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 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE



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AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN COWPER POWYS?



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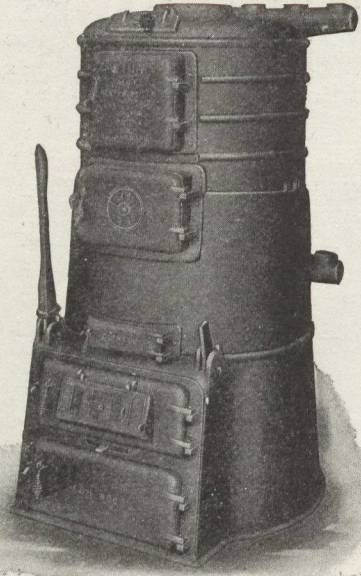
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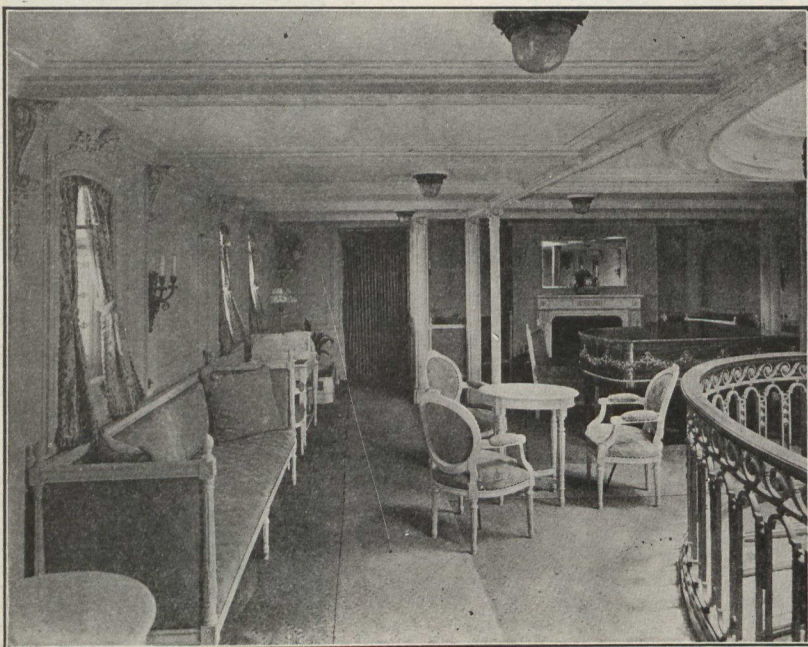
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 16

## CONTENTS

- Life at Norway House ..... Illustrated.
- British Plays for Canadian Audiences . By Margaret Bell.
- The Art of Laurence Irving ..... By Hugh S. Eayrs.
- What is Literature, Anyhow? ..... By Augustus Bridle.  
As Interpreted by John Cowper Powys, M.A.
- His Majesty's Mail, Story ..... By S. A. White.  
Illustrated by Arthur Heming.
- Reminiscences of Lord Minto ..... By J. R. Watt.
- You Are Better Than an M.P. .... By the Monocle Man.
- A Gentleman from Japan ..... By A. F. Belding.
- The Montreal Mayoralty ..... Illustrated.
- News of a Week ..... By Camera and Pen.

### WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" discourses amiably on "Veils and Vanities," "A Girl's Brother," and one or two subjects less transparent; in her article, "Making a Rose of Johnny" (profusely illustrated), Mary Josephine Trotter records some results of medical inspection as established in Toronto schools; the trained economist, Edith Lang, contributes the second of her practical talks on woman in industrial life in Canada—her theme this week being "Schools of Salesmanship." Besides which news and views, bright, brief and plenty.

- Demi-Tasse ..... By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates ..... By the Financial Editor.
- Behind the Picture, Serial ..... By McDonnell Bodkin.
- Reflections ..... By the Editor.

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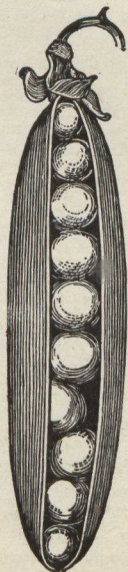
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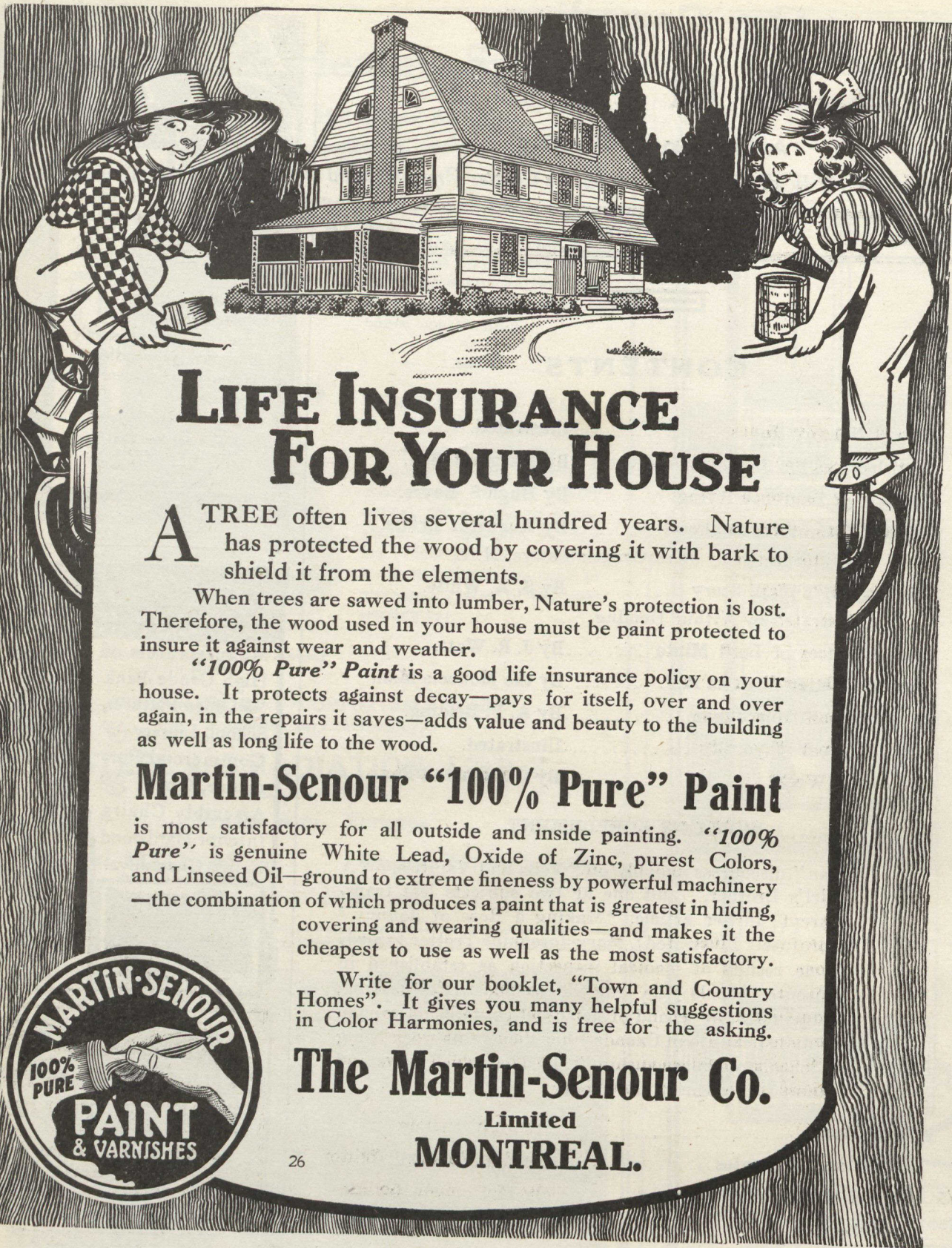
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### In Lighter Vein

**Keen.**—"Here, sir," said the antique dealer, displaying a huge sword to a clerical-looking collector. "Ever see anything more interesting than that? That's Balaam's sword."

"But, my good man, that cannot be," said the dominie, "Balaam never had a sword. He only wished for one."

"Quite right, sir," said the dealer. "This is the one he wished for!"—Chicago Journal.

**An Amateur.**—"Some saintly folk in this town are always throwing the game of poker at our unoffending head," says a Georgia editor. "We want to say, once for all, that we don't know the game. If we had known it we'd be richer, at this writing, by a house and lot, a gold watch and chain, and a real diamond stud."—Atlanta Constitution.

**Godsend.**—He—"I wonder why it is that I can never manage to be alone with you?"

She—"It must be an act of Providence."—Boston Transcript.

#### Knockers.

**NO** man can knock you on the sly  
And do so with impunity;  
The only knocker who gets by  
Is known as Opportunity.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Modern.

**"WHERE** are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-tangoing, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What's your father, my pretty maid?"

"My father's a zero, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, for a time, kind sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My heels are my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."

"I have plenty of partners, kind sir," she said.

**Musical Query.**—Another thing we don't understand about a grand-opera orchestra is why all the fiddlers finish at the same time when they are playing different tunes.—Dallas News.

**The Real Hero.**—First Critic—"I understand you saw Scribbler's new comedy last night. Who played the hero?"

Second Critic—"I did. I sat through the whole thing."—Tit-Bits.

**One on Father.**—"Daughter," said the father, "your young man, Rawlings, stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, father," replied the daughter sweetly. "Mother says men haven't altered a bit."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Once Bitten.**—Waiter (to town councillor, who is furtively feeling the edges of the knives arranged on the banqueting table)—"It's all right, Mr. Brown. Every one of 'em has been sharpened."

**Town Councillor** (moodily)—"Ah wor looking for a blunt 'un; t' last time A wor 'ere Aw cut my mouth!"—Liverpool Mercury.

**Considerate.**—"Aren't you the man I gave some pie to a fortnight ago?" "Yes, lidy, thank you; I come back because I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again."—Punch.



*The*  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*

HERBERT  
 P.D.R.

Vol. XV.

March 21, 1914

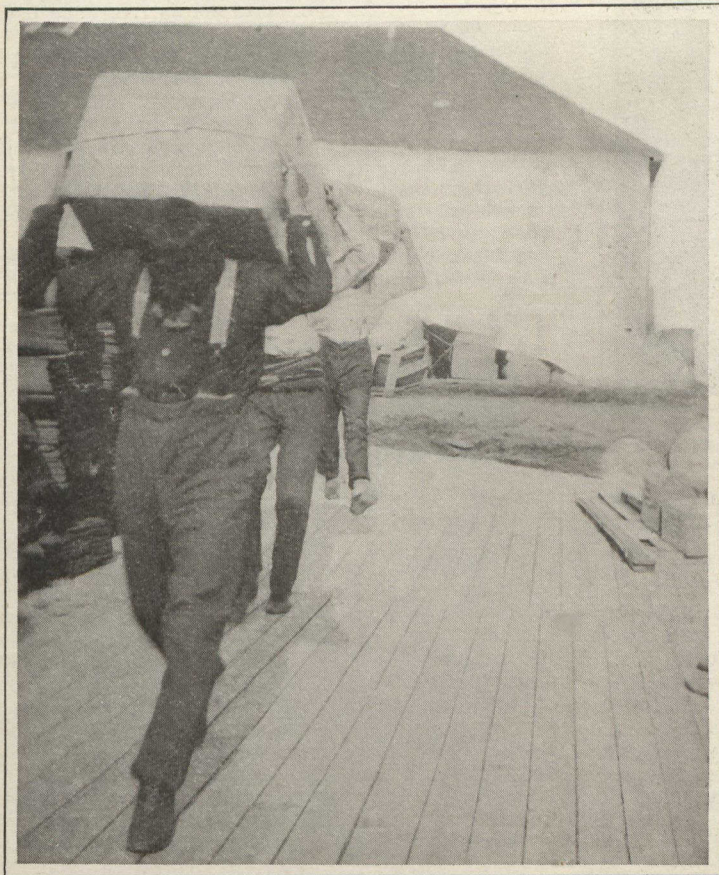
No. 16

Rare Pictures of a Far-Away Life at Norway House



Unloading York Boats at the Famous Metropolis of Fur-Posts at the head of Lake Winnipeg.

**N**ORWAY HOUSE is one of the most picturesque trade centres in Canada. It does the supply business for seven Hudson's Bay Co. fur-posts without a single warehouse or railway siding. It is the one place in that part of Canada where the historic York boat that carried the trade of the entire North-West before there was a mile of railway in the country, is still the way of trade. The dockwallopers and stevedores are all Indians and half-breeds who make a great deal more money on the docks and poling the York boats than ever they did hunting. Some of them earn a thousand dollars a year each. Two dollars a day and board is the regular pay, and even at that labour is hard to get, because the Indians are very independent—which in most cases means "heap lazy." The steersman of a York boat gets three dollars a day. The photographs were taken by a lady who was a guest at Norway House.



The Indians and Half-breeds Carrying the White Man's Burdens at \$2.00 a Day and their Board.



The History-Making York Boat and its Strenuous Crew. The Steersman earns his three dollars a day in those rocky channels.



# What is Literature, Anyhow?

*More or Less Dynamic Impressions of John Cowper Powys, M.A.*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WHETHER you call it literature or "literachuah"—what is it, when you hear a man like John Cowper Powys, M.A., from Cambridge, set up an invisible bookshop on the stage and proceed to tell you what to read and why, what not and why not, and why the "young person" about whom censors are so careful should not be allowed to dictate literary fashions? For the past four weeks this volcanic interpreter has been giving passionate lay sermons on literature to Canadian people in and around Toronto. Tugged in a Cambridge gown, swallow-tail—or was it Tuxedo?—little black tie and immaculate shirt bosom, without the scrawl of a pencil or the mumble of a prompter's cue, he has done his best to make a literary lecture resemble the hot headlong lines of a big melodrama or a problem play. He has talked a mile a minute about great authors in four countries. If he had been taken down short-hand by the phonic method the thing he spent an hour and a half delivering would have been almost as impossible as the luriddest page in Carlyle's French Revolution or one of the most delicious passages in "Gargantua and Pantagruel."

Now, John Cowper Powys, M.A., has gone back to Cambridge, I daresay; or perhaps to New York. And he has left behind him a trail of literary culture, consisting of Goethe, Ibsen and Strindberg, Tolstoi and Turgenieff, Balzac and Guy de Maupassant. This man Powys is a hyper-climacteric wonder. He lectured last week upon French literature. No, it was hardly a lecture. It was an evangelistic discourse clothed in the lurid garb of ejaculation and of Dioynsian culture. It was a Bacchantic brainstorm based upon perceptive analysis. It was a quick run through the morgue of French letters into the museum, thence into the salon and the French Academy.

Somehow or other the audiences that packed the hall in Toronto to hear Mr. Powys were nine women to one man, when most of the few men were from the university. This was a compliment and a challenge to Mr. Powys. He might have known that nine-tenths of us in this country don't care a button about pure literature even when it deals with allegedly impure subjects. We don't mind a little of it dressed up in the garb of drama, or tricked out into political orations, or furbelowed into a good heterodox sermon. But we don't as a rule care to hear a Cambridge don tell us what we should read and why—just because he has happened to have time to read what we don't. That's the reason we send the dear women out to hear such men as Powys while we sit at home or go to the Club to talk about "wine, women and politics." (I am quoting Powys.)

Times have changed. Men started to go back on sermons some years ago. They have begun to retrograde on serious drama and cultural concerts. And now they have even abandoned the literary lecture to the women who, of course, are supposed to do nine-tenths of the world's reading anyway, except in the stock columns and the sporting pages, and some detective stories. And this is precisely where a few men like Powys, if properly handled by a man like the late Major Bond, might carry the tendencies of the times to the point of "passionate logic" in revolution. (Again I quote Powys, who admired the passionate logic and the intellectual abandonment to an idea possessed by the French people.) How should men like Powys be hitched up to the real masculine machinery of modern times? Very easily. Just the same way that "movies" have made millions more or less familiar with some sort of drama without words or any intellectual effort.

WE must admit that civilization has become so complex that the forty years of a man's life, when he really has his wits about him, are too short to understand the world as it is and as it used to be, let alone what it is likely to become. Ask Arnold Bennett—if the average man has the ghost of a chance to cram the world's literature and music and art and history and politics into his ken, and at the same time grub out a respectable solution of the H. C. of L. None whatever. We are all too busy.

Therefore we must have priests of literature and art. We need men to scour the world for literature and art as once we needed Columbuses and Pizarros to pillage the world by discovery of terrae novae; just as we need the phonograph and the player-piano to give us the world's music that we haven't time to study for ourselves; just as we need the illustrated papers and magazines to give us pictures in place of travel and seeing art galleries.

And Powys is the very kind of man. It's all very well for Public Librarian George Locke to keep a huge castle of books open day and night. But when we get in there half of us don't know what under the sun we ought to read. The booksellers downtown can't tell us. The book reviewers usually bore us—God save them! The university extension lecturer puts us amiably to sleep. Therefore, if we don't get any literary life from these conventional functionaries, and if even the women no longer have time to give us the world's literature in tabloid form,

let us hire a hundred men like Powys, if as many can be got, and send them round helter-skelter over the land to tell the women what is and has been doing in the world of letters. It used to be said that literature is life. Then let's have literature and yet more abundantly.

Powys knows how. He believes in the dynamic energy of literature. He lives it. He began to live it when he was six years of age reading Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." When he opens a book he clutches it by the nape of the neck and says, "Now show me! Thrill me! Reveal to me the genius of your maker of the times in which you were written—or by the hocus-pocus I'll chuck you into the garret!"

When he has eaten alive the contents of several books by one author, does he stop there? Nay. He gets another as unlike it as possible, say from the same nationality. He gathers in the books written by Frenchmen and Scandinavians and Germans and Englishmen and Russians. He traverses them by and large, rakes them fore and aft with his searchlights, sketches out the net mean average of the lot and goes at them again to fill in the details, to see what in the name of Apollo and of O. Henry these men and women have done to illuminate the tendencies of their times for the good of the twentieth century. When he has got half a dozen or more big authors veritably disembowelled for his own more or less pessimistic amusement, he straightway constructs a lecture which no doubt he writes again and again, intensely rumpling his hair and talking to

himself just to get familiar with the kind of apologetic language that he needs in order to make up the lecture for the stage.

