

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

The Cost of a Baby

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

**The Newspaper Masquerade
in Montreal**

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**People Who Are Talked
About**

ILLUSTRATED

The Arrest of MacTavish

STORY By "BIG MAC"

Illustrated By Arthur Heming

Is Woman Indecent ?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

*Woman's
Supplement*



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Sat., Aug. 23rd.	Royal George.	Sat., Oct. 18th.
Sat., Sept. 6th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Nov. 1st.
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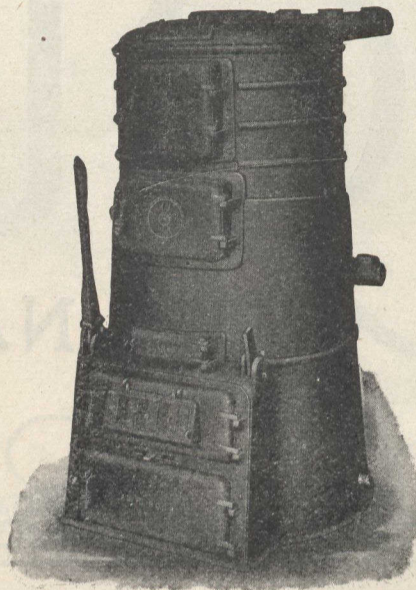
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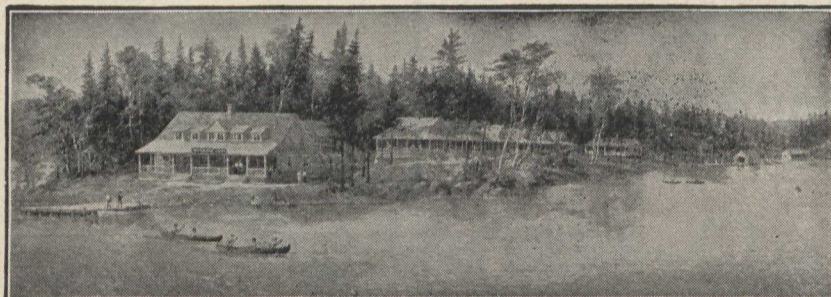
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In Lighter Vein

Regrettable Absence.—A world's congress of doctors is to be held in London in August. A fund has been suggested for compensating those doctors whose patients recover during their enforced absence.—London Opinion.

Too Sentimental.—Old Aunt (dependently).—"Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer."

Nephew (reassuringly).—"Don't talk like that, aunt; you know you will."—Boston Transcript.

The Artist Agreed.—While James McNeill Whistler, the eccentric American painter, was trying on a hat in a London shop one day, a customer rushed in, and, mistaking Mr. Whistler for a clerk, exclaimed: "I say, this 'at doesn't fit." The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied, scornfully: "Neither does your coat and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."—The Argonaut.

It's an Ill Wind.—A Scotsman was strolling through the market-place in Glasgow one day and close at his heels followed his faithful collie. Attracted by a fine display of shell and other fish, the Scot stopped to admire, perhaps to purchase. The dog stood by, gently wagging its tail, while its master engaged the fishmonger in conversation.

Unfortunately for the dog, its tail dropped for a moment over a big basketful of fine, live lobsters. Instantly one of the largest lobsters snapped its claws on the tail and the surprised collie dashed off through the market, yelping its pain, while the lobster hung on grimly, though dashed violently from side to side.

The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation, then, turning to his prospective customer, he bawled—

"Mon! mon! whistle to yer dog; whistle to yer dog!"

"Hoots, mon," returned the other complacently, "whistle to yer lobster!"—The Weekly Scotsman.

Locating the Risk.—Old Lady (offering policeman a tract).—"I often think you poor policemen run such a risk of becoming bad, being so constantly mixed up with crime."

Policeman.—"You needn't fear, Mum. It's the criminals wot runs the risk o' becomin' saints, bein' mixed up with us!"—Punch.

Favorite Fiction.—"Old chap, you haven't changed a bit in thirty years!"

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"Mr. Chairman, I rise with the greatest reluctance, but—"

"I don't know whether you owe us anything or not, Mr. Smith, but I'll see."

"George, I wouldn't say a word to hurt your feelings for the world."

"I admire your nerve!"—Chicago Tribune.

Explaining.—A budding author who was making excursions into humour sent a paragraph to the editor of a daily paper. Not finding it printed within a reasonable time or hearing from the editorial department he wrote about its welfare. "I sent you a joke about ten days ago. I have heard nothing respecting its safe receipt, and should be glad to hear whether you have seen it." The editor's reply was as follows:—"Your joke arrived safely, but up to the present we have not seen it."—Daily Chronicle.

Diversion for Waiters.—Gloom (in restaurant, who has waited fifteen minutes for his soup)—"Waiter, have you ever been to the Zoo?"

Waiter—"No, sir."

Gloom—"Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy watching the tortoises whiz past."—The Weekly Scotsman.

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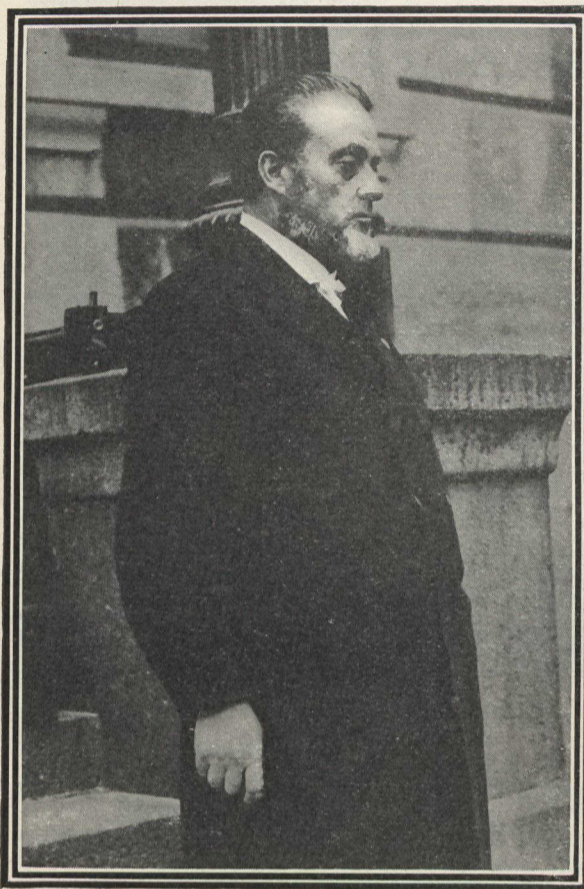
HERBERT
 P. D. R.

Vol. XIV.

August 16, 1913

No. 11

People Talked About



LEADER OF THE ATTACK UPON REV. MR. JACKSON.
 At the Wesleyan Conference at Plymouth, Rev. C. Armstrong Bennett Issued a Pamphlet in Which He Denounced the Views of Mr. Jackson Upon the Old Testament and Moved Against His Appointment to a Chair of Pastoral Theology.

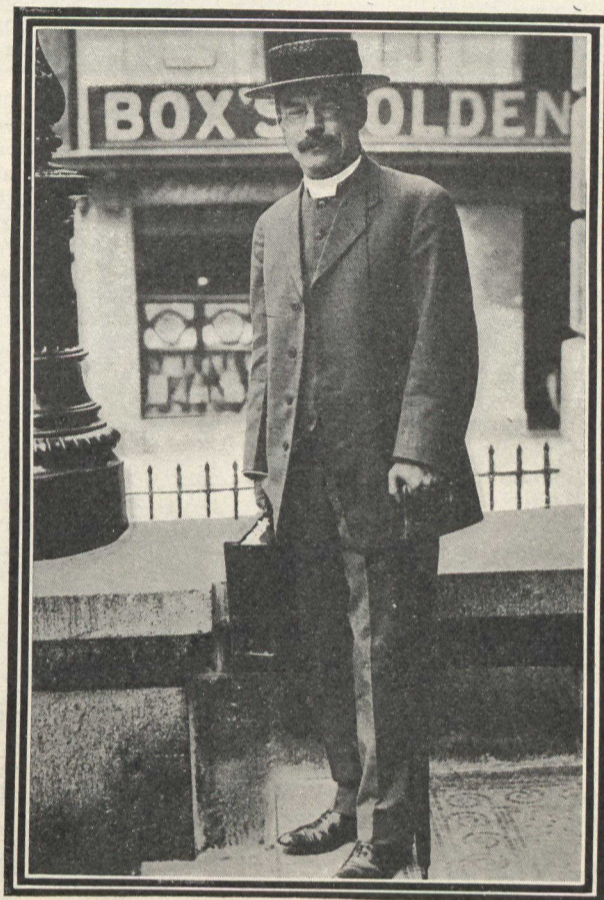
REV. GEORGE JACKSON has survived another heresy hunt. The Wesleyan Conference, in Plymouth, Eng., has exonerated him by an overwhelming vote of the charge brought against him by Rev. C. Armstrong Bennett, whose uncompromising but thoroughly sincere picture appears on this page opposite that of a little, keen-eyed, big-spectacled man who looks just about enough like Kipling to be his brother. The fuss was all about the Fernley letters of the divine, who since he went back to England from Canada has been designated to the staff of Didsbury College.* These letters reaffirmed Mr. Jackson's advanced views on Old Testament books, fully set forth in his own extended work on that subject. They concerned the first eleven chapters of Genesis and some other matters about which higher critics have been disputing for many years.

It was the Book of Genesis that got Mr. Jackson in the toils of Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada. Two years ago or more Mr. Jackson, then pastor of Sherbourne St. Methodist Church, Toronto, delivered an address at the Y. M. C. A. in that city which seemed to a few rigidly orthodox Methodists to be a sort of heresy. Dr. Carman wrote a long letter to the *Toronto Globe* condemning Mr. Jackson's views as opposed to plain Methodism. Some of the more advanced laity took it up. The case became famous.

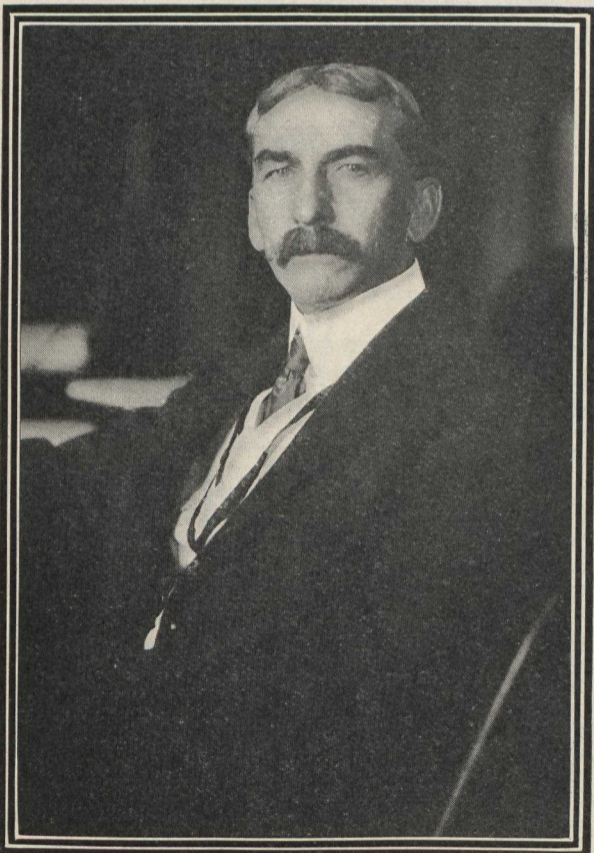
Mr. Jackson was at the time Professor of the English Bible in Victoria College, and his position as a teacher of young preachers made his case all the more significant. But he weathered the storm and afterwards returned to England.

JACKSON is the sort of man that rigid orthodoxy finds hard to keep down. He is able to disprove that he is merely heterodox. He is in fact not a self-styled higher critic, although a student of the advanced higher criticism set forth by Denny and Fairbairn. In the main, Mr. Jackson is an evangelist. For eighteen years, indeed, he had charge of the principal mission church in Edinburgh, which is at the same time the home of the most advanced higher criticism. It was the impetus he got in Edinburgh towards what may be called evangelical higher criticism that made him almost instantly famous in Canada. He came to this country for his health. He got it—and more. He went back to England to keep out of difficulty as far as possible, and at the same time remain Rev. George Jackson. He found that some of the English Wesleyans were miles behind the Scotch brethren in liberal interpretation of the Bible.

After all the ruction caused by the Fernley letters, Mr. Jackson was honourably exonerated by the Conference from any intention of trying to depart from the best principles of tried and established Methodism. The best tribute to his teaching and to his character as a Professor of the Bible came from Right Hon. Walter Runciman, of the Board of Agriculture, who frankly admitted that unless men of Mr. Jackson's calibre could be kept from heresy-hounding by the Church, the young men of to-day would have to look elsewhere than to Methodism for the most enlightened doctrines useful in this day and generation. The best opinion both in England and Canada will uphold Mr. Jackson, who, while he was in this country, showed no disposition to be a purveyor of mere sensation. The keen-eyed, busy-looking man in the sailor hat is all right. He is an exponent of new Methodism; just the kind of new Methodism that John Wesley would preach if he were on earth to-day.



THE HERESY-HUNTED REV. GEORGE JACKSON.
 The Now Famous Exponent of Evangelical Higher Criticism is Here Seen Leaving the Conference Chapel at Plymouth After the Motion to Set Aside His Appointment to the Pastoral Chair at Didsbury College Had Been Voted Down by the Conference.



THE RECALLED MEXICAN MINISTER.
 Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson Has Been Recalled From Mexico by His Namesake, the President, Who Proposes to Take Over the Mexican Situation Himself. None of Mr. Wilson's Plans for the Handling of President Huerta Suit the President.



RECOVERING 3,000-YEAR-OLD ANTIQUE.
 Mr. A. C. Vouros, Greek Charge d'Affaires at Washington, Has Made Himself Famous by Finding in the Back Yard of a Greek Candy Merchant in Washington a Statuette of a Young Girl Stolen in 1900 From the National Museum at Athens.

Irksome Taxes Under Free Trade

The Common Sense Aspect of Who Pays the Cost in Great Britain

By VINCENT BASEVI

EXponents of so-called free trade are liable to forget that the expenses of the nation must be defrayed, and that if revenue from customs duties is abandoned or curtailed, money has to be secured from the people by other means. Great Britain has approached nearer to free trade than any other civilized country. Only \$50,000,000 is secured yearly from import duties on articles of daily consumption. It is levied on tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits and tobacco; articles which the farmer, the mechanic and the labourer need every day. They cannot be produced in the country, and consequently there is no competition from the home market to reduce prices. Therefore, the purchaser bears the whole burden of these taxes. However, one does not hear much complaining about the prices of these goods, so it may be assumed that indirect taxation, if it be not too heavy, does not bear oppressively on the people taxed. On the other hand, one hears many complaints of the numerous irksome taxes which have to be imposed because there are no import duties on the luxuries of the rich.

Every man with an annual income of \$830 or more has to pay income tax at the rate of 3¾ cents on the dollar. It may be argued that in Canadian cities those who do not pay the business tax have to pay an income tax which amounts in places to nearly 2 cents on the dollar. But in England local taxation is collected entirely on rental values, and the income tax is imposed for national services. If this income tax were applied in Canada, in the place of customs duties, a man earning \$18 a week would have to pay \$35 a year to the Dominion Exchequer, while the plutocrat would roll by in his imported car on which no duty would have been paid.

VERY little business can be done in England without paying tribute to Government. The system of protection is described sometimes as trade obstruction. If this is a just term, then free trade might well be called home trade obstruction. Every cheque has to bear a 2-cent stamp. In the course of a year this means that quite a modest householder, provided he has a bank account, will pay several dollars in taxes for the privilege of paying his bills. But to make things quite fair, the man whose bill is paid has to be taxed also. He must affix a 2-cent stamp on every receipt for \$10 or more. In the smallest business this amounts to a considerable tax during the year. It is not felt as a severe monetary burden, because, like indirect taxation, it is paid in small sums at a time. But it does cause inconvenience and irritation. Whoever transacts business must always have stamps with which to make valid his receipts. On one occasion the writer took a flat for two years at an annual rental of \$125. Before the bargain was binding, each party had to go to the Inland Revenue Office to have his copy of the lease endorsed with a 60-cent official stamp. In this manner all monetary agreements have to be stamped before they are binding under the law. This is only one of the penalties of "Free Trade." Of course stamp duties are imposed in Canada, but not to the same extent as in England, where they constitute an appreciable proportion of the revenue. A business man in the old country is almost perpetually having to send documents to the Inland Revenue Office to have them stamped.

A RESTRICTED field of taxation drives Imperial authorities in England to seek revenue that should go to local governments if it has to be collected at all. Every driver of a motor vehicle, whether he be the owner or the paid chauffeur, has to take out a license annually at a cost of \$1.20. This is a police tax and not a national impost. Then a registration fee of \$5 has to be paid for each motor car. On the top of this there is a tax on motors varying from \$25 to \$250 and over, according to the horse-power of the engine. This tax goes to the national exchequer. A few years ago it might have been argued that as motor cars were exclusively luxuries for the rich, they offered a fair object for special taxation. But motor traffic now is essential to business. Cars are used by all doctors. Wherever good roads exist, they are invaluable to farmers. In a speech delivered at Harrow, Disraeli pointed out that the luxuries of one generation became the necessities of the next. The truth of this has never been more clearly emphasized than in the development of motor traffic

during the past ten years. Yet motor vehicles have to be singled out for very heavy taxation because free trade can find no other way of securing sufficient revenue.

Every horse-drawn vehicle is taxed unless it is used exclusively for trade purposes. The farmer is liable to be taxed \$10 for his waggon if he uses it to drive his family to church on Sunday and to the market town on a week day. If he keeps a rig for private use, then he is taxed for it. He must have a license for his gun, \$2.50 having to be paid for this, and if he wishes to shoot anything but rabbits on his farm, he must take out a game license at a cost of \$10.

Hotel licenses are paid to the national exchequer, not to municipalities. This drives cities and counties to increase the rates on almost the only source of revenue that is left to them: rental values. And now there is a new imposition. In order to bolster up this fetish of free trade, a national tax on the site value of land has been imposed. In addition to what he pays the county authorities, the farmer must have his land valued for the national authorities. If the land is deemed to be of no use except for agricultural purposes, the farmer escapes further burden. But if an arbitrary valuer thinks that the land could be put to more profitable purposes, if it is near a village that is growing, or if there is a town or city near by, he may have to pay taxes on the site value. If signs of minerals are discovered on the land, the farmer must pay taxes on the supposed value of such minerals whether he can afford to work them or not, or whether or not he can find a purchaser for the mining rights.

Taxation in Great Britain is made heavier than it need be because the cost of collection is so great. A complete customs department has to be maintained to collect a small portion of the revenue on the few articles that are subject to import duties. Then the Inland Revenue Department is a vast organization, stretching its tentacles throughout the country, taking tribute from almost the smallest of daily business transactions as well as from the large ones, employing large office staffs and countless inspectors. The income tax alone costs 12½ per cent. of its total yield to collect. In England one is always paying taxes. In Canada the money is collected mainly through the one organization, the customs house; and the incidence of taxation is hardly apparent. In England the customs house is maintained in all its glory, but it lets through untaxed the product of foreign workers while the streets of the towns are thronged with the unemployed, and broad acres are farmed with

patient toil which hardly procures a livelihood for the farmer.

Free trade found its great exponent in Cobden, a manufacturer who wanted cheap labour for the cotton mills of Lancashire. The cheap labour was secured, and the mill owners now thrive at the expense of agriculture, which staggers along fighting an unequal battle against countries where farmers are not subjected to heavy direct taxation. And now the mill operatives in Lancashire are beginning to feel the evils of free trade. It is true that the value of manufactured cotton exported increases every year. But the explanation is that Lancashire is being driven to make only the finest qualities for which the climate is peculiarly suited. Even in England, in Lancashire, coarser cotton goods are imported. The mill owners reap fortunes from greater profits on outputs of greater value than in previous years but of less volume. They enjoy the privileges of protection given by climate. And the men and women who should be employed weaving the coarser counts are seeking employment and finding none. Some emigrate and others become dependent on the poor rate; that is to say, they have to be supported out of the taxes paid by those who are still able to make a living. England has been able to stand free trade for seventy years, because it had at the beginning of the period vast accumulations of wealth which had been built up under protection. Fortunes are still being made there, but not by the farmers or by the workers, who are never far from the workhouse. In free trade England the most profitable business is that of the wholesale warehouse, which imports the product of alien labour. Free trade has made more millionaires in England than high protection has made in the United States, and in England the millionaires reckon their fortunes in pounds, not in dollars. But wages are low, and even in times of booming trade there is not enough work to go round. In free trade England the hired worker seldom rises to a position of independence.

Municipal Taxation

MUNICIPAL taxation has lately been causing some disturbance in Toronto, whose nominal rate is 19 mills on the dollar. The phantom notion still survives that a tax rate should be uniform; that local improvements are for the benefit of the whole city and should be borne equally as to cost by the ratepayers; that a newly annexed suburb with a huge cost of installing waterworks and sewerage and building streets and sidewalks should be assessed upon the entire community. But this is a phantom of which people gradually rid themselves as they get their tax bills for local improvements.



THE CONSUMER'S INNINGS.

President Wilson: "Oh, no, my dear sir; we're not abolishing protection; by no means; we're only giving this other chap a taste of it in turn."

Busy Conventions of People and a Phantom Derelict Barque



The Convention of the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges at Winnipeg on July 28, 29, 30. These Pictures Were Taken in Front of the Free Exposition Building of the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau.



Delegates to the Real Estate Convention Came from All Over America, to a City Where "Tight Money" Has Not Caused Any Appreciable Slump in the Value of Real Estate.

Streets and Traffic

CRAIG ST., Montreal, is the noisiest highway in Canada. It is worse than Broadway, New York. All that keeps it from being worse than State St., Chicago, is the fact that there are no elevated railways. But the clatter of Craig St. is enough without the elevated. It is a noise-monument to the fine idiocy of the man who invented cobblestones for street paving. Craig is cobbled. It is a pandemonium. In comparison with Craig St. any other highway of traffic in Canada is a graveyard of quietness.

Opinions differ as to which Montreal street is the busiest; just as they do in Toronto and Winnipeg. The average Montrealer, however, is willing to allege solemnly that McGill and St. James is a much busier corner than King and Yonge; and there are Winnipeegers who, when they remember the hurly-burly at the intersection of Main St. and Portage Ave., complain that any of the so-called busy corners in Montreal or Toronto somewhat resemble a cow pasture.

Toronto may boast, however, that she has sent four policemen to London to study the best methods of regulating traffic, which is still in a very primitive stage in most Canadian cities.

A Phantom Derelict

IT was a most unusual experience that the C. P. R. liner *Montezuma* had on her recent voyage to Montreal from Antwerp. Steaming quietly through a sea as smooth as glass, the officer on watch detected a phantom schooner, a four-master, off on the starboard bow. It was an unexpected sight, for the ocean steamship was not in the pathway of such craft. He called the skipper of the *Montezuma* to the bridge. Only a moment did Capt. Edward Griffith, R.N.R., scan it with his glasses before he had read the riddle of the sea. It was a derelict barque, drifting aimlessly and helplessly with the wind and the waves.

