to learn how the latter had come by such a wound, together with a dignified huffiness when Dick, by his very short replies, showed plainly that he did not intend to throw any light upon the subject.

The doctor took his fee and leave, with stiff politeness and walked to the door; then, looking back over his shoulder, remarked drily:

"Of course it does not matter to me what you do; but if you wish to avoid awkward complications, I advise you to keep quiet until that wound is healed."

"He is right, you must be reasonable, Dick," urged young Alston as the door closed behind the offended medico. "There's no earthly reason now why you should not keep quiet and give that wound of yours a chance to heal."

"After to-morrow I will keep as quiet as you like," was the reply.

"To-morrow! Why to-morrow?"

"Because we go down to-night to Bingleford."

"Surely there's no necessity for that!" remonstrated Ted. "Of course I can understand your impatience—none better; but you can write to Miss Anerley, tell her that we have returned safely, and that you hope to see her shortly. You need not mention your wound if you think it would alarm her. You know that she would not wish to run any risks that you could avoid."

"I was not thinking of Enid," answered Dick shortly; "and as for risks, good God! man, what is any trifling risk to myself in comparison compared with the big risk of being overtaken by those hell-hounds, who will hunt us down as

(Continued on page 24.)

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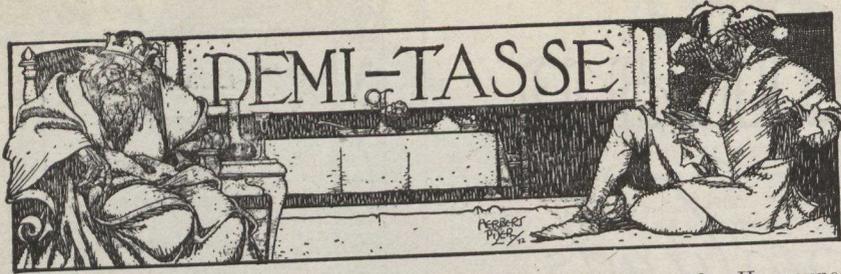
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Courierettes.

A PENNSYLVANIA mother and her three children are found to have two hearts each. If hearts were trump they'd take every trick.

Paris police are to wear shields to protect them from gangsters. Chief Grasett, of Toronto, is content to have his men wear moustaches.

Charles Frohman, the play-producer, asks for curseless dramas. Perhaps he finds that the reading of them causes sufficient cursing.

Toronto school trustees will save money by buying sites for new schools in advance. That might be termed "fore-site."

Detroit school superintendent says pretty teachers are an improvement over plain ones. We have noted the same thing.

Now they say that the Czar's treasures are mostly fakes. Ditto the stories about His Russian Majesty.

Toronto spent \$1,150,000 to see moving pictures last year. And the Board of Control in session almost every day, too.

Jewish reporters in New York went on strike, demanding that no copy should be rejected unless with consent of walking delegate. We fancy that W. D. would be a busy man, from what we know of editors.

U. S. parcel post system is so comprehensive that somebody will be sending President Taft by it one of these days.

Prices of brick and bread go up simultaneously. First thing we know, they'll be passing one off as the other.

Canada is to have a census every five years. If we cannot count very many more we'll count them oftener, anyway.

Dr. James L. Hughes says life would not be worth living without an occasional fight. He is an ally of the suffragettes, and he should know.

It was her voice that made a New Brunswick phone girl the bride of the Earl of Ashburnham. She is the exception which proves the rule.

James Simpson, the labour leader, is due for a Carnegie medal. He recently repeated to Sir James Whitney a request for tax reform.

At Windsor a thief smashed a jeweller's shop window with a hammer and ran off with \$75 worth of wedding rings. It looks as though this man were assuming a little more responsibility than he could get away with.

The British Bar Association has forbidden women to practice law in the English courts. The poor creatures will have to content themselves with laying down the law at home.

The militant suffragettes have been divided into two classes by some clever person. Those that are unhappily married and those that are unhappily unmarried.

At Which Bar?—British lawyers won't permit women to be called to the bar. They probably prefer to keep them behind the public house bar.

Those Horrid Men.—You can't beat the men. Many men make money by designing freak fashions in dresses for women. And then, when the women wear them, many other men make more money by writing and selling jokes about the aforesaid fashions.

Mark Twain and the Nickel.—The late Mark Twain used to tell a story of how, in his early days, he found himself in a Western town without so much as a penny in his pocket. While strolling about, wondering what he'd do, his eyes suddenly lit on a five cent piece

sparkling on the ground. He pounced upon it with joy. Five cents wasn't a fortune, but it meant at the least a drink or a cigar. As he was inwardly congratulating himself he suddenly realized that the finding of that coin at such a time was one of the great moments of his life. He recalled the thrill with which his eyes had first espied it, the glow that had filled him as he picked it up. Then, thought Mark, why not have the thrill, as it had given him so much pleasure, all over again: why not repeat the performance and realize the glow a second time.

Closing his eyes he tossed the nickel over one shoulder. The sequel had the worst possible results. Although he searched for half an hour, he never found that nickel again.

Mighty Money.

Money talks—
So say the wise—
Money also
Silence buys.

Ever Notice It?—Common sense is sometimes unpopular because it is common.

A Feminine Boast.—A Toronto woman motorist boasts that she has never run into anybody. Further proof that a woman's aim is notoriously bad. Then again, people may see her coming.

An Open Secret.—"Roast beef, veal, mutton, or pork," quoted the waiter. "A little of each," ordered the guest. "But we don't serve it that way, sir." "Sure you do. Bring me hash."

It Did Make a Difference.—"I hope that the fact that I am a widow makes no difference," said she slyly.

To which her destined prey replied—"Just the difference between bigamy and lawful wedlock."

Checks Its Growth.

THE slow growth of my bank account My thrifty soul doth vex—
I fear that it is subject to
A few too many checks.

At the Opera.—"How did you like it? Wasn't it tedious?"
"Rather. Even my foot fell asleep."

Magnifying Glasses.—Provincial papers sometimes come within signalling distance of the facts when discussing Toronto's troubles—their favourite diversion.

The Strathroy Age recently remarked that Toronto was throwing its money about with reckless abandon, having carried by-laws calling for an expenditure of over \$26,000,000.

The Age sees double. The real total was just \$13,000,000.

The Orangeville Sun pictured the leakage into Toronto's filtration plant at 16,000,000 gallons daily.

Tests showed the leakage at its worst to be less than 3,000,000 gallons daily.

These editors must wear magnifying glasses.

An Actor's Autograph.—An actor, recently in Canada, who falls into the class of matinee idol, was asked by a young Toronto debutante to write something in her birthday book. This was the result:

"Fear no man—do right.
Fear all women—don't write."