Powys makes up his language with literary grease paint and rouge. No doubt about it. He tricks it up as an actor or a Caruso does his voice that he may get it across, not flat black and white, but plump, vivid colouresques of dynamic energy that remind you of a Gargantuan feast gobbled in breathless haste. The time is so short and the subject so big, and the attention of the nine to one infellectual audience so riveted upon him as he flim-flams his long, black gown and black tie about the little yellow pulpit, sometimes almost picks it up and carries it away or crumples it into kindling wood.

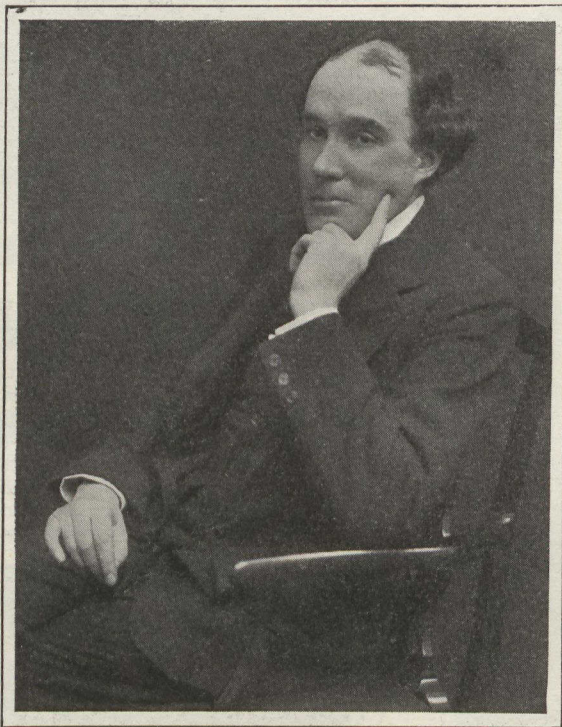
Dynamic? Yes he is. And from the moment he strides like Macready out to that yellow pulpit he has the spotlights full on. He pitches in headlong; no sotto voce smug introduction, but "in medias res," with the pantheistic, primal energy of a Sappho right into the arena where he wrestled last week in one hour and a half all the French writers of note from Rabelais to Maupassant to a glorious and Bacchanalian finish.

Not for him the grey lustre of George Eliot, the white optimism of Browning, the smug complacency of Thackeray or the respectabilities of any Anglo-Saxon writers whatever, unless it be Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dean Swift, Byron and Kipling—whatever he thinks of Masefield and of G. B. S. He deplores the dull drudgery of the Englishman because he is English himself. He glorifies the cosmic irony of the French; and he gave a red-hot, living-picture transcript of the raw-meat orgies of Rabelais, the immortal cynicisms of the giant agnostic Montaigne, the splendid audacities of Voltaire, the passions of Balzac, the profound cosmic pity of Maupassant and the intellectual abandonment of Anatole France. He dismissed Hugo because he was not pure French. He said nothing at all of Zola—why, oh, why?

## The Art of Laurence Irving

By HUGH S. EAYRS

SOMEONE, greatly daring, once told Winston Churchill that he would come to be famous as the son of his father, Lord Randolph. Mr. Churchill, as might be expected, replied that the day would come when the world would remember Lord Randolph Churchill as being the father of Winston



Mr. Laurence Irving, a distinguished son of a distinguished father.

Churchill. It was not a particularly choice compliment to the memory of his father, but it probably had in it some element of truth.

There is a gentleman touring Canada these days who came to be famous as the son of his father. That is how Laurence Irving began. In 1893, Mr. F. R. Benson, that dean of the drama, with whom everybody who is anybody in English stage circles has been associated at one time or another, included in his company the second son of the great Irving. People admired him and loved him because of the name he bore, for the admiration which England had for Sir Henry Irving had in it something very near reverence. Thus Laurence Irving launched his barque in the channel which opens into the widest sea of fame. The launching was another's; making the port has been Mr. Irving's task, and already, at forty, he has made it. Possibly, the fact that he was his father's son hampered him. A great many people said, "Ah, he is good, but he can never be as good as his father." Probably Mr. Irving would say himself that he could never equal his father, and that

to be remotely like him is the thing whereof he is most proud. But, if he continues upon the road where he has made such headway, it is conceivable that the mantle of the father will descend upon the son, and at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, England and the world will see Sir Henry Irving reincarnate, who, being dead, yet speaketh in his second son.

There is much that is suggestive of the father in the son. I remember seeing Sir Henry two nights before he died in Bradford, England, playing in "The Bells." Whoever saw the great actor in this, his greatest play, must always have the imprint on his memory of those mannerisms which made Irving, Irving. One would be ready to swear that they could never appear in any other, for Henry Irving transcended his fellows, yet Laurence Irving subtly suggests many of them. He is like his father physically. His resemblance in method is even more marked. And yet, he is different, and the difference is there because the resemblance was there first. No one but Irving's son could act as Laurence Irving acts. As a corollary, the art of the son is the art of the father developed along new lines, and in part enhanced. Laurence Irving is Laurence Irving because he is, fundamentally, Henry Irving. Most of that that made the acting of Sir Henry stand out as Matterhorn stands out beyond and above Pilatus, makes Laurence Irving stand alone and apart from any other actor on the boards to-day. His art is something separate, different, and immeasurably more appealing than that of any compeer with the possible exceptions of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Harvey.

THE old question of whether an actor should sink himself in his part or play himself above and round his part is surely settled in the example of Mr. Irving. His success is pre-eminently due to the fact that he is an artist first and an actor afterwards. In "Typhoon" he is completely Irving because he is so absolutely Takeramo. In "The Lily" he is wholly Irving because he is so faithfully the Marquis. In "The Unwritten Law" he is altogether Irving because he is so innately Raskolnikoff. In "Othello" he is overmasteringly Irving because he is so truly Iago. When you have seen "Typhoon" you say "Takeramo was wonderful." It is not until afterwards that you say, "Laurence Irving was wonderful." You are captivated by the actor because you are pervaded by the part he plays. Hardly any player before the public to-day puts such a premium on make-up. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton or as Captain Reresby has still the face of Martin Harvey. Laurence Irving has a different face when he plays Takeramo from that he affects when he plays Raskolnikoff, or Iago. It is not merely the difference between the marks of the grease paint or the wigs. It is the absolute changing of expression. There are players on the halls to-day who earn their living by contortionizing their features. Not one of them is so perfect in this regard as Laurence Irving. He is a veritable Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. When Takeramo is playing, Raskolnikoff is dead. When Iago speaks, the polished Marquis never



creeps in. Though he plays four different parts in as many consecutive performances, not an idiosyncrasy of the one appears in his portrayal of the other. Here is the very embodiment of sunken identity. Mr. Irving's most significant attribute is his versatility, and it is a versatility that is brilliant in its comprehensiveness. All this implies fidelity in detail. Mr. Irving recognizes the importance of the etceteras. He steep himself in faithfulness in the smallest things, well knowing that the atmosphere makes the play vivid. Yet he never overdoes it. In his company there are two or three Japanese. They are no more and no less Japanese in "Typhoon" than is Irving himself. Maeterlinck said of Martin Harvey, in "Pelleas and Melisande," that the Pelleas of Harvey was greater than the Pelleas of Pelleas himself. So is it with Irving. The Marquis of Irving, in "The Lily," is greater than the Marquis which Gastron Lenoux painted in his play. It is in players like Mr. Irving that the playwright finds the most finished portrait of the character he has created by his pen.

Second only to his faithfulness to detail is his restraint. There is always suggestion of something held back by supreme effort, which makes the audience long for more revelation. Half concealed is half revealed, and, ergo, half revealed is half con-

cealed. The dramatic moments in the plays in which Mr. Irving acts are made the more dramatic because he goes just far enough to make the straining point. His portrayal of intense passion is enthralling because he knows just where to stop. A shade more declamation, a soupçon more abandon, and the thing is overdone, the spell broken. The strangling of Helene by Takeramo is a triumph of dramatic art, because being melodramatic it yet avoids the theatrical. The nearest approach to this consummate realism on the American continent is Nazimova's "Bella Donna."

Mr. Irving does some daring things. He wrote the play, "The Unwritten Law," and one feature of it is several pauses of three or four minutes' duration, when no one but he is on the stage. For those three or four minutes may be seen the picture of a man struggling with himself. Sometimes there is no sound but the quick breathing which is the outward sign of a soul in torment. Irving, oblivious of the lights, the people, the time, lives for a few moments the agony of the character he is playing, and the awakening leaves him distraught and physically weak. I have seen him at these times stagger across the stage, because he could do nothing else but stagger across the stage.

There is yet another side to him. It is in his pro-

fession as actor that the public knows him best. But those who have heard him lecture, and those who have read his work—for he has written extensively—know that here is a scholar, a master of English. Perhaps this is the result of Marlborough and Cambridge. More likely it is because he is a genius as author as well as a prodigy as actor. Drama's gain is literature's loss. This is apparent in even so small a matter as a curtain speech. There is never a word that is superfluous. Always what he says is lit up by some fresh, bright phrase which proclaims him the true litterateur. He must have made some thousands of speeches, and delivered some hundreds of lectures, but always there is something different, always something new. His great theme is his father. His veneration for Sir Henry Irving is his grande passion. He can make the three words, "My dear father," contain a world of love, of admiration, of reverence. He is tremendously proud that he is the son of the greatest actor the world has ever known. If it were ever suggested that he would become a greater, those eyebrows would go up, and the sardonic smile play around the corners of his mouth as he thought that if ever he could be compared to him he would count the thought his dearest possession. And it will be conceded that if he keeps up the traditions of his august father he will do well.

From Winnipeg, some of the chief supporters of this movement are His Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cameron, Sir Hugh J. Macdonald, Sir William Whyte, Mr. Fred W. Heubach, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Nanton, Mr. J. F. Ney.

The East is just as enthusiastic as the West, in supporting the Society. From New Brunswick are the Honorable J. D. Hazen, Senator M. H. Thorne, Mr. J. F. G. Knowlton, K.C., and Mr. John Thompson.

The smaller towns are fortunate in seeing such productions as the Society will bring to them. From Chatham, Ontario, to Amherst, Nova Scotia, they will go. Fort William and Brandon, Fernie and Kamloops, too, will be fortunate. The only difficulty which might arise is that of distances. When a company has to travel several hundred miles to appear in a town for only one night, the expense of such a "jump" can easily be imagined. Heretofore, the smaller cities of the West have been denied the pleasure of good plays, simply because of the great distances. It seems only natural that the companies should be reluctant to travel so far, without some financial guarantee.

The larger cities of the West appreciate this difficulty. Certainly they are very enthusiastic, and many have given their names in support of it. From Vancouver are the Right Honorable Sir Charles Tupper and Lady Tupper, Rev. the Lord Bishop of New Westminster and Mrs. Pencier, Rev. Eber Crummy, D.D., Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Henshaw, Mrs. Sillito and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Sweeny, and many others.

The first representative to come over from England is a very typical representative, Martin Harvey, undoubtedly the country's best known romantic actor. He is at present appearing in Canadian cities, in plays of the seventeenth century and early eighteenth, "The Breed of the Treshams" and "The Only Way."

Ever since his landing in Halifax, on January 8th, Mr. Harvey has received excellent support. He is on his way to the Coast, and undoubtedly will be equally well received wherever he goes. For he has all the finesse of the English player, not spoiled by premature praise and flattery. He is of the poetic personality necessary for the interpretation of such roles as Sydney Carton. In his own land, he is known as the best Sydney Carton ever attempted on the stage.



One of those vivid crowd scenes of Martin Harvey; the Court Scene in "The Only Way."

## British Plays for Canadian Audiences

By MARGARET BELL

CANADIAN entertainment has been so long in the clutches of the big New York syndicates and trusts, that Canada's tastes have had to be governed by the tastes of the syndicates. The discrimination of the Broadway offices begins and ends with the shows which make the greatest appeal to the unthinking public. In short, the artistic perception is influenced solely by financial profits.

Witness: The Winter Garden Shows, the Evelyn Thaw hotch potch, the Jardin de Danse, the Follies, the George M. Cohan vulgarities, and other typical Broadway classics. For many seasons, the motto of the Broadway managers has been, "We'll give them what they want," following up which wise resolution, they send out a series of shows—and such shows! Of course, there are a few theatrical producers in New York who are really artistic; such men as Winthrop Ames, George Tyler, and David Belasco. They have done much to send excellent productions throughout the country. But they are in the minority.



Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton in "The Only Way."

Of late, Canada has been fortunate in seeing English plays and productions. The late Edward Terry made an extensive tour through this country, and was followed by Lewis Waller, who, tiring of the dust of New York, shook it from him and confined most of his tour to Canada. Naturally, one of the best tangible proofs of a player's popularity is the number of dollars which are dropped into the box-office till. Edward Terry was much pleased with the results of his tour, and Lewis Waller reaped a handsome reward.

That set Canada thinking. It was quite evident that the Broadway trusts did not know what the public wanted. Some other plan must be adopted.

It was known that in England, there was an organization known as the Theatre Organization Society, founded several years ago, for the improvement of public entertainments. Several well-known names appeared on their committee list, such as Lord Beauchamp, the Bishop of Southwark, Professor Gilbert Murray, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Coventry, and many more. Such success had followed their efforts that Carl F. Leyer decided to form a limited company, with a capital of ten thousand pounds, the aim of which would be to send first-class companies to Canada. William Holles, of Montreal, was consulted, and became the Canadian manager of the organization.

Canada received the news joyfully. For, in the past the English dramatists have transferred their acting rights to American managers, who have shown little regard for what Canadians consider their legitimate claims; with the result that Canada, with the exception of Montreal and Toronto, has starved for good plays.

This new organization, known as the British Canadian Theatre Organization Society, will endeavour to give every Canadian city the entertainment which is a compliment to the public's taste and discernment. The membership of the new Society entails no financial responsibility; only the moral obligation to support its object and patronize its plays. There is no subscription or entrance fee, simply the co-operation of all real lovers of the best in dramatic offerings, to secure such entertainments for Canada.

One may readily see that, apart from the educational value of such a movement, an Imperial spirit will be formed, which will unite the great mass of Canada's playgoers in spirit and sympathy with the home land. And eventually there will arise what the country has looked for and desired for so long, a National Theatre.



The Guillotine Scene in "The Only Way."



# His Majesty's Mail

*A Thrilling Story Illustrating the Every-Day Drama of the Great North*

THE Mackenzie River mail packet, bound from Edmonton to Fort Macpherson, was many days overdue at Chippewyan. For a week a demoniacal northern blizzard had swept the Athabasca Valley, and Sandy MacFells, the factor of Chippewyan, was worried about the mail. He walked back and forth with his daughter Margaret throughout the straggling rooms of the post in a great impatience, shaking his grey head remonstratingly at those of the crowd of inhabitants who voiced the possibility of calamity having overtaken the packeteers in charge of the dog train. The trading-room was full of post people waiting like himself, and among them sat Sergeant Ford and Constable Mikel Rochaine. These men of the Mounted Police had little hope of seeing the mail that day. It was the worst day of seven bad days, and they knew the Athabasca River trail in snow and wind.

"I guess it's no use," yawned Ford, arising and stretching himself as he stared at the swishing wind-dow coated inch-deep with frost. "The packet isn't going to get in. It must be storm bound somewhere down the Athabasca."

"Jacques Grasson, he bring the packet to-day," declared the French-Canadian constable, with conviction. "Dis is de limit of hees taim, an' he be come alright. An' I tell you no storm evaire bound him, eider. But dere be so mooch loose snow. It mak' de runnin' ver' bad an' de taim ver' slow."

"Tha's richt, Mikel," observed MacFells, pacing by with Margaret hanging onto his arm. "Tha's richt, mon. Nae bleazard ever stoppit Jacques Grasson wi' in ma ken. It's the trail bein' sae heavy. It's losin' him hours a' the time, an' hours soon make days, especially when they're lost ones."

"Do you really think it will get in to-day, Mikel?" asked Margaret, eagerly. She was more impatient for the packet's coming than even her father.

"I be sure Jacques not ver' far away," replied Rochaine. "Dis storm she blow so close an' low dat not'ing can be seen on de lake. If de cloud lift an' we see ovaire de ice, I t'ink de packet mebbe be in sight. Tak' de glass an' you be spot her!"

The lens, however, failed to reveal anything in the whizzing storm wrack. But as Margaret closed the wind-buffed door, it was hastily burst open again from without, and in rushed Klavin Machot, the trapper. Without stopping to kick the surplus snow from his shoepacks, Machot slid across the planks, leaving a double streak of white which immediately turned to twin rivulets upon the floor.

"Le pacquet!" he cried, flinging down his cap and jumping on it.

"Go away, Klavin! Tell that story to a Dog Rib! Too cold for jokes!" came the medley of comments from the men in the trading-room.

"I ain't jokin'!" declared Machot. "Le pacquet for sure!" He picked up his cap, which looked like a bannock that failed to rise.

"Where'd ye see it, mon?" demanded the factor.

"On de lake. I have de deadfall set at de lowaire mouth of de Peace. I go see w'at I catch, an' dere creeps le pacquet ovaire Athabasca. She some ways out from de rivaire's mouth. I see her wan minute w'en de cloud lift oop."

"Only one glimpse?" asked Sergeant Ford.

"Dat's all de taim I b'e have before de tam theek blow in. T'ree men an' de dog train!"

"Three?" asked MacFells.

"Sure t'ing!"

"YOU'RE wrong," put in Sergeant Ford. "You've had a dream, or you've seen another party on the trail. There are only two men with the mail packet, Coleene, the Cree trail-breaker, and Jacques Grasson, the packeteer."

"Yes," growled Cory Calvick, a rough character who with his brother Dease worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, "people don't pike out for their health

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

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

in a blizzard. You've been seein' things, Machot."

"Not a tam bit," asserted the trapper, confidently. "I see t'ree men an' de dog train on de lake ice."

"Klavin ain't de man to mak' meestak'," Private Rochaine supported. "He have de grand eye. I bet dat train is Jacques Grasson's."