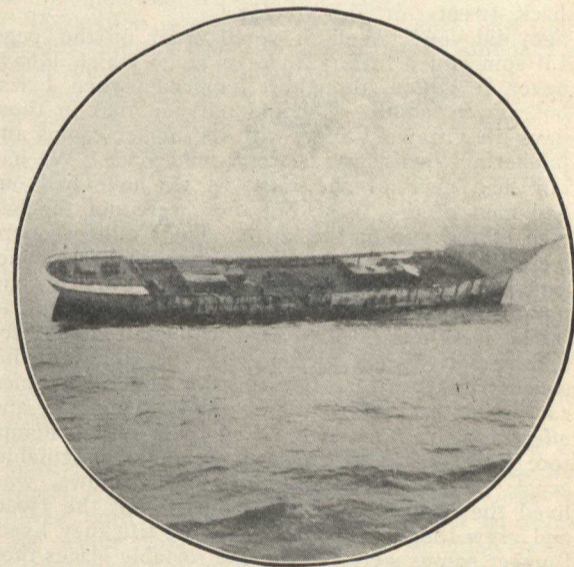
The chief officer of the *Montezuma*, Mr. Clews, and a boat crew, boarded the rusty hulk. Not a stick remained on board the deck. Her three masts had been swept clear at the steel deck, her forward boats lay smashed to kindling on the vessel, while

the after one was missing entirely. The ropes of the davits trailed in the sea, suggesting a hasty flight by the crew. The decks were rusty and salt covered; there was gloom and desolation everywhere.

Below it was as silent as the grave. Not a living thing was on board. The cabins were upturned, for the sailors had gathered their belongings together in a hurry; most of the ship's papers were gone, for the captain had taken them away, but enough were left to show that the rusty hulk that lay on its beam was the Norwegian barque, *Glenmark*.

Twenty minutes Mr. Clews and his crew searched the ship for a sign of life. There was none, however, so they turned away and boarded the *Montezuma* again and left the shattered *Glenmark* to wander on across the deep, unpiloted and unmanned. Had the ship possessed a charge of dynamite the wanderer's career would have ended then and there, but there was none on the C. P. R. boat.

A little later the same derelict was reported by two other Montreal-bound vessels, speeding across to the old country with full cargoes of wheat.



The Phantom Derelict "Glenmark," Boarded by a C.P.R. Liner 540 Miles from the Irish Coast.



Part of the Huge Crowd Gathered at the Celebration of a Hundred Years of Peace at Fort Erie.

The Arrest of MacTavish

A Brief Sketch of a Character that Makes the North so Interesting a Country

By "BIG MAC"

Illustration by Arthur Heming

"SO Sandie MacTavish has been shot. I thought that would be his end, but I wonder he went so long; he must be sixty-five at least."

Four men, men in the prime of life, were seated around a small table in the cosy room of a little "Pen and Pencil" club in one of the largest Canadian cities. The club was an unpretentious, somewhat bohemian affair; most of its members wielded pen, brush or pencil for a living. But he who spoke was no member, but a guest. Angus Macmillan was a born wanderer, a bachelor on this side of forty, good-looking, tall, wiry, and with evidence in his easy-going features and expressive grey eyes, which could change their glint so easily without any change of feature, of that great reserve force which so often lies hidden, though hinted at, in the bronzed face of your natural rover, hunter and adventurer.

"And who was he, Angus, this MacTavish? I've heard of him as a none too savory character, but I didn't know that you'd run up against him," said Thompson, noting the chance of a little human interest touch for his sparkling weekly journal.

"You never heard how Sandie was arrested down in that Ottawa Valley town, 'way back twenty or thirty years ago, did you? Well, if you'll order up the 'pegs' I'll spin you a little yarn of a scene which I have never forgotten, though it happened when I was but a wee laddie. I should tell you that in those days the Ottawa Valley, with its lumber camps and lumbering towns, was a pretty wild place. We had our 'bad men' of the East, as we have had our bad men of the West, but they were not the bad men of the gun or the knife. Their only weapons were their fists and their feet, as a rule, and sometimes bottles and sticks helped somewhat; but, having by these means laid out his man, your bad lumberjack proceeded to artistically tattoo the face and person of his victim with the spikes of his shoes. Deaths were not common, but many men carried with them to their graves the marks and effects of this treatment. And these men, Thompson, were the finest physical creatures imaginable, great, husky-boned, muscular, agile fellows, who lived the hard life of the shanties and the river, and grew tough and reckless as the life they lived. Lumber camps were not the comfortable places they are to-day, and a man's health and life held not the importance which is given them to-day by a benevolent government. Might, then, was right, and the man who could not maintain his right by means of his right arm, just had to give way. Still these men were honest, paid their debts, were courteous, even chivalrous, towards women, and gentle with the weans.

"WELL, enough of environment; let me now introduce to you Sandie MacTavish himself, as I saw him that morning of his arrest in the City Hotel. I had been sent with a message to O'Connor, the hotel-keeper, and was waiting in the outer lobby. A man stood in the corner of the room. He must have been six-foot-four, and built on huge proportions. He was washing himself, and I could see the glistening muscles of his neck and shoulders and arms as he splashed the water on them. Without exception he was the most perfectly developed white man I ever saw.

"I knew MacTavish, of course, by sight. He was quite a personage in our town. He could fight, he seldom if ever worked, he always wore a 'biled' shirt, a collar and a tie. Rumour said he was pretty near being a doctor before he left the old land, and certainly he was very deft in setting a fracture,



"Carefully Sandie adjusted his collar and tie, brushed his hair, even combed his moustache."

dressing a wound or even in prescribing remedies for either man or beast.

"I stood and watched, for, of course, I had heard of what had happened the night before, how Sandie had found big Alec Forbes pounding Tommie Kirby, a much smaller man than himself. Sandie had seized the big bully and had held him till Tommie had beaten and kicked him into an insensible pulp.

"Now, a wave of reform had recently hit our town, and the people had been clamouring for the upholding of the law and the suppression of the nightly fights, and it was whispered that there would be some trouble over this affair.

"This explains why, as I stood there watching my hero or villain—of course, as a boy I admired him as either—three powerful men entered the hotel door. Douglas MacKenzie, marshal of our town, led the way, and he was closely followed by Alister and Duncan Robertson.

"'Mornin', Douglas; mornin', boys,' spluttered Sandie, as he washed.

"'I want you to come with me to the courthouse, Sandie,' said MacKenzie, thinking best to get it out and over with.

"'All right; you'll let me put on my shirt first, won't you?'

"'Sure, take all the time you want, Sandie. There's no hurry,' was the reply.

"Carefully Sandie adjusted his collar and tie, brushed his hair, even combed his moustache, feeling his chin the while to see that his razor had made a good job; and then, with a 'Have a dram, boys?' he crossed the room, went behind the bar and helped them and himself to whiskey, for Sandie was *persona grata* at the hotel, and always helped himself. 'Health, boys!' he said, quietly, and then, raising his voice slightly, and pointing at Douglas, he went on, 'Douglas MacKenzie, marshal o' this town, ye cam here to arrest me! Why didna ye come alane? If ye had I wad hae gang wi' ye like a lamb, but nae ye bring twa mair wi' ye, which means ye think the three o' ye can tak me whether I will or no.'

"Without giving MacKenzie a moment's chance to answer him, he vaulted the bar and walked over to the other side of the room, and in passing the stove in the centre took a shovelful of ashes, strewing them in a straight line across the room. He then stood with his back to the wall and dared them.

'The first man who crosses that line will get hurt!' was the warning he uttered. But these men were no cowards. They had a duty to perform. They hesitated but a moment, and then rushed in on him. He met them with terrific swings of his right and left. His great ham of a fist struck the marshal fairly under the jaw and he went down like a felled ox, but Alister got a grip on him, in spite of the blow he received on the side of the head. But, lifting him bodily, Sandie banged him against Duncan so forcibly that he, too, sank to the floor, and then I thought the partition wall would have broken, as the body of Duncan hit it and he also lay limp.

"WITHOUT a glance at his fallen foes, Sandie, carefully straightening his collar and tie as he went, left the hotel and walked briskly down the street. At a small house he stopped and went inside. An old, white-haired man sat in an arm-chair smoking feebly at a cutty pipe.

"'James McManus, I want ye to arrest me and tak me tae the courthouse,' said Sandie.

"'But I'm nae langer marshal, Sandie, I canna,' said the old man.

"'But ye must, or there'll be murder done,' said Sandie, and he went on to tell the old

man of the attempted arrest.

"The old man rose, Sandie helping the frail old body onto his shaky legs, and bringing his old oak stick. Then slowly they proceeded, arm in arm, down the main street to the courthouse.

"It was, I think, the strangest arrest ever made, this great, powerful giant and his aged, palsied captor.

"All was excitement when the courthouse was reached, and Sandie was a trifle pale, as proceeding down to the dock he announced, 'James McManus has brought ye the accused, yer worship.'

"The magistrate did not blink. It was not really a humorous scene to those who saw it. There was, indeed, more a kind of parable effect in it for all present.

"The magistrate read the charge, and asked, 'Are ye guilty or not guilty, MacTavish?'

"'Guilty,' replied Sandie.

"'I fine ye five dollars, MacTavish.'

"It was then that Sandie blanched, for Sandie had money but once a month, and it only lasted a few days.

"IT was Douglas MacKenzie, the marshal, whose head still swam with the effects of that terrific clip on the jaw, who solved the problem.

"They may be brutal, these men of the Valley, but their generosity is not limited, and as MacKenzie's hat passed from hand to hand the difficulty of Sandie's fine was soon overcome. And well do I remember the joy with which I was able to contribute the dime which I had just earned by my message to the hotel. Ten cents in those days to a laddie in the Ottawa Valley was a great deal, but I gave it with a glad heart.

"There are many stories told of MacTavish, but I like to think of him as, his eyes sparkling, almost in tears, he raised his head and said the simple words, 'I thank you, friends.' And then, with bowed head and unsteady tread, he led out his aged friend.

"No doubt he was a sadder and a wiser man, but, oh, the seed of such lessons does not take root in men of the type of MacTavish.

"For MacTavish is the kind of man that is a good bit of a law unto himself, and he belongs to a country where once in a while the bigness in a man's blood is a little bigger than the law.

"'Have another peg, and I must be off, boys.'"

The Cost of a Baby

Containing Wholesome Truths for Those Who Consider the High Cost of Rearing a Family

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

THESE are two classes of people, with different views of "The Cost of a Baby." There are those who, in their ignorance, undervalue the value of babies and allow them to die from neglect or to survive with weak bodies and minds. Then there are those who spend more on the baby than is necessary. They keep it alive, but they pamper it, dress it as a doll, surround it with useless luxuries and finally make it an educated fop or a silly society moth. These two classes of people need to be aroused to do some thinking.

As for the first class of parents, the health departments of the larger cities are doing something. They are telling the truth about the waste of babies. Here is a sample editorial from a Montreal paper:

"Last week 169 children under five years old died in Montreal; a week before the figure was nearer 200, and in the past seven months about 3,000, in round numbers, have died. This is a record which no other city on the continent of America can boast of. We have the worst and filthiest streets on the continent and we kill more babies in an average week than any other city 'kills' in a month. This magnificent record of death is not new. It was the same last year, the year before, and many years before that."

The Montreal infantile death rate is much worse than a scourge of yellow fever. Epidemics can be stamped out. The death-rate of children goes on from year to year, by natural—or un-natural—causes. A death-rate of 3,000 in seven months is equivalent to 5,000 a year. That is, the native-born population of a good-sized town passes out every year in Montreal at an age when these thousands of potential citizens have been unable to contribute anything to the well-being of the country beyond increasing consumption of goods.

OF late years the baby has received in a theoretical way more attention from scientists and students of human life than ever before. The desirability of having children, their needs, and their education, form the basis of learned discussions everywhere. Yet, on the other hand, a majority of the comfortable, well-to-do, cultured people, inhabiting the commodious and well-appointed homes of our land, remain utterly indifferent to the subject, and count it a mark of sanity to escape as often as possible from a responsibility which levies such a heavy tax on their time, their strength, and their purse. Men and women, in apparently very comfortable circumstances, will insist that they are not well enough off to have a large family, and as they declare it with every appearance of sincerity, it might be well to pause and ask them what, according to their standard, it really costs to launch a new human life on the boundless sea of time and give it such a start as will reasonably insure its making some desirable port at the end of the run.

The animal creation is wiser than the human in that it recognizes the rearing of young to be the chief end of its existence. People frustrate this wise design of mother nature and always with disastrous results. For everything happy and good centres around childhood, and other interests of the business and social world are dwarfs beside it. Most of our civilization is built up in the interests of the young. How long would our educational institutions flourish if it were not for the oncoming generation? Take the interest and care of children from the lives of grown people, and what is left? An imbecile old age, steeped in selfishness, narrow as a set of geometrical lines. A man may tell you that he is immersed in his business, that he enjoys "playing the game," that money is the be-all and the end-all of his existence; but corner him as to his real incentive for keeping up the daily grind and he will tell you, "the boys must be educated," or "the girls must have their chance in society." Similarly a woman may fancy she is living for social power and place, but how soon her interest cloys if she cannot see her life lived over again through the medium of her blooming young daughter.

Since we agree in theory at least with the author of divine writ, where he says: "Children are an heritage of the Lord; as arrows are in the hands of a mighty man so are children of the youth; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them"; why are we so reluctant to avail ourselves of the blessing the Lord's hand holds out? Why do we murmur a word of pity for the mother with a troop of little children hanging at her skirts? Or designate as "poor devil" the father who toils at his desk to supply an over-sized family with the comforts modern civilization thinks they need?

One sometimes smiles inwardly at the fear expressed by the over-cautious that the modern reluctance to have children will end in race suicide. Our city streets swarm with youngsters. There must be some who are not afraid of the cost of rearing a family. Who are they? Too often, unfortunately, they are the ignorant and foreign-

Toronto's yearly death toll among babies is much lower than Montreal, but still very high. In the twelve months ending August 1, 1913, the number of babies under five years that died in Toronto was 2,050. Of these, 90.7 per cent. were under two years of age, and the majority of deaths were in the hot weather, due to tainted food, poor milk, bad nursing and inadequate housing accommodation. At the same time, Toronto has the best milk police system in Canada.

If the same death-rate prevailed among any species of animal, it would be considered time to enact radical measures to prevent it. Since it occurs among babies and there is no law to prevent parents losing children so long as they are either too poor in circumstances or too careless to prevent it, little or nothing is done. In Montreal, growing at an abnormal rate, a voluntary Housing Association is prepared to do something to better the conditions of those who are losing babies wholesale. So far nothing has been done. In Toronto, a start has been made on workingmen's homes, and the adulteration of milk has been reduced to less than five per cent. But the demand for this kind of benevolence always outruns the supply.

It is for the second class more particularly that the following article is intended. Is it financially necessary to limit a family to one boy and one girl? Should there be so much money spent on the bringing up and the education of a child that a man of average income may afford only two children? Is it well for the nation, that Canadians should so limit the size of their families? These are some of the questions which the author endeavours to answer in a limited space and on which the CANADIAN COURIER invites correspondence.



If City Babies Were Able to be Photographed Naturally Like This, Infant Mortality in Canada Would be Reduced to a Minimum.

born, while the spacious homes on the avenues are empty of youthful voices or imprison only one or two delicate, spoiled, over-sensitive children. Isn't it strange that the poor so readily undertake a burden that the rich fall down before? Have they a secret hidden from the wise and the wealthy?

The people of culture reply: "We would rather rear one child in the education and with the prospects demanded by this age than a large family to whom we could not give an adequate start in life." I wonder if results would prove that the one child with "prospects" has a better chance of distinguishing himself than the member of a large family where wants were many and luxuries few.

HOW is the cost attendant on the birth of every baby to be computed? It is far beyond dollars and cents. Perhaps it is the question of physical inconvenience and pain that makes the mother heart quail. Yet while this is so, there is a far greater dread, and it is the thought of the added burden to the already over-taxed strength of the parents, the interference with the family comfort and the family finances, not only for the first few months of babyhood, but for as many years as the parental eye cares to look ahead.

We watch rather enviously the young of the animal world, the staggering colt, the sprawling kitten, the newly-hatched chick. They all get on their feet a few hours after birth and begin to take an active interest in hunting after their own food. They develop easily and naturally, not under strain and stress, and they do not wring every drop of vitality out of their mothers.

To be sure it will be quickly argued that the human baby could never be induced to take to its feet and run about in search of food, no matter to what stage of evolution it had been brought. Then

let us go back for a more fitting parallel to the child of the very poor. At an early age it is left to the care of other children; it rolls on the floor with bare, unprotected limbs; the dirt on its face might harbour a million germs of every known species; never a dollar has been laid out for its doctor bills or for its clothes. And yet its superb health quashes every scientific theory for the treatment of infants. It is superbly, triumphantly robust. Does it prove that much of our outlay of money and nerve-force in the care of children is unnecessary?—that our modern system for the education of the young is more or less of a farce?

SAID an anxious mother of five brainy but weak-bodied children the other day:

"Education is right—it must be right. We can't let our children grow up in ignorance. But if it is right why is it so ruinous to their health?"

Bless you, education is right so long as it keeps to the true meaning of that much-abused word. It is a fine thing to "lead out" what is in a child's mind; it is when we try to cram in what was never intended to be there that complications arise.

Our grandfathers, who wrested a meagre living from this rebellious soil a hundred years ago, thought it a "high-flown" accomplishment to be able to read and write. Our fathers went them one better and secured a good working education from the public schools with some smattering of high school courses. We in our turn were bent on a university training. Dare you stop to consider what the rising generation will demand?

A prominent university graduate made the remark recently that he honestly hoped his children would not desire a university education. He believes, with a rapidly-increasing number of thinking people, that the youngster is fortunate whose parent takes him by the hand on long walks through country lane or along river trail, and opens his eyes to the ways of bird and plant life, who teaches him to know the animals on which his living depends, and to know men with whom he must work, in short to be on most familiar terms with the old mother earth who nourishes all. That chap who has learned the two essentials which any animal teaches its young—how to get his own living and how to meet other creatures of his own kind—can afford to remain in ignorance of the fact that in the year 55 B.C. Caesar, having completed the subjugation of Gallia, turned his attention to Britain.

The strain of rearing a family has become so terrific that no person could be blamed for running away from the responsibility. If we could just find the imaginary individual who keeps on piling up the cost of living and taking our money out of us for things that do not satisfy, how gladly we would put all the blame on him! One looks for a complete reversion to the simple life in the near future as soon as a leader comes forward wise and strong enough to show us how to do it. And under the improved order of things none will thrive so beautifully as the children. They really demand of us so few of the things we think they need to have. They are happier in a quiet country yard

than at the finest summer resort we can drag them to. They are better if they never hear tell of an edible dainty or a sweetmeat. Stiff or costly clothes can only be forced on them by using our superior strength against their weakness. School learning is crammed down their throats till they form a distaste for everything bookish for evermore.

IT is just recently that some of the prominent American educators have had their eyes opened to the fact that the modern education of the child has been a costly mistake. They have begun to see the pitiful humour of a child in spectacles stoop-shouldered over its books. They realize that the schools have judged a child's development by its memorizing of arithmetical tables and lists of words in grammar and geography, and have given little encouragement to the cultivation of the cardinal virtues of honour, truth, punctuality, and clean living. We have tried to make of the

youngster a little abridged pocket-dictionary, and the result in worry and expense to the average parent has been most disastrous. The sooner we wake up and use common horse or cow sense in fostering our young, the easier we will make life for ourselves.

Every child has an unalienable right to a clean and honourable birth. So the sages have proclaimed and we all heartily respond amen. And to an education, we are fond of adding. Ay, there's the rub! How much education, and of what kind? Must we slave ourselves into our graves that our offspring may have the benefit of the wisdom of the universities, or that they may have plenty of money to set them up in life, or that they may dress, and travel, and shine in society? Must we make every rough place smooth for their feet, while our own fingers are worn to the bone and our brains grow numb with toil? Such an education defeats its own end. Every generation will give to the

world a race of men and women more effete and helpless.

GIVE the child a clean, honourable birth by all means. Add the silent, unobtrusive, all-potent influence of a Christian home, where love and integrity are genuine things. Then endeavour to instil into the young mind a desire to know all about the beautiful and wonderful things by which he is daily surrounded. Surely this love of knowing is the basis of all true education. If it leads the youth to the point where he feels that he must have a university training, well and good. He will profit by it under those circumstances, whereas it would have been money thrown away if forced on him. Though he be poor he will find his own way of reaching the desired goal—and that of itself is an education—while his very material assistance will ease the monetary burden his education naturally imposes on his parents.

The Newspaper Masquerade in Montreal

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

a baron by the time he is seventy—whatever becomes of his remarkable newspaper.

For some years back the average Montrealer would tell you that the *Star* is the greatest paper in Canada, in the same sense that the C. P. R. and the T. Eaton Co. and the Canadian National Ex-

THE summer season of theatricals opened in Montreal last month with a popular show of hippodrome dimensions, which might have been bill-posted,

"WHO, WHOSE, and WHY?"

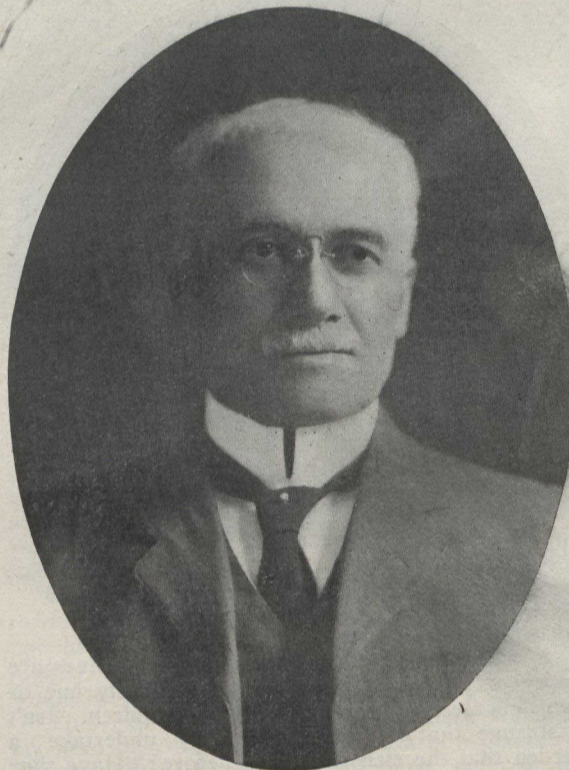
"*The Great Impersonal Newspaper Masquerade, Contrived to Entertain the Public by Fooling Some of the People as Much of the Time as Possible.*"

This description does not apply to the whole newspaper situation in Montreal. But the big Show is a common centre about which, somewhat by coincidence, the others more or less revolve—at least for the present. The show represents invested capital of several millions of dollars and the common interests of at least 200,000 people. And it is a real "drammer"; plot, personae and purpose mainly made possible by one master hand—but whose?

In a boxed-up office behind marble colonnades on lower St. James is a quick-witted, grey-haired, very astute man who knows more about it than any one else—and says less. Two blocks west on the eighth floor of the Eastern Townships Building there is a big, dominant, middle-aged young man well-known in Montreal finance. He knows pretty nearly as much as the first and puts a good deal of his knowledge into action on the open stage. Over on tumultuous, cobble-stoned Craig St., just behind his office, two men on his behalf are operating a newspaper who three weeks ago were on other jobs. They know a good bit and sometimes say so in the paper. One block east at the corner of St. Peter there is a little, keen-eyed Scotch-Canadian who manages another paper with an old plant and a new title; and he knows more than some of the others, but—keeps it. Two blocks down the same street in the offices of the Tramways Company there is a French-Canadian M. P. P. with a Scotch secretary; and if you ever find him in his office he might be more able than willing to account for at least one Act of this newspaper masquerade. Finally, away over on Phillips Square, four blocks north, there are two middle-aged purposeful men who are the sole authors of another Act; and in about two months they intend to begin telling the public something about it in a new paper to be called The Montreal Daily Mail.