Explained.—There is a certain English Church minister in Ottawa, who is in the habit of writing his sermon on Friday and of walking about the house all day Saturday, repeating it in a loud voice so as to have it thoroughly memorized by Sunday morning.

One Saturday a young gentleman was calling on one of the minister's daughters and, as he waited in the drawing

room, he was very startled to hear the loud voice of her father apparently talking to no one at all, on the floor above.

When the young lady appeared, he inquired as to the meaning of the noise. "Oh," she replied, "that's just father. He's walking around upstairs, practising what he preaches."

Willing to Oblige.—A young lady, shopping in a departmental store in Toronto, had arranged to meet her mother in the carpet department at half-past twelve, when the two would have lunch together. She finished her shopping, however, by twelve o'clock and so, to put in the extra half hour, took the elevator up to the carpet department and sat down to wait in one of the comfortable arm chairs which are at the service of customers who come to inspect carpets.

Presently a clerk came up and asked if she would care to look at some carpets and she, being a bit bored with waiting, smilingly assented.

He proceeded to roll and unroll, before her, one after another of the heavy rolls of carpet. After some time had elapsed, he stopped, polite and perspiring, and inquired if there was any particular design of carpet she preferred.

"Oh, no," she said, "I like them all, but you see, I am just up here, waiting for my mother, to go to lunch."

"Indeed," he replied. "Well, in that case, there are still a few rolls we haven't looked through. Perhaps we'll find her in one of those."

Lacked Shame.—An old German in Pennsylvania lost his wife to whom he had been married for many years. What was the horror of the community when, within a few days of her death, he wedded the young and pretty nurse who had been her attendant.

Feeling ran so high that on his wedding eve, the youth of the village gathered around his house, with tin pans and horns, and proceeded to make night hideous.

Finally the Dutchman could stand it no longer, and, thrusting his head out of an upper window, exclaimed, with tears in his voice:

"Boys! Boys! You ought to be ashamed mit yourselves, to carry on so disgraceful, when there was a funeral around here so soon last week!"

When Nazimova Posed.—Mr. W. F. Muenster, who is manager for Madame Alla Nazimova, the noted Russian actress, relates an interesting little incident which happened on the occasion when Nazimova was playing "The Marionettes" in Toronto last September.

"We went over to Hanlan's Point," says Mr. Muenster, "to see the Philadelphia Athletics play the champion Torontos. It was Madame's first ball game. She sat in a box just behind the Toronto bench and followed with admiration the feats of skill and strength of the players in practice.

Then a camera man came along and stood directly in front of the actress, obstructing her view of the field. She was annoyed, and asked the policeman to have him move on. The snap-shooter, who was evidently a traveller whose camera was his hobby, turned angrily, trained his camera on Nazimova, and exclaimed, 'I'll take a picture of you!'

"All right," said Madame, 'do please,' and leaning her cheek on her hand whimsically she posed for him.

"I won't take chances on smashing my machine," snapped the fellow as he moved away without taking the picture.

"That evening I met him in the lobby of the Prince George Hotel. 'You missed a good picture this afternoon at the ball game,' I remarked to him.

"Did I?"

"Yes—remember the woman whose picture you threatened to take, and who posed for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was Nazimova, the actress."

"Oh, Lord," mourned the amateur photographer, 'I did miss it. I wonder if she would give me a picture now?'

"That night a beautiful bouquet of roses were delivered at Madame's room, with a polite request for another pose. But it was not given. He had lost his chance."

Educational OFFER

Fourteen Young Ladies to go to College and Ten to Visit Europe.

¶ The Canadian Courier is arranging for the most attractive educational contest ever known in Canada. By the terms of this offer, fourteen young ladies will be sent to a representative ladies college for a year, with a choice of five courses, English, Art, Music, Commercial or Domestic Science, and ten young ladies will have a five weeks' trip to Europe under careful supervision.

¶ The entire expenses of the year in college, including tuition, board, rooms, laundry, registration and lecture fees, will be paid by the Courier; and also with the trip to Europe, all expenses will be paid.

¶ Any young lady sixteen years of age or older, of good character, is eligible. Great care will be exercised that improper persons be not included and those accepted will have to be satisfactorily endorsed.

¶ Full particulars of this magnificent offer will be published in the Courier next week. Watch the announcement.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto Board of Trade Officers

GRADUALLY the things pertaining to the poor dead leap year are disappearing and are being superseded by something new for 1913. Lately votes were balloted in the matter of a new board of trade for Toronto. The result of this election was that Mr. Henry Brock, as president, Messrs. W. P. Gundy and W. K. George, vice-presidents, were unanimously elected. Out of thirty-one candidates for councillor the following fifteen well-known gentlemen were successful: John Aird, Eric N. Armour, J. E. Atkinson, Hugh Blain, W. F. Cockshutt, M.P., K. J. Dunstan, Chas. McD. Hay, Arthur Hewitt, Geo. W. Howland, John G. Kent, Hugh Munro, G. T. Somers, John Turnbull, D. O. Wood, J. W. Woods.

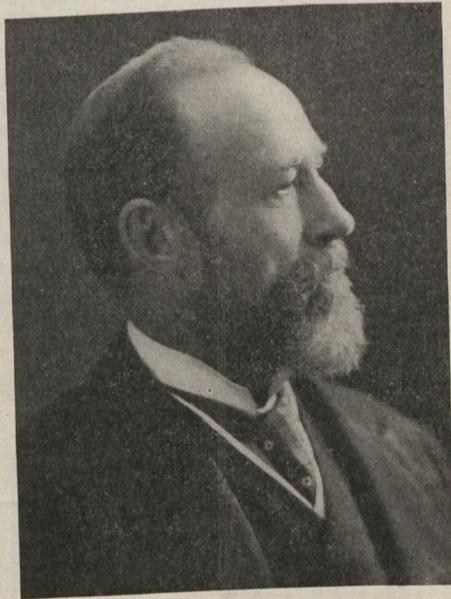


MAJOR HENRY BROCK,
President-elect of Toronto Board of Trade for 1913.

As President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Brock seems to be the man for the place, his wide experience in law and business giving him a broad and extensive outlook. He is the son of W. R. Brock, who formed W. R. Brock Co., Ltd. Instead of learning the theory of silks and dress goods with his father, he finished his education at Upper Canada College and Trinity with possession of the degree of B. C. L.; later, in 1905, he became D. C. L. Admitted to the bar in 1855 he practised his profession till 1906, when he went with W. R. Brock Co., of which he is a director. He has had previous experience on the Board of Trade executive, having been vice-president in 1908 and again in 1911. Mr. Brock is one of those men who keep aggressive, active, keen, through participation in healthy athletic pastimes. As a rifle shot and an oar-handler he holds a high place, and was captain of the cricket team of his Alma Mater. Doubtless he could tell weird tales of pancakes fried on the open prairie, containing as much dust as flour, and exciting yarns of ambushed half-breeds, for he served during the Rebellion of 1885, has medals to show for it, and was also mentioned in dispatches. His connection with the militia dates back to 1877. He is now senior major of the Tenth Royal Grenadiers.