"Then who's the third man?" asked Cory Calvick. "The Lord knows!" exclaimed his brother Dease. "Mebbe some crazy tenderfoot lookin' for local colour!"

"Well, he'll get it," chuckled Cory, "if he follows the Mackenzie River mail."

Still, in spite of their doubts, the rest had caught something of Klavin Machot's enthusiasm. They crowded to the door, listening in the cold, and soon, borne on the sixty-mile-an-hour wind, sounded the faint tinkle of bells.

turned to the scene before the post. In front of the factor's place all was pandemonium. Dogs fought. Women chattered. Children squealed. The trading-room was jammed with men of strange and diverse types, Hudson's Bay employees, fort runners, trappers, traders, Indians. In and out of the columns of human legs darted the slaving huskies, fighting as they went, knocking the limbs from under the unaware. The post canines were out to challenge the dogs of Jacques to deadly combat, but these were too tired to answer the challenge. They lay down by the fire and refused to move. Grasson himself, Coleene, and the constable, who gave his name as Farrell, from Edmonton, huddled over the stove, sucking warmth into their marrow. Farrell talked only with the factor, Ford, and Rochaine. He seemed to evade the questions of the curious inhabitants as to the necessity of his travelling in such weather, and soon the inhabitants began to form opinions of their own. Word went about that the Mackenzie mail was valuable, and

many were the whispered conjectures that took place between men and women. The Calvick brothers caught the drift of things and, watching their chance amid the general confusion, slipped unnoticed from the trading-room.

THE factor was busy in his office, sorting out the mail and writing despatches for the other posts upon Company matters. On the through way-bill which accompanied the packet he had to enter the time of the tripper's arrival and set the hour for departure for the fresh relay of men and dogs to carry the mail northward through Fort Smith to Resolution. While MacFells attended to the necessary writing, a new team of huskies was being harnessed to the toboggan outside. Silver Stream, a full-blooded Chippewyan Indian and a trusted courier, stood ready to travel in advance of the packet to break the trail, and Polleaux Pangué, a half-breed, was detailed to drive the next section of the route. During the interval of awaiting the coming of the packet, Pangué commenced to load the supplies for the trip. On the forepart of the toboggan he lashed the bundle of provisions, consisting mainly of pork, beans, flour and tea, together with frozen fish for the dogs. Above the provisions the blankets were tied in rolls, leaving room at the back for the packet. As Polleaux finished his preparations, Sandy MacFells closed up his despatches and thrust them into the box with the mail. Then he beckoned Sergeant Ford into his office.

"Ye'll understan' why Constable Farrell cam' wi' the packet," he began, in a low voice. "There's money goin' forrard, an' I ha'e an order for ye to send a man on wi' the mail tae Resolution." He showed Ford the order from Winnipeg headquarters.

"Rochaine can go," announced the sergeant. "He's the only man here, and I trust him like myself."

"Verra weel," nodded MacFells. "An' ye can just impress on Mikel hoo important a duty he has. Dinna mention the fact abroad, ye ken, but there's thousands in yon packet."

FORD'S face became serious. "That's a big inducement for robbery!" he exclaimed. "How many people know it?"

"None but oorsel's. I ha'e it by sealed word, an' I'm sendin' the same sealed word on."

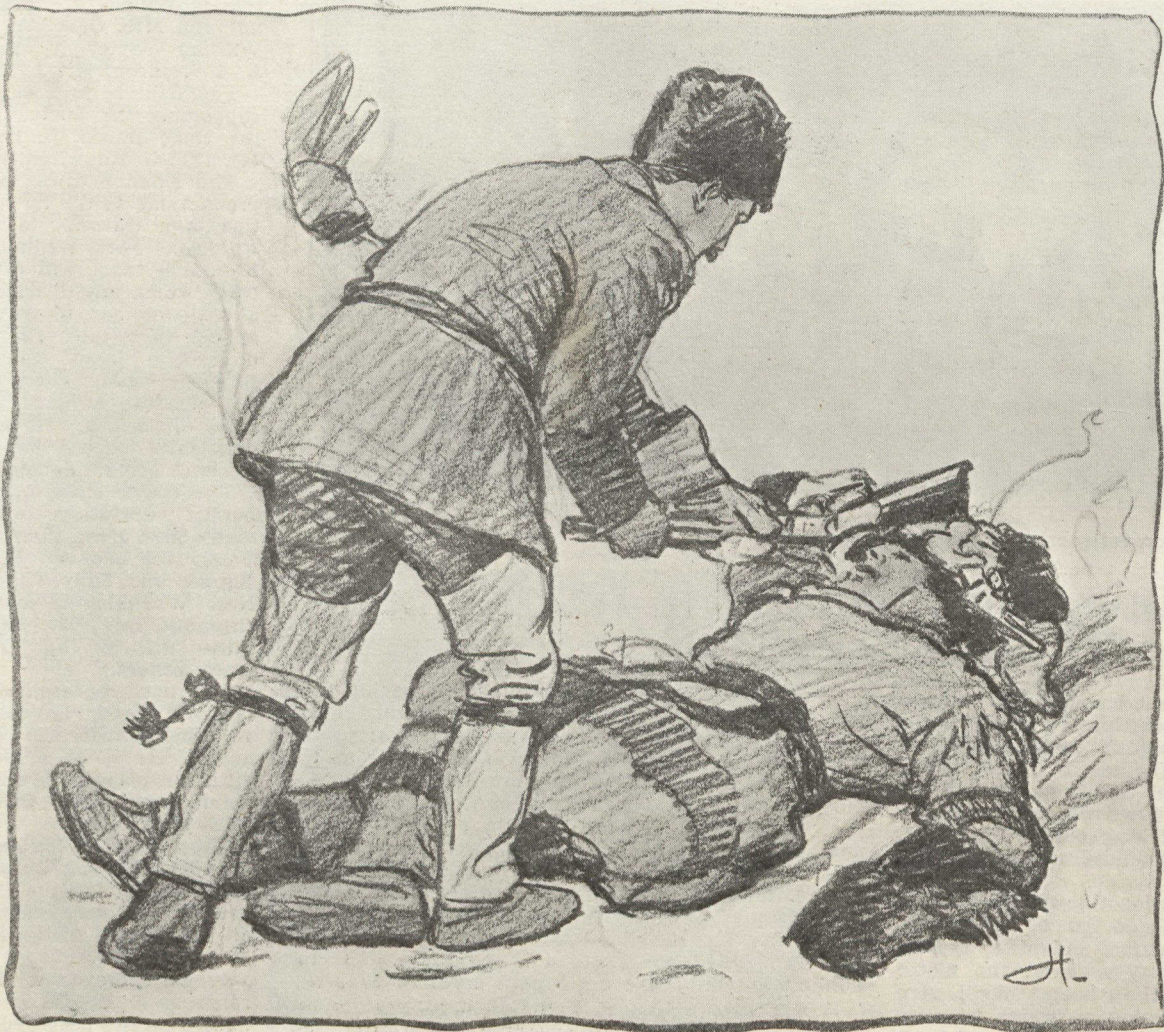
"Didn't Farrell know what he was guarding?" "Not in dollars and cents, though I dinna say he hadna his suspicions. His orders were to deelever the packet at the cost o' his life. An' that was pittin' strang value on it."

"And Rochaine gets the same order?"

"Aye."

"Alright, I'll give it to him at once. He'll want a few minutes to gather his kit."

Ford went off to give Mikel his commission, while the factor crossed the yard to the waiting toboggan. With ostentatious dignity MacFells placed the



Its butt met Dease's menacing weapon with a crash of metal and bones.

"Dere!" cried Machot, triumphantly. "Hear de bells? Le pacquet is here."

Instantly there was a tumultuous rush through the trading-room door. The crowd floundered out over ten-foot drifts toward the three snow-plastered figures nursing tired dogs along with the laden toboggan. The factor stood in the doorway and watched the train come in. Ahead ran Coleene, the Cree trail-breaker, lithe and powerful, his deerskin parka rimed with hoar frost. Behind him followed the toboggan bearing the mail packet with Jacques Grasson's mackinaw-clad form lurching beside. And in the rear came a stranger about whom swarmed the eager inhabitants.

"Who's the tenderfoot?" asked Dease Calvick, staring with the others from in front of the trading-room.

"No tenderfoot about him!" growled Cory. "Don't you see his uniform?"

"By Jove, you're right, Cory!" exclaimed Dease. "It's a constable of the Mounted Police."

For although the stranger's clothes were sheathed in ice and snow, they could make out the cloth and stripes of the Force.

"Cory has a good eye for the uniform now," remarked Sergeant Ford.

Whereat the crowd of men roared with laughter, for the fact that the Calvick brothers had got into a horse-stealing scrape with the Police in the fall was known by all at Chippewyan.

"Look out I don't get too good an eye for it," answered Cory, scowling at both Ford and Rochaine, who had been the law's representatives in the affair.

But the sergeant and the private only laughed and



packet box upon the toboggan, lashed it with the tail lines, and stood waiting for the start. As he waited, Margaret ran out to him, where the wind buffeted him and the snow swirled round his aged figure.

"You mustn't stand in the yard, father," she cried, with solicitation. "You'll get cold in this storm."

"Aye, lass," he answered, "but I like tae see the mail go, an' I want to speak a word to Mikel, too."

"Mikel's going with it?"

"Aye, His Majesty's mail is valuable, ye ken. Mikel's goin' to guard it."

"Guard!" exclaimed Margaret. "Is there danger?"

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Who mentioned danger?"

But the packet maun be guarded just the same. You musna go imaginin' things, lass. Better turn into the hoose yoursel'. Here they are goin' to start!"

SILVER STREAM had taken his position in front of the train. Polleaux Pangué remained in the rear to drive, while Private Rochaine hurried out of the post to trail behind and cover the march.

It had required but a few minutes for the French-Canadian to equip and arm himself for the journey.

"Good-bye, Mikel, an' watch it well, ye ken," was the factor's warning.

"Oui," replied Mikel. "In de King's name I tak' her through. Au revoir, Margaret." He extended a big, mittened hand as he passed her.

Margaret clung to the hand a little, for Rochaine was to her the idol of the post.

"Au revoir, Mikel," she whispered. "Come back soon and sing those Ottawa songs for me. And be careful of yourself as well as of the packet!"

"Marche!"

Polleaux Pangué's sharp command to the dogs rang loud, and the train swung along the lake shore, making for the source of the Slave River, where it left Lake Athabasca northwest of Chippewyan. At the mouth of the Slave was a Chippewyan village under Chief Kasba, and the packeteer hoped to make it by night. There they would have more shelter than a bivouac in the open offered. The going was very heavy, and they had to bore through the wind to gain any ground. Silver Stream's supple form bent double in the lead. Running low to the trail, the dogs strained after him. Over the loping huskies Polleaux Pangué continually plied his whip, and Private Rochaine in the rear found it necessary to stretch his snowshoe strides. The bells on the team tinkled but faintly, for the rush of the wind smothered the sound. That tinkle, the pistol-like report of Polleaux's whip, and the grating swish of the snowshoes, were the only sounds to break the great white stillness. Fort Chippewyan was lost

in the smother behind. Ahead was only the blur of the blizzard. Yet the outfit held unerringly to its course. Silver Stream was familiar with the topography of the whole Northland. He had broken trail for trains from Fort McMurray in the south to Fort Macpherson in the north, and from Fort Laird in the west to Fort Churchill in the east. And in this knowledge of the country Polleaux Pangué and Mikel Rochaine were not far behind him. They seemed to journey mechanically, husbanding their words and their powers, and taking no thought of direction. An hour passed, and the short, sub-Arctic afternoon was failing before the silence was broken. Then it was Rochaine who spoke.

"Somebody's been travellin' dis trail," he observed to Pangué. He drew up beside the half-breed and pointed at the snow-impressions which the toboggan was over-riding. Two tracks where men on snowshoes had broken the way showed faintly, all but drifted in. The third track was Silver Stream's.

The half-breed stooped down a second and examined the impressions of the shoes.

"Chippewyans?" Rochaine asked.

"No, white mans," answered Polleaux.

"Dat's fanny t'ing," commented Mikel. "I see nobody leave de Fort."

THEY mused on in silence. Silver Stream's work was easier, what of the tracks they had struck.

The loose stuff had been packed somewhat by the two men who had travelled before, and with the trick of the skilled northern tripper he felt for the hard pads where they were invisible. Soon they swung by a series of shore bluffs timbered with spruce. Here they had some cover, for the snow failed to lift and drive as on the open lake, although the spruce trees on top of the bluffs shook down avalanches from their branches as the wild wind rocked them. For a quarter of a mile they journeyed thus, with something of ease, and then the dogs began to whine insistently. Rochaine looked about on all sides to find the reason of their strange behaviour. The lowering storm cast a semi-darkness amid the spruce thickets, and although there was an hour or two of daylight left, the heaviness of the atmosphere made it almost as gloomy as if twilight had fallen. There was nothing to be discerned, however, among the green-fringed aisles and black boles on the bluffs. Mikel ordered Polleaux Pangué to push his team a little faster. Still, the speed did not make any difference. The huskies continued their uneasy growling, and the crinkling of the hair on their necks was caused by something other than the breath of the blizzard.

"I'm t'ink dey smell de wolf," Rochaine observed at last to the half-breed.

Polleaux gazed at the neighbouring forest with anxiety.

"I believe you speak the truth," he answered, reverting to the eloquence of the Cree dialect. "But where are the voices of the grey devils? If they are near, why do their howls not ring in our ears?"

"Mebbe dey still-hunt us. Most men say de wolf nevaire goes for still-hunt, but I'm see dem often sneak on de caribou an' not give wan yowl till dey spring."

"Ae," agreed Pangué, "so have I seen it, too, in the Yellow Knife country. These white prophets of the game lands speak of what they know not."

The team swung on faster than ever under the menace of the half-breed's whip. Rochaine kept keen watch for the long-limbed prowlers. He worked the lever of his Winchester to assure himself that the frost had not interfered with the action and fed a fresh cartridge into the chamber. He knew that it would be a bold thing for wolves to attack three strong men en route. Also he knew it was the popular belief in the south that wolves would never do such a thing. But he knew men, veracious Northmen, who had seen the thing done before now. Driven mad by hunger, the wolf loses all its cowardice, and the blizzard of the past week and the heavy storms of the past month had scattered all game out of reach.

SO Mikel was dubious as the packet pushed on. The uneasiness of the dogs was more and more manifest. At times they would huddle back in the traces and almost come to a stop till Polleaux Pangué reached them with his whip and sent them ahead with their snarling lope. Then on the back-trail sounded the throaty wail for which Rochaine listened, the vibrant, echo-ended challenge of timber wolves.

"Go fast!" he ordered Polleaux. "Go tam fast!"

The long whip cracked viciously. The whine of the toboggan on the crust grew to a sharp tune as the huskies broke into a swift gallop. They gained on the Chippewyan trail-breaker and sped at his heels. Silver Stream looked over his shoulder.

"Strong men you, and swift, running with the wings of the wind," he observed, a grin wrinkling his leathery face.

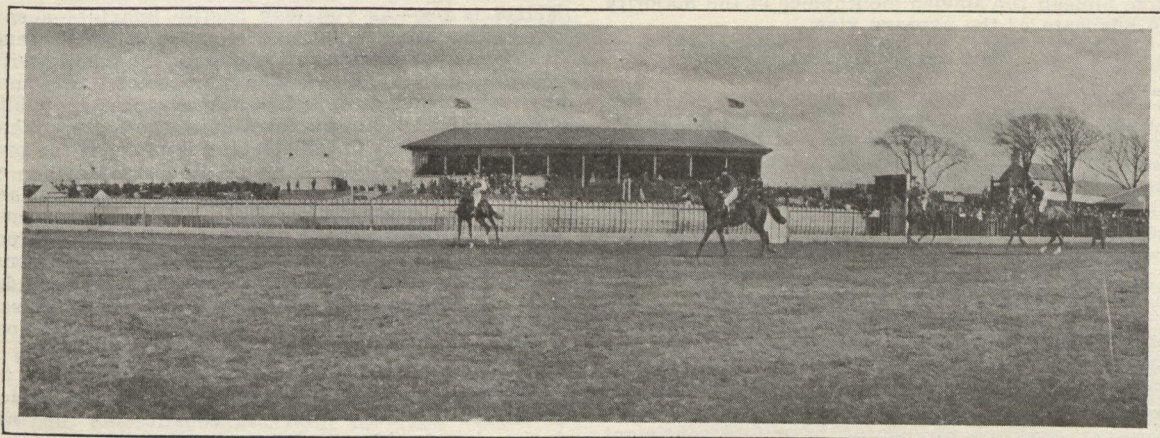
"Need to be dat," growled Rochaine. "De wolf's on de hunt." A wave of his hand indicated the direction of the danger.

Silver Stream's grin died suddenly. He twisted his head sidewise, ear to the wind, and the howling carried up distinctly.

"You hear?" asked Mikel. "Dey're gettin' closer."

A guttural oath was the Chippewyan's response. He bent low on the track, running at full speed, and

(Continued on page 15.)



Eglington Park Racecourse, Scotland, the scene of one of Lord Minto's many equestrian triumphs. Here, in 1875, he won the Scottish grand national steeplechase on "Daybreak."

## Mr. Rolly, the Gentleman Jockey

*Racing Reminiscences of the Late Lord Minto, alias Mr. Rolly*

By J. R. WATT

LORD MINTO, always known as the only Governor-General we ever had who took more interest in the race meets than even the owners of the horses, became distinguished many years ago in England. He was famous in sporting clubs when a young man as the only man that had ever broken his neck and lived to remember it. That happened when Lord Minto was a plain gentleman jockey. That he was a jockey is probably news to most Canadians, many of whom remember that so far back as 1883 he had a life of oddly adventurous character in this country, that he was always passionately fond of a horse, and that whenever, on King's Plate days, he appeared on a racetrack as Governor-General, every jockey that had the latest inside tip on his own profession knew that one of the world's most expert horsemen was on the grandstand.

Lord Minto had probably a much more varied and adventurous career than any other Governor-General of Canada; as soldier, war correspondent, military

attache, diplomat and state man—and as gentleman jockey, first as Lord Melgund, which title he renewed when he was aide-de-camp to General Middleton on the prairies; afterwards as the mysterious "Mr. Rolly."