So much for the cast of characters. Now for the plot.

SIX months ago, the main paper interest in Montreal was the *Star*, owned, as every one knows, by Sir Hugh Graham, started by him in 1869 when he was a youth of twenty-one with some newspaper experience gained in his father's country newspaper office. The *Star* of those days was a hand-made, almost man-peddled paper, largely produced, sometimes personally sold and mainly operated and owned by Hugh Graham, the young Scotch-Canadian, born in Huntingdon, P.Q. The *Star* of January, 1913, was a huge enterprise, worth not less than \$2,000,000; with gross advertising revenues of a million a year and a profit to the owner of \$200,000 a year; housed in a very inadequate but huge building on St. James; published somewhat in the interests of one man's interpretation of Imperial issues; owned by a knight who has more public enterprises to his credit than any other newspaper man in Canada—a small-sized, active and alert old man of 65 who could have been a Canadian Barnum if he had cared to, and whom gossip credits with a desire to become



The Creator of the Montreal Star Knows More Than Any Other Man About the Newspaper Enigma in Montreal.

hibition are the greatest. There were big salaries paid on the *Star* and big men got them; salaries big enough to keep such men from going into commercial life or on to any other newspaper. Sir Hugh knew how to keep his big men; because he is himself a profound, practical student of human nature.

THIS is no place to recount how many good men the *Star* has had from the *Herald* and *Witness*. The man of most immediate interest to the present newspaper enigma is the man who was with the *Star* in a more or less editorial capacity for twenty-five years, who knew, as he still knows, nearly as much about the *Star* as the owner of it, and as much about the owner as any man alive.

Brenton MacNab, lately managing editor of the *Star*, left the *Star* because he wanted to start a paper himself; and he was peculiarly fitted for the task. Personally well off, apart from journalism, he was not wealthy enough to do it alone. Financial backing was promised. The backers understood MacNab and accepted his choice of a running-mate, Edward Nicholls, for seven years editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram* and formerly of the *Toronto World*. The choice of so able a man proves that MacNab made good use of his own native ability and his training under the master craftsman, Sir Hugh. A man who has spent the best years of his life with Billy Maclean in his days of adversity,

and with Bob Rogers in his days of power, teamed up with a man who has spent twenty-five years in the service of Sir Hugh Graham, should be able to succeed in Montreal with any kind of paper for which he cared to become responsible.

Nicholls was made president and managing director of the new paper, backed by invisible capital, with an agreement concerning financial affairs and control of policy satisfactory to both groups of interests. MacNab is to be editor. The *Montreal Daily Mail*, independent in politics, with a morning franchise in competition with the *Gazette*, will put out Vol. One, Number One, early in October. The price will be one cent a copy. So far as is known there are no axes to grind on either side, and no strings on the two men who at about the same age have decided to play their own game in Canadian newspaperdom. The scheme looks admittedly Utopian, but it is as much a fact as a mile of railway.

Now came a crop of rumours. Since Nicholls had come from the *Winnipeg Telegram* it must be the hand of Hon. Robert Rogers behind the curtain; since the name was the *Daily Mail*—naturally the power behind must be Harmsworth; or it might be the newspaper trust known as the Southam Press, owning papers in Ottawa, Hamilton, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver. And there are some who still believe that Sir Hugh Graham is the panner-mover—but mention that to either Nicholls or MacNab and see what happens.

IT is stated for absolute fact by the managers, that the financial interests behind the *Daily Mail* are not a political pact; that they are all in Montreal; that they are mainly young business men who believe there is a field in Montreal for that kind of paper; that part of them are Liberals and part Conservatives; that there is not even the phantom of a trust in the connection.

What opinions exist in the *Winnipeg Telegram* and the *Montreal Star* are as yet unknown. Most certainly, Hon. Robert Rogers had no desire to lose Nicholls, more than Hugh Graham had to lose MacNab. But the *Telegram* is 1,200 miles from Montreal—and the *Star* but a few blocks away from the spot where the presses and linotypes of the *Daily Mail* are now being installed.

Doubtless, Sir Hugh Graham considered MacNab—well at least a wee bit rash. Was he also—presumptuous? Should he have consulted Sir Hugh, who for twenty years has been justly regarded as the father of modern English newspaperism in Montreal? Should the two men have held caucuses with Conservative leaders? They smile at the idea; having their own opinions of some Conservative front-benchers as well as of the later Borden method of dealing with the navy problem; though both Nicholls and MacNab are out for direct contribution to the Imperial navy.

In the *Gazette* offices—some fluttering; meanwhile a cutting of prices to newsboys, still selling at two cents a copy.

BUT down at the *Star*—Sir Hugh Graham in that corner office behind the marble pillars, probably turned this business over in his mind as strenuously as ever he did the German scare and the "great illusion." And Sir Hugh is no man to twiddle his thumbs and sigh for a sceptre that seemed to be slipping away. At an age when he might have been expected to be picking a man to run the *Star* while he looked after his title, Sir

Hugh, with his remarkable energy and mastery of tactics, was—up and doing.

Between the announcement of the *Daily Mail* and the recent upheaval—with which it has nothing in the world obviously to do—there is a gap which to bridge over we must go back a little into the history of another Montreal newspaper. About two years ago, it will be remembered, the *Herald* building on Victoria Square was wiped out by a fire caused by a toppling water-tank. The *Herald* was fully insured and might have started up again on an even keel without any financial assistance. But "Brer" Brierly, as he was called, went in stronger than ever to house the *Herald*, then just a hundred years old, in a new, modern building, to accommodate also the huge job plant; seven storeys high on Craig St., a block west of the *Witness*. It was Sir Max Aitken who furnished the extra capital. The *Herald*, however, remained Liberal, though since the last election it swung over to the policy of a naval contribution. So far as is known, Sir Max had nothing more to do with the *Herald*. He was then in England and in politics.

HOWEVER, since the *Herald* took outside capital and had broken away from the Laurier navy, why should it not be a negotiable concern? What was to hinder Sir Hugh Graham with his immense prestige and profits of the *Daily Star* from considering it possible to buy the *Herald*? There were good reasons why he should do so. He had already branched out from the *Star* in advancing capital to the Tarte brothers on *La Patrie*, which Mr. Bourassa accused of being the French projection of the *Star*. To acquire an out-and-out Liberal paper might be an even better stroke.

Sir Hugh gave himself but five years more of active life. He had all his fine, consummate ambition and more sagacity than ever. Besides—would it not be good tactics to appear to be circumventing the *Daily Mail* by getting hold of the *Herald*?

In other words as some of his critics might put it—having reached the end of a long tether in the *Star*, Sir Hugh had some desire to prevent any rival interests from blocking his ambition to become the dictator of English journalism in Montreal. And since the *Herald* had spent years lambasting the *Star* the idea was quite Quixotic enough to fascinate a man with such brilliant business sagacity as Sir Hugh. Nominally the *Star* was independent. By times it had been Conservative. Since Sir Hugh's many trips to Imperial Conferences the *Star* had put the loud pedal on its Imperialism, which began about the time of the Boer War. In fact Sir Hugh Graham has always considered that Sir Hugh was a bigger fact on the *Star* than either of the two political leaders or programmes. The Conservative Government was not likely to see eye to eye with Sir Hugh upon all things—forever. Conservative leaders not in the Cabinet had broken with him. Why should Sir Hugh consider himself bound by a mere political programme?

It is certain that Sir Hugh made more than one attempt to buy the *Herald*. It is equally certain that he held no direct conferences with Mr. Brierly, owner of the *Herald*. It is now quite clear that he did not buy the *Herald*. For which degree of unmistakability let's all be duly thankful.

On the other hand—there was the *Witness*. Years now with its blue laws on morality, its daily passages from the Scriptures and its refusal to publish either sensational news or objectionable advertisements, the family organ founded by the older Dougall had got into a financial backwash. It was no longer part of the big current of men and events. Besides, it was independent in politics.

Nobody knows as a matter of court-room evidence exactly what might have been the nature of any negotiations of Sir Hugh Graham to buy the *Witness*. Nobody is likely to state in print that Sir Hugh ever directly approached Mr. Dougall, or that he ever balanced the *Witness* against the *Herald*, or entertained any notion of focussing both in the same camera. But between the two Craig St. papers the newspaper financier had enough to engage his attention for some time without troubling over the German scare.

All this while a new journalistic figure had been coming into view; a man who for several years had been a close friend and co-political worker with Sir Hugh. A little more than a year ago D. Lorne McGibbon made his first dip into the newspaper field when he became financial backer of the *Financial Times*, a new weekly started by Messrs. Edward Beck, once of the *Herald* and later of the *Star*, and Mr. Kelly Dickinson, financial editor of the *Herald*. Very few knew of the connection. Quite likely Sir Hugh Graham did. At any rate the president of the Consolidated Rubber Co. and the man who

has dealt constructively with a large number of industrial and commercial interests in Montreal, had been enough in the game of politics to recognize the power of a newspaper. He had been in contact with Sir Hugh Graham enough to know what one man may do with a big newspaper. But a year ago D. Lorne McGibbon had no more definite intention of buying a daily than he had of starting a new party.

Meanwhile, the financier had been associated on the Tramways Board, with Mr. E. A. Robert, president of the Tramways Co. and a close personal



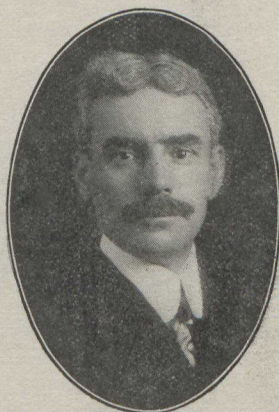
A Year Ago D. Lorne McGibbon Had Nothing to do With Newspaperism. Now He Owns the Montreal Daily Herald.

friend of Sir Hugh Graham. As developer of Cedar Rapids Power, up the St. Lawrence, he had industrial reasons for having something more or less in common with the president of the biggest power-consuming corporation in Montreal. But the two men were never quite compatible and for some time have not pulled in the same boat on financial matters. It has since been stated in the press that Sir Hugh Graham and the *Star* have been allies of Mr. Robert and the Tramways Co. in all the negotiations with the Quebec Legislature, though on the face of it the *Star* always seemed to be on the side of the people. Which is—well, if true, at least brilliant.

The plot thickens. Pretty soon the caldron will boil over. There now began to be the strangest series of behind-curtain dickerings ever known in Montreal newspaperdom. The Royal Trust Company entered the field. It was the Royal Trust that approached Mr. Brierly. It was the Royal Trust who opened negotiations with the *Witness*.

Who—was behind the Royal Trust?

At the same time there were reasons why the *Herald* should deal directly with D. Lorne McGibbon, who felt himself being drawn nearer the middle of that fascinating game known to wealthy men as acquiring newspapers. By this time he had certain more or less definite reasons for considering a purchase of the *Herald*. Some of his money had



Edward Beck, New Editor-in-chief of the Montreal Herald and President of the Company.



T. Kelly Dickinson, Business Manager of the Herald and Vice-President of the Company.

already gone into the *Financial Times*, whose office is in the *Herald* Building; some into the *Saturday Mirror*, a local weekly started in the *Times* office, and since absorbed into the Sunday edition of the *Herald*; some in other similar directions.

The next step must be taken quickly. The *Herald* was definitely on the market.

By way of *entr'acte* there now began to be much talk of a new Liberal paper approved by Liberal leaders at Ottawa and conducted partly at least by ex-members of the Liberal Cabinet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent visit to Montreal was made the alleged pretext for getting this new paper under way—in the Conservative stronghold of English-speaking Quebec.

Then, almost like two claps of thunder from opposite quarters, came the announcement that the *Witness* was bought by Liberal interests and transformed into the *Daily Telegraph*; and that D. Lorne McGibbon, Conservative, had bought the *Herald*.

Now for another crop of rumours. Strangest of all improbabilities, it was said, and is still said, that Sir Hugh Graham is the personal power behind the *Daily Telegraph*. Vol. One, Number One, on July 12, contained a remarkable thesis on Liberalism; written by one who knows Liberalism. The writer of that was not Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as was once predicted; neither was it Hon. Mr. Fielding, who is supposed to be editorially connected with the new venture. Neither was it Sir Hugh Graham, who has very little time for writing. But it was skilfully written. In newspaper circles in Montreal it has become a classic. And it has earmarks of having been done by one who is in very close touch with the editorial policy of the *Star*.

Who was the writer?

Also—how did it happen that in spite of a rule made by the *Star* to publish no advertisements of rival newspapers, there appeared in the *Star* several display ads of the *Daily Telegraph*. On the strength of this and other more or less technical evidence, it has been openly stated in the press that Sir Hugh Graham and his friend, Mr. Robert, president of the Tramways Co., are the joint powers on the *Daily Telegraph*. Neither has explicitly denied the fact. A display advertisement in the *Telegraph*, however, stated that Sir Hugh Graham had been one of the first to offer the *Witness* assistance when it was in trouble. As for the *Star* advertising—Sir Hugh explains that there was a prohibitive price of fifty cents a line—and that the *Telegraph* met that price. What could the *Star* do but publish the ad?

So, whatever Mr. Robert, in Montreal, and the Liberal party, in Ottawa, may have to do with the *Telegraph*, it seems probable that Sir Hugh Graham, owner of the *Star*, has more to do with it than he is likely to admit.

To some Liberal readers of the *Herald* it looks as though the *Herald* might become a Conservative newspaper. But the instructions to Messrs. Edward Beck and Kelly Dickinson, respectively president and vice-president, are—to publish a newspaper. Since the transfer of the *Herald* Liberal editorials have appeared in the paper. They may continue to appear, even though the man who bought the *Herald* is a Conservative with critical leanings.

The *Herald* is at present non-partisan. It expects to carry to greater lengths the *Herald* policy of Clean up the City Hall and improve Montreal. But the chief interest in the *Herald* will begin to emerge a few months previous to the next general election. McGibbon's personal and unconcealed attitude on the navy question will prevent him from endorsing any species of Liberal programme in that direction. His business sense will keep him from dictating the details of newspaper management to men who have made it their life business to run newspapers. His ability to play the game in a big way makes it certain that when the time comes to declare the ultimate and immediate policy of the *Herald*, he will not bedevil it with petty or personal issues.

BUT it would take a modern Solon with the sagacity of a Sherlock Holmes to predict what complexion English newspaperism in Montreal will wear ten years from now, when Sir Hugh Graham is out of the field. Even Sir Hugh might be pardoned for being unable to predict with much certainty, though his present attitude of skilful concealment impeaches him of much wisdom.

The writer went to Sir Hugh for enlightenment. He was handed—a lamp, with no oil. Sir Hugh declined to answer verbal questions.

"Put your questions in writing and I will consider them," he said, genially, with a superb mastery of any temptation to be irritable.

From that the interview shifted to Mr. Gordon Smith, managing director of the *Telegraph*, as he was of the *Witness*. It was Gordon Smith through whom the *Witness-Telegraph* deal was effected, whoever were the dealers.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, courteously.

"Well," was the reply. "I have asked Sir Hugh

(Concluded on page 18.)



IS WOMAN INDECENT?

SEE that a lot of civic authorities are bending their gigantic intellects to the task of regulating the dress of the ladies. It is not a duty which I would think of adding to the already onerous responsibilities of the civic Solons who make our by-laws and of the civic Brutuses who display great discretion in leaving most of them unenforced. These serene mental giants appear to me to have quite enough to do now. At any rate, they are always surrounded with a lot of unfinished work, which condition is usually regarded as a sign that the workman, so surrounded, is over-worked. Then regulating the toilet of the ladies is certainly a task which calls for some qualities of head and heart that are not possessed universally by the blundering and uninitiated male.

THESE civic sartorial authorities are trying, they tell us, to prevent women's dress from displaying too many "charms." And they are about as well engaged as an elephant would be in trying to catch a jack-rabbit. They can lay down a wooden law, decreeing that a dress shall be so long, and that it shall not be "slashed," and that it shall be of a certain consistency, and all that sort of thing; but "every woman knows" that she can promptly live up to every one of these conditions, and still be quite as charming as she was before. The male wise-acres are endeavouring to play a game which they most emphatically do not understand, and which they can only win if their opponents decide to let them do so.

IT is funny, when you come to think of it, what different extremes in dress have been described as "indecent." The Mother Hubbard was "indecent." The sheath skirt is "indecent." Yet they are the precise opposite of each other. If you wanted to cover the sheath skirt of some woman you had arrested, you could not do better than put a Mother Hubbard right over it. The fact of the matter is that what we call "indecent" in dress, consists to a very large extent of reminding the onlooker that a woman is a woman. Now, is it "indecent" to be a woman? I see that a Montreal paper has been running a hot-weather series by taking a remark I made in this department, as to the attitude of the Deity toward censorship, and interviewing the local clergy on the subject. It isolated my remark from its context—converted it from a satire into a serious statement—and then got the clergy to "view it with alarm." Well, the weather is still hot; and I will give it another subject for a set of interviews by making another remark about the policy of the Deity.

IT is this—I do not believe that, when the Deity made woman, He committed an indecency or perpetrated an immorality. A religious editor in the United States says that, rather than let women dress as they do, it would be much better to permit them to follow the custom of some savage tribes and array themselves in beads of perspiration. I am glad it was a religious editor said that. I would hardly have ventured to originate it myself. And—so far as the thought goes that he clearly had in his mind—he was perfectly right. The nude form is not suggestive. You get a friend to take you into a "life class" where the artists—young men and young women—are drawing or painting or modeling from "the nude"; and you will see that there could be nothing less suggestive than the human nude. Consult medical men and nurses on the same point. What is suggestive is either the concealment or the revelation of the "nude"—or the near-"nude"—with obvious intention. All patrons of musical comedy know this. It is not the "coryphee" in tights who is suggestive.

ALL this is important because the fundamental error which moralists usually make, in dealing with these questions of dress and "art," is based upon their belief that revelation is always immoral. It is nothing of the sort. A bathing scene at a crowded sea-side resort is not immoral. It is not suggestive. If one woman should board a Yonge St. car in a bathing suit it would almost cause a riot. It would amount to a most conspicuous and

brazen exposure of such portions of the feminine form as a bathing suit reveals. But five hundred women in bathing suits on a sea-beach become the customary type of woman at that time and place; and a lady who may chance to walk among them, fully dressed for the street, is far more suggestively feminine—if that be a sin—than they are. In a word, the customary is not suggestive. A village of savages do not look immoral. I venture to say that Eve was never so suggestive in her life to Adam as when she tied on the first "fig leaf."

IT is unfortunately true that some of our feminine styles are the creations of people who desire to suggest "the female form." You notice I do not complete the quotation; I do not write: "the female

form divine." I have no doubt that they do it deliberately. But the very fact that it becomes the style defeats their purpose. Frequency robs it of suggestiveness. We all get accustomed to it. And then they must create a new style. Happily, more of the fashions are in the hands of true artists who are aiming only at beauty. They endeavour to make a picture, usually of some type of human being; and the awful atrocities we frequently see on the streets as a result of their efforts are due chiefly to the draping of these styles on "types" to which they are not fitted. A Parisian artist makes a dress for a vivacious, diminutive, soubrette sort of girl; and it brings out all her "strong points." It is imported to Canada, and a few of the right variety get it, and "look killing," and it becomes popular. Then some Juno-esque creature, with the vivacity of a steam-roller, buys one; and we say—"What a horror!" But it is not the fault of the artist. We have simply put a quite different picture in his frame.

BUT, to turn to "our muttons," or to our veal—what is the cure for the slashed skirt or the skirtless bathing suit? Let everybody wear 'em!

THE MONOCLE MAN.

For the Dredging of Nelson Harbour

THE largest and strongest steel hydraulic dredge in the whole of America has just been completed. It was designed and constructed by the Polson Iron Works, shipping experts of Toronto. This dredge has been built in one hundred days, and the marine experts and shipping men who have seen her are unanimous in their praise of the undertaking.

Some time ago, the Dominion Government started work on the mammoth proposition of making a new grain route for Canada, which would cut off several thousands of miles, lessen the time-tables in exporting Canadian grain, and considerably decrease the expense of shipping. The first important step was to provide for a railway to Hudson Bay. This has been begun and will be completed about 1915. But there is considerable difficulty with the Bay itself, inasmuch as it contains no national harbour facilities which amount to anything. Large steamers sailing thence have to drop anchor in the Bay, because of shallow water, and the freight has to be carried ashore by small launches.

SO the Government saw the necessity for dredging. Accordingly, the Department of Railways and Canals gave an order for a 24-inch suction dredge, which was to be completed in one hundred days from the date of arrival of the machinery and apparatus.

This dredge is the largest ever built in Canada. It weighs, when completely equipped, twelve hundred tons. Of dimensions 180 by 43 feet, it has a moulded depth of 11 feet and a draught of 6½ feet. It is a double-decked structure, steel throughout, fitted with five bulkheads, which divide it into six water-tight compartments. In the forward end of the hold is located the suction pump, directly connected with a large triple expansion engine which obtains its steam from two Scotch boilers, located in the hold to the rear of the engines.

At the aft end will be the suction pipe and cutter

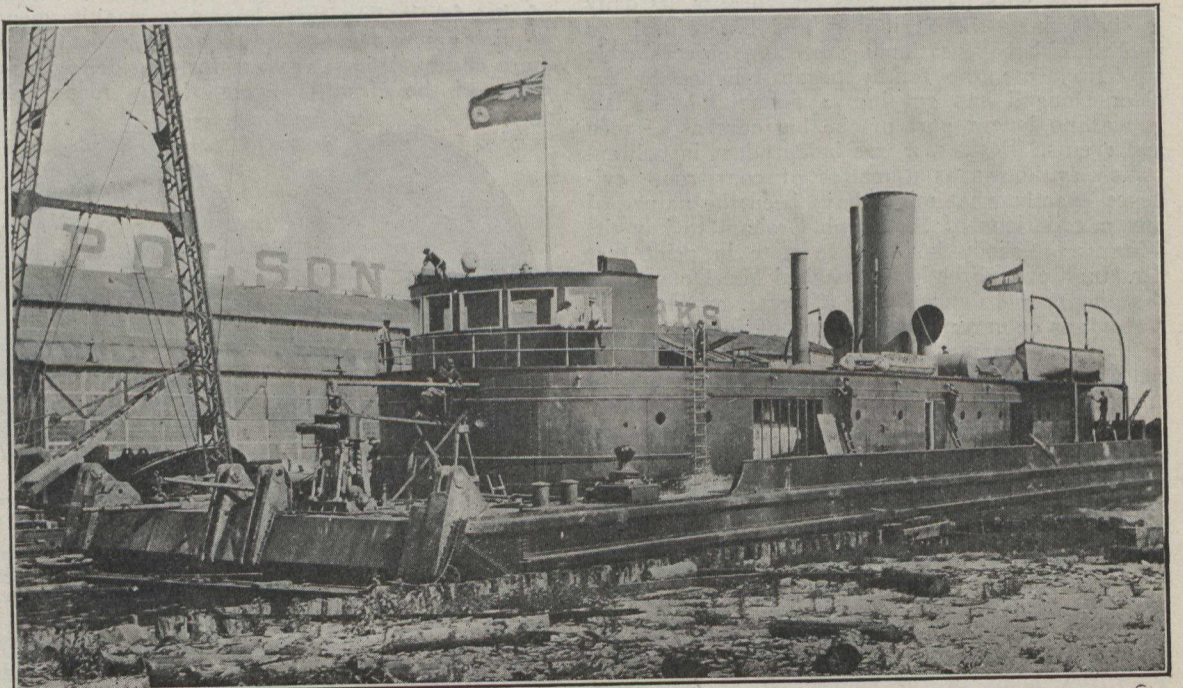
head. The cutter arm will dredge to a depth of no less than 48 feet. Two sizes of cutter are to be used, so that either soft or hard material may be displaced. The capacity of the dredging apparatus will be 1,200 cubic yards of solid per hour, when the short discharge pipe is used. When the full length is employed the discharge will be reduced to 800 cubic yards per hour.