Senator MacKay is Vice-President

HON. ROBERT MACKAY is generally regarded as one of the powers at the base of Canadian finance, as a man of resourceful ability and marked acumen in business matters. His financial interests with some of the most prominent institutions of the country are far-spreading, and his recent appointment as vice-president of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank adds another item to the already long list of these interests. Besides being on the board of Bank of Montreal, C. P. R., Royal Trust, Montreal Heat, Light and Power, Dominion Textile, Dominion Steel, and many other firms and corporations, the business ability with which he is credited is still further accented by his position as vice-president of Bell Telephone, British-Canadian Lumber Co., and now of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank.



SENATOR MACKAY,
Vice-President Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

ing to the "wild pibroch" occasionally.

On and Off the Exchange.

Higher Rate for Bank of Hamilton Shareholders

THE forty-first report of the Bank of Hamilton was put in the hands of the shareholders at the annual meeting of that institution, held at the head office on Jan. 20th. The president, in his address, stated that the bank had completed one of the most successful years in its history, and the statement bears his words out. Net earnings amounted to \$495,860, or 16.68 per cent. on the paid-up capital. This amount exceeds the profits of

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TORONTO MONTREAL VANCOUVER LONDON [ENG.]

the previous year by about \$53,000, when 16.21 was earned on the capital. Deposits in 1912 totaled \$38,087,447, compared with \$34,738,493 in 1911, an increase of approximately \$3,300,000. The assets showed an increase of about \$4,200,000 over 1911 figures, totaling \$48,908,000.

The business accomplished included the election of the following directors: Hon. William Gibson, George Rutherford, Col. Hon. John S. Hendrie, C.V.O.; C. A. Birge, C. C. Dalton, W. A. Wood and J. Turnbull.

Perhaps the entry in the minute book most pleasing to the shareholder is that in regard to the raising of the dividend rate from 11 to 12 per cent. per annum. Since 1911 the stock has been on an 11 per cent. basis, and the increase in rate is a just cause of congratulation to the executive and shareholders of the large and growing institution.

Montreal Clearing House Committee

THE principal business transacted at the meeting of that body, recently held, was the election of the Montreal Clearing House Committee for 1913 comprised of the following members: H. B. Walker (Canadian Bank of Commerce), Chairman. D. C. Macarow (Merchants' Bank Canada). A. P. Hazen (Bank of British North America). F. G. Leduc (Hochelaga Bank). C. W. Dean (Bank of Montreal). W. P. Hunt (Bank of Nova Scotia). F. T. Walker (Royal Bank of Canada).

In presenting his report, Mr. H. B. Walker, the chairman, spoke of the returns for the last twelve months as the largest on record, the figures reaching \$2,845,470,000, an increase of almost \$500,000,000 over the result of 1911 operations.

Bank of Vancouver

THE annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Vancouver was held at the head office in Vancouver on Jan. 14th. The statement showed that the year ended Nov. 30th had been a very successful one. The net profits of \$40,395 show an increase of more than \$20,000 over those of the previous year. During the year the capital of the institution has been increased from \$749,608 to \$846,600, and \$40,000 placed to the reserve fund. The average note circulation was about \$500,000, deposits amounted altogether to \$1,639,000, and assets came to \$3,056,318, a large and satisfactory increase over 1911.

Mr. R. P. McLennan was re-elected president, and Mr. L. W. Shatford vice-president on the board for the current year.

Big Corporation Identifies Itself With Prosperity

THE Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation has had a splendid year, as is evinced by the annual statement lately compiled. Net profits of \$826,799 for the year just past are about \$80,000 in excess of the 1911 earnings. These profits are at the rate of 13.78 per cent. on the paid-up capital of \$6,000,000. Deposits held showed an increase of about \$30,000 over those of 1911, totaling \$5,637,000. Assets of \$31,299,095 are a great deal higher than they were at the close of the year previous.

Canadian Securities Corporation

WHEN the directors' report was read at the annual meeting of the Canadian Securities shareholders meeting, held last week, satisfaction was expressed at the degree of prosperity for the company's past year it emphasized. The company has recently put its stock on an eight per cent. dividend basis. Last March the capital was increased from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, and since then much of the stock has been placed with prominent English and Canadian interests.

Mr. Robert Bickerdike was re-elected president, Messrs. Jas. Carruthers and W. G. Morden vice-presidents, and Mr. F. H. Manley resumes his good work as general manager of this important corporation.

New Pulp Mills

THE details in connection with the organization of the Abitibi Pulp Mills were completed at a meeting recently held when the following directors were elected: Messrs. F. H. Anson, Shirley Ogilvie, Victor E. Mitchell, D. Lorne McGibbon, Sir Thomas Tait, all of Montreal; James Playfair, Midland, Ont.; Hon. George Gordon, Cache Bay, Ont.; J. A. McAndrew, Toronto, Ont.; Geo. E. Challis, Toronto.

Civic Financing

NOW that Canadian cities have gone in for public ownership of their utilities, they need much capital. They must provide millions which might have been provided by private capitalists. Hence they must in future pay a higher rate of interest, and the argument that a city could borrow money at a lower rate than a private corporation falls to the ground.

At the recent session of the Quebec Legislature, the city of Montreal was given power to increase the rate of interest on its bond issues from 4 to 4½ per cent. Toronto will apply for similar legislation when the Ontario Legislature meets this month. Montreal will issue about fourteen million dollars and Toronto about ten. Toronto sold its last four per cents. a few days ago at a net price of 89.

Western cities pay 4½ and 5 per cent. Calgary sold some 4½ per cents. last year at 101½ gross, and some at 99; Regina got 101½; Saskatoon, 99; New Westminster, 98¾ and 96. Late in the year Saskatoon sold 5 per cents. at 99½, and Moosejaw 5 per cents. at 98.

Annual Meetings to be Held Next Week

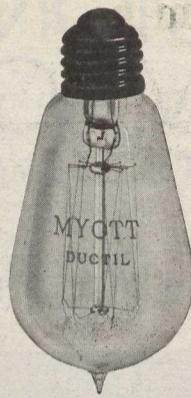
THE following companies are to hold their annual meetings during the coming week:

Monday: Halifax Fire Insurance Co., Imperial Loan and Investment Co., Northern Life Assurance Co., Ottawa Electric Ry.