As a young subaltern of the Scots Guards, and when "having his fling" as a young man his inclination lay towards horses. He took up the role of gentleman rider. For several years from the end of the sixties till the late seventies he was much in demand at most of the meetings in England and Scotland, where events prescribing the carrying of welter-weights and allowances for amateur riders made up a considerable part of the programme.

It has been said by some of the most noted turf scribes that the seventies were the palmiest days of racing in England, and in many respects they may have been, though no doubt a return to the conditions that then obtained would not be welcomed by modern sportsmen. Apart from Epsom there were few meetings of any consequence near London, and

sport of level quality was seen at meetings in every part of England; whereas nowadays most of the best meetings are within a morning's train journey from the Metropolis, and many of the country meetings that once were famous have languished or become extinct. The number of important meetings was limited, and valuable stakes were rare; quite different to modern times, when a \$5,000 race is almost an everyday occurrence. Hence the huge fields of 30 or 40 first-class horses which contested such races as the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Handicaps in the seventies would not be attracted nowadays when there are so many plums to be picked. In Mr. "Rolly's" day the Champagne Stakes, by the conditions of which the winner had to donate a dozen of champagne to the Race Committee out of a purse of about \$200 was still a typical event on some programmes, and it must often have been hard for owners to make expenses meet. Discomfort was a marked characteristic of those now almost old-time meetings, and there were no comfortable rooms for jockeys with baths as on a modern race-track. The mud-splashed rider had to take his turn at a bucket of water to perform his ablutions. Mismanagement at the small meetings was rife, and generally the country race meetings, while in many ways genuinely "sporty," were often conducted in a way that would not be tolerated nowadays. Sandown Park, opened in 1875, was the first of the modern gate money meetings, but it was only within the past few years, owing to the orders of the Jockey Club, that the meetings as a whole have been equipped in modern fashion. And it was at Sandown that "Mr. Rolly" had a mount at the opening meeting in the Grand International Steeplechase of \$12,000. Later in the year he rode a winner at the second meeting at the same track.

RIDING first of all as Lord Melgund, and then adopting and registering the assumed name of Mr. Rolly, most of the meetings of importance where races for gentlemen jocks were included in the programme saw the late Lord Minto in his sporting silk. One day riding, at one of the old metropolitan meetings; another day in the same week would find him turning up with his kit-bag and whalebone whip at Kelso or Newcastle in the far north, ready to accept any mounts offered him. In 1871 he was in Paris, during the Commune, and came near being shot as a revolutionary, only escaping by one of those hair-breadth chances which sometimes characterize the career of a real jockey. Returning to England—Hey presto—Lord Melgund disappeared, and, Mr. Rolly, with his kit-bag and



whalebone whip again turned up on the Scottish Autumn Racing circuit. The Prince of Wales' stakes, at Kelso, was then the most important stake for gentlemen jocks in the North, and in this event he was beaten a neck by Mr. T. Spence, on "Mineral," Mr. "Rolly" riding the three-year-old "Reugny," set to carry 142 lbs., which was the weight of the spare and fit young Britisher in those days. It was at this meeting at Kelso that two future winners of the Grand National, "Disturbance" and "Reugny," started in the same race on the flat. It may be that Lord Minto often remembered his mount on "Reugny" at Kelso, because in 1874, when he rode "Defence" into fourth place in the Grand National, being the nearest he ever got to riding the winner of that greatest of steeplechases, the winner was "Reugny," ridden by Mr. J. M. Richardson, who had ridden also in the race in which "Reugny" started at Kelso four years before. Lord Minto as a jockey was thus equally good either over a steeplechase course or on the flat.

After 1877 he rode little, his retirement being mainly brought about by a terrible fall received when riding in a steeplechase. It was believed at first that his neck was broken, and it is still a saying in England that Lord Minto was the only man who ever broke his neck and lived.

However, there came a time when the ambitious spirit of the young soldier longed for something better and greater than the plaudits of the race-course crowd. Even in 1874, when he rode "Defence" for the Grand National, he was engaged in more serious vein as a correspondent during the Carlist uprising in Spain. At length the kit-bag and whalebone whip were laid by for ever. His career as a Gentleman Jockey had been but a part of his wonderfully varied experience of life, men, and manners. On leaving India, a few years ago, he was given a dinner by the Calcutta Turf Club, on which occasion he made the following remarks in the course of his speech:

"I do not regret my racing days, gentlemen. I learned a great deal from the race track which has been useful to me in later life. I mixed with all classes of men. I believe I got much insight into human character. You may think it strange, but I never used to bet, though I was on intimate terms with the members of the betting ring. Seriously, gentlemen, the lessons of the turf need not be thrown away in after life. The old racing instruction, 'Wait in front,' means much in this life's struggles. Don't force the pace, lie up with your field, keep a winning pace, watch your opportunity, and when the moment comes go in and win."

## More Room for Pictures

*Suggesting the Relations Between Spring and the Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE first sign of spring is no longer the robin or any other kind of bird. Neither is it marbles and Easter hats in the windows. It is the annual opening of the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. That took place last Friday evening. Without a doubt it was the most brilliant display of people and gowns and swallowtail coats and velvet jackets the O. S. A. ever put on the stage. It was also the finest aggregation of pictures ever hung by the Society and one of the best ever hung in this country by any society. But of course the pictures were not displayed. They were there as a convenient background to the real show which, like the Woodbine on King's Plate Day, was the people who went—and what they talked about most of the time, believe me, was not pictures. It was a chattering, good-humoured convention of people who have begun to shake off the ennui of a long, cold winter, and like the birds, have started to warble of spring.

For once in the history of the O. S. A., the Lieutenant-Governor was not invited to speak. He was not even among those present. Neither did the President, C. W. Jefferys, say a word in public. He preferred not to. There was no need. The people and the pictures were there to speak for themselves. Most of the time the people had the floor. The reason for this is not that the pictures were less interesting than the people. The reason is—and this should be taken into grave consideration by those who are supposed to look after the erection of art galleries—that the miserable makeshift of an art gallery occupied by the artists of the greatest art centre in Canada, is nothing but a big garret where a few hundred pictures, some of them the size of a bed, and some bigger, make nothing but an eye-wearying muddle of colour and frames. It may be all very well for an artist to make pictures in a garret, though even this is beginning to be counted bad business by modern artists. The President of the O. S. A., who, like many other of our leading painters, lives in the country, gave up the attic idea when he set up a studio in a huge barn loft flooded with light. But the O. S. A. and all other art bodies in this part of the country are forced to be content with a big garret in which to shew the latest displays in picture fashions from the studios of a hundred painters. Suppose the T. Eaton Co. or the Robert Simpson Co., or any other big store corporation were to display their festival and pageant of fashion in

a big garret—would the public who are supposed to buy fashions take much stock in the exhibition? Probably not.

So the hundreds of more or less interested people who went to look at the hundreds of more or less interesting pictures had to be content to crane over one another's heads to get a casual glimpse of here a picture and there another, and then spend the most of the evening in talk. Thank heaven there was no coffee and cake jamboree to complicate matters still more. In fact the O. S. A. did all they possibly could to cut out distraction and to focus attention on the pictures, even when the President naively admitted that on occasions like this of course people don't really expect to see the pictures.

At the same time the President will admit that for the next three weeks while the pictures are on view the public will be expected to see the same picture at twenty-five cents a head, with catalogues costing twenty-five cents apiece. But will they? Will there ever again be even a corporal's guard in that gallery until the pictures are taken down? We fear not. Such is the cussedness of human nature. There is no man or woman of art sense who would begrudge a quarter to see such a show as the O. S. A. have hung this year. But the public happen to like a

crowd. They like to go where other people are going. It is no longer necessary for the O. S. A. to print a huge catalogue telling you whose and what and how much the pictures are. The pictures speak for themselves. The price can be ascertained.

The only way for the O. S. A. to get such a good show as they have in 1914 "across" to the public is to have a real art gallery such as they have in Montreal and Winnipeg, where both people and pictures can be accommodated at the same time. There are twice as many pictures in the O. S. A. as there is room for. Frames fight against frames. It is a jumble of frames. And even if more space were allowed between the frames the walls are so low that the ceiling and the skylight butt down into the pictures. Art in this country must have more room before it can expect to interest that section of the people known as the public. Every show emphasizes this. The artists are turning out more things and better things. The O. S. A. is a bigger thing than it was five years ago by at least a hundred per cent. It is time somebody did something to give it more room.

The plea for more room has been urged year after year. Art is going ahead with rapid pace in the same way as is music. But it needs encouragement.



## You Are Bigger Than an M.P.

DOES it ever occur to you that you were a more important man, in the matter of securing progressive legislation by Parliament, than your "member" at Ottawa. You are. He may look like quite a factor in legislation; and you can easily be deceived into the belief that he has more to do with it than you have. But the opposite is the truth. You are the man behind the gun—he is the bullet. You are the principal—he is the agent. You are free to advocate what you think—he is tied down, hand and foot, to the advocacy of what will pay him politically. You can get out ahead of the crowd and do some path-making—he would commit political suicide if he dared to do anything of the sort. You can join an advanced minority and press views which the majority still regard as dangerous—he must make himself the slavish mouthpiece of the majority, the advocate of the average view.

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EVERY now and then a new idea comes up in Parliament. They welcome it about as warmly as a "pink tea" does a mouse—or should I say a "tango tea," to be up-to-date? Some adventurous young "member" who is making a distinctive reputation for himself as an "advanced thinker"—that seems to him about the best way for the moment to make himself "stand out" against the general background of uniformity—introduces a resolution proposing that the idea be looked into, usually by a commission or a committee. Immediately we see all the "old Parliamentary hands" rising to say that "public opinion is not yet ready for this reform"—that there is "no demand in the country" for it—that the young member is to be commended for his zeal, but we will have to await the awakening of public sentiment. The "old Parliamentary hands" do not propose, however, to play the part of human "alarm clocks." They will not do the awakening. Neither will the young member—once he realizes how "brash" he has been.

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WHO, then, is to do the necessary "awakening"? Why, none other than Mr. U. Yourself. You are the boy who must go off like a matutinal alarm clock, and risk having the people you disturb throw their boots at your head. You are nominated and unanimously elected for this honourable but possibly exciting task, because the hurtling boots of the annoyed sleepers cannot really do you any harm. You are out of range. You have no office that they can take away from you. The Member of Parliament has. It will not affect your pay-envelope, as a rule, to get a reputation for being "advanced." It will deprive the Member of Parliament of his indemnity, of his leather trunk, of his "frank," of his distinction, of all he holds most dear. You go careless and singing on your way, saying what you think and advocating what you like; he must always consider how it is going to affect the least enlightened but most prejudiced portion of his electorate.

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THE only thing he has got which you haven't got, is a good platform from which to speak—with a fine sounding-board behind it. But what is the use of a good platform when you can only utter sterilized sentiments on it? He must say what the

audience want him to say. You can say precisely what the audience does not want you to say; and you can keep on saying it till the audience come round to your way of thinking. Then the "member" can say it, too; and, if he is a good "member" and knows his business, he will then say it as if he had been saying it all along—was, indeed, the very first man to say it—has, indeed, told Parliament long ago that it must accept this righteous policy or be kicked to death by "the mob's million feet." That is a part of his political genius which makes him a successful Member of Parliament. You must not grudge him that. You should remember that, all these years while the truth has tasted sweet on your tongue and the glorious airs of liberty have blown over your uplifted face, he has had to risk neuralgia by keeping his ear to the ground, and his mouth shut.

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THIS is not—as you may hastily imagine—a sarcastic attack upon the Member of Parliament. It is high and sincere praise for the fidelity with which he does his duty. The Member of Parliament has no business to legislate "in advance" of public opinion. That is not his function in the State. What we pay him for is to register and implement the present status of public opinion. When a Member of Parliament takes the bit in his teeth and proposes to legislate in a manner which he knows his constituents will not yet appreciate, he is not only a fool—he is a rebel against representative institutions. He sets up his single judgment against the judgments of the majority of his fellows. That—to say the least—is the acme of conceit. And, in most cases, he is certain to be quite wrong. When a Member of Parliament feels himself moved by an irresistible impulse to legislate in a manner which he knows perfectly well his constituents do not desire, he should call for pen, ink and paper and write his resignation without delay. That is the only way to save his honour.

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I KNOW that there are some folk who think that Parliament should be regarded as a collection of the super-wise men of the community, empowered to tell us what we should want in the way of legislation and to give it to us at one and the same time. But that is not democracy. That is an effort to create an oligarchy in about the worst possible way—by selecting our oligarchs through the intervention of party politics. It would be better to select them by a bean-guessing contest or letting them draw numbers out of a hat. If we are to be governed by an oligarchy, I prefer to accept the oligarchs who fight their way to the front by a process of natural selection—the survival of the fittest. If we are going to give our government into the hands of a few strong men, let them prove their strength—not their political "slimness."

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STILL I prefer a democracy. And the representatives of a democracy are delegates—not tyrants. And the business of a delegate is to represent the opinions of the majority which elected him. That ties him down pretty well during his Parliamentary term. He has no business to flirt with "lost causes" or "advanced opinions." That is your business—and you should see that you attend to it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



### Montreal's Mayor-Making

**I**F the late lamented Diogenes could have been in Montreal for the past few weeks with his mid-day lantern searching for a man who would go up for the mayoralty against Mederic Martin, he might have had a much bigger contract than he had some thousands of years ago trying to find one honest man. The Citizens' Association has been having more excitement in the year 1914 than it had in the year 1910, when it created the Board of Control and gave an immortal black eye to the deathless Twenty-Three.



MEDERIC MARTIN, M.P.

Weeks ago Major George Washington Stephens was cabled to Europe to say whether he would be the English David to go up against the French Goliath, because this is the election when, by time-honoured custom, the English-speaking Protestant candidate takes his turn. Mayor Lavallee has had the chair for two years. The newspapers have been

picking winners. Not one of them wanted to come out. When Stephens cabled back that he would come out but not as the representative of any particular interests, the C. A. began to chuckle. Stephens was sure to win.

Then it was suddenly discovered by the antis that because for a few weeks he had been taking his meals and sleeping outside of Montreal, Major Stephens was ineligible as a candidate. Then the fat was in the fire. No other English-speaking candidate could be coaxed or cajoled into the field. Mederic Martin, the ambitious representative of the old Twenty-Three, began to see his stock go higher. He was ready to buck the time-honoured custom of an English-speaking representative every three terms by himself succeeding a Frenchman. He has been getting into shape for the campaign of his life. He has been one of the redoubtables and incorrigibles jumped on by the present Mayor when he has voiced his objections to the immediate consideration of important business; and he has been obliged so often to fall back on his aldermanic prerogative to "next-meeting" a discussion that Martin is anxious to don the mantle of authority and show people how he can run things in general and the council in particular.

It is true that Martin was one of the notorious "23" who were hit body-blows by the Cannon report on official malfeasance in Montreal, but he is trying to cover up that statement of his peccadilloes by announcing a platform so broad that there are no planks left with which his adversary may construct another. He is in favour of the appointment of commissioners in charge of the various departments of the city government. He wants greater autonomy for Montreal. He would improve the city first and the suburbs afterwards. He would stop annexing suburbs until they are needed for real urban extension and are able to come in without saddling the city with their debts. He is for the improvement of the water and sewage systems.

There is no doubt whatever that the more intelligent and thoughtful of the voters, by a large majority, would not want Martin, but for some time it has looked as though he might run through pure neglect and lack of united front on the part of his opponents.

In frantic despair the Citizens' Association, beholding the spectre of Mederic Martin, decided that the only way out, in fact the "dernier ressort," as they say at the City Hall, would be to pick some educated French-Canadian to come out and give a body blow to the delegate from the old "Twenty-Three." They have no faith in the constructive programme outlined by Mederic. They reckon that if Mederic ever wins the city of Montreal will settle down to make the best of a bad situation by accepting the maladministration of which Martin is sure to be the exponent, whatever his pre-election professions may be.

Now, on top of all this comic opera muddle which might be aptly entitled "The Mountain and the Mouse," Major Stephens urged and re-urged by the C. A. and by the best elements in Montreal, declares that he will ignore the so-called disabilities technically thrust upon him and come out against Mederic Martin anyhow. Anything to beat Martin. But in this latest move the C. A. have got back again the very man they picked in the first place and lost again; and they are out now to banish the spectre of Mederic Martin by the magic of the real "Twenty-Three."

The campaign between now and the fifth day after All Fools Day will be by long odds the most exciting and spectacular ever known in Montreal, not excepting even that of 1910. The "Twenty-Three" may be expected to work tooth and nail to beat Major Stephens. The C. A. are out hammer and tongs to beat Martin. Time will tell. And the fat is certainly in the fire.

### THE OLD AND THE NEW IN THE CITY OF REGINA



To win a wager, Charles Wasem, of Regina, Canada, will travel from Regina to Belleville, Illinois, via a 2,500 mile route, to be there in time for the Belleville Centennial celebration, if at all possible. Wasem has already started on his journey, having left Regina on Wednesday, February 25th. He expects to arrive in Belleville on the night of September 5th—two days before the centennial celebration starts.

The idea in choosing an ox team to pull his prairie schooner was adopted by Wasem by reason of the

fact that an ox team was used to transfer records, etc., from the court house of Belleville, Illinois, to the new court house, one hundred years ago, and it is believed that Wasem's forefathers assisted in the moving of the records.

Mayor Martin, of Regina, handed a personally written letter to Wasem, addressed to Mayor Duval, of Belleville, Illinois, extending greetings.

Much interest has been excited in Regina as to the prospects of Wasem being able to complete his journey satisfactorily.

### SPECIALISTS IN THE ARTS OF PEACE AND WAR



CANADA'S WAR LORD WITHOUT FEATHERS.

This snapshot of Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes (left) and Mr. Hugh Carson (right), of lacrosse fame, was secured a few days ago in Ottawa. Colonel Hughes was some lacrosse player in his day.



TWO BRITISH DIPLOMATS.

Sir Arthur Cecil Spring-Rice (left), British Ambassador to the United States, and Sir Lionel Carden (right), British Minister to Mexico, snapped in Washington as they were leaving the State Department after a conference.



# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

## Why Canada Needs Cruisers

JUST the other day, the British cruiser "Berwick" was ordered from St. Lucia in the West Indies to Brazil to protect British interests there. Any day, British cruisers may be ordered to Vera Cruz to protect British interests in Mexico. Indeed, there is probably a British cruiser in that port at present.

Canada has millions at stake in these two countries and many Canadian citizens in each. This wealth and these citizens will be protected by British cruisers. If Canadians are forced to flee from Mexico, they will go aboard British cruisers. This has been the custom in the past, and will be in the future. Canadians have always been considered by the British navy as equal in importance with other British subjects.

Yet here is a service which, so far as America is concerned, Canada should be performing for herself. It is absurd that an important country such as this has grown to be should be unable to send a single cruiser out upon the high seas to rescue citizens in distress. True, we may choose to rely upon the British cruisers—but in that case we should contribute a portion of the cost. We should at least be logical.

Cruisers along our own coast would also be useful in case of marine disaster. Our shipping has grown tremendously and Canadian vessels in distress must necessarily increase. The fast cruiser is a great relief boat, and the relief training is both dignified and useful work for a warship's officers and crew.

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## Build Cruisers Now

WHY should not the Minister of Finance put an item in his Budget, providing for ten million dollars to begin the construction of a battleship and two or three subsidiary war vessels? Both parties are agreed that something should be done speedily in the way of contributing to the naval defence of the Britannic peoples. The only difference of opinion relates to the disposition of the ships when they are built. The Conservatives want them placed in charge of the British Admiralty, the Liberals in charge of the Canadian Admiralty. By leaving this point to be decided at the next general election, the Government could reasonably appropriate a sum of ten millions to be used for beginning construction. Two or three keels would be laid down in Great Britain at once, and the work got under way. Then when the election is over, the ships can be left in Great Britain or brought to Canada as the Government of the day may decide.

The Liberals could not reasonably oppose this move. They could not urge that it interferes in any way with the Canadian Naval Service Act, or that it closed the door to the ultimate adoption of a "Canadian Navy" policy. Moreover, if they did object, they would have no power to defeat it. The House of Commons majority would pass it and the Senate is prevented by the Constitution from interfering. Indeed some Liberals suggested this method of procedure last session.

The Conservatives have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a move. They have been talking "emergency"—and this would be an emergency measure. They have spoken of our ungrateful attitude towards Britannic defence—and this would be an evidence of our willingness to do something. They have argued about our duty to the flag—and this would be a feasible method of showing our fealty. They have claimed that if the Senate majority would let them they would act—yet here is an avenue of escape which the Senate has not closed and cannot even if it would.

Such a move would appeal to the people all over Canada. It would set us right with Australia and New Zealand. It would prevent further criticisms of our "do-nothing" policy on the part of the defence authorities in London. Without interfering with a free and full domestic discussion of all the disputed points in naval policy, it would uphold Canada's good name as an integral factor in the Britannic Alliance.

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## Comedies at Ottawa

PUBLIC opinion demands that there shall be less comedy at Ottawa. The Members of Parliament may retort that there is no such thing as public opinion, and even if there is, it is not in a position to make "demands." It is not organized and it has no mouthpieces—all newspapers being party organs. Nevertheless, there is a demand among thinking people that the comedy stunts should be cut out of the programme at the national theatre.

Last week one of these one-act comedies was staged at Ottawa, when Mr. Knowles, on behalf of the Opposition, moved to abolish the duties on agricultural implements. The Liberals knew that such a resolution could not be adopted by the Government

because the official policy on this point will be announced in the budget speech, and because the abolition of these duties would entail other changes in the tariff which would amount to a virtual abandonment of our system of protection. Yet the Liberals gaily walked upon the stage and made grand speeches in favour of free implements. The Conservatives merely pointed, in their turn, that the Liberals had been in power from 1896 to 1911, and had not abolished these duties, therefore there was no sincerity in their present demand.

The Conservatives cannot abolish these duties, though they may reduce them. If the Liberals came into power before the next session of parliament, the duties would still be retained. Yet for political effect, the demand is made for something which every one knows is impossible.

This is a sample of the comedy which makes the House of Commons a grave disappointment to the thinking citizen. Sometimes the Liberals introduce the comic feature, sometimes the Conservatives are guilty. Neither side can claim a monopoly of the buffoonery.

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## Spoiling Good People

WESTERN ONTARIO has been the garden of Canada and the cradle of Canadian enterprise. But there are signs of decay. The Ontario Government favoured these people some time

## Cruisers Wanted

Hon. W. T. White should put an item of ten millions in the Budget for two or three cruisers to be built at once in Britain. Later it can be decided whether these shall be part of a Canadian navy or not. But the cruisers are needed now to represent Canada on the coasts of Mexico and other American countries where Canada has citizens and investments. They are also needed on our own coasts.

A ten million item in the Budget could not be voted down by the Senate, which has no power over the Budget. If the Liberals in the House were appealed to in a nice spirit, the item would pass without opposition.

If Mr. White refuses to take this easy course, the country will remember it against him and his colleagues. If he takes it, Canada's good name will be preserved among the Britannic peoples. This is a simple way out.

ago with a loan of over twenty millions of dollars to enable them get cheap power. The Dominion Government followed this up with a rush order for building a new Welland Canal. These and other favours are sapping the virility of Western Ontario.

The evidence of this is seen in the big deputation which is to go to Ottawa to ask for bonuses to electric railways throughout the district. These people are rich and prosperous and can afford to build their own electric railways, but they have got the idea that a man is foolish to put up his own money if he can get the government to do it. Surely a railway in our old-settled portion of Canada is on a different basis to a colonization road in a newer portion!

Such is human nature. The more the government does for a community, the more it wants. The governments are now building good roads, supplying agricultural education, giving them cheap power, and doing a dozen and one things for these wealthy people which they did not do before, and yet they want more.

Electric railway subsidies would be a crime in Western Ontario—or in any other part of Canada. It would eventually be as bad as the pension fund of the United States. Surely Western Ontario is not losing its senses.

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## A Real Joker

MR. J. W. JOHNSON, member of the Ontario Legislature for West Hastings, says that under the present law, married women are mere chattels, owned and controlled by their husbands. He actually told this with a grave countenance in front of Dr. Margaret Gordon, Mrs. Huestis and other prominent suffragists. The idea of these ladies being the chattels of any man is laughable. Apparently Mr. Johnson has not met them often. The honourable gentleman had better move about in Toronto society before he makes any more such foolish statements.

Any man who is both truthful and observing could give Mr. Johnson much first-hand information on this subject. The wives may be chattels in West Hastings and in the Italian quarter of Toronto, but not in the circles in which Dr. Margaret Gordon and Mrs. Huestis move. If there is a wife in the better resi-

dential districts in Toronto who is a chattel, the case is exceptional. Every married member of the staff of the Canadian Courier is prepared to submit indubitable evidence in support of this view. Mr. Johnson is thinking of our grand-mothers, not of our wives.

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## At Last! At Last!

WHEN the civil service reformers awoke on the morning of March 12th and read in their favourite morning paper that a member of the Ontario Legislature had suggested that the merit system should be adopted, he exclaimed, "At last! At last!" Some of them may have remembered that there was a partial eclipse of the moon on the previous day, and been doubtful. But the fact is a fact. Dr. James McQueen, member for North Wentworth, did arise and declare that the patronage system is inimical to the efficiency of the public services. O ye shades of Sir Oliver Mowat, Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, Lud Cameron and Cap. Crawford!

Now the ice is broken. True, the hole is small, but it can be enlarged. The reformers should get busy. Of course, they must take no notice of the sly insinuation made by The Globe that "civil service reform must wait on a change of government." Judging by other experiences, the time to get the support of an Opposition is when it is still an Opposition. There is some educative work required, but the task of introducing the merit system into Ontario appointments is not one to dismay any real believer.

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## Senatorial Time Limit

AS a beginning in Senate Reform, why not adopt the rule that all Senators shall retire when they have reached seventy years of age? Today there are thirty-three members of the upper house who are over seventy years of age. Twenty-one of these are Liberals and twelve are Conservatives.

Such a rule would have several effects. It would tend to make the Senate a more lively and aggressive body by lowering the average age. It would be an inducement to governments to appoint younger men to the upper house. And finally it would help to solve a difficulty such as the government of to-day faces with an adverse majority in the Senate.

Neither party wishes to abolish the Senate. Here there is a slight reform, to which there can be no reasonable objection, and yet one which might do much to remove the most glaring defect of the Senate as at present constituted. It might exclude some good men, such as Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who is active at ninety, but it would eliminate many whose era of usefulness as legislators has passed away.

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## The Truth About Welland

A CORRESPONDENT insinuates that in an article commenting upon the Welland voting, on the Scott Act, the Canadian Courier "defended incompetence, inaccuracy and irregularities." This was not the intention. The investigations in Welland showed that the irregularities were not to be blamed on the opponents of the act. The mistakes were made by incompetent men who may or may not have been anti-Scott-Act men. Whatever the deputy returning officers were, they deprived the "Antis" of more votes than they did the "Pros."

The temperance people tried to make out that Welland was stolen from them. The truth is that the incompetence of the deputies nearly made them a present of the county. If the temperance enthusiasts would throw less mud at the people who do not agree with them, their cause would show even greater progress than it is now making.

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## Minimum Wage Progress

ALREADY nine State Legislatures in the neighbouring Republic have adopted the principle of the minimum wage for women and minors. Massachusetts led the way with an indifferent act in 1912. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Washington, Oregon, California, Colorado, Nebraska and Utah adopted better acts in 1913. Other Legislatures have considered the subject, but done nothing definite. The progress, however, has been marvellous.

It is thought that these new laws will increase the efficiency of employers as well as employees. The inefficient employer can only hold his position by paying lower wages than his competitor. When the wages of women and children are made standard in each industry, the employer with antiquated methods will be forced to improve or go out of business.

The Federal Bureau of Labour found, on investigation in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Minneapolis and St. Paul that 20 per cent. of the women, "not living at home," earned less than \$6 a week, and 53.6 per cent. less than \$8 a week. In Chicago, in eight department stores, 23.3 per cent. earned less than \$6 and 53.4 per cent. less than \$8. A Wage Board can do something for these unfortunates. It cannot put young and unexperienced help on the same plane as experienced and efficient help, but it can make the grasping employer pay the same rates as his more generous and efficient competitor.

The subject is one which should be studied by leading Canadian women. It would do more to improve the race and increase happiness than any one social reform now before the public.



# Canadian Churches and a Gentleman from Japan

*Who Though Mythical, Prompts Suggestions for a Unified and Therefore Effective Church*

By A. M. BELDING

I HAVE a friend who is a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church. He is a man of honour, faithful in the performance of his duties as the head of a family and as a citizen. All men respect him. By the accident of birth he is a Roman Catholic. Had he been born into a Baptist home, he would have been as devout a Baptist, but not a more honest or sincere man.

I have a friend who is a devout member of the Anglican Church. He is a man of honour, faithful in the performance of his duties as the head of a family and as a citizen. All men respect him. By the accident of birth he is an Anglican. Had he been born into a Presbyterian home, he would have been as devout a member of the Presbyterian Church, but not a more honest or sincere man.

Similarly I have a Methodist friend who would have been as sincere a Baptist if he had been born into a devout Baptist home; a Baptist friend who might have been a Congregationalist; and a Jewish friend who might have been a devotee of Christian Science. So much are so many of us influenced by the accident of birth.

Now multiply each of these individuals by some hundreds and you have as many groups in a community, the majority of whose members are what they are in the matter of sectarian religion because they were born into this or that group. Yet, theoretically, each group is separated from the others by the belief, now or at some time in the past, held with firm conviction, that this particular group was given a fuller or clearer conception or revelation of the thought and purpose of God, in relation to mankind, than any of the others. Necessarily this belief involved a degree of separation, if not of prejudice; and each group fenced itself about with a creed or a set of doctrines upon which great emphasis was laid by the respective teachers. Hence, in a typical Canadian community are found Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and other churches, each of them teaching its peculiar doctrines, and sometimes laying greater stress upon points of disagreement

than upon the essential religious principles.

Into such a community comes, let us say, a Japanese philosopher. He notes the various religious groups, and begins to ask questions such as:

"How does this system work out? Do these various groups embrace the whole population? Have you no social problems? Is there any vice in the community? Is the feeling of human brotherhood strong and compelling in its influence?"

What would be the answer to these questions? Would it not be that the various churches do not reach nearly all of the population; that there are very grave social problems, and far too great a prevalence of vice; and that the acceptance of the principle of human brotherhood has not yet reached the stage of practical demonstration to such an extent as makes it a source of universal pride?

UNDER such conditions, would the Japanese philosopher have suggestions to offer? Would he tell us, for example, that the Government of his country, sadly impressed by bad moral and social conditions, invited the leaders of the three great religions represented in Japan to get together, and aid in framing an educational system which would uphold morals and build character? Would he suggest that the different sects in a Canadian city, if they could not unite in religious worship, should at least unite to promote moral and social betterment; forget their other differences, federate their brotherhoods, set out to secure specific reforms, and by the co-ordination of forces bring to bear the driving force of all the churches upon the legislative machinery of the city or province, whenever legislation was needed; or to unite the humanizing influences of all in the promotion of social centre work to bring every boy and girl and man and woman in the community within the realm where the community spirit does its great work for moral and social regeneration?

Whether the philosopher from Japan would coun-

sel such a course or not, it surely has its merits. To those who look broadly out upon the course of human history, noting the changes, gazing upon the ruins, contemplating the upward march of the human race through all the ages, there is something ridiculous as well as pathetic in the mental attitude of the complacent individual who regards himself as one of the elect whose chief concern is to avoid too close contact with those of a different faith. The plea of Rev. Dr. Symonds for a cosmopolitanism that recognizes the unity of the human race, while it does not sacrifice in the slightest degree one's fidelity to family, city or country, should appeal with special force to Canadians, into whose territory are pouring people of all races, with vastly differing national ideals and religious beliefs, to many of whom Anglo-Saxon traditions do not appeal.

Let us go back for a moment to my friends the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregationalist and others. Should not they get together in the various communities and say to each other: "You may worship in a cathedral, and you in a kirk, and you in a meeting house, and you in a chapel; but, for the sake of our common humanity let us organize a federation for moral and social welfare work in this community, and place behind it the driving force of cathedral and kirk and meeting house and chapel, to bring to pass those things which in the interests of all of us and of all our children should be accomplished without delay?"

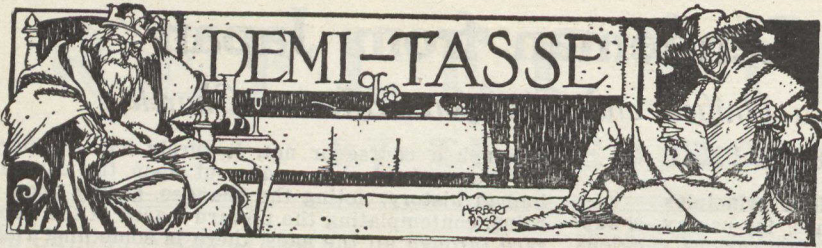
Then every school building would become a social centre and civic neighbourhood club; social conditions everywhere would improve; vice would meet a formidable competitor; child welfare would cease to be the care of a few; prison reform would become an accomplished fact; political corruption would become a less potent force in civic, provincial and national affairs; the housing problem would approach solution; and the building of character, which is the greatest work of any nation, would assume a new importance, and take its rightful place in the estimation of the people.

## Huge London Demonstration for South African Deported



The workers of London have been showing strong sympathy with the workers of South Africa by processions and demonstrations for the nine labour leaders who were deported from South Africa and who recently arrived in London. This is a view of the crowd listening to an address from Mr. J. T. Bain, leader of the nine, in condemnation of the South African government.





**Courierettes.**

**T**ORONTO restaurant keepers have now organized. That one bean that we have been accustomed to seeing afloat in the soup is now due to disappear.

Montreal dramatic critic says that Canada should have a drama of her own. So far Canada has contented herself with building theatres for Yankee plays and Yankee profits.

Among the almost unbelievable events of recent weeks is the announcement that a newspaper writer left an estate of \$5,000.

King George recently went to a concert and smoked cigarettes. A new subject for the W. C. T. U. to discuss.

Toronto "Globe" suggests a brass band every day to give more life to Legislature sessions. There's enough noise and little enough action now.

And it is just possible that among those who denounce Evanturel for his offer to sell himself for \$10,000 is the piker who took \$2 for his vote at last election.

Now that Sir James Whitney is well again, it will be interesting for him to go over the back files of the Grit papers and read all the nice things said about him.

Toronto "Mail and Empire" calls for Newfoundland to come into Confederation. The island colony is no doubt a bit diffident after watching the trouble that Canada has settling her own problems.

It is a remarkable thing that Woodrow Wilson has been President of the United States for over a year and is still very well thought of by many people.

"Woman's Right To Murder" is the subject of an article by a Canadian woman writer. Say, what are modern women coming to, anyway?

People's actions seem to indicate that they prefer a heap of gold in the hand on earth to a circle of gold on the head in heaven.

Another Canadian has issued a book of poems. There's no cure for it.

"How To Get On The Stage" is a new book now being advertised. After

a few people have acted on its advice the author will have to write a sequel—"How to Get Off the Stage—Unhurt."

**See the Point?**—Britain is going to arm some of her regiments with the lance. The War Office probably found the army surgeons overstocked and decided that the surplus had to be used somehow.

**A Straight Tip.**—Suffragette—"I want a man's wages!"  
Voice in Crowd—"Then why don't you get married?"

**A Timely Hint.**— Britain, Canada and the United States had better hurry up and hold that celebration of a century of peace before Col. Sam Hughes takes a sudden notion to declare war.

**Not Just the Same.**—Jones—"Are you going to spend your vacation at our swell resort next summer?"  
Jackson—"Not exactly. I'll put in my vacation there and spend by bank account."

**Good Reason.**—"I'd like to see every suffragette in Canada hike to Ottawa and demand the ballot."  
"Why—are you a believer in votes for women?"  
"No—I'm a boot and shoe manufacturer."

**It's Human Nature.**—If a woman tells her husband that he is too handsome or too delicate to work hard, it's ten to one that he won't give her an argument on the point.