The operation of the dredge will be out of the ordinary, in not being of the stern pivot type. Two steam capstans will be located at the stern, and one at the bow, and by means of anchors placed some distance each side of the vessel at both front and stern, the dredge will be moved from side to side bodily, the dredge end of the discharge pipe moving with it. The cutter and suction arm at the front will be raised and lowered by a winch engine in the centre of the vessel. All the control of the suction, cutter and winch machinery will be from a central point at the rear in an operating room, on the upper deck.

An important feature of the dredge will be a complete machine shop in the hold at the stern. Well-furnished cabins are provided for officers and crew, and the central part of the main deck at the front is to form a saloon. A crew numbering thirty-five will be carried. A salt water equipment is provided, though, for the most part, the dredge will operate in fresh water. A fresh water tank of 80 tons and a coal capacity of 250 tons are included.

On Saturday, the 9th of August, the dredge went to Montreal, towed by tugs. From thence the dredge—which is called the "Port Nelson"—will pass round the Labrador Coast up to the Bay, being towed all the way. The journey, even at this time of the year, is a hazardous one, and will take in the neighbourhood of four weeks to accomplish. An anchor of three tons' weight is carried, and also a sea anchor in case it should be necessary to cast the dredge adrift at sea.

H. S. E.



The New Suction Dredge, the "Port Nelson," tonnage 1,200, Built in Toronto in 100 Days. It is to be Used by the Department of Railways and Canals for Making a Harbour at Hudson Bay.

Bluenoses in the West

By J. A. IRVINE

N EARLY 500 bluenoses, herring chokers, and spud islanders, as they are sometimes called in the west, coming from the provinces by the sea, and living in the Province of Alberta, gathered at Red Deer for a re-union, picnic and general good time on the 30th of July.

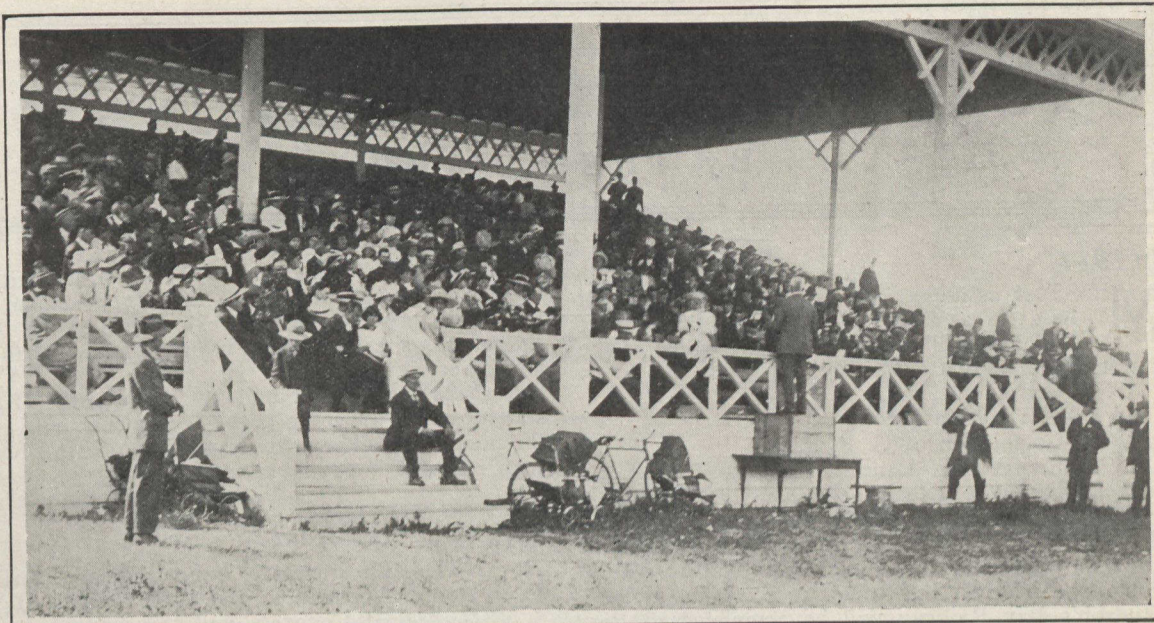
It was one of the most interesting gatherings ever held in the west. Nearly every county and town in the old provinces were represented. A large number of the leading men in Alberta come from the Maritime Provinces, and hold many important positions in the religious, social, political and business life of the west, and a great many of them attended the picnic to renew old acquaintances and meet former friends.

A rather unique badge in the form of a fish, with the words "Blue nose picnic," was given to each one present.

The party were met at the station by the band and citizens of Red Deer and escorted to the park and picnic grounds. After luncheon all assembled in the large pavilion on the Exhibition grounds, and were welcomed to the city by the Mayor, Mr. Galbraith. His Honour Lieut.-Governor Bulyea, a former resident of New Brunswick, replied, and spoke of the achievements the men of the Maritime Provinces had accomplished in the religious, social, political and educational life, not only in Alberta, but the world over. Some of the other speakers were F. H. Whiteside, member for Coronation in the Alberta Legislature, and formerly of New Brunswick; Rev. Dr. Sharpe, of the Baptist College, Calgary; Alderman Geo. H. Ross, K.C.; and L. U. Fowler, of Calgary, both originally Prince Edward Island men; Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. C. H. Huestis, and George W. Smith, of Red Deer, from Nova Scotia.

Following the speakers came an interesting game of baseball between Red Deer and Calgary, won by the latter. General sports of all kinds were held, including a tug of war between men from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—the winning team, Nova Scotia, having to compete with the men from Prince Edward Island. The Nova Scotia team won.

A great many of the eastern folk in passing hurriedly through the west generally receive the impression that the west is all prairie. This is a mistake. There are to be found many parks, trees, forests and excellent scenery. Red Deer has been bestowed by nature with a great deal of natural beauty. It is one of the beauty spots of Alberta, and the men from the east attending the picnic almost thought themselves transported back to their old haunts in the woods by the sea. Such festivals as these do good. They revive memories of the past which hearten for the future.



The "Bluenose" Picnic at Red Deer Was a Great Success. Chairman G. W. Smith Speaking to the Gathering from an Improvised Platform.



Sons and Daughters, Grandsons and Granddaughters of "Bluenose" Descent; Happy and Prosperous in Their New Homes in Western Canada.

Photographs by J. A. Irvine, Calgary.

Chairing the Winner of the King's Prize at Bisley



"The Maple Leaf Forever." Hawkins, After Winning the King's Prize, Was "Chaired" and Carried About the Grounds Waving a Branch of Maple. Canada's Soldiers Are Proud of Canada's Emblem

Canadians, in Front of the Canadian Hut at Bisley, Cheering for Hawkins' Victory. Even Hawkins, in His Chair, Could Not Restrain Himself When There Was Cheering for "The Maple Leaf."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

In 1914

MOST of us hope to live through 1914. It will be as great a year as 1867, 1878, 1885, 1896, and 1911. Those years tell the whole of the history of modern Canada:

1867—Confederation.

1878—The National Policy.

1885—Completion of C. P. R.

1896—Sir Wilfrid Laurier becomes Premier.

1911—Defeat of Reciprocity.

But 1914 should be equally famous. The Canadian Northern Railway will be completed from Vancouver to Quebec; the Grand Trunk Pacific will be completed from Prince Rupert to St. John; and the Hudson's Bay Railway will be completed to Port Nelson. Then there is the possibility of a non-partisan settlement of the Canadian naval policy. No patriotic citizen should fail to live through the famous year of 1914.

Where There Is Real Courage

YOU may talk about your plungers on the "outlaw" racing-tracks, about your financiers who take hazardous flyers in mining stocks, and even your Balaklavian heroes, but they have nothing over the people who invest their savings in a wooden town on the frontier where the fire insurance companies refuse to write policies. Such are the men who lost \$500,000 in Athabasca Landing on the morning of August 5th. In a few hours, thirty business houses and two branch banks were a heap of ruins. A few hours later they were re-building, led by the enterprising representative of the Bank of Commerce.

You may not be able to appreciate them, but they are the frontier heroes who push back the boundaries of the Savage Domains. The politicians may distribute patronage and fat cigars at the public expense; the financier may ride in ten thousand dollar automobiles and twenty-five thousand dollar yachts; the manufacturer may increase the efficiency of his factory, so as to squeeze out another five per cent. profit; and the Boss Gambler may build another "outlaw" track—but they have nothing of courage or daring to discount the men who are re-building Athabasca Landing.

Canada's Prosperity

DURING all the recent financial stringency the CANADIAN COURIER has taken the attitude that the tightness of money need not injuriously affect the legitimate business of the country, and that the year 1913 would be a year of record prosperity. It has been maintained time and again in these columns that the elimination of real estate speculation and unnecessary flotations by ambitious municipalities or industrial boomsters and merger artists would be beneficial rather than harmful. The records of the country are fully justifying the attitude we have taken and the arguments which we have made.

In spite of the world-wide money tightness the trade of Canada shows a most gratifying steadiness. For example, the revenue of the Dominion Government for July was a million dollars greater than in July, 1912. If there had been any trade depression it should have shown in the Government's July figures. In the four months ending July 31st, the Government's revenue showed an increase of five million dollars over the same four months of last year, which were record months in Canada's history. This should convince even the most pessimistic that business conditions in this country are absolutely sound.

That the Government itself regards the situation with equanimity is shown by the increased capital expenditure. There is no retrenching. The lavish expenditures of the past few years are being continued and increased. For the four months ending July 31st, the capital expenditure by the Dominion Government was ten million dollars greater than in the same period last year. Of this ten million, about six and a half millions went to the Canadian Northern Railway and three millions to the various public works.

Great Britain has had a similar July. The total foreign trade shows an increase of forty-three million dollars, which includes an increase in exports of twenty million. This is important, because the prosperity of Great Britain is reflected in the finan-

cial conditions of this country. When Great Britain is prosperous she has plenty of money to loan us for our legitimate undertakings. During the past six months she has loaned us more money than in any other similar period.

Perhaps the summer holidays and a study of the statistics issued by the two governments will cure the pessimists. They should return to their labours with renewed hope and courage.

Is Geology Important?

CANADIANS generally have had some serious thoughts of an unusual kind because of the Geological Congress and the visiting geologists. Some of us had forgotten that there was such a science as geology. It seemed a long way back to the days when Professor Chapman told his inimitable stories and made his perennial quotations. It was farther still to the days of Logie and Dawson. Even Sir William's books are accumulating dust on Canadian bookshelves. Since these three men passed away we seem to have forgotten that there is a science of geology. The modern Canadian geologists either have nothing to say or do not know how to say it. At least they have made no appeal to the public interest.

The present Congress has recalled also the influence of science upon the interpretation of history. The geologist, assisted by the archaeologist and the paleontologist, has thrown new light upon the numerous historical legends of Europe and Asia. Particularly have they changed our interpretation of Buddhist legends, Confucianism, Brahminism and the Jewish history of the creation as contained in Genesis. When geologists first began to explain that man was not created in the year 4004 B.C., people were afraid that the basis of Christianity would be disturbed. To-day plenty of us accept the theory that there has been human and animal life on this planet for at least ten million years and at the same time we have an even nobler conception of religion and its function.

Besides emphasizing this point, the geologists will leave behind in Canada a broader and keener impression of our obligations to the men who systemize our knowledge of the rocks, coal deposits, and other mineral resources. The visiting members will also be duly impressed with the extent of Canadian mineralized territory, and its economic value to posterity.

Rural School Trustees

DURING the past fortnight there has been a conference on rural education at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. This is probably the first conference of its kind in Canada, and marks a new era in our educational attitude. It was only natural that the revolution which has taken place in university education and in city schools, looking to a broader development of scientific and technical features, should be followed by a similar revolution in rural education. Farming is, to a large extent, a trade, and the children of farmers should be educated along lines which will fit them for their calling in life. To this purpose greater attention is being given in rural schools to the teaching of the elements of agriculture.

Mr. Boving, a Swedish-Canadian from Macdonald College, told something of the progress of agricultural education in Sweden and Denmark, and the benefits obtained from the establishment of agricultural High schools. Through their influence no farmer in Sweden would keep on his farm such cows as are to be found on the average farm in Canada. Here a cow produces about three thousand pounds of milk per annum, whereas in Sweden the minimum is seven thousand pounds.

The Conference made it clear that one great necessity is the abolition of the present rural school trustee. Under our system each small school section elects three trustees to manage the little rural schoolhouse. These men are narrow-minded and lacking in educational knowledge. It must necessarily be so. The consequence is that the rural schools are cheap excuses. They are architecturally bad, poorly equipped and incompetently manned. If these small trustees were abolished and the rural education of each county put under a general county board there would be a decided improvement. If,

in addition, the smaller schools were eliminated and consolidated schools established, the efficiency would be still further increased. Manitoba is leading the way in this reform and the other provinces must follow suit. "Once a farmer, always a farmer" may be a good motto, but it cannot have much effect upon Canada's food production until our present system of rural education is thoroughly overhauled. It is an expensive and time-consuming task, but we must face it courageously.

A Neighbourly Dialogue

UNCLE SAM: "Wall, Jack Canuck, I swan there's goin' to be some trouble in Mexico before things straighten out."

Jack Canuck: "Yes, Uncle, you've got your own troubles with those fractious neighbours."

Uncle Sam: "My troubles? How?"

Jack C.: "W-well, Uncle, of course you know—I meant—there is no one else to settle it."

Uncle Sam: "Wall, Jack, for the love of Mike, do you mean to tell me that you are not going to help me? Ain't you got money in there as well as me?"

Jack C.: "Why, how could I?"

Uncle Sam: "How could you? Gol darn, ain't you got brains and muscle and grit like your Uncle Samuel?"

Jack C.: "Yes, of course, Uncle, I am a big boy, but then you see I have no navy. I have some soldiers, but I couldn't send you five hundred men who would be any use to you. You see, Canada is a peaceful nation."

Uncle Sam: "Say, young man, you better git home and put on your short pants again. I plumb thought you had grown up. You been talking rather loud about bein' a nation for some time now, and yet you venture to inform me, your Uncle Samuel, that you couldn't lend me five hundred soldiers if I got into trouble with them Mexicans?"

Jack C.: "Sorry, Uncle."

Uncle Sam: "And you ain't got any boats nor sailor lads to lend me?"

Jack C.: "No, Uncle."

Uncle Sam: "And you expect me to keep the peace all over this bloomin' continent and pay the bills and guard the shores, and keep off the Japs and Chinks and all the other bloomin' prowlers, and let you sit down and enjoy all the fun! Seems a bit peculiar, boy, doesn't it?"

Jack C.: "Oh, but you see, I am part of the Empire, and the Empire may lend you some boats and some soldiers."

Uncle Sam: "So you're part of the Empire, eh? Then there is no good in our talkin' together, eh? You are still in short pants, eh? And you still expect Good Old John Bull and Uncle Samuel to watch over you and keep the mosquitoes off, eh? I wonder John Bull ain't scared of your grit and git-up-and-git spirit, eh? Wonder he is able to sleep at nights for fear you will eclipse his rep. as a fighter and a peace-maker, eh? Yes, Jack, git home and put on your knee breeches. You ain't got no call to be posing as a growed-up."

Jack C.: "But, Uncle, I could afford a few ships, but my men are very busy making money and I hate to take them—"

Uncle Sam: "Money be damned! Who is to keep the peace on this continent, me or both of us? Kin I count on you or can't I?"

Jack C.: "Uncle, I'll go at once and cable Winston Churchill about it."

Uncle Sam: "Churchill? Who is she? Another boss, eh? Another apron string, eh? What has she got to do with it?"

Jack C.: "You see, Uncle, I was thinking of giving her some money to build some battleships for me, and maybe she'd lend me a boat or two to help you in Mexico."

Uncle Sam: "Say, young feller, d'you think I'm going to let them relations of yours over there think we can't do our own spankin' on this continent? Your Uncle Samuel don't need no help. I just asked you about it because you and me are neighbours. But don't worry, kid. And you needn't bother borrowin' from your Aunt Winston or any other of your mother's relations. Your Uncle Samuel will 'tend to this job without any help from Europe."

"But, Johnny, I am a bit disappointed in you. I thought you was a-comin' on, and that you'd be at my back if I wanted you on the beat now and again for sake of appearances. And now you tell me you can't do anything until you consult Aunt Winston."

(Rolling up his sleeves.) "Well, Jack, you go on makin' your country rich. In the meantime I'll keep the peace with my army and my navy. And later on we'll talk over jist whether you owe me any little debt on this account. Good day, Jack."

Jack C.: "G-good d-day, U-Uncle."

A Champion Sculler

AT the Canadian Henley, held at St. Catharines on Lake Ontario a fortnight ago, Robert Dibble, of the Don Rowing Club, Toronto, repeated his performance of last year. He met Culver, of Winnipeg, and Butler, of the Argonauts, and defeated them rather easily for the single-scutt championship of Canada.

Since that time he has still further added to his laurels by several successes at the forty-first annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held at Boston, on August 7th and 8th. In the Association senior singles he won his trial heat, as did J. B. Kelley, of the Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia. In the final heat Dibble won, with Rooney, of Brookline, second, Smith of New York, third, and Kelley a non-winner owing to a cramp in his hand. This entitled Dibble to compete in the championship senior single sculls against Butler, of the Argonauts, the holder of the title; Sheppard, of the Harlem Rowing Club, New York, and one other starter. Butler rowed a badly-judged race. A little head-work would have enabled him to make a much better showing, as Dibble was pretty well tired out by his two previous races, one in the



Robert Dibble, of the Don Rowing Club, Toronto, who recently won the Single-scutt Championship of Canada for the Second Time, and Last Week Won the Single-scutt Championship of America at Boston.

singles and one in the doubles. Butler led all the way down to the turning buoy, and at that point had fully four lengths lead over Dibble. About a quarter of a mile from the finish Dibble had drawn up on even terms, having taken full advantage of the smoother side of the course. From there home it was a spurt, and the Don oarsman flashed across the line a good winner.

Dibble's ambition is to compete in the Diamond Sculls. He is still almost a boy, and is not likely to be in a hurry to turn to professional sculling. He is a high type mechanic, with the very best instincts of his class. His frank, open countenance is indicative of the character of the man, and if he goes to Henley next year Canada will have a representative in whom she may have every confidence. Whether he wins or loses, Dibble will typify the highest type of Canadian sportsmanship.

The sporting editor of the Toronto Globe writes: "Dibble laughs at the report that he is to meet Eddie Durman and thereby becomes a professional. Dibble is bent on taking a crack at the Diamond Sculls, and ought to fully justify the enterprise of the Dons in sending him even should he not win the world's greatest rowing honours. Needless to say, the Dons are very highly elated, and quite naturally so. The hustling East End club claim to have three 'scullers—Dibble, Finley and Lepper—who can beat Butler. Finley and Dibble will improve next spring, both being new at sculling. Dibble rowed last year, but Finley, whose showing at St. Catharines was quite sensational, was never in a single until this season."

Progressive Music

STARTING a new music conservatory in Canada is not a simple matter. Three years ago Prof. Hambourg, with his two sons, came to Canada with that intention. A few weeks ago, after two years of renting

premises for the Hambourg Conservatory and one year of individual teaching, Prof. Hambourg bought a property on a leading residential street in Toronto. The price for the property was \$45,000. If three years ago the professor had been told that in 1913 he would be doing such a thing, he would have said:

"Impossible!"

However, the peculiar art genius of the Hambourg family has asserted itself in this country in a very unmistakable way. At the present time the Hambourg Conservatory has nearly 500 pupils and a faculty of nearly 50, covering all branches of musical art and allied subjects. The professor is still at the head, a young old man of great energy and incurable optimism. His two sons are still with him, respectively at the head of the violin and the piano department, as the professor is at the head of the piano department, besides being managing director.

In three years these three men have made remarkable progress in the extension of music culture in Canada. They came at a time when the country was ripe for bigger things than had been accomplished along certain lines. Their aggressive campaign has been considerable of a stimulus to other institutions. There is to-day three times the musical teaching activity in Toronto that there was a few years ago. Much of this expansion was bound to come in any case. The art life of a new country is sure to develop along with the commercial expansion and rapid settlement. The West has developed amazingly, quite as much in music as in railroads and wheat. The East has reaped the benefit. Such institutions as the Hambourg Conservatory, aggressive, art-developed and abounding in experience have been the fortunate beneficiaries of circumstances as well as the direct causes of progress.

Somebody must begin new movements. The pioneer institution, with branches ramifying all over the country, advertised in every home, and as well known in many cities as a great railway, was itself once a new thing, and not so many years ago. The pioneer institutions are still developing, even more rapidly than when there was less competition. It is the test of a good organization that it is not only able to stand severe new competition, but that it is able to beat even its own record in so doing. The Hambourg people have certainly brought an accession of new ideas to the teaching of music in Canada, just as a year's furlough in the music and art centres of Europe has made it possible for Dr. A. S. Vogt to instil new life into the conservatory of which he is now the managing director.

Love in the Country.—She—"Is it because you think I am so pretty that you want to marry me?"

He—"No, it's because your parents have a gramophone."—Le Sourire, Paris.

Who's Lyin' 'Ere?—Richard Harding Davis had an amusing experience while on a recent visit to England. While motoring through the country his party stopped to see an old church. The native guide was showing the party through, explaining all the points of interest after his own style.

"In the far corner of this 'ere church," he said, "lies William the Conqueror; be'ind the organ, where yer can't see, are tombs of Guy Fawkes, Robin 'Ood and Cardinal Wolsey. Now sir," he added, addressing Davis, "does that there guide book as I sees you 'ave in your 'and tell yer who's lyin' 'ere?"