Tuesday: Detroit United Ry., Great West Life Assurance Co., Montreal and St. Lamberts T. and D. Co., Nova Scotia Car Works.

Wednesday: Canada Land and National Investment Co., London Street Railway Co., Toronto and York Radial Railway, Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Toronto Power Co., Toronto Railway Co.

Thursday: Canada Life Assurance Co., Union Trust Co., Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.



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Quarantine Camp

(Continued from page 9.)

"Every last one of us." At a motion from Randall the ring of men closed between Sark and his sledge. They expected trouble for they knew Eric Sark as a fighting man. But he did not charge. He understood that cunning and not force must prevail.

"Better not stand so close to the kid," he advised, pushing gently at the closed ring. "For your own good don't do it. He's got smallpox!"

The word split the ring like a wedge. Startled, the men shied aside. Sark leaped through their ranks, and before they recovered from their shock, his whip fell on the huskies' backs.

"Mush!" he roared. "Mush!" and threw himself face down on the sledge alongside Foam, sliding from under the clutch of the Stewart men's hands.

DAWSON was ninety miles away. Sark's wild hope of making it in twenty-four hours commenced at once to fade. The ice cracked under him at every yard, buckled at every rod. Four times he went through before he reached the mouth of Henderson Creek. The sledge with its boyish load was light. The ice bore it well enough, also the dogs which were traced three or four yards apart so that their weight might not bear on one spot. But Sark, with his two hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle, took the brunt of the peril. He gripped a short rope fastened to the rear of the sledge, and in three out of the four mischances between Stewart and Henderson this constituted his salvation. The dogs held him up while he drew himself out on the rim ice with his arms.

Each time after the chill bath he warmed himself by runs along the rocky banks, still holding the rope and keeping the team hugging the shore. But every time his blood surged warm, the river waited to congeal it again. Thus it went with thin ice, skim ice, rim ice, and a toil that broke the spirit. Only a shining miracle brought him to Sixty Mile. Only the grace of God took him over the treacherous shell beyond. Those of the camps he passed stared at him and called him maniac, not daring to venture out and intercept. And, indeed, he travelled as if mania-ridden. He had even forgotten to eat at noon, forging on and on till his tortured stomach rebelled against the injustice. Then he halted for minutes and bolted some food. Nothing could be forced between Foam's raving lips. The boy's condition was such as to frighten Sark into greater speed, and in endeavouring to attain that, he accepted huger risks. He took a chance on the skim ice that stretched for miles far above the mouth of Sixty Mile, took a chance and plunged through with sled and dogs. Sark went overhead, but drew to the surface again by means of his tried rope. The four large tins kept the sled buoyantly afloat, and the dogs were swimming and clawing their way out upon the ice which promptly collapsed again under their efforts. Thus were they compelled to break their way to land, Sark clinging behind and urging them on till the firmer shore ice gave solid footing.

Soaked man and dogs burst into a fierce gallop. Lucky for Sark that day that the mercury stood above zero, or he could not have travelled an hour without freezing. As it was, his body remained warm under the tremendous exertion although his moccasins were icy lumps and his garments hardened shells. The fire that burned within him was the old primeval fire, the flare of the man-soul in battle with the elements. And what lent him mightier power was the fact that he fought, not for self-preservation, but for the preservation of a child. A gigantic man himself, he wrestled with the spirit of a gigantic land, an inimical spirit that gave no quarter and struck before he could guard the blow. In this unexpectedness lay the Yukon's greatest strength. It strewed dangers underfoot, filmed air-holes, unfrozen springs, rotten ice-bridges. And it was such a stroke of the unexpected that fell at dark when Sark's lead dog slipped through the scum on an eddy and was swept down by the current. Sark vainly tried to extricate him, and nearly getting trap-

ped himself, had at last to cut the traces. With two dogs his progress was slower. Above all, travelling the river by night seemed like seeking destruction. The stars gave little light. The aurora flared only at intervals. He had to rely upon the sagacity of his huskies to find safe ice.

Midnight saw him past Indian River, but in the rapids near Ensley Creek he lost his second dog. The remaining one was of no use to Sark. He cut it loose and abandoned the sledge. Again was Foam Challis strapped like a papoose to a broad back—this time the back of a white man. With his burden slung in pack straps, and the tump line biting into his throbbing forehead, Sark struck over the land. There was a rough trail that wound by Caribou Creek and Baker Creek onward to Dawson, and Sark staggered along it. He had poured out his last reserve of strength upon the river work. Those miles were punishment. Those of the land were agony. He consumed his very soul to supply the furnace of motion. As if in mockery of his efforts the night grew colder. The blast of real winter was coming. It was going below zero, and in his wet, exhausted condition Sark knew that would be the end, the end of effort, the end of the boy. Strangely enough he did not trouble about his own dissolution except in so far as it angered him to know that it must come soon. This anger was a sort of incandescence that heated his soul for a last flaming forth. It stirred within him a fictitious energy, a power that belonged to the superman, which put impulse into his deadened muscles and swept him forward at a rapid rate. He stumbled blindly ahead, lurching and swaying but covering ground with amazing strides.

Like a monster grizzly, spent with wounds in defence of its young, he swung from side to side in the trail, battling against the unseen foe. His eyes were glazed, his face raw and bleeding. His clothing was a coat-of-mail. He stumped on his stiffened moccasins as on two wooden legs. Yet he thrashed forward, upborne by that fictitious incandescence which was like a spark from the forge of life. When the spark burned out, Sark knew he would collapse in a heap, and he wondered why this gift of the infinite should have been tendered him only to prolong his agony. And even while vaguely wondering this, the fire within him failed. His incandescent vigour went out as a shooting star goes out. He fell on the crest of a ridge beyond Ensley.

Below him his glazed eyes saw a line of torches ascending and phantoms bearing the torches, and his dimming consciousness accepted them as the army of the dead. For he was dead to this earth. It seemed fitting that he should join the ranks of the shadow world. Vaguely he watched them come his way. The light of the foremost torch fell upon him. A voice cried out. The sound was a shock to Sark. For he still had reason enough left to know that the dead did not speak. He raised his head and saw men, live men, brawny and strong, with stampeding packs on their backs.

"Who is he? Drunk, eh? How in thunder'd he get here?" Their voices rose in a babel, but Sark did not hear. In the midst of the crowd he recognized Tom Bassett, and he stretched frantic hands to him and gasped for the words that would not come.

Bassett pushed his way up. "Jumping Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it's my partner, Sark. I left him at the Stewart. What's the matter, Eric? What's happened? You're drowned. You're frozen. How'd you get here?"

"On the ice," declared an old sourdough, who knew the signs.

"Ice—your grandmother!" exploded Bassett. "He has no wings."

"Got something like it on his shoulders."