**One Saving Feature.**—Mrs. Smith—"Does Mrs. Swellup treat her callers nicely?"  
Mrs. Black—"Willie recites and Viola plays the piano, but I have nothing to say against her tea and muffins."

**All a Bad Lot.**—A leading Canadian lawyer credits Frank B. Kellogg, president of the American Bar Association, as the teller of a good story con-

cerning a certain western magistrate who was not disposed to take any chances.

A forlorn fellow was brought before this magistrate and charged with having been drunk and disorderly.

The magistrate asked him what he had to say for himself.

The man gazed pensively at him and launched forth in a torrent of words.

"Your honour, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, as the poet puts it. I am not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as—"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Thirty days. Officer, take a list of those names he gave us and run 'em all in. They're as bad a lot as he is."

**A Sex Question.**—Uncle Sam's postmen are now delivering babies by parcel post, but they do not insist that only "male" babies be sent.

**Unnecessary.**—Toronto is to have a third burlesque theatre, but with so many club luncheons, tango teas, City Council sessions and the Legislature and the Police Court in daily session, one wonders where it will get audiences.

**Ten Terse Truths.**

Talk is cheap—but not in the mouth of a lawyer.

Money makes the mare go—also the ghost walk.

If a woman is thin she can make up for it, but the fat are not so fortunate.

Love makes the world go round and the lover go broke.

A woman is like a sleight of hand trick—more to be admired than understood.

The wise man risks his reputation for truth-telling and assures every mother that her baby is the most beautiful.

Many a woman who rides a horse astride will still alight from a street car backwards.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and everybody loves a cheerful loser.

Lacking any other excuse a woman will marry a man to reform him.

When her enemy tells her that her hat is so becoming, the wise woman knows that it isn't.

**The Unattainable.**—Scientists now have it figured out that they can control the weather. Soon there will be no more worlds left to conquer. But soft—hold a minute! There is a limit to the controlling power of man. He can never hope to control Mrs. Pankhurst.

**A Delayed Romance.**—A chef in New York has married a girl in Indiana whose name he saw written on an egg.

He had to wait years and years, that chap, for his wife.

**Carried Unanimously.**—Our idea of a useless gift is to give a Senator to a certain district.

**Have You Tried It?**—Some men believe that honesty is the best policy, and others are too busy to make experiments.

**A Spring Song.**

**I**N the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—  
Watch the higher cost of living mount another notch above.

(Second attempt.)

In the spring the husband's fancy frantically turns to seek  
Means to buy her Easter bonnet on fifteen plunks per week.

**Try It.**—Many a man, if he stopped to weigh his words, would find them woefully under weight.

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## His Majesty's Mail

(Continued from page 9.)

the mail packet rocked in his wake. Inside five minutes the pack of grey dog-like things burst from the bluffs onto the lake ice three hundred yards behind. Rochaine sighted over the snows into them and saw four feet flip upward as he pressed the trigger. Again he turned the trick, and yet again. The pack stopped an instant and jumped on the fallen, while the constable ran after the toboggan.

The heavy breathing of the three men and five huskies cast a white smoke in the air. They were going at top speed. Kasba's village was still two miles away and dark was gathering. Twice more Mikel repeated his manoeuvre of facing the pack, and each time the outfit gained a few hundred yards before the wolves got close again. The pack did not like this medicine. In the brains of its members was the acme of cunning, and when a dozen were slain, the old dog-wolf leaders grew wiser. The men in charge of the mail packet saw them scatter to the flanking spruce and edge up in a skulking line which closed in to a half-circle, broke, and reformed again to the rattle of Rochaine's rifle. The outfit was practically breaking its way through the animals.

"W'at you t'ink?" panted Mikel, as he spurted alongside Polleaux Pangué. "Mak' de barricade of de toboggan an' fight it out?"

"Too many grey devils," counselled Polleaux. "Keep running to Kasba's."

About them the weird-voiced semi-circle shifted and changed, always keeping pace with the team. The spruce grew darker, till the wolves were nearly hidden. Now they crept in very close, and Rochaine shot with vicious haste, sometimes half-emptying his magazine. The light was bad for sighting, but often a snarl of pain told Mikel that he had got another. The distance to the mouth of the Slave lessened to a mile and a half, and then to a mile and a quarter, but quarter-miles in the North are long, especially when death is dogging the running. Ahead of the huskies Silver Stream stuck valiantly to the trail from which the wolves seemed trying to force him out on the open lake. So dark it was that he could see only the loom of the track, yet without apparent effort his feet found the imprints of those who had passed before. All at once he missed them. His snowshoes struck the unmarred crust, and he halted in uncertainty.

"Do these men fly?" he called back to the others. "Their trail ends here."

"De wolves end dem, mebbe," hazarded Rochaine.

A laugh sounded in the spruce trees above.

"Oh, I don't know about that!" exclaimed a familiar voice.

THE three with the mail packet looked up at the commotion in the branches, and in a moment the Calvick brothers swung down beside them. Rochaine regarded them suspiciously. They were armed like himself with repeaters, and the pockets of their red and blue mackinaw coats bulged with cartridges.

"W'at you doin' oop dere?" demanded Mikel.

"Well," drawled Dease, "we thought it might be a better place to meet these howlin' brutes than on the ground. You see we didn't expect help. Though we're mighty glad you happened along!"

Rochaine knew Dease Calvick lied, but he checked the temptation to tell him so.

"You bet," seconded Cory. "It's no 'special fun sittin' straddle of a spruce limb in this frost all night and takin' pot shots at them timber beasts."

With the halt of the packet, the wolves drew in. Shadowy spectres, they broke from the spruce in a charge, but they met the fire of three rifles instead of one, and the deadliness of the volley took them by surprise. They turned again and slunk for shelter. Each man had killed two, and, whatever their other shortcomings, Rochaine blessed the Calvick brothers for their good marksmanship in the poor light.

"Reckon they know their distance

now," chuckled Dease, refilling his magazine.

"They sure do," exulted Cory. "Three repeaters can get them as fast as they show themselves. God be kind to the fellow who invented repeaters!"

"W'ere you be goin'?" asked Mikel, uncertain as to the brothers' intentions.

"Who? Us? Oh, out to our traps! We have a line across from the Slave's mouth to Lake Clair. We'll camp with Kasba for the night. Where you makin' camp?"

"Kasba's!" answered Rochaine, with the feeling of a baited man.

"Better be gettin' on then," suggested Cory. "We've over a mile to go, and it's thunderin' dark."

"Go on, Silver Stream," ordered Rochaine.

The mail packet swung away from the spruce bluffs along a level marsh and pointed for the Chippewyan village. The wolves stuck half-heartedly to the chase till the outfit neared the village. Twice they were close behind, but the three rifles played havoc with them, and with disappointed wailings the pack dispersed southward over Athabasca.

Yet though rid of one danger, Rochaine felt that he faced another. He had his misgivings as he entered Kasba's village in company with the Calvicks. He could not get rid of the idea that the brothers had designs on the mail packet. They had not been out to their line of traps for a month, and this sudden journey just before nightfall and through the heart of a blizzard looked suspicious. Kasba and his Chippewyan tribesmen welcomed the travellers with some ceremony.

PRIVATE ROCHAIINE slept uneasily. He lay with the mail packet beside him and with his rifle within reach. Three times he wakened and gazed at the recumbent forms of the Calvick brothers who lay on the other side of the tepee across its central fire-pit. He had his doubts as to the soundness of their pretended sleep, but those doubts seemed foolish, for morning came and nothing untoward had happened. At three o'clock he was awake and making ready for a start.

His movements awoke Cory Calvick, and the latter rolled over in his blankets and raised himself on his elbow.

"You're an early bird, Rochaine," he yawned. "Think we'd better start too, Dease?"

"Blazes, no!" exclaimed Dease, awakening and stretching. "It's only the middle of the night yet. It's all right for you, Rochaine. You've a long trail ahead of you."

"Oui," nodded Mikel. "I can't be waste any time."

The attitude of the brothers puzzled him. He could not understand their sudden friendship and meekness, for he knew their inherent lawlessness. He had looked for a fight in the night. It hadn't come. That should have been an agreeable disappointment, but it wasn't. The Calvicks had failed to show their hand. Mikel would much rather have seen their cards. Still his face was imperturbable as he swallowed a hasty breakfast, gave Kasba and his chief men a present of tobacco, and passed out on the trail. Silver Stream was already off in front. Polleaux Pangué swung his whip, and the packet headed north to Forth Smith.

With smiling unconcern the Calvick brothers watched it go. Rochaine remembered their smirks, and instinctively he knew that there was some hidden thing beneath those smirks. Every rod of the journey he fretted over the reason for the Calvicks' ease and confidence, and ten miles northward on the Slave River's breast he stumbled, literally stumbled, upon the reason. For there he caught his snowshoe in a snow-covered fragment of driftwood frozen in the ice and pitched forward on his face against the rear of the toboggan. The weight of his body and the momentum of his fall broke the packet from its lashings on the tail of the load.

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"Ciel!" he gasped, struggling up and lifting the box. "I'm clumsy, me."

He unknotted the tail lines to re-fasten the box, but the other two men saw him stop and stare at it. Then he gave a growl of rage.

"Diable!" he roared. "Tak' wan look at dat box." He shoved it into their hands.

Silver Stream and Polleaux Pangué looked it over but received no enlightenment.

"You no see dat?" They shook their heads, wonderingly.

"Dat anodder box. Dat's not de wan I bring from Chippewyan."

In his anger Rochaine grabbed it back from them and hurled it on the ice. It smashed to pieces, empty as an old bottle.

"Dat's wan old packet of de Hudson's Bay Company. De very same as de wan we carry only dere's no mark on de top." Mikel kicked the pieces scornfully about.

"Who played the snake's trick?" asked Polleaux Pangué.

"De Calvicks!" decided Rochaine.

"How?"  
"Steal it w'en I sleep an' change her. But, ba gar, I be soon change her again. Put de dogs back!"

**POLLEAUX PANGUE** whirled his string of huskies, heading them at full speed back to the Chippewyan village. Hurried enquiries there elicited the information that the Calvick brothers had left for their line of traps. So Rochaine immediately procured rifles and ammunition from Kasba's head men for Silver Stream and the half-breed and struck west on the Calvicks' trail. The brothers would not likely open the packet till they reached their cabin at the end of their trap-line, and Mikel hoped to overtake them before they made Lake Clair. The point of honour involved was the getting of the mail packet intact. No Company's man had ever lost a packet. He vowed that he would not be the first.

They used the dog team and toboggan for greater speed as far as the lower mouth of the Peace, but there they anchored the outfit and pushed on afoot across the tableland that stretched, albeit cut by many a gulch and chasm, to the shores of Lake Clair. The tableland was bathed in the calm sunlit haze that had followed the days of blizzard, and the going was keen. Rochaine and his companions did not lose a minute. As swift snowshoe runners as could be found in the North, they sped like hounds on the track. From hour to hour they stooped low and scanned the snowshoe prints. They could tell by the condition of the broken crust just how long the tracks had been made, and their freshness was an encouraging sign. As they came to the main break in the great plateau where the glacial cobble showed an age-old river valley winding down to Lake Clair, they paused to breathe themselves and suck a little ice for a drink. It was long after noon, but they dared not stop to eat.

"How far behind dem?" Mikel asked. The Chippewyan held up his forefinger.

"Wan hour? Dat's w'at I t'ink ma-self. We see dem on de odder side."

"Ha!" cried Rochaine, exultingly. "We catch dem before dey get across."

He broke away at a great speed which Silver Stream and Polleaux Pangué found it hard to equal.

The Calvick brothers were moving slowly. Rochaine and the others ran as silently as possible, but they were going down-wind, and sounds carried in that country of silences. Mikel saw them whirl and halt. Then they dashed for the edge of the plateau where it met the run of the ridges from Lake Clair. Calling to his companions, the private ran to head them off. But he was too late. Cory and Dease Calvick had reached the nearest ridge and ensconced themselves on its rugged top.

Immediately Rochaine, Silver Stream, and Polleaux Pangué followed suit. They made for the next parallel ridge and worked along it till they were opposite the Calvicks' position.

"Holla!" called Rochaine, as he reached the top of the parallel ridge.

"Hello!" shouted Cory. "What do you want over there?"

"De packet!" roared the constable.

"I want you both besides."

"Come and get us, then."

"You give up?"

"Like blazes! Sit down or we'll plug you."

Both rifles were levelled across the rock wall. Rochaine dived behind the shelter of the ridge, and the bullets whined over his head. It was not a place to take chances. He went quietly back to Silver Stream and Polleaux Pangué where they waited at the base of the ridge. Under Mikel's directions each went up and surveyed the situation for himself, taking particular notice of the Calvicks' position. Then the Chippewyan and the half-breed returned, dropped away south under cover of the parallel ridge, crossed it out of sight below, crossed the next ridge likewise, and began to work up behind the Calvicks. Rochaine, meanwhile, was to keep the brothers engaged in front with a rifle duel across the valley.

Mikel opened fire as soon as Silver Stream and Polleaux were out of sight. His first shot chipped the edge of the rock wall, and some flying fragments hit Cory Calvick in the cheek. Mikel could hear him cursing, and he grinned. Almost simultaneously a volley of bullets thudded dully against his own shielding rock, glancing from it with vicious thuds and whining shrilly through upper space. The brothers were shooting as fast as they could pull trigger, hoping to wing the private with a glancing ball or a broken piece of flinty granite. But Mikel stuck like an oyster to the shelter of the ridge-top. Then, when the brothers desisted from want of an acceptable target, he wriggled out a little and returned the fire. He wanted the Calvicks to think that he alone was armed. On the trail to the mouth of the Slave neither Silver Stream nor Polleaux Pangué had carried weapons. Since they were not in action now, the natural inference in the brothers' minds would be that they had nothing to shoot with.

**BUT** Silver Stream and Polleaux Pangué were in action just the same. And so hot was the rifle duel in front that the Calvicks failed to mark two lithe figures squirming up the gulch behind them. For these same figures, when they would top the Calvicks' ridge, Rochaine was now watching, and presently he made out the snake-like form of Silver Stream gliding over the rocks not a hundred yards from the brothers' rampart. Silver Stream was to the left of them. Polleaux, though unseen, could not be far to the right. Rochaine's eyes gleamed brighter as he saw the critical moment approach. He looked along his rifle barrel at the grey bulk of granite across the valley, waiting tensely for a sight of Cory Calvick's red mackinaw coat or the blue garment of his brother. For two or three minutes he lay thus before he saw Silver Stream again. Then the Chippewyan leaped up like an apparition on a rock shoulder fifty yards behind the Calvicks' position. They saw him at that same instant, for a yell arose, but Silver Stream's rifle was raised, and a jet of smoke puffed from it. Rochaine saw the red blur of Cory Calvick's coat as he tottered over the rock wall and plunged into the valley below.

Instantaneously the blue coat of Dease rose up above the rampart. At sight of the enemy behind he lost his caution. He levelled his weapon at the Chippewyan, but before he pressed trigger Rochaine's bullet took him through the shoulder, dropping him like a sheep. Close on his shot, Mikel climbed down one ridge, crossed the valley, and tore up the other. He landed fairly on top of the wounded Dease. Dease had drawn his Colt's as a last defence. As the constable vaulted the rampart, the ugly muzzle confronted him. There was no time for Mikel to shoot. Instead, he swung his rifle by the barrel. Its butt met Dease's menacing weapon with a crash of metal and bones. The Colt's went off as it whirled into the valley, and the ball clipped Rochaine's knuckles. Dease Calvick cringed, helpless, at his feet. Beside him lay the real mail packet intact.



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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## The Old Order Changeth

EXPRESS companies in the United States have had a long and prosperous run, but parcel post has made a change. There are four chief companies, and their earnings ending June 30th, 1912, were as follows:—

	Gross Earnings.	Net Income.
Adams Express Company .....	\$34,191,955	\$1,877,428
American Express Company .....	43,714,874	2,813,259
United States Express Company .....	21,131,508	233,228
Wells-Fargo & Co. ....	32,465,970	3,441,674

It will be noted that the weakest of these four companies is the United States Express Company. It is therefore not a great matter of surprise that this company has decided to go out of business. The late E. H. Harriman bought more than 22,000 shares of the company's stock from the Adams and American Express Companies, and his estate is said to hold close to one-half of the total issue of 100,000 shares. President Roberts states that the competition of parcel post, especially the increasing of the weight of a parcel to fifty pounds, has made competition from his company impossible. The order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which entailed a lowering of rates to the extent of 16 per cent., was the final straw. The directors have therefore decided to wind up the affairs of the company and effect a dissolution.

In time the Canadian parcel post must have an effect upon the earnings of Canadian express companies. As these earnings decline, the general earnings of the railways, who own these companies, will be affected. There is, however, this difference. The railways will, in a measure, be compensated by increased payments from the Post Office for carrying the mails.

## The Paper Trade

PAPERMAKING companies in Canada are doing fairly well, although the Canada Paper Company is still something of a disappointment, and the Toronto Paper Company and Spanish River have difficulties of their own. The Riordan Pulp and Paper Company has just issued its report for the year, showing profits of \$309,679, which is a slight increase over the previous year. The capitalization amounts to seven million dollars, consisting of a million and a half bonds, one million preferred, and four and a half millions of common. No dividend was paid on the common, but there is a profit and loss surplus amounting to \$157,307. Current liabilities show an increase of \$896,000, and bonds to the value of half a million dollars will be issued to supply more working capital.

The Canada Paper Company owes its preferred shareholders five and a half years' back interest, and it now proposes to compromise by the payment of twenty-one per cent., which is equal to three years' interest. Ninety per cent. of the shareholders have already accepted this plan. There is over a million of common stock outstanding, and the prospect of a dividend on this is very remote.

## An Exceptional Industrial

MOST industries had a hard time in 1913, but the Canadian General Electric was a notable exception. Its net earnings amount to \$1,336,310, which is about fifteen per cent. on the common stock. But this is not the best of the forthcoming report. Patents, contracts and good-will, previously estimated at five hundred thousand dollars, were wiped out. Further, a special survey of the company's physical assets by the Canadian appraisal company has justified a net increase in the assets by nearly a million and a half, bringing the total up to a few thousand short of ten million. Thus the directors were able to pay 8 per cent. during the year, in addition to increasing the assets, the surplus, the profit and loss account, and the amount reserved for depreciation.