"No," replied Davis candidly; "the book says nothing of it, but I can guess."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Awkward.—"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday, and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, aren't you?" said the editor. "No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward, because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."—Cleveland Leader

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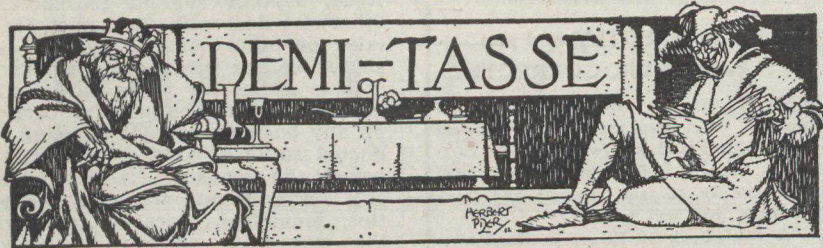
The Real Estate Corporation of Canada, Limited

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 24th day of July, 1913, incorporating Henry Milton Grills, John Osborne Grills and William Henry Woulfe, real estate agents, James Reid, manufacturer, and John Finlay McGowan, accountant, all of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—(a) To purchase, lease, take in exchange or otherwise acquire lands or interests therein together with any buildings or structures that may be on the said lands or any of them, and to sell, lease, exchange or otherwise dispose of the whole or any portion of the lands and all or any of the buildings or structures that are now or may hereafter be erected thereon, and to take such security therefor as may be deemed necessary; and to erect buildings and deal in building material; (b) To take or hold mortgages for any unpaid balance of the purchase money or any of the lands, buildings or structures so sold, and to sell, mortgage or otherwise dispose of said mortgages; (c) To improve, alter and manage the said lands and buildings; (d) To guarantee and otherwise assist in the performance of contracts or mortgages of persons, firms or corporations with whom the company may have dealings, and to assume and take over such mortgages or contracts in default; (e) To carry on any other business (whether manufacturing or otherwise) which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with its business or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render profitable any of the company's property or rights; (f) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any person or company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on, or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of the company; (g) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire, any patents, licenses, concessions and the like, conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited right to use, or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of, or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired; (h) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing of profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of, or otherwise assist any such person or company, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-

issue, with or without guarantee, or otherwise deal with the same; (i) To take, or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit the company; (j) To enter into any arrangements with any authorities, municipal, local or otherwise, that may seem conducive to the company's objects, or any of them, and to obtain from any such authority any rights, privileges and concessions which the company may think it desirable to obtain, and to carry out, exercise and comply with any such arrangements, rights, privileges and concessions; (k) To establish and support or aid in the establishment and support of associations, institutions, funds, trusts and conveniences calculated to benefit employees or ex-employees of the company (or its predecessors in business) or the dependants or connections of such persons, and to grant pensions and allowances, and to make payments towards insurance, and to subscribe or guarantee money for charitable or benevolent objects, or for any exhibition or for any public, general or useful object; (l) To promote any company or companies for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and liabilities of the company, or for any other purpose which may seem directly or indirectly calculated to benefit the company; (m) To purchase, take on lease or in exchange, hire or otherwise acquire, any personal property and any rights or privileges which the company may think necessary or convenient for the purposes of its business and in particular any machinery, plant, stock-in-trade; (n) To construct, improve, maintain, work, manage, carry out or control any roads, ways, railway branches or sidings, on lands owned or controlled by the company, bridges, reservoirs, watercourses, wharves, manufactories, warehouses, electric works, shops, stores and other works and conveniences which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to advance the company's interests, and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise assist or take part in the construction, improvement, maintenance, working, management, carrying out or control thereof; (o) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons; (p) To draw, make, accept, endorse, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants and other negotiable or transferable instruments; (q) To sell or dispose of the undertaking of the company or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company; (r) To adopt such means of making known the products of the company as may seem expedient, and in particular by advertising in the press, by circulars, by purchase and exhibition of works of art or interest, by publication of books and periodicals and by granting prizes, rewards and donations; (s) To sell, improve, manage, develop, exchange, lease, dispose of, turn to account or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company; (t) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors, trustees or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others; (u) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "The Real Estate Corporation of Canada, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars, divided into 400 shares of one hundred dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 6th day of August, 1913.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under Secretary of State.



Courierettes.

NEVER mind the cost of living. Think of the cost of dying, now that they have a big casket merger.

In Paris they have established a bank for poets. We hate to be croakers, but we can see the finish of that institution.

They tell us at the summer resorts that the water is warmer than usual this summer. And just as wet.

Toronto ball team got an infielder named Pick from Terre Haute. It is almost too obvious to remark that they took the Pick of the Terre Haute team.

But while you are denouncing the modern fashions, remember that our mothers and grandmothers wore things called bustles.

Athabaska may provide the oil for Britain's fleet. Other Canadian provinces could easily contribute the gas for Britain's war balloons.

It's hard to be a hero more than a minute nowadays. Bill Hawkins won the King's Prize at Bisle and Toronto gave him a third of a cent per citizen as an expression of its pride.

A chap named Harper has just married a Miss Fidler. Will there be harmony or discord in that duet?

A Boston woman wants to establish a woman's colony—a real Adamless Eden. Give the women the ballot and see the finish of that idea.

Vest pocket dinners in tabloid form are the form of slow suicide.

Lord Rosebery talks in strong terms of decayed manners. He might also include some decayed manors.

Controller Church, of Toronto, wants to dissolve the Toronto Railway Co., thinking probably that it is as thin and hazy as some of his own remarks.

Here Are Some Side-Splitters.—Canada's great wheat crop this year is almost rivalled by the wonderful crop of amusing answers in the examination papers which the examiners have been going over during the past few weeks.

Canadian pupils seem to need considerable coaching on history, according to some of the tales told by the examiners. Here are a few of the answers to queries in the History paper:

"The Boers tried to take Canada, but were defeated by a famous British general, John Bull."

"The Jesuits were so strict that a number of young men took to the woods and married Indians."

"General Braddock had five horses shot from under him, and was mortally wounded, but his men escaped, leaving their arms, ammunition, guns and baggage, and everything but themselves."

"Lloyd George is a Christian because he helps the cause of woman suffrage."

"Bosworth field is important because it was at this place that Mary blew up her first husband."

"Frontenac established royal government, the fur trade and other religious institutions."

One of the questions was a request to define a Papal interdict. List to one reply:

"An interdict was an edict from the

Pope forbidding all births, deaths, marriages and baptisms."

Another candidate for honors expressed his belief that the eldest son of the Pope always succeeded to the Papal chair.

Out in the west one pupil wrote that Hon. Robert Rogers was the Premier of Canada. Other guesses were Henri Bourassa, W. H. Taft, Sir John A. Macdonald, and General Booth.

One hopeful set down his conviction that the C. P. R. began at the St. Lawrence river, crossed the Great Lakes and goes through the Welland Canal.

Here are a few other odd answers: "The races of men are white or Caucas, Red or Indian, and Negro or Episcopalian."

"You should not feed a horse while it is eating."

"The robin lays between four and five eggs in her nest."

"The solar system was originated by Neptune, the English astronomer."

An Unexpected Oration.—"Eddie" Freyseng, of Toronto, was never known as an orator.

That's why, when his fellows in the Dufferin School Old Boys' Association were arranging to hold one of



Old Brown—"Yep, this is swell wine. I bought fifty dollars' worth of it." Green—"Say, what a lot you must have got!"

their annual affairs, they chose Eddie to respond to the toast of "Canada. No long-winded oration was wanted at that stage of the evening's entertainment and certainly none was expected when it was determined to put Eddie Freyseng down as the speech-maker. He had never shown any glibness of tongue and the boys were confident that he couldn't make a ten-minute speech even to win a wager.

But Eddie Freyseng fooled the Old Boys. Having been duly notified that he was to respond to "Canada" his bosom thrilled. His head ran riot with patriotic emotion. He took the thing very seriously. His country must not be dishonored. He should do his duty nobly.

The night of the banquet arrived. It was a night of revelry and mirth. All went well and with a fairly good speed until the toast to "Canada" had been drunk. Eddie Freyseng arose to his feet—also to the occasion.

Three minutes passed. He still talked. Five minutes. The Dufferin Old Boys began to wonder. Ten minutes. They stared at him and started to shuffle their feet. When he had talked fifteen minutes they were astounded. At the twenty-minute mark they were wondering how much longer he could talk.

But there was no damming the flood tide of the Freyseng oration. Eddie had primed himself from a stack of geographies and histories and blue-books direct from the Government presses and he was overflowing with facts and figures to show how Canada was growing to be a great and beautiful and prosperous gem in the crown of Britain's empire. He began at the beginning of things and came right down to the last election. He told them of the wheat yield of the west and how many feet of lumber were taken out of the northern woods. He was a veritable fount of information. All of which bored the Dufferin Old Boys. They knew it all—or thought they did.

They sat there in dismal despair and waited for the end that never seemed to come. They tried to show the orator in polite fashion that he was talking a little too long, but he took no notice.

Finally, so the historian of the occasion asserts, after a full fifty minutes of the Freyseng oratory, one of the weary banquetters wrote something on a bit of paper and passed it across the table. The Old Boy who read it smiled and passed it down the line. It came close to where the orator stood. Thinking it might be for him he picked it up and glanced at it. Then he ended—forgetting his peroration.

The note read: "This is what Sherman said war was."

Life's Ironies.—There are some odd little ironies in life. A young journalist, who wrote a series of books on "How To Be a Success," which had a large sale, too, by the way, has turned out to be a rank failure on his own account.

Can You Define It?—A solicitor's clerk in England left \$2,000 when he died recently to be devoted to the liquidation of the National Debt.

That's just our idea of doing useless things with good money.

He Is Too Modest.—Poet Laureate Bridges is said to be already shunning publicity.

Most poets nowadays like to get publicity—at least for their poems.

A Slight Change.—(In recent professional lacrosse games the police have had to use their

batons on players and spectators and serious injuries have been suffered by players.)

In days of old
None played for gold—
Lacrosse was then a game of skill;
But nowadays
They have a craze
To play it as a game of "kill."

The Difference.

NOT so very long ago
Women cut a dash—
Fashions change, as well we know—
Now they cut a slash.

An Acrobatic Actress.—The Toronto World seems determined to convert Miss Percy Haswell, the well-known stock company star in Toronto, into an acrobat.

In a recent issue, in the course of an announcement of Miss Haswell's forthcoming appearance in the leading part of a favourite play, it used this head line:

"MISS HASWELL
IN A FAMOUS ROLL."

Quite True.—They say that love makes the world go round. Also it seems to make some young chaps' heads whirl.

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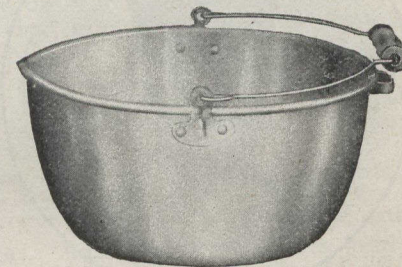
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Preserving is a most important work. Every woman knows how much care, watchfulness and work is necessary to have the preserves retain all the luscious flavor and fragrance of the natural fruit.

The fact that hours of work and pounds of delicious fruit, to say nothing of time and money may be spoiled or totally lost through a defective kettle that is chipped or cracked, or allows the fruit to burn, is ample proof that too great care cannot be taken in the selection of a preserving kettle.

Thus, the vessel used is of the first importance. It must be of a material that will not chip or crack—be unaffected by the acids in the fruit—will not burn—and can be easily kept clean and in good condition. "OAKVILLE" PURE ALUMINIUM WARE is all this.



"OAKVILLE" PURE ALUMINIUM WARE is guaranteed to be made entirely of pure Aluminium. (This fact is important, as many alloys of aluminium are sold as pure aluminium. "OAKVILLE" Ware has no seams or joints—cannot chip or break—heats quicker and more evenly and no cooking heat will injure it.

First in importance, is the fact that the fruit CAN'T burn, leave it as long as you like, on as hot a fire as you like it and it will boil, but not burn.

As the fruit acids have no effect on the aluminium, there can be no taint, and every ounce of fruit flavor and essence is preserved. It will produce the most delicious eye and taste-tempting preserves that can be made.

"OAKVILLE" PURE ALUMINIUM PRESERVING KETTLES when once bought last a lifetime without trouble and repair, and makes the preserving easier, cleaner and quicker.



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Simply fill in the coupon below, and enclose \$1.75 (a very little more than an ordinary kettle would cost), and we will send you, express prepaid, the preserving kettle and the free saucepan.

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Please find enclosed \$1.75, for which send me your pure Aluminium Preserving Kettle and FREE Saucepan, express prepaid.

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THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

THREE LETTERS

Toronto, Aug. 8, 1913.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Do you not think it is time the non-partisan opinion in the country about such national affairs as the settlement of the navy question took some more definite shape than it has assumed since the memorial to Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier was promulgated last fall? As I am one of those who have felt grateful to you for the consistent line you have taken, I venture to write this letter because of the conviction that many among your readers would welcome an opportunity to combine in an effort to influence parliamentary action through the more systematic development of a reasoned public opinion than either of the parties seems anxious to undertake.

In many parts of the country signs have appeared which compel the belief that the desire for better politics will manifest itself as soon as there is any nucleus around which it may gather. At all events, you may count on at least one volunteer for any well-directed scheme in which like-minded people may co-operate.

I have no definite plan to offer; and even if I had I should hesitate to put it forward, in view of the reception given by The Courier to the only part I have taken in Canadian politics, which is only referred to now because it may encourage others to be willing to join with citizens whose views may not always have been agreeable to themselves. There is plenty of room for difference about details, along with active agreement upon the fundamentals of national progress. There is surely immediate need for inculcating the spirit of Canadian nationality, especially as it applies to defence, and it is to be hoped that you will show us the way.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR HAWKES.

✻ ✻

Toronto, Aug. 9, 1913.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes,

Editor "The Canadian."

Dear Sir,—There is some doubt still as to the advisability of a journal such as The Canadian Courier undertaking any agitation or educational campaign. The public are not yet convinced that any people except politicians and preachers and baseball managers should be allowed to work up public interest. Nevertheless, your appeal to us to lead in a drawing together of the non-partisan opinion of Canada into a national organization, rather appeals to me personally. There seems to be justification for an active patriotic campaign to spread the truth, which is being smothered by the politicians on both sides.

Some two years ago, there was organized in this city a body known as "The Canadian League," with just such intentions. I became honorary secretary, and there were nearly a thousand members enrolled in a few weeks. That league is still in existence, and if you and your friends, who eyed it askance at that time, would join that organization it could be greatly developed. Perhaps there might need to be a slight modification of its programme, a copy of which I send you, but that is a minor matter. In the main we are in agreement.

The Canadian League was intended to carry to its logical outcome the work of the Canadian Clubs. The Canadian Clubs have done much. There is need of an organization to go farther and to organize national sentiment and give it voice. The Canadian Club listens; The Canadian League should talk. If it is to be of any immediate benefit, it must attract the non-partisans in both political parties in behalf of a strong national sentiment. This would mean particularly an attempt to bring the two parties together on the navy question with the idea of settling that matter on the same basis as our militia ques-

tions have been settled—by mutual agreement.

The other great question is that of centralization. This fight would need to be extended to Great Britain and Australia. Canada should not fight Downing Street alone. She must seek assistance against the Centralists in all other parts of the Empire. This strange infatuation for a century-old doctrine must be stayed by an agitation as wide as the realm of His Majesty. We must meet the strong "centralist" movement with an active force equally powerful.

This is a big task, but if you are prepared for a sustained campaign, I shall be glad to call a meeting of the League Executive and see if an active campaign, with a maximum of co-operation between us, could be arranged. A series of meetings all over Canada would be necessary.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN A. COOPER,

Hon. Sec. Canadian League.

✻ ✻

Toronto, Aug. 11, 1913.

Dear Mr. Cooper,—Your letter is excellent. I will gladly enlist in the Canadian League, prepared to do any work that is given me, in vindication of Canadian Nationality as an increasing power in the Britannic Empire.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

Our London Letter

LONDON, July 21, 1913.—There is peculiar fitness in the presentation to King George of the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts at Buckingham Palace. This year is the 50th anniversary of the institution of the medal as a memorial of the Prince Consort, and the council of the society did rightly in asking King George to accept the medal "in respectful recognition of His Majesty's untiring efforts to make himself personally acquainted with the social and economical conditions of the various parts of his Dominions, and to promote the progress of arts, manufactures and commerce in the United Kingdom and throughout the British Empire." The presentation was made through the Duke of Connaught, the president of the society, himself a warm sympathizer with many forms of social progress and industrial enterprise.

The rumour current some time ago of the probability of Their Majesties making a tour of the great shipbuilding, coal mining, and ironworking industries in the neighbourhood of Tyneside, has already taken tangible shape. Two other royal tours have been arranged for next year—one in the Black Country in the spring and the other of the shipbuilding centres of the Clyde in July. It is stated on high authority that the Royal industrial tours will be continued year by year until practically every portion of Great Britain has been visited. Similar tours are also under consideration for the Prince of Wales as soon as he has completed his education.

I hear that Queen Mary, with Princess Mary, is expected to visit Germany in the middle of August, and to stay some time at the Court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. During her sojourn the queen will visit the Crown Prince and Princess at Langfuhr, near Danzig, and will afterwards go to Stolp, where the queen will review her Prussian regiment, the Blucher Hussars. The Prince of Wales, it is anticipated, will also make a brief stay at Danzig and Zoppot Bad, well-known and charming resorts.

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EVERYBODY in society is gratified with the news of Prince Arthur's love match. The secret of the mutual love of the Prince and the Duchess of Fife had been well kept, and not even those in the inner court set can truthfully say they knew about it for a long time, but that their mouths were sealed. The Duchess of Fife is very rich and very shy. She has been well trained by her father, who was a cap-

ital man of business, and she thoroughly understands looking after her own investments and property. In all this she is far more versed than her mother, the Princess Royal. The duchess does not care for general society, in which she does not feel at ease, loves an open air life, is fond of animals but not of books, and very seldom enjoys a play. An adept with the "fly," it is a happy picture of her that presents itself when she is salmon fishing, her favourite pursuit, on the Scottish Dee, and one at which the royal ghillies say she is first-rate.

As for Prince Arthur, he is everything that the court circle would like the Prince of Wales to be ten years hence; a perfectly delightful, competent Englishman, able to take his place with the best, and, when necessary, to assume the most dignified demeanour, though in private life he is quite unassuming. Unlike some of the royal family, he is quite at his ease in making a speech, and his articulation is remarkably distinct. It is practically certain that the wedding ceremony will be solemnized in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and quite possibly the event may occur in October, before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught return to Canada.

✻ ✻

HIS MAJESTY'S visit to the Royal Agricultural Show at Bristol, in his busiest month of the year, is proof of the king's interest in agriculture. It is common knowledge that the personal pleasure which King Edward evinced in his own farms and in agricultural matters generally is shown in no less degree by King George, who had inherited the progressive agricultural spirit of his father and grandfather when he became owner of the fine farms at Windsor, Sandringham, and Abergeldie.

By the king's command the royal farms are managed on the same lines and traditions as under King Edward. The visitor to Windsor or Sandringham is struck by the strictly utilitarian aspect of the farms. What stamps their royal ownership is the evident practicability of everything. Of futile ostentation there is none; indeed, the farms are an object lesson in interpretation of the Royal Agricultural Society's apt motto: "Practice with Science." One is not surprised to learn of the king's farming triumphs with Shorthorns, Herefords, Jersey cows, Berkshire hogs, and shires, several of the latter having a wonderful record as prize winners. Interest in farming competitions is, I am told, awaited with just the same eagerness at Windsor as at the humbler farm, where so much may turn on the winning of a prize.

During the last three years two additions have been made to farm lands under royal care, namely, Shernbourne Hall farm, consisting of about 700 acres, mostly of fine barley land, situated on the north side of Sandringham, in Norfolk, and the other being the Whiteford Model Farm, close to Callington, Cornwall, founded as an estate for the Prince of Wales, to be run on scientific lines for the benefit of the counties of Cornwall and Devon.

✻ ✻

THE appointment of Dr. Bridges as Poet Laureate brings into the "limelight" a poet whose literary output is admittedly of the high and rare quality, though he has hitherto failed to catch the popular ear. This does not, of course, mean that the new Poet Laureate is not a true poet, notwithstanding that his appeal is to the cultured few rather than to the popular heart. Dr. Bridges' honour causes no surprise to those who are aware of the Prime Minister's personal interests in scholarship and literature. The laureate is an idol neither of the marketplace nor of the theatre. Probably hundreds of readers would have readily voted for either Mr. Kipling or Mr. Yeats or Mr. Watson had their suffrages been sought. But to those who love poetry for poetry's sake, who have no ulterior motive, whether Imperialist or patriotic or national or partisan of any kind, his choice will give sincere and deep pleasure. Moreover, it will be what no appointment perhaps has been since Ben Jonson's (if he were ever really laureate)—it will be



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Norman Richardson

12 E. Wellington St. Toronto.

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

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

a choice unanimously commended by poets themselves.

It is pleasant to notice that the first lectureship in this country in fossil botany has been established at London University, and the post given to Dr. Marie C. Stopes, Fellow of University College. Dr. Stopes was the first woman appointed to the scientific staff of Manchester University and won a considerable reputation there for the lucidity and value of her lectures. A few years later the Royal Society dispatched her to Japan for the purpose of studying early plant-forms in the Japanese coal mines, in addition to which she carried out valuable exploration work in parts never before penetrated by an European traveller. The fruit of this visit to the Far East appeared in the shape of two fascinating volumes, "A Journal from Japan" and "Ancient Plants." Dr. Stopes, who is facetiously styled "The Lady of the Fossils," was married a while ago to a Canadian scientist.

MOTOR enthusiasts are gratified with the audience which the King, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, gave to Captain Kelsey and his companions, who are about to make a tour by motor car throughout Africa, from the Cape to Cairo. The large motor car in which the tour is to be made was brought to Buckingham Palace and inspected with great minuteness by His Majesty, who wished well to the motorists on their romantic journey. The route to be followed lies through Cape Colony, the Eastern Transvaal (a slight detour being made to take in Johannesburg), Buluwayo, and East Africa to the Nile, which will be struck above Lake Nyasa, and followed to Cairo. There will be big game shoots from Tabora and Entebbe, and the whole tour is expected to occupy about twelve months.

Captain Kelsey, I am informed, received a large number of letters from adventurous women who wished to join the party. One prominent society lady was very insistent. She not only emphasized the great use she would be as a cook for the tourists, but declared she could handle a gun with the best man, and what is more, offered to defray the bulk of the cost of the expedition if she were one of it! It was hard to refuse her.

BRITAIN'S wonderful trade continues the topic of the hour, represented by \$289,000,000 of an increase in six months. Her good trade has lasted so long that every evidence is scanned closely for signs of the break which usually follows boom. However, the Board of Trade returns give no countenance of any fear of depression in the near future.

All records, whether of imports or exports, are surpassed, and have never previously been approached in the commercial annals of the old land. In short, the aggregate value of our imports during the last half-year is larger by nearly \$125,000,000, and that of our exports by nearly \$160,000,000, than the corresponding values for 1912.

CALEDONIAN.

Newspaper Masquerade

(Concluded from page 11.)

Graham to tell me something of what he knows about the present newspaper enigma in Montreal. I intimated that it might be interesting, for instance, to know—who wrote the leading editorial in Vol. One, Number One, of the Telegraph on July the Twelfth. "Oh!" said he. "If I had been Sir Hugh Graham—I should have considered that a very impertinent question." He referred the writer to the Telegraph advertising literature for further indubitable information.

A little later a series of questions was drafted and sent to Sir Hugh Graham. They were purposely made impersonal, so that he might consider it possible to answer them. But each of them, if answered impersonally, had some direct bearing upon the present newspaper masquerade. The questions were:

"(1) Do you believe that the public who read newspapers are entitled to know who are the

forces, both financially and editorially, behind a newspaper?

"(2) Granting that the proprietor of a newspaper nominally in line with either party may have opinions not necessarily inspired by either party, is it quite as reasonable that such a proprietor might own or control two newspapers of opposite political views, as that he should publish equally opposite views in the same paper?"

"(3) Is it as reasonable for a newspaper proprietor to stand sponsor for opposite views in either one or more papers, as for an editorial writer to express opposite opinions according to the politics of whatever paper he may write for?"

"(4) How far should a newspaper proprietor assume responsibility for the opinions of his editors?"

"(5) To what extent is a newspaper justified in any attempt to influence a government outside the publication of opinions and news supposed to reflect the policy of that government?"

"(6) Is it possible for a newspaper to succeed on a basis of out and out independence in politics?"

"(7) Is it possible for a powerful newspaper to be in alignment with strong local interests and at the same time effective in matters affecting general politics?"

The answer was immediate and characteristic:

"Montreal, 31st July, 1913.

"I understood that you desired to ask me some questions of direct personal interest, but find that you want my opinion on a number of academic topics. Now, I happen to be a very busy man, and I am sure that you will understand me and pardon me if I reply that just now I lack the time to give them proper consideration. I may say, however, that in my opinion it might be an improvement on the custom of anonymity if every newspaper were restrained from publishing articles without the signatures of the writers. It has been attempted in other countries with partial success. I would be in favour of such a law.

"Yours truly,

"HUGH GRAHAM."