Tom pulled at the ends of the blanket and disclosed the boy's face. "Foam!" he yelled. "Now what in— Oh, Doc! Come here. Shove Doc Martin forward. There's something wrong, boys." He loosed the straps on his partner's back and set Foam down in his blankets on the trail.

Doctor Martin, shoving through the crowd of stampedeers, held a torch to the

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boy's face, while Bassett poured a little brandy down Sark's throat.

"Smallpox!" announced the doctor.

The men fell back. Bassett continued pouring the brandy. Sark revived under the stimulant, and he lifted eager eyes to Martin.

"Too late?" he demanded fiercely. "No," answered the doctor, "you've kept him warm and dry, and it's only the third day. He'll be all right. But another day or so—" Martin's significant hand-wave completed the sentence. He turned, giving swift directions to the men. "Pitch me two tents and build a fire," he ordered, "and leave plenty of grub. Then all but Sark had better hike. This is quarantine."

Like magic the canvass went up, Tom Bassett swinging an axe on the tent pegs. "Too late for me," he confided to Eric, between blows. "She was staked to the skyline. And Bonanza, too. That's why we were hitting it back to the Stewart country. Wish to thunder I'd stayed to help—"

The tent peg split suddenly, and Bassett's axe glanced off, smashing into some loose rock at Sark's side.

"Confound it!" Tom exclaimed. "There goes the head. Handle splintered to smithereens. Confound—" and then sat back on his haunches with a queer, sinking stomach-sensation. "Grab me, somebody," he pleaded. "Kick me. Kick me hard." His shaking finger pointed at the rock. "There's yellow metal," he stammered—"or—or is it the light? No, by thunder—it's colour!"

Sark turned swiftly on his elbow and pawed the lump, while the others, forgetful of contagion, peered over him, their faces tense in the smoky light.

"Colour," they blurted. "It's solid." The group dissolved like a bursting bubble and stampeded along the ridge, crying wildly about nuggets and the mother-lode.

"It's a fissure vein," shrieked Bassett. "Yonder's the rim rock. Stake right where you lie, Eric. You're on the stuff. Here's your discovery post." He seized another tent peg and drove it with the head of the broken axe.

And fresh from their own mad staking, the rest trooped jubilantly back, filling the night with fire and clamour. "True fissure vein," they exulted. "Hugeous rich. We've a new camp, all right."

"What you naming her, boys?" asked Bassett, smiling knowingly.

All eyes with a tribute greater than treasure turned to Sark and the raised tent. All voices spoke as one voice.

"Quarantine Camp," they christened.

The Britisher in Canada

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—James Lane, of Guelph, a British-born Canadian—one year in this country—says, in your columns: "I will do everything possible and legal to kill what is known at home as the little Englander spirit."

I am trying to fathom how he will go about it. I am also trying to reconcile his attitude with that of the British-born of the "Hawkes" type, who helped oust Laurier at the last elections, and who also imported their British predilections into Provincial politics.

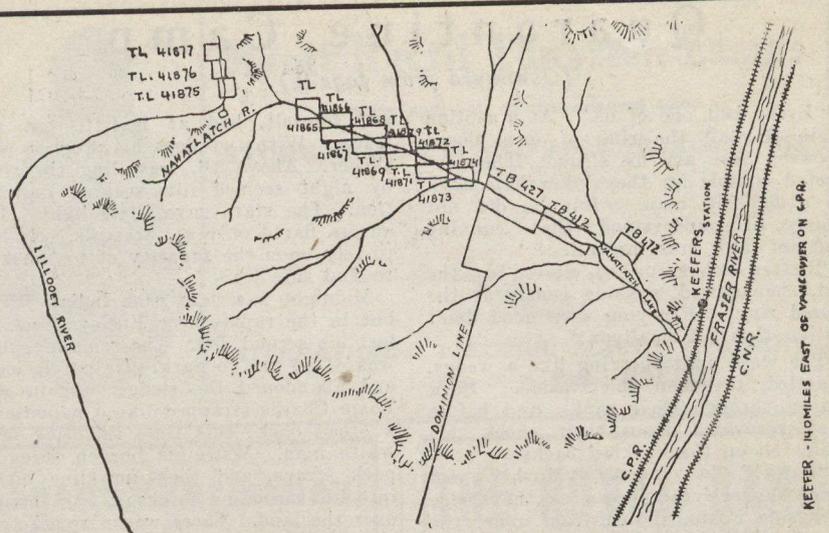
Our two or three million French fellow-citizens were being nicely educated along British traditional lines, such as fighting for liberty in South Africa and on the reciprocity question of liberty of trade, not free trade, mark you, when lo, and behold! up spring these British-born and "legally" at the polls, scalp the great French-Canadian who was so successfully inoculating his fellow-countrymen with what he calls Gladstonian liberalism. If he wants the "little Englander spirit" killed, does he think the Borden-Bcurassa brand bigger?

He says since arriving here he is a Canadian Imperialist. And yet, in the very next sentence he refers to little England as his "home." Why can't he make the greater include the less and call Canada his home?

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MR. ARTHUR SEMPLE
Solo Flautist.

ent flute virtuoso, Mr. Emile Medicus, a pupil of Fransella and of the Royal Academy of Music, who went to Toronto last year with the intention of locating, did not find the prospects for a solo flautist in Toronto more favourable.

That the flute as a solo instrument is winning its way in Canada and may yet "come into its own" may be inferred from its more frequent appearance recently on concert programmes. Mr. H. H. Bradfield was last season one of the soloists at a Toronto Symphony "pop" concert, and was exceedingly well received. Two flute recitals were given in Toronto last season, both of which were remarkably well attended, practically every available seat being occupied. The great visiting artists, such as Melba and Tetrizzini, are more and more "getting the habit" of bringing eminent flute soloists with them on their Canadian tours.

The oboe and cor anglais are also amongst the solo instruments cultivated in British and European concerts to an extent scarcely conceivable in Canada. Soloists on these instruments are rare, but in Toronto Mr. Clifford Guise, of the Symphony Orchestra, and his predecessor, Mr. Oliver Woods, are both first-class performers—too seldom heard.

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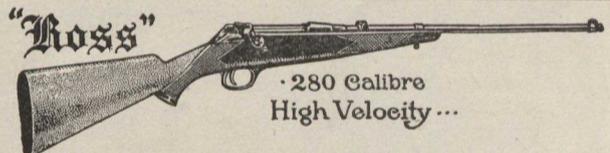
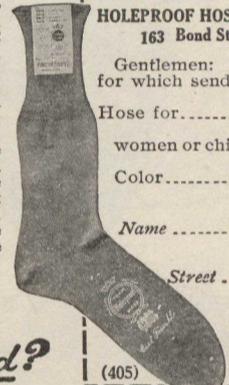
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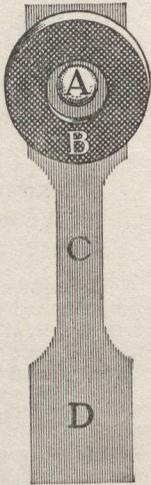
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Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

soon as they discover their loss! Do you suppose I shall have one minute's peace of mind until I have safely disposed of what we have wrested from them?"