During the past year the General Electric took over the Allis-Chalmers-Bullock Company of Montreal, and the Stratford Mill Company.

The surplus earnings, after paying the eight per cent. to its shareholders, amounted to \$559,675, or an extra seven per cent. on the common stock. This is indicative of conservative and efficient management.

## Banks of Two Countries

PEOPLE who are fond of drawing comparisons between this country and its neighbour, will be interested by the report of the Comptroller of Currency of the United States, which shows that chartered banks in this country increased both their capital and their assets more rapidly during the past year than did the National Banks of the United States. Previous to 1910, the boot was on the other foot. Since that year the average capital increase of Canadian banks has been 13.2 per cent. Total assets during the same period increased 18 per cent. The figures for the United States were, respectively, 3.7 and 8.6—a material difference.

On the other hand, profits in the United States are higher than in Canada. In 1913, the net earnings of the national banks over the line were \$160,980,000, or 15.3 per cent. on average capital, 9.1 per cent. on capital and surplus combined, and 1.5 per cent. on average total assets. For the same year Canadian banks earned \$18,323,000, equal to 16.4 per cent. on average capital, 8.37 per cent. on capital and surplus combined, and 1.2 per cent. on average total assets. While Canadian banks paid out only 64 per cent. of net earnings in the form of dividends, the American banks distributed 74 per cent. of earnings and among stockholders. Canadian banks have made a practice of making more provision for building up surpluses and writing down premises, thus strengthening their financial position.

## The Week in Canadian Markets

LAST week's stock market was pretty much a repetition of the previous week, but the fluctuations were more violent. There was very little optimistic feeling. The investors who made January a notable month seem to be very cautious people; they insist upon having bargains. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that investment buying is steady and continuous. This is the general opinion in New York, and Canada seems to be under the same spell.

Brazilian opened up the week with sales at 83 to 84; Tuesday it was a little higher, and touched 85. By Thursday it was selling ex dividend at 81. On Saturday it closed at 82¼, thus showing a net loss of about a point for the week. Rogers Common was the other spectacular feature. This stock has

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been rather quiet for a long time. In December, 1910, it touched 205½, and in January, 1911, reached its record—210. Since then the stock has gradually dropped. The low in 1911 was 175, and in 1912, 172. In the first half of 1913 it fell to 159. Continuing its downward progress it reached 140 on January 2nd this year. Last week it took a tumble to below 125, recovering on Saturday to 128. The Rogers Company has a capital of \$2,400,000, of which \$900,000 is preferred. Its product is silverware. The stock is listed only on Toronto exchange.

Montreal experienced a bad week. Total transactions were nothing to boast about, and the weakness in Brazilian and C. P. R. influenced the other stocks, and influenced them the wrong way. Towards the end of the week they steadied a little and their firmness carried some other stocks a little higher. C. P. R. and Brazilian each slumped two points for the week. Dominion Steel Corporation showed a gain of 1½, and Scotia 1¼. Power was ¾ better, Ottawa Power ½, and Dominion Iron 1, while Cement, Laurentide, Lake of the Woods, Textile, Hillcrest and Tuckett's were unchanged. Heavy features were Canada Car common, which was lower by 3½ points, Dominion Bridge 1¾, Porto Rico 2, R. & O. 1¼, Shawinigan 1½, and Toronto Railway 1¼. Commerce and Merchants were the most active bank stocks, and closed 1 better and ¾ lower respectively. Nova Scotia had a gain of 1½ at 264. Bonds were also active, but showed but few changes.

On Friday, C. P. R. touched 203½, which was a new low mark since 1911, when the stock first crossed the 200 line. The Canadian high was reached in July, 1912, when the stock sold at 282½.

## A Growing Loan Company

SINCE the Great West Permanent Loan Company, whose head office is in Winnipeg, extended its operations to Eastern Canada and Scotland, its business has grown enormously. Net profits, after deducting all expenses of management, amounted to 15.35 per cent. of the average paid-up capital of the year. The increase was about seventy thousand dollars. Dividends were paid at the rate of nine per cent.

A rough calculation shows that the company had \$3.14 of approved real estate security for every dollar loaned on first mortgages. Among its assets are real estate loans on first mortgages of \$6,493,363. Payments of interest and principal were quite satisfactory; the amount of arrears was greatly less than that of the previous year. As a financial stringency held sway last year, this fact speaks well for the promptitude of western borrowers and for the selection of the company's business.

## Canadian Trade in 1913

FIGURES concerning Canada's trade reflect increased imports and increased exports. The total trade was \$1,147,648,243, as against \$1,023,641,142 during 1912, an increase of \$124,007,101. The commercial intercourse between Canada and the rest of the empire has thus, in the main, shown a steady appreciation, although British Guiana and West Indies are exceptions. The largest gains are in trade with the United States, South Africa, and Great Britain. Japan has not sent so much to Canada by a million dollars as the year before.

The exports to other parts of the Empire from the Dominion show increases in every case, the most notable being those to Great Britain, and South Africa. Wheat, paper and cattle show the biggest gains.

## A Fair Statement

THE Sawyer-Massey Co. of Hamilton, which manufactures agricultural engines, gasoline tractors, and road machinery, shows a lower net profit for 1913 than in 1912. This result is ascribed to the financial stringency and trade depression in the West, where a large portion of the firm's business is done. The company has a capitalization of \$2,250,000, of which a quarter of a million is bonds, a million and a half preferred, and a million and a half common. The bond interest and the preferred dividends were paid, leaving a balance at profit and loss of \$372,269, as compared with \$360,637 last year. This is a very small increase. Further, the bills payable increased from \$1,417,000 to \$2,166,000. There is therefore not much hope of a dividend on the common, which is now quoted around 27. The company announces developments in their trade with Argentina.

## Ice Cream as a Money Maker

THE hoodoo of 1913 didn't prevent people from eating lots of ice cream, if the report of the William Neilson Company is any indication. This firm, \$300,000 of 6 per cent. bonds of which were publicly sold a year ago, reports net profits of \$118,565 for the year 1913, being a gain of 40 per cent. over the profits of 1912. The earnings considerably exceeded the estimate. The interest charges amounted to \$21,901. There has been added to a contingent reserve \$33,535, and \$62,226 has been carried to profit and loss. The assets include \$36,201 in cash, and of the item of realty, plant, machinery and good-will, representing \$1,056,180, the good-will understood to be included at \$463,583. An amount representing 10.70 per cent. on the common stock remains after all prior charges; no dividend will be paid on the common for the past year.

## Coal Company's Statement

INTERNATIONAL Coal and Coke Company, whose head office is in Spokane, Wash., and whose mines are in Coleman, Alberta, shows decreased profits in 1913. The explanation is that considerable development work was done through the year, and this was paid for mainly out of earnings. A four per cent. dividend was paid on the three million dollars of capital stock and a small balance was left over. No dividend was paid in 1912. The company has a surplus of over half a million.

Mr. William Farwell, of Sherbrooke, succeeded Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, Victoria, as president last year.

## Canadian Marconi's

AFTER years of struggle the Canadian Marconi Company is beginning to get on its feet. Its profits in 1912 were \$62.11; those of 1913 are expected to be considerably larger. Prospects of a dividend are still very vague, but as business is growing there is a possibility that some day the stock may have some value.

## Four Per Cent. Basis

WESTERN Union Telegraph Company announces a quarterly dividend of one per cent., thus putting the stock on a four per cent. basis, which is a yearly increase of one per cent.

J. P. Morgan retires from the board.



**Increasing the Producers**

A REMARK was made in a recent issue of the "Canadian Courier" that the agricultural experts were not giving the public any real remedy for the paucity of producers. It is easy to say that we need more people on the land, but no one seems to have proposed any practical method for inducing the people to do as everybody wants them to. It was suggested that we needed a Daniel. A correspondent from New Brunswick comments on this as follows:—

Moncton, March 2, 1914.

Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—Referring to the editorial "Wanted, a Daniel," in your issue of the 28th February.

It should not be difficult for the agricultural experts to tell how the producers can be increased in number and ambition, as that is largely what they were appointed for. The quickest way to secure the increase however would be to induce a larger immigration of the agricultural class from Great Britain, directed to the Eastern part of Canada.

If the Immigration Department would spend on the Maritime Provinces just one-half as much money in proportion to population, as was spent on the West during the last 10 years, the cost of living would be very much reduced, as the East is more adapted to mixed farming, which mode of farming produces more food stuffs per acre than any other kind.

There are many good agriculturists in the British Isles who are afraid of blizzards and the extremes of heat and cold, but who want an equable climate, and who desire a gently undulating country diversified by lakes, streams and rivers, and where they can occasionally get the "tang" of the salt-laden breeze.

New Brunswick has these advantages, and is well adapted for fruit growing, dairying and mixed farming, but what has the Immigration Department done to advertise these advantages?

A request was made last year that special representatives be sent to the old country from this Province, as had been done for other provinces, but the evasive reply came back that "the returning successful settler was the best advertisement."

How could any settler go back from New Brunswick when the Immigration Department did nothing towards advertising this Province during all the years they advertised the West, and the railroads and Dominion Government officials on the other side did all in their power to prevent people coming to the Maritime Provinces?

The same advertisements which drew immigrants to Western Canada also drew our people.

Our money was spent to drain our provinces of population, with a consequent loss of representation. Besides which large portions of our common territory have been added to other provinces, which makes the matter of representation harder to overcome. Now is it not high time something was done to compensate the Maritime Provinces?

Give us the funds, as above stated, for immigration purposes, and the questions of representation and the high cost of living would solve themselves, as once the Britisher learns of the advantages of living here we will have all the population we can take care of.

Yours truly,  
S. L. T. HARRISON.

**"Light of Western Stars."**

For people who like romances of the wild and woolly west, where cowboys spend their time in spending bullets, and Indians persist in carrying on the work of their fathers in devastating whatever looks like a promising settlement, "Light of Western Stars," by Zane Gray (Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$1.50 net), is the very thing. Incident aplenty, a murder by way of seasoning; some love-making and a marriage under compulsion—these are enough to sustain the interest all the way through. There is not an infinite deal of plot, but the descriptive power of the author makes the book worth while.



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# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### Kind Words For Daddy

SOME of us may have felt that in the midst of all the modern discussion of domestic relationship, the father does not receive due recognition. The mother, quite properly, receives glowing laudation (in orations and paragraphs at least), for her unselfishness and devotion, but the father of the family is all too seldom mentioned. Some agitators have become so frantic in their feminism as to talk and write as if it were not at all important to regard the relationship of children to the paternal parent. Then we have the State invoked on every occasion, as if it even could take the place of human parentage and care.

However, a Chicago physician has come to the aid of the ignored "pappas" and declared last year at the convention of a Medical Society that we had so magnified the importance of motherhood as to forget the paternal force for good or evil. In fact, Doctor Price went so far as to say that the father is the dominating force of civilization. While we may consider that statement is going too far in the estimation of masculine influence, it is rather cheering to notice that someone is looking after Daddy's interests and realizes that he is something more than a domestic cipher.

We have become accustomed in jest and cartoon to the overworked head of the American Household who slaves at home, that his wife and daughters may go abroad and dazzle Europe with their gowns and accent. The English husband, on the contrary, expects too much subservience from his womenkind and the result is—the Lady with the Bomb. Perhaps in Canada we shall award the father his due and give him credit for the day's work and his own share of the day's fun.

The best of good chums is a well-brought-up Daddy, who possesses the quality of eternal boyhood.

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### A Girl's Brother

A GIRL who has no brothers is likely to miss part of Life's most beneficial discipline. A brother is the most stimulating possession a girl can have, as he ignores any fine qualities or regular features she may possess, devotes himself to ridicule of her too-generous mouth and refuses to call her hair "auburn." Brothers, it must be admitted, are a trial in the early stages, for they refuse to respect the smaller hypocrisies of the household and invariably expose any attempt on the part of the women of the family to assume a fictional wealth or dignity. How often have the limitations of the family wardrobe or the larder been revealed by an over-frank young brother, who scorned the refined assumptions of his ambitious sister!

However, if any persecuted sister feels that there should be limitations to fraternal teasing, there is always time to pay the tormentor back in his own coin. I know, at least, one sister who is now enjoying herself hugely over her brother's first (so far as the sister knows) love affair. The hero is nineteen years of age and has amused himself in spare moments by ridiculing his sister's men friends, as

to manner and clothing, while nothing has been too harsh to say regarding their lack of facial loveliness. But the sister's hour has come and the resources of her vocabulary are being ransacked to describe in depreciating terms the young person who has temporarily ensnared the brother's fancy. It is, really, an entertaining mode of revenge and is creating much distress for the young lover.

\*\*\*

### Veils and Vanities

EVERYONE is more or less interested in the new styles, and most of us are just as little afraid of them. The skirts are not any narrower—for a very obvious reason. The peg-top arrange-

fully extended on the nose.

The new veils, however startling they may be, can be avoided by the determined woman who has resolved to take nothing but a "plain mesh," devoid of spots and spiders. Fashion will soon vary the veils.

\*\*\*

### The New Fabrics

THERE is always consolation to be found, even in this world, and even in the spring fashions.

If the befouled waist reduces you to despair, and the collar, that is "so perfectly Japanese" and made not to fit, gives you a desire to tell Premet, Poirer and the rest what you think of them, let your eyes rest upon the new fabrics and a great peace will steal into your heart. Surely such lovely laces and seductive silks never were known or worn before. The very daintiest that loom can weave or hand can embroider seems to have been given to the service of the springtime fabrics. The crepes, even those of

the cotton class, are as sheer and delicate as an April morning mist, while the brocades have shed their ancient majesty and stiffness and are the airiest fabrics which ever had roses and Marguerites wandering over an expanse of silver and azure. Egyptian crepe, satin nocturne Tango crepes and the cotton corduroy called goldfine are creating delight among the host of spring shoppers. There are exquisite white crepes with a faint tracery of purple hare-bells or the bluest of forget-me-nots, and we come to the conclusion that if an unkind freak made the flounces and minarets, the best of good fairies worked all night over the fabrics. Let no critic imagine that woman is becoming masculine in her tastes. Anything more remote from man's ugly tweeds and prosaic cloths could not be imagined than this veritable wonderland of soft and radiant fabrics which may be crushed through a ring, only to expand into their original yards of sheer and dainty beauty. Yes, the skirts are queer, the fruit-adorned buttons are alarming, the bug-

bestrewn veils are barbaric, but the new spring fabrics are from Titania's own workshop. So that when milady will be invested in them, as believe me she will despite their fancy prices, not even Cobweb, nor as pretty Peas blossom, will have more to boast than she in her fairy raiment.

ERIN.

### Equinox

"The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the equinox?"

First, winds of March must blow and rains must beat,

Thick airs blend wood, and field, and distant hill,  
Before the heavy sky has wept its fill;

And, like a creeping sloth, the chill must eat  
Down close to Nature's core; in dull repeat

The days move on with scanted light until,  
Far shining from his western window-sill,

Some evening sun full face to face we meet!

And then we say the line is crossed: the feud  
Between Old Night and Day adjusted stands,

As in a balance swung by airy hands  
Above the clouds. Our fancies are but crude,

And lightly gossip of infinitude:

None knows how wide the arch of Night expands!

—Edith M. Thomas.



A PROMINENT HOSTESS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

The members of the Heliconian Club, Toronto, are fortunate in having for their president, Mrs. Agar Adamson, a confirmed patroness of women's arts and letters. The spacious Adamson home throughout, like the dining-room here pictured, expresses a rare gift for artistic arrangement. The guest at tea in this peep is the hostess' son.

ment has whirled over from Paris, with a malicious desire to make the plump person look like the fattest fright that ever emerged from a dressmaker's parlour, and there are rufflings and flarings in the back which will make us appear as if we had corrugated spines. However, lest you should think that the world of modes has been smitten with madness, just look up some old fashion-plates of the eighties when we were wearing bold and unbecoming bustles and spending yards and yards on draperies and paniers. As for the "debutante slouch" or "ingenue lurch" which is supposed to accompany the 1914 costumes, it is about the ugliest bit of attitudinizing with which Fashion has afflicted us.

We are to wear small hats of slightly Bacchanalian tilt, with veils of intricate mesh. Never was there seen such a variety of colour in veiling as is being spread for our approval and purchase on the March counters. Coloured veils, however, are a dangerous experiment for those who have left fresh complexions behind them and have found no satisfactory substitute. The red veil is so apt to have a Lucrezia Borgia suggestion, and the purple veil is sickly and reminiscent of withering violets. The worst trick which Fashion has played us is to strew those hideous leaves and spiders throughout the veil until we receive a sudden shock as we behold a creature of beetle aspect on a fair cheek or a tarantula care-



# Making a Rose of Johnny

An Attempt of the Toronto Board of Education Which is Being Widely Copied in Other Cities

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



You could hardly expect her to be a posy when her natural atmosphere is one of squalor. Yet the attempt to transform her is being made, by means of the medical service in Toronto schools.

## A "Thorn in the Flesh"

"JOHNNY ain't no rose, teacher; don't smell him, learn him"—exactly expressed the whole duty of teachers in public schools a decade ago. The words were those of the fond mother of a certain malodorous Johnny whose teacher had sent him home to consult a pump. And it was quite true that if the average Johnny were any part of a rose-bush the "thorn in the flesh," not the rose, was the proper image.

In Toronto, however, where cleanliness is the virtue which comes next to education, the Public School Board thought shame to itself that the former had not preceded the latter duty. Sometimes it was impossible not to "smell" Johnny, however the teacher might prefer to simply "learn him." The impression by degrees became a conviction that a pupil was only as a tinkling cymbal who perhaps could define the perihelion, but could not blow his nose nor use a tooth-brush; that skill to locate the astral "Dipper" profited Johnny nothing until he was sure of his way to the earthly tub. So how to make a rose out of Johnny and at the same time conciliate his dubious parents and win their confidence and co-operation became a first concern of the governing body.

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## Fighting Dirt's Twin-Brother

DIRT was the twin-brother, often of disease; and the same becoming their recognized relation medical inspection was established in public schools. The controlling body was the Board of Education, and the innovation was made in 1910. The city was divided into twenty districts and a staff of trained workers was appointed for distribution among them, the chief inspector being Dr. Struthers.