So that whereas the managing director of the Daily Telegraph would have considered personal questions "impertinent," Sir Hugh considers impersonal questions "academic." At the same time it must be admitted that Sir Hugh Graham understands perfectly that his direct impersonal answer to any of the above questions would have shed considerable light on the personal mystery of the Newspaper Masquerade.

Translated into personal questions they might read:

(1) Has the public any right to know whether or not Sir Hugh Graham has any real connection with the Daily Telegraph?

(2) Could Sir Hugh Graham consistently control both the Montreal Star and the Daily Telegraph?

(3) Would Sir Hugh Graham be more bound to one set of published opinions on the same public question than any editor in his employ?

(4) Could the leading editorial in Vol. One, Number One, of the Daily Telegraph have been written by a Star writer without the knowledge and consent of Sir Hugh Graham?

(5) Would Sir Hugh Graham consider a measure of control by him in the Daily Telegraph any advantage in dealing with a government?

(6) Is the Montreal Star's independence sufficient for Sir Hugh Graham?

(7) If the Daily Telegraph is in league with the Montreal Tramways Co., can it at the same time be depended upon as a reasonable party organ on national questions?

Since Sir Hugh had so little time to answer these questions impersonally, it may be imagined how much inclination he might have to answer them in their "impertinent" form.

Sir Hugh is a master. He has been almost a czar. He is now beginning to find rivals among his own friends. Between Sir Hugh and his rivals the newspaper game in Montreal is now being played on a scale sufficient to satisfy the boldest imagination.

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60 NUMBERS---NIGHTLY FIREWORKS DISPLAY---60 NUMBERS

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable, at its Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, September 2nd, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

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Another Canadian Courier Contest Candidate Reaches the One Hundred Thousand Mark

Miss Katherine MacDonald, of Truro, N.S., passes the 100,000 vote mark.

Another candidate has crossed the hundred thousand vote mark this week, in the person of Miss Katherine McDonald, of Truro, N.S. Miss McDonald has been doing splendid work and has been steadily gaining in The Canadian Courier Contest for some time. Miss McDonald is one of the most promising candidates, and is being well supported by her friends in Truro, N.S.

Miss Edna Fraser and Miss Olive Isaacs, of Canso, N.S., and Cobalt, Ont., respectively show excellent gains this week, and Miss Fraser is the next to cross the hundred thousand line, no doubt, from her excellent progress so far in the race.

Smaller gains are numerous, and altogether splendid work is being done.

The standing follows:

Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	282,000	Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	22,100
Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	244,400	Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	20,600
M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	227,150	Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P. O., Sask.	19,100
Esther Downey, Comox, B.C.	191,500	Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.	18,400
Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	140,550	Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	16,850
Katherine MacDonald, Truro, N.S.	114,500	Ethelene Schlichauf, Iona P. O., Ont.	16,100
Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	104,950	Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	15,600
Minnie Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	100,550	Doris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	15,250
Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	87,600	Sophia Shriar, Montreal, Que.	15,100
Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	68,800	Mary Dorcey, Goderich, Ont.	14,000
Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	66,350	Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont.	13,100
Violet McKnight, New Liskeard.	64,300	Kathleen Platt, Toronto, Ont.	12,600
Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	56,950	Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	12,000
Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	56,550		
Cecelia Peppin, Blind River, Ont.	47,950		
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	45,950		
Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	36,550		
Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	35,100		
Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	33,950		
Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	28,900		
Edna McLeod, Galsion, Que.	28,100		
Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	24,950		
Edna Coutanche, New Westminster, B.C.	24,000		
Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	24,000		

Ballot No. 21

This ballot is good for 50 votes in CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss
Address
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Outlook

THE inner side of the cloud which has hung over the money markets of the world is at last showing itself, and if it is not bright and shining, it is not so lowering as it was two or three months ago. In London, the outlook is distinctly better; money is more plentiful; discount rates are easier, and consols have advanced during the last few days. For the seven months ended July 31st, the total of new issues made in London is \$865,000,000, as against \$754,000,000 for the corresponding period of last year. The increase while not great is eminently satisfactory, in view of the attendant circumstances. Of that amount, no less than \$315,000,000 has gone to the colonies, and among those Canada has benefitted to a greater extent than any of the other overseas Dominions.

The three main causes of the stringency apparently were: (1) The commencement of the Balkan war; (2) unusual prosperity in commerce and industry all over the world; and (3) political disturbances. Only the second of these has been directly responsible for the stringency in Canada. The first and the last have affected the Canadian position only indirectly.

Canada has been participating, to some extent, in the unusual prosperity in commerce and industry which is so apparent in Britain. It is almost paradoxical to say that we are suffering from such prosperity, but it is true. The boom in trade which the countries of the world are experiencing unfortunately coincides with the trouble in the Balkans, and hence—for the moment—has the effect of making tight money still more tight.

But there are certain evidences that improvement has set in. The Balkan disturbance is over. The peace treaty between the States was signed at Bugarest on the 10th. Peace at last being an actual fact, money now hoarded will be gradually released, and the strong base of industry and commerce will be fortified and built upon.

Canada needs to appreciate the wisdom of patience, and economy. That being done, it is certain that the best is yet to be. The new-found purchasers of Canadian securities over the border, the wheat-field abundant in its yield, the immigrant with his purpose and money, the railway with its business-creating power—all are witness to the fact of a splendid future for this country.

The Real Estate Market

THERE must be some money somewhere! Stockbrokers may ruefully turn their pockets inside out; bankers may shake their heads very suggestively when their aid is asked; but real estate deals—like the "Brook" of a certain peer named Tennyson, now deceased—go on forever, and values keep on soaring. An important transaction in the downtown district of Toronto was the sale recently of part of the Thompson estate, on Victoria street. The lot has a frontage of 40 feet with a depth of 116 feet, and the consideration is said to have been \$80,000—no less than \$2,000 per foot. This is a record for the district.

So far as the real estate market in the East is concerned, the principal agents report a marked decrease in speculative deals, and in the sale of suburban lots. In other words, the wild-cat has retired to his lair—growing, doubtless. He has been consistently repelled of late by the banks, and until this "deadliest male of the species has something less deadly to do"—as Rudyard would say—the banks will continue to repel. Real estate men, however, report a strong demand for residential properties, both for occupation and investment. This, of course, is largely due to the scarcity of houses for renting purposes, and the fact that most people desire to own their homes.

Master and Man

THE officials of the Labour Department at Ottawa have issued a report dealing with strikes and lock-outs. From January 1st, 1900, to December 31st, 1912, there were 1,319 labour strikes in Canada, in which 319,880 men figured. This cost the country—it is estimated—no less than \$18,000,000, on the basis that the average value of a working day is \$2. During those twelve years, 9,000,000 working days were lost owing to strikes, which is an average of 750,000 days per year.

Those figures are highly significant. Surely masters and men can frame up better methods of settling the disputes between them than these involving such a loss of time and money?

On and Off the Exchange

Purely Personal

THERE is an epidemic of new appointments these days. Perhaps it is because the heat is too abnormal for the financiers to play golf morning and afternoon—financiers always play golf. A change in the directorate of the Bank of Ottawa is interesting. Mr. David Maclaren, a son of the first founder of the bank, has resigned the presidency, owing to ill-health. His place has been taken by Hon. George Bryson, of Fort Coulonge.

Two changes are made in the Richelieu directorate. Mr. Edmund Bristol and Mr. Grant Morden have retired, and Messrs. J. M. Norcross, of Toronto, and Mr. J. M. Steedman, of Hamilton, have taken their places. It is understood that these changes are made at the request of the English shareholders, who desire a more direct representation of the Interlake interests.

The Montreal Tramways Company has increased the number of directors from seven to nine, Mr. P. J. McIntosh, of New York, assistant to William Rockefeller, and Mr. W. G. Ross, a former managing director of the Montreal Street Railway Co., joining the board. Mr. McIntosh is in touch with the group of financial people in New York and Boston, and Mr. Ross is an acquisition, inasmuch as he thoroughly understands the requirements of the patrons of the street cars in Montreal and is familiar with the system calculated to work the best.

To the directorate of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills have been added the names of Messrs. W. K. Whigham, of London; T. Frater Taylor, Sault Ste. Marie; W. E. Stavert, Montreal; and F. S. Szarvasy, of London.

Wabassa Cotton Company's Report

THE Wabassa Cotton Company, Limited, of Three Rivers, Quebec, recently held their annual meeting. The report for the year showed net profits of \$123,550, which, after deducting bond interest of \$58,000, left a surplus of \$64,885, or 12.8 per cent. on the half a million capitalization.

The Company has also issued \$1,250,000 new capital stock, which was exchanged for a like amount of St. Maurice Valley Cotton Mills common stock.

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W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager

This latter company will have double the capacity of the present Wabassa plant, and the new mill will be running by December.

Satisfactory Progress

OWING to a change being made in the fiscal year, the Northern Canadian Mortgage Company of Winnipeg has issued its report for six months. The net profits for the year were \$30,011, which is an evidence of satisfactory progress. The capital subscribed is increased to \$1,000,000, while the paid-up capital is now \$482,418, against \$410,755 a year ago. Deposits are now double what they were on presentation of the last report, and a reserve of \$35,000 has been created.

Re-assuring

IT must have been a rude shock to those of our seers and augurers who made great capital out of the fact that the earnings of C. P. R. dropped behind during one month, to read the report of this railway for the year. The performance of the company was a splendid one. Net earnings for the year were \$46,245,874, as compared with \$43,298,242 a year ago, a gain of practically three million dollars. The gross earnings showed an increase over the twelve months preceding of \$16,076,158, and totalled \$139,395,699.



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY,
President of the C.P.R., and Incidentally
Canada's Best Press Agent.

Now these figures do not show as large increases as the year of 1911-12 did over the year of 1910-11. But there are reasons. Working expenses were necessarily considerably higher during the year just ended than for the preceding twelve months. An increase in this connection of thirteen and a quarter millions had to be overcome before any increase in net was made possible. Further, the check in trade and commerce has affected the railways, just as it has affected other institutions. To the sane and sensible, the figures contained in this report at once make safe the ground of the optimist.

Both the other transcontinentals in this country have the same excellent showing. Indeed they have come out of the fire much better than was expected. The money tightness is bound to affect both

passenger and freight traffic to some extent, but the facts and figures contained in the reports of the C. N. R., the C. P. R. and the G. T. R. prove that people are still travelling, and freight is still being hauled. This—for the information of the pessimist.

The Real Estate Convention

THE gathering of real estate men, under the auspices of the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges, in Winnipeg, towards the end of last month, proved a great success. Representatives attended from all the Real Estate Exchanges in America and Canada. The subjects debated were many, and widely diversified. Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, of Winnipeg, spoke on "The Hudson's Bay Company and Western Development"; Mr. Joseph Chapman, of Minneapolis, gave an address on "Increased Real Estate Values as a Result of Efficient Farming"; and Mr. E. W. Hamilton, of Winnipeg, on "The Greatest Factor in the Development of Prairie Land."

This conference has done good. It has served to unify exchanges, and members of exchanges, and the addresses throughout have been of a useful and inspiring character.

Increased Capital for Bond Company

THE directors of the Dominion Bond Company of Toronto have decided to increase the capital from \$1,000,000 to \$1,250,000. The new stock will be issued at par. President Garnet P. Grant, in a letter to the shareholders, says that it has been deemed wise to provide the additional capital so as to put the company in a position to take care of any unexpected conditions that might arise.

Despite the money stringency the company has placed nearly \$3,000,000 of securities of various concerns in the last three months.

Fair Year for Guardian Assurance

THE Guardian Assurance Company, of London, Eng., established branches in Canada as early as 1869, two years after Confederation. At the annual meeting the following figures pertaining to the business done in Canada were presented: Net cash received for premiums, \$827,130; re-insurance and return premiums, \$133,481; gross cash received for premiums, \$960,611; gross amount of policies, new and renewed, \$68,149,725.

As will be seen from the above table the company is doing a satisfactory business in the Dominion. The head office for Canada is at Montreal. Mr. H. M. Lambert is manager.

Power Company's Year

THE financial statement of the Canadian Light and Power Company of Montreal—a subsidiary concern of the Montreal Tramways—for the year ending June 30, was regarded as being of a satisfactory character, although no details were given out. It is learned, however, that the company is now earning at a rate to cover fixed charges, including operating expenses and bond interest. The development of the company's water power is going on steadily, and within the next few months the available horse-power will have been considerably increased.

Another C.N.R. Flotation

A CABLE from England says that a new Canadian Northern Railway issue has just been floated. The issue comprises \$7,500,000 five-year five per cent. notes at ninety-eight. The underwriting is at one and a half, and the security for the issue is debenture stock guaranteed by the Provinces of Alberta, Manitoba and British Columbia, respectively.

Driven to the Wall

"S O R R Y, old man, to hear that your boy hasn't done well."
"Yes, it's a terrible disappointment to me. He's failed in everything—hopeless."

"What do you intend doing with him?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to start him in Wall Street."—Life.

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GANONG'S G.B. CHOCOLATES
MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION
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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The French Menage

IT is entirely human and quite commendable to regard our own way of doing things as the best possible and the most productive of happy results. Yet, as the years go by, and one hears that there are other cities and countries than our own, and as one occasionally has a glimpse of how the other half lives, there comes a fleeting doubt of the supreme excellence of everything which is Anglo-Saxon. Not long since, I met an old school friend, who has been living for many years in France and who has become so fond of that sunny land that she expects to end her days in Brittany. Several Canadian friends expressed surprise when she spoke of the happiness and merriment of the French household.

"But don't you think their marriages of convenience are perfectly dreadful?" asked a young girl, who spends most of her money on matinees, and wastes much of her time reading tenth-rate fiction.

"The French marriage turns out quite as well as the English—and, I should say, *very* much better than the American," said the ex-Canadian, who is unmarried and is called "Queenie" yet by those who used to know her in the days of pinafores and mud pies.

"But to marry some one whom your parents have picked out for you and whom you hardly know at all!" exclaimed the girl, in mild horror.

"Don't you suppose that your parents would know far better than you do, what kind of man would make a good husband?"

"I suppose so," said the matinee girl, slowly. "But, just the same, all the romance would be gone."

"Romance!" echoed Queenie, scornfully. "It is this sickly stuff, which is so thickly plastered over the American school-girl which makes so many unhappy marriages until the United States has become a by-word for easy divorce. The word, 'duty,' does not seem to belong to the American girl's vocabulary. She marries in a fit of sentimental obsession and then refuses to accept the practical side of the new household, with the result that the man is disgusted and bewildered by the incompetent, extravagant creature whom an unkind Fate has thrust upon him. Then she calls him a brute, says she is misunderstood, and the next thing you know, there is a 'decree.'"

Concerning Cupid

"ALL American marriages are not like that," insisted a practical person who reads statistics and believes them—"otherwise, there wouldn't be any United States."

That statement sounded like a pun, but the practical person would never dream of such a frivolity, and continued to remark:

"In fact, only one marriage in twelve in the States results in divorce. Of course, that is a rather shocking proportion, but the people who get divorces are usually quite impossible, anyway. Very few divorced women are really good housekeepers, and most of the divorced men are heavy drinkers."

The practical person has a delightfully definite way of arranging humanity as if it consisted of courses at a luncheon.

"But don't you think," broke in the irrepressible matinee girl, "that it would be perfectly dreadful to marry a man you didn't love?"

The practical person looked at her steadily and smiled with that quiet wisdom which Mona Lisa used to wear. "How many times have you been in love, already?" she asked, abruptly.

We were rather startled by this inquiry, but the matinee girl blushed slightly, giggled a good deal, and finally admitted: "Well, of course, everyone has foolish fancies, and sometimes you like a boy awfully well whom you dance with in the winter—and when the summer comes, you simply can't bear him. Then, sometimes a boy talks to you in such

a way that you think he is perfectly lovely; but after you've met him three or four times, you're tired of him—and you find out that he says the same things to every other girl."

"Well, wouldn't it be more sensible for you to allow your parents to select a husband for you?" insisted the practical person.

"But—but you're always expecting to meet some one whom you'll *really* love," said the matinee girl.

"Didn't you really love all these others?"

"Oh, I only thought so."

"My dear girl, that's all this romantic love



LADY TILLEY,

Who at Her Summer Home, Linden Grange, St. Andrew's, N.B., Recently Entertained at a Function the Guest of Honour at Which Was Mrs. Borden. As a Benefactress, as Well as a Hostess, Lady Tilley is Famous. At Various Times She Has Been Intimately Connected With the Women's Canadian Club of St. John, the St. John Tuberculosis Association, the Women's Art Association, and the National Council of Women. Lady Tilley Enjoys the Royal Friendship—a Friendship of Three Generations Dating From the Year 1884.

amounts to. There's no more substance in it than pineapple sherbet—which is very nice while it lasts. But it isn't the requisite for marriage, all the novelists to the contrary. The most unhappy married couples I know are those who were most frantically in love with each other before they set up housekeeping."

The Practical Person's Story

THE matinee girl seemed to consider the matter for a moment and then returned the practical person's interrogation.

"Weren't you in love with your husband when you married him?" she asked.

"My dear!" interrupted Queenie, as if her young friend might have gone too far.

But the practical person laughed merrily and said: "It's only fair. I asked her, you know, about her affairs of the heart, and, perhaps it is because I found out long ago how little there is in the romantic love business that I speak so confidently now."

"Oh, do tell us about it," cried the matinee girl, and even the rest of us drew a little nearer.

"Just the ordinary story of a girl endowing a very ordinary man with all the attributes of a hero. We

lived in a small town and this young man sang in the choir. He was a tenor with dark eyes, and I think many of the girls fancied themselves in love with him. He came home with me one night from a church bazaar, and I thought that nothing so wonderful had ever happened before."

"Ah!" said the matinee girl, sympathetically.

"He came home with me from church the next Sunday evening and sang 'The Lost Chord' so touchingly that my mother was sure he was a most desirable young man and asked him to have dinner with us on the following Sunday. He sent me a volume of poems with the most sentimental ones marked in violet ink and I read them every day. However, it all came to an untimely end one evening when my father came home and said that young Manners was not to come to the house again. Daddie had seen him drunk down town and had discovered that he was deeply in debt. He was a bank clerk—so that was hardly to be wondered at."

"And didn't you elope with him—or anything?" asked the matinee girl.

"I was reserved for a better fate, my dear," said the practical one. "The young man was taken ill with pneumonia and went home. He recovered and was married within six months to a girl whom he had been engaged to for several years."

"I suppose he is a prominent banker now," said Queenie.

"He is nothing of the kind," asserted the practical person, triumphantly. "He went into insurance, but drink was too much for him. He is a dipsomaniac by this time and has been in the asylum for the last five years. Every time I look at my husband, I thank my lucky stars that I escaped from the tenor and that I finally got a nice, sensible husband with steady habits. But never did I love any one as I did that handsome soloist who sent me the mournful poetry. So, you see how much my romance meant."

"It's a horrid ending," said the matinee girl. "You ought to have run away with him and then he might have gone into grand opera."

The French Housewife

"THE French girl," said Queenie, returning to her original contention, "is taught to regard marriage as a contract in which each is to fulfil certain obligations. Her dower is a very important consideration and no French girl of good breeding would dream of going dowryless to a husband. She is trained to make much out of little, she is far more thrifty than the American and is essentially dainty and feminine in her love of pretty things. But they must be pretty—not necessarily expensive."

"I thought the French women were so frivolous," said the matinee girl.

"That's the common misrepresentation," said Queenie, impatiently. "Canadians and Americans judge of a great country by a few disgusting novels of the under-world of Paris and certain travellers' tales. As a matter of fact, there is not a keener business woman in the world than the French 'Madame,' nor one who is a better comrade to her husband. She knows the details of his business in a fashion which would astonish the average American wife. If there come hard times, she knows how to economize in the small matters of household expenditure in a manner which astonishes the transatlantic housekeeper."

"But it all sounds so dreadfully business-like," sighed the matinee girl.

"Of course it is," said the practical person. "The woman who fails in matrimony is the one who doesn't make it a business—and a very serious one. There is one sentiment essential—and that is respect. It means far more than what most people call love."

"Oh, it sounds ever so common-place," sighed the matinee girl, as she departed, and left the practical person to discuss preserves and pickles.

ERIN.



A STUDY

In Neighbourliness—a District Youth Being Taught English in One of the Rooms of the Settlement Headquarters.

ON the 18th of September, 1913, it will be twenty-four years since the establishment of Hull House in Chicago. On the same date, it will be two years since Central Neighbourhood House was started in Toronto.

Since the establishment of Hull House, there has been a tremendous change in the attitude of the public toward settlement work, and also in the work itself; it is this difference which I wish to make the theme of this article.

When, twenty years ago, Jane Addams decided to spend her life in the midst of the people whose opportunities were "not at all," she found public opinion very much against her; the public mind at that time was decidedly in favour of the much exploited proverb: "For the poor ye have with you always." It was generally believed that there was not much use doing anything for the poor, as their poverty was the result of improvidence and mostly a well-deserved punishment for their sins.

The government felt responsible only for the protection of the community from criminals and law-breakers, rather than for the prevention of the creation of that type of citizen, and considered that protection was for those who could buy it rather than those whose circumstances forced them to live with the "other half," as Jacob Riis would say.

The church was dealing primarily with the condition of the soul, and felt the importance of theological dogmas more strongly than it concerned itself with the physical and outward welfare of its people. The now very popular phrase: "A sound mind in a sound body," had at that time not become a truism altogether. At present there is a deepening feeling of social obligation; and the realization that education, health, comfort and decency are the right of the people and not the privileges merely, is permeating even officialdom. The church doors and the gates of the schoolhouse are being thrown open for daily use, and the wider use of the people.

No wonder that under those old conditions, Jane Addams found it necessary to establish a social centre, from which all the work for improving conditions of the neighbourhood had to be done. It is also easily understood why so much of private funds had to be used for that purpose, and why all the institutional work for the neighbourhood had to be carried on within the gates of Hull House.

CONDITIONS within the last twenty years have changed; the public has awakened to find that it is burdened with a social conscience; we all are coming to realize more and more that every community has a responsibility to its least member, and no body politic is sound if there is a single member of it ill.

The government is realizing that it is responsible for the welfare of the community as a whole; that the health and the morals of all the people are interdependent; that one case of scarlet fever in the gloomiest slums of the city may be responsible for the death of a number of children even among the wealthiest classes. We have thrown off the belief that poverty is a punishment for sins—that the poor



CENTRAL NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE.
An "Eye-cure" in The Quarter, Toronto, in its Summer Garland of Garden and Window-boxes, at This Moment. Two Houses Constitute This Centre.



KINDERGARTNERS,

To Whom "School" is Practically Interpreted as "Play-time" by the Cleverness of the Qualified Volunteer Teachers.

realize more and more that poverty is produced by social mal-adjustment, by industrial conditions, by disease and ignorance, and we have all put our shoulders to the wheel to right conditions.

No wonder, then, that we have changed our methods in settlement work. It is true that our aims are still the same and that we still believe in the powers of democracy. We have become more preventive though and less curative.

Big institutional settlements like Hull House, it is my belief, are things of the past. We are beginning to work more and more along the lines of making other institutions more efficient, more powerful because of our presence, while keeping ourselves in the background. "Preparing the bullets," as someone aptly put it, "and letting others fire the shot." It is in accordance with these methods that Central Neighbourhood House is working. We are continuously on the lookout for co-operation with existing agencies to make for better conditions in the Ward rather than starting out to improve those conditions ourselves; collecting data of existing evils; bringing them to the notice of those who are responsible for correcting them; working to discover ways and means to bring about the much-needed improvements. All of this is absorbing most of the time and energy of the workers.