"There is something in that, of course," agreed the other, "but surely I can do whatever is necessary, better than you even," he added persuasively, "since it appears the people concerned do not suspect me."

"We take the last train to-night down to Bingleford," repeated Dick.

There was a tone of finality about the assertion which Ted felt hopeless to combat. When Dick set his lower jaw in that fashion, he knew, by old experience, that argument and expostulation were alike waste of breath, so he contented himself by persuading the recalcitrant patient to lie down on the bed and keep quiet, at all events until the time fixed for starting.

The last train from London arrived at Bingleford at about half-past ten, at which hour all true Bingletonians were safe in bed if not asleep. A light, however, in the rooms occupied by Mr. Alfred Sreed proved that gentleman was still keeping vigil; and a closer view showed him to be seated by the open window, pipe in mouth, legs comfortably disposed upon a second chair.

He craned his neck forward as the two friends passed out of the station, saying affably:

"Good evening, gentleman; you are late travellers to-night."

"Damn that fellow!" said Dick explosively, when after an answering "Good-evening," they had passed on. "One can't move in the place without coming across him!"

"Well, that's natural enough, seeing that his diggings are just facing the station," replied his friend.

"Yes, and why did he stick himself there but to spy upon me? His business is over and done with. Why does he not go?"

"More than I can tell you, old man," replied Ted soothingly, as if he were speaking to some sick and fractious child. "I shouldn't worry about it, if I were you. Now, it is too late to disturb them at The Lindens, and too early, I suppose, for our purpose. What shall we do?"

"Put up for the night here at the 'Green Man,'" replied Dick, halting as he spoke facing that modest hostelry.

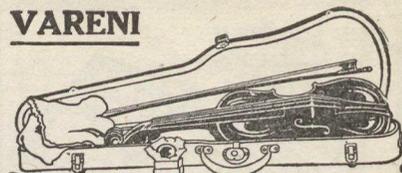
The other signifying his assent by a silent nod, the two friends turned in at the little rustic porch; finding no one about at the front entrance, they made their way round to the bar-parlour, where three belated rustics, the wild blades of Bingleford, were having a parting glass, and explained their need to the landlord.

Their arrival created quite a stir and excitement; mine host, fussily elated at the thought of young Mr. Emberson and his college friend sleeping under his roof, insisted, in spite of all protestations, upon rousing up his wife, who had retired to rest, to see that they were made comfortable. Whilst preparations which involved much hasty whisking about of skirts and general skirmishing, the two young men, to give themselves a countenance, called for some whisky and water, and sipping it slowly, exchanged a few casual remarks with the other occupants of the parlour, who stared at them open-eyed and open-mouthed. Local interest was still centred on Dick, and each of the habitual visitors to the "Green Man" knew that his missis would catechise him closely as to how the young master looked, what he said, etc., etc., and that in the interest excited by his tale, he would probably escape the otherwise inevitable "wiggling due to him for his late hours."

In about a quarter-of-an-hour's time the buxom landlady entering, murmured with her best smile that the rooms were quite ready for the gentlemen; and were they perfectly certain they would not like a bit of supper before going to them? It would not be a bit of trouble, not a bit; she could toss them up something in a "jiffy."

Protesting, with thanks, that they needed nothing but a bed, and were dog-tired, the young men escaped as soon as possible from the well-meant but rather tiresome, attentions lavished upon them. Once above, however, and left to their own devices, they showed no symptoms

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of seeking the rest for which they had expressed themselves so eager. On the contrary, entering the first of the two small rooms which adjoined, Dick set himself down on the solitary chair, and, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, and head sunk low, stared gloomily out of the open window like a man who has a long tedious wait before him, whilst Ted, perching himself on the side of the bed, swung his legs to and fro, and whistled softly under his breath, occasionally varying these exercises by casting nervous glances alternately at his friend and at the black box which had engrossed so large a portion of their thoughts for the last few days, and which now stood in a corner by the side of their two hand-bags.

Upon the ears of both men, keenly alert, fell first the sound of the heavy footed and rather stumbling departure of the three boon-companions, almost immediately followed by that of the church-clock striking eleven: then came the noise of closing doors, of heavy bolts being shot into place, of creaking shoes passing up the stairs. After this a silence fell upon the house, only broken by the aforesaid church-clock marking out first the quarter, then the half-hour.

At this juncture Ted, whose nervous restlessness contrasted strongly with the perfect immobility of the figure by the window, exclaimed almost beseechingly: "Surely it would be all safe now, Dick?"

"We will wait till after twelve, any way," was the reply.

And wait they accordingly did till the midnight hour had struck and its last vibration had died away in the still air.

Then almost simultaneously, and without a word passing between them, the two men rose to their feet, and, carrying the black box with them, made their way downstairs, with infinite precautions against noise, opened the front door, and passed out into the night.

Halting outside, Dick whispered to his companion:

"Go back a few steps and make sure that fellow's light is out."

Ted obediently walked five or six paces back, and returned with his reassuring answer:

"All right! Not a glimpse of a light there or anywhere!"

Swiftly and silently the two men made their way up the winding road which led to both the Hall and its neighbour, The Lindens. They walked round the ruins to the still-standing out-houses, inside which, under his friend's directions, Ted searched until he came across some gardening tools. Choosing a heavy spade and taking it with them, they struck across to the belt of trees which separated the two properties. Here, after looking about him for awhile, Dick pointed to a spot between two large elms and said:

"I think this will be as good as any. I am sorry you will have to do all the work, Ted, at present I am a useless log."

"Oh, that's all right! I'll soon get through with it," was the latter's rejoinder as he stuck his spade into the ground and commenced to dig energetically, whilst his friend stood watching and directing his efforts. It was hard work, for the trees were old and their roots retarded progress; but in a comparatively short space of time a small deep hole had been cleared out into which the black box was placed.

"Give the spade to me one moment," whispered Dick, and, taking the implement from his friend's hand, he stood for awhile looking down, his lips moving as if in prayer, an unwonted moisture dimming his eyes, then threw a few loose spadefuls of earth over the box until it was lightly covered.

"Finish it now," he said huskily, relinquishing the tool to Ted; but, before the other could do so a dark form issued from some trees a few yards distant, glided unperceived behind the two young men, and laid an arresting hand on Dick's shoulders, saying:

"Not quite so fast, if you please, Mr. Emberson!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Contents of the Black Box.

THE spade fell clattering from Ted Alston's hands as, with an inarticulate cry of dismay, he and his companion swung round and faced the intruder.

Dick's face turned livid with rage as he recognized the detective. For a moment he saw red, and his hand instinct-

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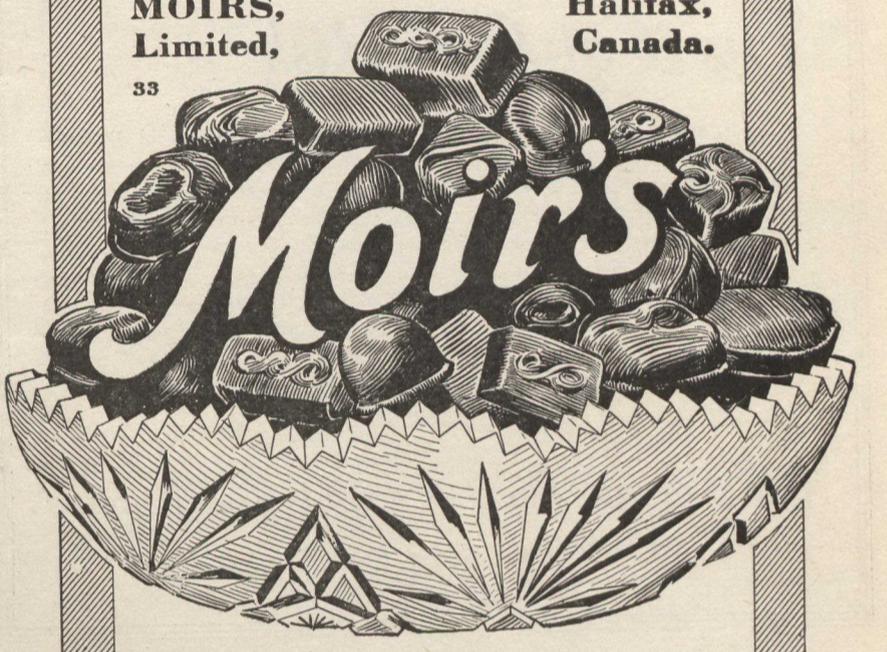
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ively stole into the side-pocket of his short jacket. As it appeared again, Mr. Screed, who was watching him closely, caught him by the wrist, giving the latter a jerk and a twist which caused the weapon held to describe a circle in the air before falling to the ground at some yards distance.

"Kindly pick up that plaything, Mr. Alston," he said drily. "I think you are sufficiently level-headed to be trusted with it, which is more than can be said of your friend at this present crisis of affairs."

"You are breaking my arm, you brute! Let me go!" exclaimed Dick, fiercely.

"Gently, gently," replied the detective soothingly, "you will do neither yourself nor your cause any good by violence. I have come here in a friendly spirit."

"A friendly spirit?" jeered young Emberson, scornfully; "you have come to spy on me, as you have done all along."

"Well, put it that way if you like," replied the little man quite unruffled. Then, seeing that Ted Alston, who feared his friend's rashness, had raised the revolver from the ground and slipped in out of sight, he loosed his hold on his antagonist's arm and added quietly: "I came here, anyway, in the execution of my duty, to see the contents of the box you are hiding."

"That you will never do whilst I have the strength to prevent it!" cried Dick passionately. "You will reach it only over my senseless body. We are two to one, Mr. Screed—remember that."

"Tut-tut; don't be childish, Mr. Emberson!" said the detective good-naturedly. "I have only to blow my whistle, and the odds will be quickly on my side—or, at all events, on the side of the law, for I frankly acknowledge that you would probably have time to do for me before aid came. I don't quite see, however, how my murder would improve your position. You would only defeat your own aims and bring about the very exposure you are anxious to avoid."

The truth of the argument came home to both young men. Alston, catching his friend by the elbow, whispered hurriedly—

"For God's sake, Dick, don't do anything rash! Conciliate the fellow! We are at his mercy."

A wave of irresolution passed over the other's face. Mr. Screed perceiving it, pressed the point home.

"Can't you see," he said persuasively, "isn't it abundantly plain, that if my sympathies had not been enlisted to a certain extent on your side, I should never have placed myself at such a disadvantage? Why, I had only to wait patiently until you had finished your job and departed; then I could have done what was necessary, and satisfied myself without running any risks. It is a mere matter of form, after all, for I know beforehand what we shall find." He bent forward and whispered a few words in young Emberson's ear.

The latter fell back a step and stared him blankly in the face. Amazement literally robbed him of speech.

"How—how—?" he stammered.
"How did I obtain my information? From the same source that you did yours—your father's papers."
"Impossible."

"You think so; nevertheless, it is a fact. A few words will explain to you, Mr. Emberson, how my suspicions arose; how they were verified. You remember your first visit to Peckham Rye?"

The young man, now on his guard, set his teeth hard and made no reply. It was a very old trick, he said to himself scornfully, that of affecting a complete knowledge when chance has put in your hand a trifling clue. The fellow should get nothing out of him in that fashion.

A slight smile played round Mr. Screed's lips, the smile of one who sees his way to checkmate his antagonist.

"You remember," he continued, "that after your long interview with Dr. Aram Kalfian (the details of which are not known to me, although I can make a pretty shrewd guess as to its general trend and character), you were set upon in the street and handled pretty roughly? You were tripped up, and would have been robbed but for the timely intervention of a police-constable. It

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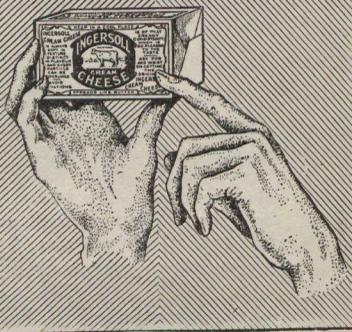
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was a small packet that the man had taken from you. Correct me if I am wrong. Ah, you are still silent! Well, that constable was an agent of mine who had been set to shadow you.

"The packet you would have lost then but for him, must have been of extreme value to someone. How else is it possible to explain the second attack made upon you—the nocturnal visit when you were drugged and your room exhaustively searched? These two attempts, following so closely on each others heels, proved that you were in possession of some dangerous and incriminating piece of evidence, either in the shape of letters or jewellery; and that the person whom it concerned was prepared to go any lengths to wrest it from you.

"I gathered from the little importance that you attached to the second incident—from your disinclination to be questioned on the subject, that it had been a failure like the first; and came to the conclusion that, feeling the object concerned to be no longer safe in your possession, you had passed it on to a third person. My suspicions fell naturally then on Miss Anerley."

"This is all pure fancy, pure guess-work, on your part!" interrupted Dick impatiently.