The Newer Spirit in Settlement Work

By ELIZABETH B. NEUFELD
Head Worker at Central Neighbourhood House

are poor and always will be poor, and for that reason nothing effective can be done for them; we



PLAYGROUNDS ARE UTILIZED
For Games and on Special Occasions, for Instance, the Spring Festival, This Year, When the Present View of the Dance, "Sir Roger," Was Taken.

WE are coming in daily contact with our neighbours and have had to provide them with a number of activities which the community life has hitherto not afforded them, but in the two small houses of the settlement there is not much room for institutional work; to us it does not seem desirable for the settlement to do that work anyway, for our slogan is: "Workers—not brick and mortar."

We believe that the schoolhouse social centre, the playground shelter house, the various institutional churches are the right and proper places for the institutional work. The settlement, in my mind, is to be the "House of the Interpreter," and the binding link in the ever-growing chain of various activities and organizations that are working for the betterment of that community in which the settlement is located.

Quite naturally, as long as we live next door to people, we shall find occasions to be personally helpful. We shall discover many a way to be a true and watchful neighbour, but it is not necessary to be the only neighbour. My ideal would demand that almost all the social workers of the neighbourhood live in that neighbourhood, as the settlement workers always have done. It is possible really to help people only when we know them intimately. Living in the same neighbourhood with them, where the common problems of living affect all persons similarly, makes for the strongly desired spirit of oneness. We want to help our neighbours when they are in trouble, but just as important is the fact that living next door to them we can likewise share their joys—a fuller oneness.

The settlement is to interpret the life of the neighbourhood to itself and to the community at large, and it is to take a definite stand on the side of justice and democracy.



THE DUTCH LAWN DANCE

Is Another Charming Roundel From Which the Small Participants, Who "Beat the Dutch" For the Most Part, Derive Ideas of Rhythmic Picturesqueness.

News Miscellany

The Bronte Letters

THE world which respects the private concerns of famous people living is a bit of a brute when it comes to the secrets of famous people dead, and (more or less) buried. To be specific: The London Times has exposed to the public four letters written by Charlotte Bronte and personally addressed to Professor Heger. It will be remembered that about that name what is commonly known as "the tragedy of Charlotte Bronte" centres.

A despatch frankly states that the letters have little literary interest. The conclusion is that the letters must have a biographical interest, since some one has taken the trouble to make them public.

Now, Carlyle, with a somewhat unaccustomed benignity of spirit, has called gossip the simple perversion of biographical interest—a lawful trait. But that was before Carlyle and his wife were tucked up under the daisies and before the public had turned their bones, to find, if it might, the skeleton of their cupboard. An easy quest!

So, ignoring the ethical nicety of it, the world is busy "handing round" an extremely sensitive woman's correspondence. Thackeray has described her eyes as frank, intense, expressive; one wonders who could withstand their glance, could its withering happen to fall on the present business!

Locating Mrs. Grundy

OF course everybody knows "Dame Grundy" who, in other words, is the "they" we are all afraid of. The sounding of Mrs. Grundy's clapper is a signal to the hapless to run for cover at once, or else be plucked; and "they say" is the bete noire of the feebler-minded.

Dame Grundy made her debut in London in the year 1798, in a play called "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton. To quote from a very convenient clipping:

"In the play Dame Grundy is the wife of a rich and successful farmer. Dame Ashfield, another farmer's wife, for whom she is the subject of innocent envy and idolatrous adoration, can do nothing but talk of her and

quote her and invoke her approval on every occasion and with reference to every subject.

"Farmer Ashfield betrays irritation at every such reference, and finally breaks forth: 'Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think? Can't thee be quiet, let us alone, and behave thyself, Matty?'"

The fact that the good Dame



MISS ELIZABETH B. NEUFELD, Head Worker of Central Neighbourhood House, Toronto, Who is Booked to Address the Conference of Charities and Corrections Which Will Meet in the City of Winnipeg Next Month.

Grundy survives hints also the sorry existence of sundry Ashfields.

Recent Events

PECULIARLY reminiscent of Molocho was the recent exhibition at Aylmer, Ontario, of a child in a pit of snakes, by her showman father, the mother consenting. The child was sent to the Children's Shelter, and the local authorities dealt with the rude show-people. The mediaeval, it seems, survives; but its evidence, happily, is confined to the lives of unrooted, itin-

erant folk who elude the prevailing forces of humanization.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Governor-General and the Duchess of Connaught will prolong their stay in England till October 17 in order that they may be able to be present at the wedding of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, which has been fixed for October 15.

MISS HELEN LYONS, of the Montreal Athletic Association, recently swam a mile and a half in forty-seven minutes. Toronto Bay was the scene of the exploit, during the course of a visit at Hanlan's Point. Miss Lyons is a lively patron of the tanks of the M.A.A.A., and a life-saving enthusiast of merit.

DR. HELEN MacMURCHY is booked to speak on work for the feeble-minded at the Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections, which will be held in Winnipeg in September. Miss Neufeld, of Toronto, will give an address on the training of the immigrant for Canadian citizenship. The famous Jane Addams will be in attendance.

A DELIGHTFUL affair on Saturday last was the garden party extended to the Geological Congress by Mr. and Mrs. David Dunlap, of Toronto. Hundreds of guests overran the grounds of the beautiful Dunlap residence in Rose-dale; among the distinguished visitors being: Miss Anna Rathgen, from Germany, a pupil of Professor Steinman; Lady McRobert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Workman; Madame Lacroix, of Paris; Mrs. Fermor, of India; Miss F. Bascon, Professor of Geology at Bryn Mawr; and Miss Hatch and Miss Ewald, also of Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Adams, of Montreal, and Mrs. Tyrrell received with Mrs. Dunlap.

MISS EMMA S. BAKER, B.A., Ph.D., is leaving the staff of Mount Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, N.B., to teach in the Woman's College of Maryland, Lutherville, Md. Miss Baker is a graduate of the University of Toronto. She has had a twelve years' residence in Sackville, and will assume her new position in October next.



THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY

At Which Were Present Thirty or So Canadian School Teachers Among the Guests Their Majesties Had Honoured. The Personal Interest of the King and Queen in Education is Famous.

Some Interesting Facts About

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

A PREPARATION for preserving, beautifying and purifying the skin and complexion, and reasons why it should be on the dressing table of every woman.

BECAUSE it will render the skin like the softness of velvet, leaving it clear and pearly white, which is the height of fashion at the present time.

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

BECAUSE it is a greaseless preparation and will not encourage the growth of hair, a very important feature to consider when selecting a toilet article.

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

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

BECAUSE it is highly recommended by actresses, singers and women of fashion as a superior preparation for the skin and complexion.

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

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

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

BECAUSE of its soothing effect on the skin when sunburned.

BECAUSE it relieves tan, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, rash, freckles, and vulgar redness, yellow and muddy skin.

Price 50c and \$1.50. per Bottle. At Druggists and Department Stores or direct on receipt of price.

A soft, velvety sponge must always be used for applying GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. It is wise to procure one of

Gouraud's Oriental Velvet Sponges

They are perfectly smooth and velvety and will give the most satisfactory results.

Price 50c. In Dustproof Boxes.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
Props.

37 Great Jones Street, NEW YORK.

The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE Edmonton branch has donated \$100 to the sick benefit fund of the C.W.P.C., which was inaugurated at the triennial convention.

MISS EMILY P. WEAVER'S series of articles called "The Story of the Counties of Ontario," which have been appearing in the Weekly Globe of Toronto, are shortly to be published in book form by Messrs. Bell and Cockburn.

MISS ETHEL HEYDON, of Calgary, the new treasurer of the C.W.P.C., came originally from St. Thomas, Ont. Mrs. Joe Price, "Laura Jane Libbey," of the Morning Albertan, Calgary, has this tale to tell of her. One day she saw an alluring advertisement of a reporter wanted on the Medicine Hat News. The advertisement did not stipulate the necessary gender of the reporter required, so Miss Heydon wrote an application. The Medicine Hat editor wired transportation. In the meantime he awaited the arrival of the new reporter, never dreaming a mere female would apply; and when



MISS HEYDON.

a woman presented herself great was his consternation. Reluctantly he said she might remain there three weeks. She stayed. She worked. She made good.

Then hearing of a paper where a woman was actually wanted, Miss Heydon joined the staff of the Morning Albertan in Calgary, first as society reporter, then as "general." Later she was promoted to the city hall beat.

Two years ago Miss Heydon had complete charge of the anniversary number of the Morning Albertan. The paper consisted of 106 pages and contained the most complete and accurate information of the west that has ever been published in Canada.

The souvenir edition of the Western Standard, which was issued by the Calgary press woman in honour of the delegates from the triennial convention at Edmonton was also edited by Miss Heydon. The idea was conceived only ten days before the visitors were to arrive, so that its successful accomplishment was a feat which no newspaper in the west has yet equalled.

MISS MABEL T. DURHAM is at present in England on a special commission for her paper, the Vancouver Province.

MRS. R. C. SPODDART, "Lady Van," has returned to Vancouver from her trip around the world. Her articles, descriptive of the voyage, are appearing in the Saturday Sunset. Mrs. Stoddart is a wide-eyed, open-minded traveller, and her writing is full of colour and individuality.

IT is the intention of Mr. Cy. Warman of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to make up a booklet from the articles written by the members of the C.W.P.C. on their trip to Tete Jaune Cache, with full credit to the writers and to the papers.

THE press women of Calgary entertained the Local Council of Women last month at a delightful luncheon in Cronn's Rathskeller in appreciation of the work the women did for the entertainment of the visiting members of the C.W.P.C. Presentations were made to Mrs. Harold W.

Riley, the convener of the whole committee, and to Mr. Norman Rankin, the C.P.R. publicity agent at Calgary.

MISS EMILY P. WEAVER, of Toronto, was the guest of honour last month at a dinner given at the Royal Hotel, Saskatoon, by the Women's Press Club of that city.

MISS A. M. ROSS, "Antoinette," of the Morning Sun, Vancouver, paid a visit to Saskatoon after the triennial, where she was closely interrogated by the press women concerning Pauline Johnson, whom she had frequently visited during her last illness.

MISS ISABEL ARMSTRONG, of the Regina Leader, recently addressed the convention of Homemakers' Clubs, held in the University of Saskatchewan.

MISS G. C. MARY WHITE, of Toronto, has accepted the position of business manager and editor of "Echoes," the official organ for Canada of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

A VANCOUVER audience was recently delighted with a recital by Mrs. John Garvin, familiarly "Katherine Hale," who is president of the Toronto Women's Press Club. The recital presented Canada as breathed into native lyrics from earliest times. Mrs. Garvin is home from her trip with the Press Club members.

L. M. MONTGOMERY is spending the summer months at Bayview, Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Nellie L. McClung is at her beach home, Kee-am Cottage, Whytefold, Man.

THE deepest sympathy of the members of the C.W.P.C. is with Mrs. Fairbairn, of Clarkson, Ont., who has been bereaved by the sudden death of her husband.

MISS ISABEL MACLEAN, president of the Vancouver Women's Press Club, had a striking article in the Daily Province under her nom-de-plume of "Alexandra." Among other things she said: "If Vancouver is chosen as the meeting place of the Canadian Women's Press Club in 1916, I wonder if she will give the press women the spontaneous welcome that Edmonton did? It was a right royal welcome. There was individual kindness and collective kindness, and both would be hard to surpass." Edmonton should appreciate this tribute.

England "Bridges" a Gulf.

THE following lines by Robert Bridges, the new Poet Laureate of England, augur well for woman's fate at the point of official nibs in suffragetteland:

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:
My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher.
Through the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.
Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.
Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strown,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath;
This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
'Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL'S poems, "The Drift of Pinions," are being published. "The Dean," who writes for the Montreal Standard, is rather rhapsodic about them. The medium of their publicity is the University Magazine in which, it is said, "The Dean" has a personal interest.

She's a wonder



is Mrs. Edwards, when she gets going in the kitchen. She pops that home-made Irish soup of hers on the stove to boil, and then sets to work. Out come all the little bits of cold meat and cold potatoes. Into the stewpan they go. Over them she pours the boiling soup. And in half an hour or so she's turned out a tasty, appetising stew, piping hot and ready to serve; the two-or-three-helpings kind, you know; or you soon will, if you lay in a supply of Edwards' Soup.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

5c. per packet.

S. H. B.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups. Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

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The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENG.

To enjoy every minute of the Summer equip your home with ELECTRIC FANS

You wouldn't think of working at your desk without the breeze of an electric fan to keep you from noticing the heat.

Don't you know that you can make yourself more fit for next day's work if you have the same comfort at home in the evening and at night?

Don't wait till next year to buy a thing that will last you the rest of your life.

We sell Electric Fans—strong, drawn steel frames—light weight—graceful design—beautiful finish—and felt base to protect furniture.

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The Geological Congress

THE Geological Congress is now in session in Toronto. Delegates from all over the world gathered on Wednesday evening, Aug. 6, at the University. They were welcomed by Hon. W. H. Hearst, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines for Ontario, and Prof. A. P. Coleman, head of the geological department in the University of Toronto, who is chairman of the local committee. President Falconer also welcomed the delegates.

The congress is one of the most profoundly interesting that ever came to Canada; distinguished among the many scientific congresses that have gathered in Canadian cities for learning, character and experience. From a standpoint of natural resources and practical significance, it is perhaps the most important congress ever convened in Canada. In a land whose mining developments are among the most remarkable in the world, and a city which for ten years has been a metropolis for miners, delegates have come from every land upon earth where there is anything resembling a mine. They come from the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, Argentine Republic, Australia, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, the British Isles, British West Africa, British West Indies, Bulgaria, Canada, Chili, China, Colombia, Denmark, Egypt, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Hawaiian Islands, India, Indo-China, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Norway, Peru, Philippine Islands, Portugal, Roumania, Finland, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Tunis, Turkey, Union of South Africa, the United States and Venezuela.

On Thursday the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick took the chair and delivered an address of welcome. The address on behalf of the Dominion of Canada was delivered by Acting Premier Hon. Mr. Perley. The congress will be in session until August 16, but many of the delegates will remain in Canada for several weeks. Many of them will travel in various parts of the country where mining developments have taken place. That is, they will probably visit every province in the Dominion. In Winnipeg they will find as many languages as are spoken by the congress itself. It will be the first time that at least half the delegates have seen this country. The advertisement which Canada will be sure to get from so cosmopolitan and distinguished an aggregation will probably do more good than a great deal of the railway and immigration literature now being sent out.

The New Laureate

EVERY newspaper and illustrated weekly in England—and a great many outside—have been filling their pages these last few weeks with suggestions and portraits of the possible poet laureate. But Mr. Asquith surprised them and the people generally by appointing Mr. Robert Bridges in preference to Noyes, Kipling, Phillips, Hardy, Masefield, Watson, and Mrs. Meynell.

Nor, when the thing is considered from every point of view, is the choice of Robert Bridges in any way unfortunate. There is no doubt that among men poets to-day he is one of the most entirely poetical. With the possible exception of W. B. Yeats, he has no rival so far as the really fine lyrical quality of his verse is concerned.

Moreover, it can never be said that for the sake of money, fame or position he lowered his standard or smirched in any way the honour of his craft. He is thoroughly an artist. He never plays to the gallery. It may be urged that he has no large public. This is true because, first, of the quiet way in which his work has been published, and, secondly, because of his fondness of the classical, both in theme and meter.

Many think that Kipling should wear the bays. But it must be remembered that while he gave us his great "Recessional," he also wrote "The Absent-minded Beggar," a desecration of his art which was just about equalled by the wretched jangle of a tune to which it was set.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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Write the Principal for Calendar. College re-opens Sept. 2nd.
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SUCCESSES 1912—Scholarships 2, Honours (Matriculation) 23, Pass Matriculation 12, Royal Military College Passes 5. All particulars and historical sketch on application. **Autumn term begins September 11th, 1913, 10 a.m.** Boarders return on the 10th. **Arnold Morphy, Bursar.**

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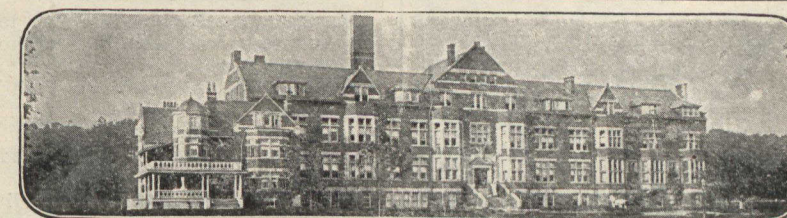
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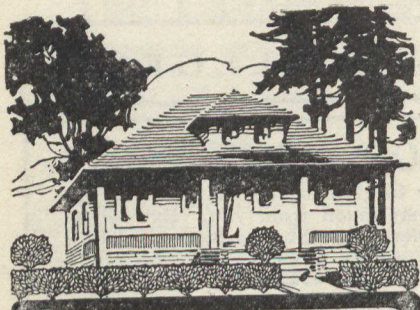
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COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 17.

An Original Air-Man

COL. CODY, the famous aviator who was killed by the falling of his aeroplane at Aldershot last week, was a real scientific descendant of the boy who flew from the woodshed with an umbrella for a parachute. And though Cody was one of the most remarkable and accomplished aviators ever known, his last act was not much different from the boy with the umbrella. The boy's sole business with the improvised parachute was how to get down by an air route from the woodshed to whose roof he had climbed up. And he did it without any mishap. Col. Cody's last act was coming down in his ton-heavy aeroplane with its 100 horsepower and 60 foot wing spread. But he came down before he wanted to and in a manner that he didn't expect. He will never go up again.

Cody was a remarkably interesting aviator. To begin with he must not be confounded with Col. Cody, known as "Buffalo Bill." Like his namesake he was a western American and spent much of his life on the plains. But he never fought redskins, though from his experience as a broncho-buster and a cowboy he was able to shoot a cigarette from a lady's lips without killing the lady.

He was a real resourceful and self-helping Yankee. In aviation he followed nobody's lead. He made his own airships. When he went to England during the infant years of air-shipping, he had no money and not much reputation. He wore a sombrero hat and looked enough like Buffalo Bill to be the same man. He could build anything in the shape of a flying machine that ever flew. He had the ingenuity of a bushman and an inventor and the nerve of a great adventurer. His first experiment was with box kites, which he developed to great efficiency on the military training grounds at Aldershot. But he was not taken seriously in England as an airman till in August, 1912, just a year before his death, he won the open-to-the-world military prize of \$20,000 at Aldershot.

A Loss to War Office.

The Secretary of State for War, Col. J. E. B. Seely, in telegraphing his condolences to Mrs. Cody on the death of her husband, said:—

"The science of aeronautics owes much to his mechanical genius and courageous perseverance. The British War Office has special reason to mourn the loss of his valuable services both in regard to man-lifting kites and to his contributions to military aeronautics."

Canada To-Day, 1913

THE third "annual" of "Canada," a weekly paper published in London, England, is larger and more complete than ever. It tells the story of what is happening in Canada, the greatest of the Britains over the sea. The book is an encyclopaedia of affairs and happenings in which Canadians and Britishers are alike interested.

The method employed has been the insertion of a series of special articles which glance at Canada from every viewpoint, both official and popular. The section on employment is well done and will commend itself alike to the employer and the newcomer seeking work.

Each province is treated extensively and comprehensively. Education, agricultural pursuits, land values, and sports all find a place, and the articles dealing with them are interesting and reliable.

"Canada To-day, 1913," should be on the desk of every man who is interested in Canada and things Canadian.

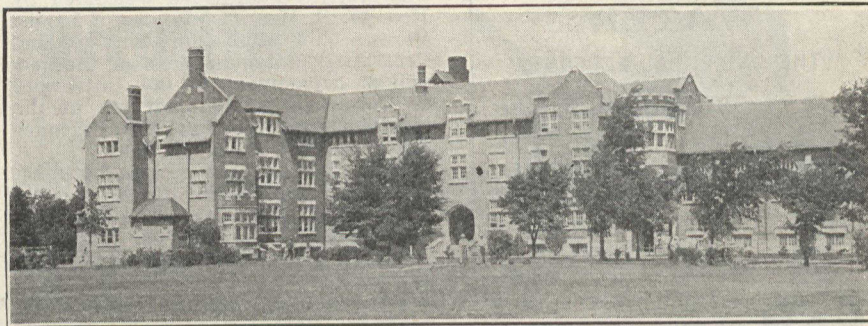
No Change.—Parke—"Do you leave your servants in charge of your house during the summer?"

Lane—"Not any more so than the rest of the year."—Life.

Not Like Wilson.—"I understand he swears a good deal."

"I wouldn't say that exactly. But I would say that in the heat of passion he finds it impossible to confine himself to 'Tut! tut!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Schools and Colleges



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Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities, and Business Life, by an efficient staff of Masters, mostly graduates of English Universities.
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Write for information to the Head Master,
W. T. COMBER, B.A. (Oxford)

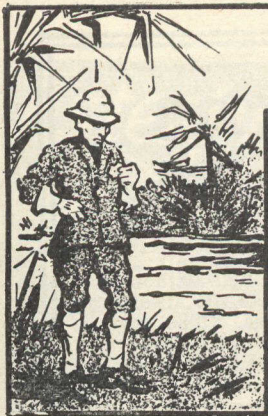
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Elementary Work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting.

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Kindergarten, Preparatory and Lower School classes under well-qualified mistresses. Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 10th, for Resident Pupils, and Thursday, Sept. 11th, for Day Pupils.



THE RIVER OF STARS

BY EDGAR WALLACE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The preface and chapters one and two introduce several characters: Sutton, an explorer; Commissioner Sanders, of Central West Africa, the witch-doctor of the Alebi country, and Amber, the mysterious and educated gaol-bird. Then come Lambaire and Whitey, the arch conspirators who had sent Sutton, with a false compass, to find a diamond mine. And old Peter Musk, friend to Amber, and a slave to yellow romance. Finally comes Sutton, the younger, whose father had discovered the diamond mine but had lost himself in the doing. Lambaire promotes a pseudo-diamond mine. He proposes that Sutton the younger should go out to it. This the boy agrees to do, though against his sister's advice. Amber discovers that Lambaire and Whitey have been in the "coining" game. He burgles Lambaire's office, and removes two of the plates used for issuing false notes. Then he goes to Scotland Yard, and showing the plates to a "chief" there offers to find the gang, but the Chief refuses to make an old lag into a detective. Sutton goes to see Lambaire and Whitey, and promises to go in search of the "River of Stars" mine. Cynthia still objects, but is over-ruled. Amber, the mysterious gaol-bird, No. 634, is disciplined by the Governor for impertinence. He receives a visit from Chief Inspector Fells, who reviews Amber's peculiar career of seventeen commitments without trial.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"PLEASE—don't talk like that," she said in a low voice. "You rather hurt me: I want to feel that you are not beyond—help, and when you talk so flippantly and make so light of your—trouble, it does hurt, you know."

He dropped his eyes and, for the matter of that, so did she.

"I am sorry," he said in a quieter tone, "if I have bothered you: any worry on your part has been unnecessary, not," he added with a touch of the old Amber, "that I have not been worth worrying about, but you have not quite understood the circumstances. Now please tell me why you wish to see me; there is a stool—it is not very comfortable, but it is the best I can offer you."

She declined the seat with a smile and began her story.

Her brother had sailed, so also had Lambaire and Whitey, taking with them a copy of the chart.

"I have not worried very much about the expedition," she said, "because I thought that my father's map was sufficiently accurate to lead them to this fabulous river. The Colonial Office officials, whom my brother saw, took this view also."

"Why did he see them?" demanded Amber.

"To get the necessary permission to prospect in British territory—it is a Crown possession, you know. After my brother had arrived in Africa, and I had received a cable to that effect, I had an urgent message from the Colonial Office, asking me to take the chart to Downing Street. I did so, and they made a careful examination of it, measuring distances and comparing them on another map."