"So far, yes; but now we pass from the regions of guess-work into that of fact. Whilst my agents were following your steps abroad, I devoted my energies to the discovery of the mysterious packet, in which I felt sure I should find the key to the whole enigma. I knew it was perfectly useless to approach Miss Anerley on the subject, so I laid siege to her maid. I will spare you the details of how I affected my purpose: there are more ways than one of managing these matters." Here a sort of self-satisfied smirk passed over the little man's face, which conveyed to his listeners the idea that his personal fascinations had been successfully brought to bear upon Enid's Abigail. "Sufficient to say that I persuaded the latter to search amongst the belongings of her mistress for such a packet as I described; although, to do the girl justice, she only consented to place it, when found, in my hands on condition that after examination it should be returned intact to its hiding-place. Whilst Miss Anerley was at dinner one evening, I went carefully through the papers, making notes of their contents and drawing a little sketch, for further reference, of the pair of gold sleeve-links marked with the initials, 'A. K.' which I judged to have an important bearing upon the case in which I was interested."

As Mr. Screed paused for a moment to take breath, the two young men exchanged rapid glances. "What is to be done?" was the mute question of each pair of anxious eyes; and signalled back again came the equally mute answer, a despairing shake of the head which signified eloquently enough, "God knows, I don't!"

This by-play was by no means lost on the third person present; but, ignoring it, he took up again the thread of his narrative.

"The first use I made of the knowledge thus obtained was to set active sleuth-hounds on the track of Dr. Aram Kalfian, with instructions to foreign agents to obtain a search-warrant which would enable them, when arresting him, to make an exhaustive search amongst his belongings, and about the place of his domicile, for a certain grim piece of evidence known to be in his possession; and which he would find it extremely difficult to explain away. Well," with a short sigh, "you, gentlemen, may flatter yourselves that, between you, you have spoilt my game: you have robbed the scoundrel I was hunting down of what would have been the strongest proof of his criminality. How you managed it, I don't know; Mr. Alston's intervention in the affair seems effectually to have puzzled my agents. They allowed him to slip away unnoticed whilst they attach themselves to your footsteps, Mr. Emberson, and to the Armenian's. You should at least be grateful to me, for, through my instrumentality, you were again rescued from maltreatment—in this case probably from death."

"Purvis was your agent, then?"
"Scotland Yard's any way; acting,

for the time, under my orders. Thus, you see, Mr. Emberson, I have, by deputy, followed your every step. I appeal now to your good sense. Is it not labour lost on your part to keep up longer the farce of concealment from me? Would it not be wiser for you to treat me with perfect frankness? If, in the past, I have ruffled you by groundless suspicions, you must remember that your own conduct was mostly to blame for them. As for myself, it seems a queer thing to say (but, there, human nature is queer), I have liked you, and believed in you ever since you knocked me down for what you considered an insult to your dead father. I felt that the man who would do that was himself incapable of a criminal action. Now, I have said enough, have I not, to prove my right, I won't say to your gratitude, but to your tolerance? At all events," he added persuasively, "you will no longer seek to hamper me in the execution of what I consider a necessary duty?"

He paused for a reply, looking kindly enough in the dark, brooding face of the man he addressed. In truth, Albert Screed, in spite of his profession, had deep down in his heart a soft corner; knowing, as he did now, all the circumstances of the case, he was sincerely sorry for this young fellow into whose life grim tragedy had suddenly stalked, threatening with its monstrous shadow to darken his whole existence; and he was prepared to do all that was in his power to let him down easily. But, obsessed with one idea, Dick was deaf to the voice of reason, deaf even to gratitude. Of what importance was the life it appeared he owed to this man's officiousness, he said to himself bitterly, in comparison with the secret he had filched from him, with the indignity to which he was now subjected.

"You have beaten me, Mr. Screed," he answered sullenly. "I yield to the force of circumstances; I cannot prevent your acting as you wish."

"Oh, now, that is reasonable," replied Mr. Screed cheerfully, whilst from Ted Alston's lips there issued a deep sigh of relief. He was prepared to stand by his friend; right or wrong, to make the latter's quarrel his own; but he had recognized from the first the futility of resistance—the madness of fighting against the will of this apparently insignificant little man who represented a great power—the power of the law. Quickly and deftly, Mr. Screed, dropping to his knees, brushed away the loose earth with his hands, and lifted out the black-japanned box.

"I must ask you for the key, Mr. Emberson," he said pleasantly.

"I have not got it," was the dogged reply.

"You, Mr. Alston, then?"

"I stole the box, but not the key," replied Ted. "You must apply to Aram Kalfian for the latter."

"I think we need scarcely wait for that!" retorted Mr. Screed, still with perfect good humour; and drawing as he spoke a strong penknife from his pocket, with a deft turn of the hand, he pried open the lid of the box. The object inside was hidden by a white cloth, and when, with a hand that trembled in spite of himself, carefully and reverently the detective threw back the corners there lay revealed a human head in perfect preservation—that of Mr. Emberson. Although, they all knew what was coming, the sight sent a thrill of horror through the veins of the three men; yet, in itself, there was nothing repulsively gruesome about it. A perfectly peaceful expression was on the face, which looked like a waxen mask; and the closed eyes seemed to sleep. A pungent, aromatic odour perceptible as soon as the box was opened, betrayed the fact that the severed head had been embalmed.

(To be continued.)

None to Spare.—In the days when the Clyde was navigable to Glasgow for only very small vessels, a steamer stuck in the mud near Renfrew and the skipper was not sparing in strong language. While waiting for the rising of the tide he saw a little girl approaching the river with a bucket to fetch some water. This was too much for the poor captain, and, leaning over the side, he thus addressed her:

"If you tak' ae drap o' water oot here till I get afloat, I'll warm yer ear for't."

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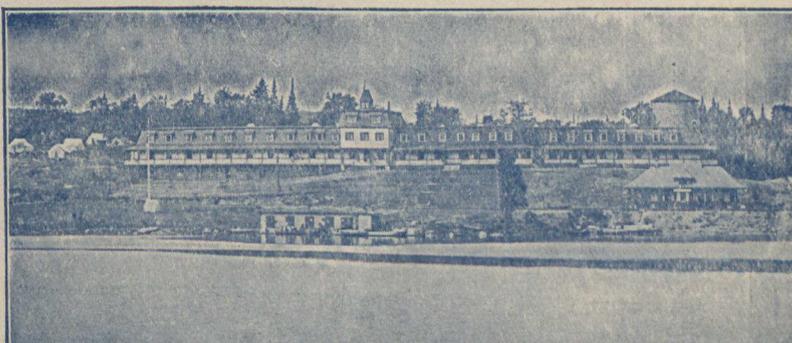
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