"Well?"

"Well," she shrugged her shoulders. "the expedition is futile: the River of Stars is not in British territory."

"Not in British territory?"

"No, it is well over the border line that marks the boundary between British and Portuguese West Africa."

Amber was puzzled.

"What can I do?" he asked.

"Wait," she went on rapidly, "I have not told you all, for if my father's map is true, the River of Stars is a fable, for they definitely located the spot indicated in his map, and there is neither forest nor river there, only a great dry plateau."

"You told them about the false compass?"

"Lambaire was very frank to me before Francis sailed. He showed me

the false and the true and I saw for myself the exact deflection; what is more, I took careful notice of the difference, and it was on this that the Colonial Office worked out its calculations. A cable has been sent to stop my brother, but he has already left the coast with the two men and is beyond the reach of the telegraph."

"Have you got the map with you?"

She took the soiled chart from her bag and offered it to him. He did not take it for his hands were still behind him, and suddenly she understood why and flushed.

"Open it and let me see, please."

He studied it carefully: then he said, "By the way, who told the Colonial Office that I knew all about this business? Oh, of course you did."

She nodded.

"I did not know what to do—I have lost my father in that country—for the first time I begin to fear for my brother—I have nobody to whom I can appeal for advice . . ."

She checked herself quickly, being in a sudden terror lest this thief with his shaven head and his steel-clamped wrists should discover how big a place he held in her thoughts.

"There is something wrong, some mystery that has not been unravelled, my father was a careful man and could not have made a mistake: all along we knew that the river was in British territory."

"The boundary may have been altered," suggested Amber. But she shook her head.

"No, I asked that question: it was demarcated in 1875 and has not been altered."

Amber looked again at the map, then at the girl.

"I will see you to-morrow," he said. "But—" She looked at him in astonishment.

"I may not be able to get permission to-morrow."

A key turned in the lock and the heavy door opened slowly. Outside was the governor with a face as black as thunder, the chief warder and Fells.

"Time's up," said the governor gruffly. Amber looked at the detective and nodded; then called authoritatively to the prison chief.

"Take these handcuffs off, Cardeen," he said.

"What—!?"

"Give him the order, Fells," said Amber, and the detective obediently handed a paper to the bewildered man.

"You are suspended from duty," said Amber shortly, "pending an inquiry into your management of this gaol. I am Captain Ambrose Grey, one of His Majesty's inspectors of prisons."

The chief warder's hands were shaking horribly as he turned the key that opened the hinged bar of the handcuffs.

CHAPTER XII.

Amber Sails.

AMBER went down to Southampton one cheerless day in December, when a grey, sad mist lay on the waters, and all that was land spoke of comfort, of warm snug chimney corners and drawn curtains, and all the sea was hungry dreariness.

He did not expect to see Cynthia when he came to Waterloo, for he had taken a shaky farewell the night before . . . She had been irritatingly calm and self-composed, so matter-of-fact in her attitude, that the words he had schooled himself to say would not come.

He was busily engaged composing a letter to her—a letter to be posted be-

fore the ship sailed—and had come to the place where in one sketchy sentence he was recounting his worldly prospects for her information, when she came along the train and found him.

An awkward moment for Amber—he was somewhat incoherent—remarked on the beauty of the day oblivious of the rain that splashed down upon the carriage window—and was conventionally grateful to her for coming to see him off.

He could not have been lucid or intelligent, for he caught her smiling—but what is a man to say when his mind is full of thoughts too tremendous for speech, and his tongue is called upon to utter the pleasantries of convention?"

All too quickly it seemed, the guard's whistle shrilled. "Oh, hang it!" Amber jumped up. "I am sorry—I wanted to say— Oh, dash it!"

She smiled again. "You will have plenty of time," she said quietly, "I am going to Southampton."

AN overjoyed and thankful man sank back onto his seat as the train drew out of the station. What he might have said is easy to imagine. Here was an opportunity if ever there was one. He spoke about the beauty of the day—she might have thought him rude but for understanding. He spent half an hour explaining how the hatters had sent him a helmet two sizes larger than necessary, and gave her a graphic picture of how he had looked.

She was politely interested . . .

Too quickly the train rattled over the points at Eastleigh and slowed for Southampton town. It was raining, a thin cold drizzle of rain that blurred the windows and distorted the outlines of the buildings through which the train passed slowly on its way to the docks.

Amber heaved a long sigh and then, observing the glimmer of amusement in the girl's eyes, smiled also.

"Rank bad weather, my lady," he said ruefully, "heaven's weepin', England in mourning at the loss of her son, and all that sort of thing."

"She must bear her troubles," said the girl mockingly, and Amber marvelled that she could be so cheerful under such distressing circumstances—for I fear that Amber was an egotist.

In the great barnlike shed adjoining the quayside they left the carriage and made their way across the steaming quay to the gangway.

"We will find a dry place," said Amber, "and I will deposit you in comfort whilst I speak a few kindly words to the steward." He left her in the big saloon, and went in search of his cabin.

He had other matters to think about—the important matters; matters affecting his life, his future, his happiness. Now if he could only find a gambit—an opening. If she would only give him a chance of saying all that was in his heart. Amber, a young man remarkably self-possessed in most affairs of life, tossed wildly upon a tempestuous sea of emotion, in sight of land, with a very life-line at hand to bring him to a place of safety, yet without courage to grasp the line or put the prow of his boat to shore.

"For," he excused, "there may be rocks that way, and it is better to be uncomfortable at sea than drowned on the beach."

Having all these high matters to fill his mind, he passed his cabin twice, missed the steward and found himself blundering into second class accommodation amongst shivering

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Removes that yellow tinge, which common soaps only intensify. All dirt and discolorations quickly respond to its cleaning qualities. Equally as effective in cleaning jardinières, vases and bric-a-brac. Old Dutch Cleanser halves the work and time—doubles the satisfaction.

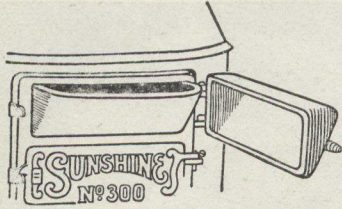
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INVALIDS' PORT WINE

Dr. SEVERIN LACHAPELLE

Professor of the Medical Faculty of Laval University, Montreal, says: "You have rendered a great service to humanity by preparing your Wilson's Invalids' Port—and which is doubly advantageous as it contains the pure extract of the Peruvian plant (Cinchona) and Port Wine of first quality."

Severin Lachapelle

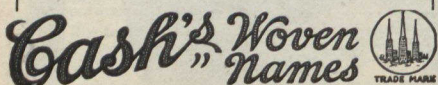
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half-caste folk before he woke up to the fact that his errand was still unperformed.

He came back to the saloon to find it empty, and a wild panic came on him. She had been tired of waiting—there was an early train back to town and she had gone.

He flew out on to the deck, ran up and down companionways innumerable, sprinted along the broad promenade deck to the amazement of stolid quarter-masters, took the gangway in two strides and reached the damp quay, then as quickly came back to the ship again to renew his search.

What a hopeless ass he was! What a perfect moon-calf! A picture of tragic despair, he came again to the saloon to find her, very cool and very dry—which he was not.

"Why, you are wet through," was her greeting. Amber smiled sheepishly.

"Yes, lost a trunk, you know, left on the quay—just a little rain—now I want to say something—" He was breathless but determined as he sat beside her.

"You are to go straight to your cabin and change your clothes," she ordered.

"Don't worry about that, I—" She shook her head.

"You must," she said firmly, "you will catch all sorts of things, besides you look funny."

A crowning argument this, for men will brave dangers and suppress all manner of heroic desires, but ridicule is a foe from which they flee.

He had an exciting and passionate half-hour, unlocking trunks, and dragging to light such garments as were necessary for the change. For the most part they lay at the bottom of each receptacle and were elusive. He was hot and dishevelled, when with fingers that shook from agitation he fastened the last button and closed the door on the chaos in his cabin.

There was a precious half-hour gone—another was to be sacrificed to lunch—for the ship provided an excellent dejeuner for the passengers' friends, and my lady was humanly hungry.

When he came to the covered promenade deck the mails were being run on board, which meant that in half an hour the bell would ring for all who were not travelling to go on shore, and the blessed opportunity which fate had thrown in his way would be lost.

She seemed more inclined to discuss the possibility of his reaching her brother—a pardonable anxiety on her part, but which, unreasonably, he resented. Yet he calmed himself to listen, answering more or less intelligently.

He writhed in silent despair as the minutes passed, and something like a groan escaped from him as the ship's bell changed the familiar signal.

He rose, a little pale. "I am afraid this is where we part," he said unsteadily, "and there were one or two things I wanted to say to you."

She sprang up, a little alarmed, he thought—certainly confused, if he judged rightly by the pink and white that came to her cheek.

"I wanted to say—to ask you—I am not much of a fellow as fellows go, and I dare say you think I am a—" He had too many openings to this speech of his and was trying them all.

"Perhaps you had better wait," she said gently.

"I intended writing to you," he went on, "as soon as we touched Sierra Leone—in fact I was going to write from here." A quartermaster came along the deck. "Any more for the shore?" He glanced inquiringly at the pair. "Last gangway's been pulled off main."

Amber looked hopelessly down at her. Then he sighed.

"I am afraid I shall have to write after all," he said ruefully, and laughed.

Her smile answered his, but she made no movement.

Again the bell clanged.

"Unless you want to be taken out to the Alebi Coast," he said, half jestingly, "you will have to go ashore."

Again she smiled.

"I want to be taken out to the Alebi

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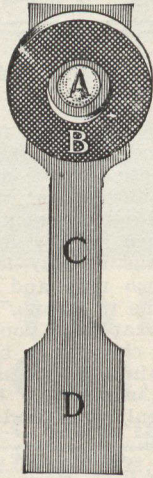
The pain would stop instantly. Then the B & B wax would gently loosen each corn. In 48 hours all the corns would come out.

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Coast," she said, "that is what I have paid my passage money for."
Amber was well-nigh speechless.
"But—you can't—your luggage?"
"My luggage is in my cabin," she said innocently; "didn't you know I was coming with you?"
Amber said nothing, his heart being too full for words.

When they were five days out, and the sugar-loaf mountain of Teneriffe was sinking behind them, Amber awoke to the gravity of the situation.
"I've been a selfish pig," he said, "if I'd had the heart to do it I could have persuaded you to leave the ship at Santa Cruz—you ought not to come."
"J'y suis—J'y reste!" she said lazily. She was stretched on a wicker lounge chair, a dainty picture from the tip of her white shoes to the crown of her pretty head.

"I'm an explorer's daughter," she went on half seriously, "you have to remember that, Captain Grey."
"I'd rather you called me Amber," he said.
"Well, Mr. Amber," she corrected, "though it seems a little familiar; what was I saying?"
"You were boasting about your birth," he said. He pulled a chair to her side—"and we were listening respectfully."

She did not speak for some time, her eyes following the dancing wavelets that slipped astern as the ship pushed through the water.

"It is a big business, isn't it?" she said suddenly. "This country killed my father—it has taken my brother

"It shall not take you," he said between his teeth, "I'll have no folly of that kind; you must go back. We shall meet the homeward Congo boat at Grand Bassam and I shall transfer you—"

She laughed out loud, a long low laugh of infinite amusement.

"By for e, I suppose," she rallied him, "or wrapped up in canvas labelled 'Stow away from boilers.' No, I am going to the base of operations—if no further. It is my palaver—that is the right word, isn't it?—much more than yours."

She was wholly serious now.
"I suppose it is," he said slowly, "but it's a man's palaver, and a nasty palaver at that. Before we catch up to Lambaire and his party even—" He hesitated.

"Even if we do," she suggested quietly; and he nodded.

"There is no use in blinking possibilities," he went on. His little drawl left him and the gentleness in his voice made the girl shiver.

"We have got to face the worst," he said. "Lambaire may or may not believe that the River of Stars is in Portuguese territory. His object in falsifying the compass may have been to hoodwink the British Government into faith in his bona fides—you see, we should have believed your father, and accepted his survey without question."

"Do you think that was the idea?" she asked.

Amber shook his head.
"Frankly no. My theory is that the compass was faked so that your father should not be able to find the mine again: I think Lambaire's idea was to prevent the plans from being useful to anybody else but himself—if by chance they fell into other hands."

"But why take Francis?" she asked in perplexity.

"The only way they could get the plan—any way their position was strengthened by the inclusion of the dead explorer's son."

This was the only conversation they had on the subject. At Seirra Leone they transferred their baggage to the Pinto Colo, a little Portuguese coasting steamer, and then followed for them a leisurely crawl along the coast, where, so it seemed, at every few miles the ship came to an anchor to allow of barrels of German rum to be landed.

Then one morning, when a thick white mist lay on the oily water, they came to an anchor off the low-lying coast—invisible from the ship—which was the beginning of the forbidden territory.

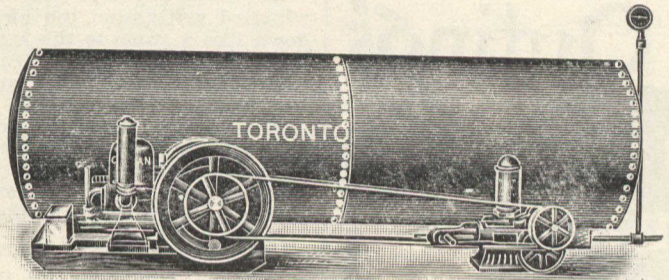
"We have arrived," said Amber, an hour later, when the surf-boat was

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beached. He turned to a tall thin native who stood aloof from the crowd of boatmen who had assisted at the landing.

"Dem Consul, he lib—?"

"Massa," said the black man impressively, "him lib for bush one time—dem white man him lib for bush, but dem bush feller he chop um one time, so Consul him lib for bush to hang um bush feller."

To the girl this was so much gibberish, and she glanced from the native to Amber who stood alert, his eyelids narrow, his face tense.

"How you call um, them white man who go dead?" he asked.

Before the man could answer something attracted his attention and he looked up. There was a bird circling slowly above him.

He stretched out his arms and whistled softly, and the bird dropped down like a stone to the sandy beach, rose with an effort, waddled a step or two and fell over, its great crop heaving.

The native lifted it tenderly—it was a pigeon. Round one red leg, fastened by a rubber band, was a thin scrap of paper. Amber removed the tissue carefully and smoothed it out.

"To O. C. Houssas.

"Messrs. Lambaire and White have reached Alebi Mission Station. They report having discovered diamond field and state Sutton died fever month ago.

"(Signed) H. Sanders."

He read it again slowly, the girl watching with a troubled face.

"What does it say?" she asked.

Amber folded the paper carefully.

"I do not think it was intended for us," he said evasively.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Forest.

IN the Khassi backland three men sat. The sun was going down, a log fire such as the native will build on the hottest day sent up a thin straight whisp of smoke.

The stout man in the soiled ducks was Lambaire, the thin man with the yellow unshaven face was Whitey. He was recovering from his second attack of fever, and the hand that he raised to his mouth shook suggestively. Young Sutton was a sulky third.

They did not speak as they disposed of the unpalatable river fish which their headman had caught for them. Not until they had finished, and had strolled down to the edge of the river, did they break the silence.

"This is the end of it," said Lambaire thickly.

Whitey said nothing.

"Three thousand pounds this expedition has cost, and I don't know how many years of my life," Lambaire continued, "and we're a thousand miles from the coast."

"Four hundred," interrupted Whitey impatiently, "and it might as well be four thousand."

There was a long pause in the conversation.

"Where does this river lead to?" asked Lambaire, "it must go somewhere."

"It goes through a fine cannibal country," said Whitey grimly, "if you're thinking of a short cut to the sea leave out the river."

"And there's no River of Stars—no diamonds: a cursed fine explorer that father of yours, Sutton." He said this savagely, but the boy with his head on his knees, looking wistfully at the river, made no reply.

"A cursed fine explorer," repeated Lambaire. Sutton half turned his head. "Don't quarrel with me," he said drearily, "because if you do—"

"Hey! if I do?" Lambaire was ripe for quarrelling with anybody.

"If you do, I'll shoot you dead," said the boy, and turned his head again in the direction of the river.

Lambaire's face twitched and he half rose—they were sitting on the river bank. "None o' that talk, Sutton," he growled tremulously; "that's not the sort o'—"

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Whitey, "we don't want your jabber, Lambaire—we want a way out!"

A way out! That is what the



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search for the river had come to: this was the end of four months' wandering, every day taking them further and further into the bush; every week snapped one link that held them to civilization. They had not reached the Portuguese border, because, long before they had arrived within a hundred miles of the frontier, it was apparent that the map was all wrong. There had been little villages marked upon it which they had not come by: once when a village had been traced, and a tribal headquarters located, they had discovered, as other African travellers had discovered, that a score of villages bearing the same name might be found within a radius of a hundred miles.

And all the time the little party, with its rapidly diminishing band of carriers, was getting further and further into the bush. They had parlayed with the Alebi folk, fought a running fight with the bush people of the middle forest, held their camp against a three day attack of the painted K'hassi, and had reached the dubious security which the broken-spirited slave people of the Inner Lands could offer.

And the end of it was that the expedition must turn back, passing through the outraged territories they had forced.

"There is no other way," persisted Lambaire. Whitey shook his head.

A singularly futile ending to a great expedition. I am following the train of thought in Sutton's mind as he gloomed at the river flowing slowly past. Not the way which such expeditions ended in books. Cynthia would laugh, he shuddered. Perhaps she would cry, and have cause more-over.

And that thief man, Amber; a rum name, Amber—gold, diamonds. No diamonds, no River of Stars: the dream had faded. This was a river. It slugged a way through a cannibal land, it passed over hundreds of miles of cataracts and came to the sea . . . where there were ships that carried one to England . . . to London.

He sprang up. "When shall we start?" he asked humbly.

"Start?" Lambaire looked up. "We've got to go back the way we came," said the boy. "We might as well make a start now—the carriers are going—two went last night. We've no white man's food; we've about a hundred rounds of ammunition apiece."

"I suppose we can start to-morrow," he said listlessly.

* * * * *

Before the sun came up, a little expedition began its weary march coastward.

* * * * *

For three days they moved without opposition; on the fourth day they came upon a hunting regiment of the K'hassi—an ominous portent, for they had hoped to get through the K'hassi country without any serious fighting. The hunting regiment abandoned its search for elephant and took upon itself the more joyous task of hunting men.

Fortunately the little party struck the open plain which lies to the westward of the Khassi land proper, and in the open they held the hunting regiment at bay. On the fifth day their headman, marching at the rear of the sweating carriers, suddenly burst into wild and discordant song. Sutton and Whitey went back to discover the reason for the outburst, and the man with a chuckle told them that he had seen several devils. That night the headman took a billet of wood, and creeping stealthily upon a carrier with whom he had been on perfectly friendly terms, smashed his skull.

"It is sleeping sickness," said Sutton.

The three white men were gathered near the tree to which the mad headman was bound—not without a few minor casualties among the carriers. "What can we do?" fretted Lambaire. "We can't leave him—he would starve, or he might get free—that's worse."

Eventually they let the problem stand over till the morning, setting a guard to watch the lunatic.

The carriers were assembled in the morning under a new headman, and

the caravan marched, Whitey remaining behind. Lambaire, marching in the centre of the column, heard the sharp explosion of a revolver, and then after a pause another. He shuddered and wiped his moist forehead with the back of his hand.

Soon Whitey caught up with the party—Whitey, pallid of face, with his mouth trembling.

Lambaire looked at him fearfully. "What did you do?" he whispered.

"Go on, go on," snarled the other. "You are too questioning, Lambaire, you know damn'd well what I have done. Can't leave a nigger to starve to death—hey? Got to do something?" His voice rose to a shrill scream, and Lambaire, shaking his head helplessly, asked no more.

In romances your rascal is so thorough paced a rascal that no good may be said of him, no meritorious achievement can stand to his credit. In real life great villains can be heroic. Lambaire was naturally a coward—he was all the greater hero that he endured the rigours of that march and faced the dangers which every new day brought forth, uncomplainingly.

They had entered the Alebi country on the last long stage of the journey, when the great thought came to Lambaire. He confided to nobody, but allowed the matter to turn over in his mind two whole days.

They came upon a native village, the inhabitants of which were friendly disposed to the strange white men, and here they rested their weary bodies for the space of three days.

On the evening of the second day, as they sat before a blazing fire—for the night air had a nip even in equatorial Africa—Lambaire spoke his mind.

"Does it occur to you fellows what we are marching towards?" he asked. Neither answered him. Sutton took a listless interest in the conversation, but the eyes of Whitey narrowed watchfully.

"We are marching to the devil," said Lambaire, impressively. "I am marching to the bankruptcy court, and so are you, Whitey. Sutton is marching to something that will make him the laughing stock of London; and," he added slowly, watching the effect of his words, "that will make his father's name ridiculous."

He saw the boy wince, and went on—

"Me and Whitey floated a company—got money out of the public—diamond mine—brilliant prospects and all that sort of thing—see?"

He caught Whitey nodding his head thoughtfully, and saw the puzzled interest in Sutton's face.

"We are going back—"

"If we get back," murmured Whitey.

"Don't talk like a fool," snapped Lambaire. "My God, you make me sick, Whitey; you spoil everything! Get back! Of course we will get back—the worst of the fighting is over. It's marchin' now—we are in reach of civilization—"

"Go on—go on," said Whitey impatiently, "when we get back?"

"When we do," said Lambaire, "we've got to say, 'Look here, you people—the fact of it is—'"

"Making a clean breast of the matter," murmured Whitey.

"Making a clean breast of the matter—there's no mine."

Lambaire paused, as much to allow the significance of the situation to sink into his own mind as into the minds of the hearers.

"Well?" asked Whitey.

"Well," repeated the other, "why should we? Look here!"—he leant forward and spoke rapid'y and with great earnestness—"what's to prevent our saying that we have located the diamond patch, eh? We can cut out the river—make it a dried river bed—we have seen hundreds of places where there are rivers in the wet season. Suppose we get back safe and sound without pockets full of garnets and uncut diamonds—I can get 'em in London—"

Whitey's eyes were dancing now; no need to ask him how the ingenious plan appealed to him. But Sutton questioned.

(To be continued.)



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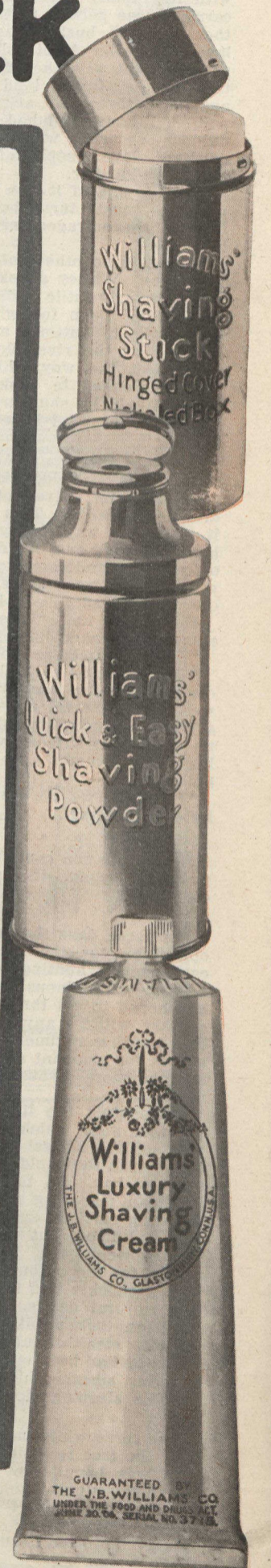
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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Conn.

*After Shaving
use Williams' Talc Powder*



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JUNE 30, 08, SERIAL NO. 3718.