Under Dr. Struthers at the present time is a staff composed of thirty-seven nurses and a superintendent of nurses, namely, Miss Paul, twenty-one medical inspectors, one dental inspector and four dental surgeons, to which last six are shortly to be added.

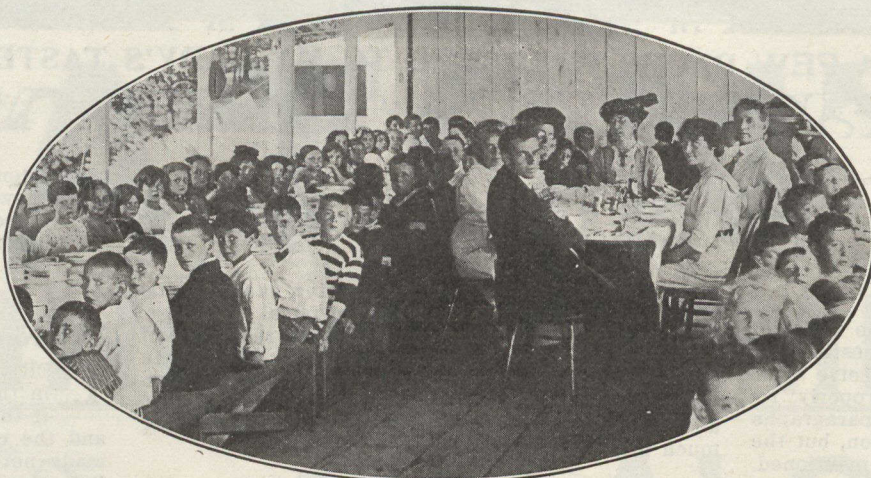
Mrs. Struthers, wife of the chief inspector, was Lina Rogers, before her marriage, and the first public school nurse in the world. She is a graduate of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children and took post-graduate training in New York. It was while she was in the latter city that her heart was stirred by the sight of sick children expelled from the public schools as a menace to pupils who were well and yet for whose personal recovery of health and ultimate reinstatement among their fellows no steps whatever were being taken.

\*\*\*

## The Pioneer School Nurse

TO set the heart is to fix the hand in the case of Mrs. Struthers as truly as ever it was of Enoch Arden. She devised a scheme of public school nursing and secured permission from the Board of Health to try it out in a district in New York City. The experiment proved a great success; in fact, it was the direct beginning of that excellent system of nursing which now obtains there.

Mrs. Struthers went, subsequently, to Pueblo,



The dining-pavilion at the Forest School, at the far end of which in the present picture one sees Mrs. Struthers, the pioneer school nurse, and just to the right Dr. Struthers, chief medical inspector for Public Schools of Toronto.



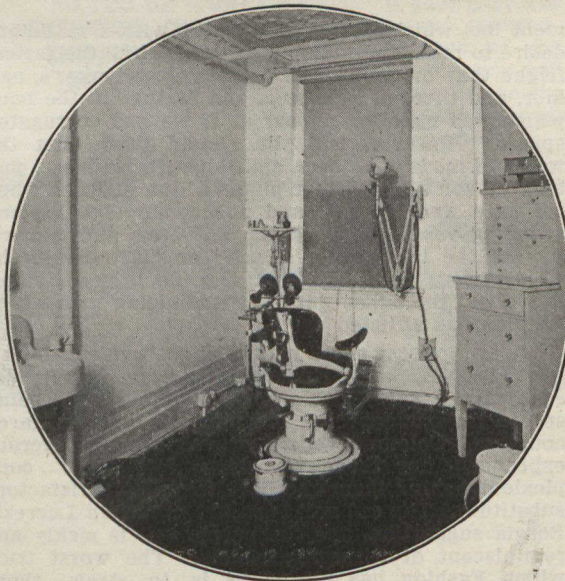
"The line where hang the short and simple flannels of the poor" is one of the least formidable details encountered by the nurse on her visits in "the district." Our picture shows Miss Paul, the Superintendent.



Not only these pupils of the Forest School, but also the children of the city schools proper are drilled in the natural function of the tooth-brush.



Instruction on how to blow the nose is one of the methods resorted to as a safeguard against the growth of adenoids.



The five hundred dollar dental equipment installed in the Queen Alexandra School, Toronto. Funds for the same were raised and donated by the local school nurses, of whom there are thirty-seven.

where she organized nursing in the public schools, with the Board of Education as governing body. From which it will be seen that the first school nurse speaks with the force of experience behind her when she states that the Board of Education is the body under the direction of which public school nursing is best conducted. The fact that nurses, inspectors and teachers are responsible to one headship causes the medical inspection in the schools to be generally accepted as an integral part of the educational programme and not as an interruption or a thing apart.

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## Invited to Toronto

MRS. STRUTHERS, at the time Lina Rogers, was invited to Toronto a few years ago to establish a system of nursing in the public schools. She trained, in her capacity of superintendent, numbers of nurses who have since become heads of the same department of work in other cities. Miss Paul, the present superintendent in Toronto, is one of the nurses trained by Mrs. Struthers.

When Dr. Struthers married Miss Rogers, an event which occurred some two years ago, and for which one can hardly blame the one or the other, there was some fear that the public school nursing would suffer, its conduct devolving on less experienced shoulders. This has not been the case, however, for so excellent a vehicle of work had been established that the successor very capably operates it.

Mrs. Struthers is putting into shape for the press her book, "The Public School Nurse," which will serve as a text-book. In the meantime, her interest may be absolutely relied on, also her advice and assistance which are frequently sought, in connection with the work of the present nurses.

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## What Has Been Done

THE Forest School will shortly be re-opened—an out-of-doors school for sickly children which had its beginning last year as a direct result of medical inspection in schools.

Hundreds of children, hitherto thought "stupid," have compulsorily undergone operations for the removal of adenoids and have developed into bright and healthy pupils.

Hundreds of visits have been made by the school nurses to the homes of children in the poorer districts, where parents, otherwise, had been quite without knowledge as to how to care for their ailing little "Slightly Soileds." When a case of contagious disease is suspected the nurse reports to the proper authorities, and if the disease is pronounced contagious the nurse withdraws in favour of a member from Miss Dyke's force—she being superintendent of visiting nurses as controlled by the Board of Health. The line is distinctly drawn and prevents confusion.

Scores of photographs have been taken by order of the department, from which lantern-slides have been made and handed on as hints to other cities. A number of the same are herewith reproduced.

Regular instruction is given to the pupils on care of the hair, the teeth, the nails—in general, personal



cleanliness is dwelt on. A number of the schools have complete dental equipment. Baths have been installed in certain schools in the unwashed districts. Little Mothers' classes have been established and efforts made to prevent tuberculosis in every quarter.

From which it is seen that the magic mill has been set in operation from which the natural "thorn," Johnny, will shortly emerge a blossom of a wholesomeness and sweetness of body such as the parent stock has hardly dreamed of.

## Schools of Salesmanship

The Second in a Series of Practical Talks on Woman in Industrial Life

By EDITH LANG

### Who "Stand and Wait"

INVESTIGATION shows that by far the larger number of girls who come into the city seeking to earn their livelihood drift into one of two trades: they become saleswomen in a store or waitresses in a restaurant. The feeling is that anyone is able to perform these two duties, but employers and public alike lament over the fact that service in these departments is so second-rate. Who has not spent an unhappy morning shopping, or eaten an otherwise good lunch, spoiled by the discourteous ignorance of the youthful salesgirl or the untidy "slap-dash-ness" of the new waitress?

The writer's first impression of this country was the utter incompetence of the waiting service at the hotels and restaurants in the various cities, and she was told that Anglo-Saxons never made good waiters, and that the Germans and Swiss, everywhere to be found in England, were not available here. About two years ago, the Westminster (London, England) Technical School decided that waiting was a good opening for English boys and girls, provided they were well trained and able to fill the better positions. A class was started, and the recent report states that owing to the good results of the experimental stages this class will now be a permanency.

In the same way the Women's Educational and Industrial Union at Boston realized that salesmanship might be raised from its usual position among the unskilled trades. This was in 1905, and, to-day, results are the best convincer of the benefit which the salesgirls themselves, employers and the public have received through the Union School of Salesmanship.



MISS ALYCE COOKE.

In her garb of "Mercury," which won Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston's prize for the best lady's costume present, at the Carnival of the Skating Club, Toronto.

are manufactured. And this enables the pupils to help customers in the selection of reliable material. Then,

because the one chosen first "clashed with her complexion!" Arithmetic is taught with the same close application to store problems. Practice in rapid addition, multiplication, fractions, and one lesson on different systems of store checks are given every week. The personal hygiene lessons have made a great difference in the point of view of the girls. The adoption of low heels has lessened fatigue, and the rational choice of meals to feed rather than to satisfy a whim of taste has made the girls more healthy, and therefore better saleswomen.

There is no definite course in English, but by carefully correcting all note books and by constantly emphasizing the value of good, well-chosen English, much progress has been made in this important subject. Lectures on the elements of economics give the girl some comprehension of the need of co-operation between capital and labour, the difference between real and nominal wages, and the necessity of balancing income and expenditure, etc.

### Specific Results

THE effect on the girls after the twelve weeks' course is soon apparent. A new thoughtfulness is first noticed, then a new interest in familiar duties, which invariably results in increased efficiency. Trained workers have sold as much in the afternoon as untrained co-workers have done in the whole day. A floor-manager, commenting on the progress of one of his pupils, remarked: "When Miss F— was out one day, I had to put four girls at the counter to take her place."

That the employers really gain is proved by the fact that the wages of graduates from the school have steadily risen. In the last report it is stated: "Out of 195 graduates interviewed last year, 145 had had an increase within the year; 34 had had a weekly increase of \$2.00; 18 had had a weekly increase of \$3.00; and 6 had had a weekly increase of \$4.00."

"Of the remaining 87, the weekly wages had been increased by amounts ranging from 50 cents to \$14.00. Fourteen of the graduates held executive positions with wages ranging from nine to twenty-five dollars a week."

A further testimony to the success of this training in salesmanship is to be seen in the fact that applications are continually received at the school for "teachers of this subject for department stores and for schools in other cities." To meet these demands a one-year course for teachers was started in 1909. Since then twenty teachers have gone out to apply the methods of the school elsewhere, and nine students are entered for this course for the 1913-1914 session.

### Recent Events

THE Women's Canadian Club, of Winnipeg, recently listened to an interesting address by Mrs. Charles Gray, of Chicago, on the practical topic of "Food in the Home."

Lord and Lady Decies, who, since their return from their trip to the coast and southwards, have been spending a few days with Lady Decies' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, in New York, have sailed for England.

According to the statement recently made by Mrs. Plumtre, wife of Canon Plumtre, Toronto, before the Women's Auxiliary of St. George's Church, Montreal, "a woman doctor is the greatest need of the Canadian branch of Anglican missions." She spoke on "The Message of Christianity to Women," and emphasized the



ALSO AT THE CARNIVAL.

Were a number of Ottawa skaters, among them Miss Goodeve and Mr. Chrysler, the Minto Club champions, here pictured.

also, the lessons on colour and design teach good taste in dress and furnishing. One of the pupils related her experience in persuading a customer to take a coat of a different colour,

## Diamond Dyes Give "Perfectly Splendid Results" and "A Fresh from Paris" Look

Mrs. K. B. Jackson writes:

"My daughter Julia had a light Alice Blue suit that my sister in Hartford gave her for her birthday present. Although the material was of excellent quality it soon faded in spots and became mussy looking.

"Julia felt badly, for the suit fit her beautifully and it was really a handsome one.

"I had made up my mind that I would have to do without something and spend the money so saved on a new suit for her, when one of Julia's friends said, 'Why don't you dye it with DIAMOND DYES?'"

"The next day I bought a package of DIAMOND DYES for Wool or Silk and dyed the suit dark blue. The result was perfectly splendid. We were so pleased that I felt we could spare some of the money DIAMOND DYES saved for us to have Julia's photograph taken. I send you one showing the new DIAMOND DYE suit."

Alice Blue suit dyed Dark Blue.

## Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Mrs. Elbert Young writes:

"I send you my picture taken in a broadcloth suit which I recolored with DIAMOND DYES. It was originally a tan suit and because faded I dyed it black. I cut the coat which was long and altered it into the modish short coat you see in the picture. I also dyed a white aigrette which I had and bought some white velvet and made the hat which I am wearing in the photograph.

"My friends tell me the suit and hat are stunning creations and that they look as though fresh from Paris. Perhaps you will think enough of my handiwork to use my photo in your advertising."



Tan broadcloth dyed black.

### Truth about Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics — Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect colour results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to colour animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to Colour Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to colour Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

The WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, Limited, 200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, Canada



# Steamed Beans or Baked Beans

## Which Do You Prefer?

IT'S only a question of what you want. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers steamed beans—or with the grocer who sells them—or with anyone who wants to buy them.

The Government permits no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that are really baked may be labeled "Baked."

Steamed beans cannot lawfully be labeled "Baked." So, to be sure of the kind you are getting, you must read the label on the can.

Heinz Baked Beans are la-

beled "Baked" and they really are baked—in great ovens under intense dry heat; not simply boiled or steamed like most canned beans.

They come out of our ovens brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with all that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be brought out by any other than the baking process.

That's why Heinz Baked Beans are preferred by all who understand the difference between steamed beans and baked beans—why they are today the largest selling brand on the market. They have no equals.

# Heinz Baked Beans

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Try Heinz Baked Beans at our risk. If you don't prefer them to any other you have ever eaten, your grocer will refund full purchase money.

Others of the famous "57": Heinz Spaghetti—cooked ready to serve; Preserved Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Cream of Pea Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Cream of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Prepared Mustard, Olive Oil, Olives, Peanut Butter, etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

More than 50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Every Year



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Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

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cure of bodies as the natural antecedent of the healing of souls.

Mrs. Charles Schaffer, the Rocky Mountain climber and botanist, was the special speaker at a recent meeting of the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa. The excellent views shown were an added interest.

Lady Pellatt, Dominion Commissioner of the Girl Guides organization, last week entertained at Casa Loma, Toronto, the Dominion Council and the local companies of Girl Guides. The conservatories made an attractive setting, being now in the heyday of their beauty.

Horsewomanship of a high order was displayed last week in the ladies' jumping class at the second annual Montreal Horse Show by Miss L. C. Ramsay and Miss E. Shaughnessy, and in the high jump (limited to six feet) by Mrs. J. Sifton. Ladies who entered in the tandem exhibition were Miss Eadie, Miss Blumenthal, Miss Archibald and Miss Ramsay.

Under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Society of Victoria, B. C., a performance was given recently by local amateurs in which some of the episodes were: "The Mikado" (abbreviated), "A Gipsy's Dream," "Hop-o'-My-Thumb," and "The Bogie Walk."

Montreal society displayed an active interest in the Charity Carnival and Exhibition of Fancy Skating, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, which was held in the Arena on March 10th. The affair was arranged for the benefit of the Montreal Foundling and Babies' Hospital.

Miss Eva Booth's lecture, "My Father," was received in Massey Hall, Toronto, with profound enthusiasm. The large building was packed to the walls as the daughter of the great warrior Christian revived the venerable dead with her talk and views.

One of the several women speakers at the recent Social Congress in Ottawa was Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, provincial inspector of the feeble-minded. Having stated the types of defective children, Dr. MacMurchy urged the provision of special classes in the public schools for children hampered by deafness or poor sight, and she suggested separate training schools for children who were mentally defective.

### Of Medical Women

AT a recent meeting, social in nature, of the University Women's Club of Winnipeg, a talk was given by Dr. M. Ellen Douglass, on medicine as a profession open to women.

Opposition to medical women, according to the speaker, has at no time been so great in America as formerly it was in conservative Europe. In Canada women are now admitted on equal terms with men to the courses in medicine at three universities, Dalhousie, Toronto and Manitoba, and to nearly all the hospital clinics.

"Medicine," she said, "offers to a woman fifty times as many chances for good work as to a man. Women may go to India as high salaried officials, under the British Medical Service, or as foreign missionaries. Their experiences read like fairy stories, one woman having received a hospital and rest house from a rajah for her services to his wife. They may become medical supervisors or government employees, in which capacity Dr. Madgshon, of London, England, has charge of 7,000 girls and women.

"In America there are the fields of bacteriology, hygiene, hospital work and medical inspection of schools. Women have been brilliantly successful also in surgery research work, and as anaesthetists. But it is as general practitioners that they are most needed, though this means the sacrifice of social life, late hours, and poor money returns."



## WEARING



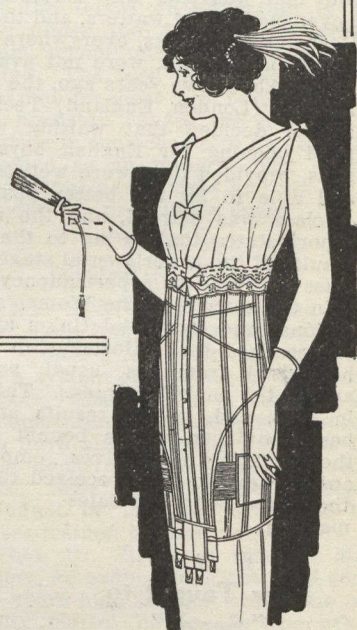
## à la Grâce Corsets

Becomes second nature to women who know by experience that it is not necessary to sacrifice corset comfort to the dictates of fashion.

Write us and we will send you a daintily illustrated booklet of new models.

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## Newcombe Pianos.

IN USE 40 YEARS

GOOD THEN—BETTER NOW

Perfect scale, purity of tone, susceptibility of touch, beauty of finish, workmanship and durability.

OUR PLAYER PIANOS

WITH HUMAN-LIKE CONTROL

Contain all the latest improvements and devices. They are perfect in tone, artistic in design and capable of giving life-long service. Call at our warerooms or upon our nearest agent.

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Jack Sondon

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S  
WOVEN NAME-TAPES

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and colleges. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to

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Names

The  
Prophy-lactic

Tooth Brush

Used every day—note how  
your smile improves



### The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE Edmonton branch held their annual meeting during January, when the following officers were elected: Mrs. W. J. McNamara, hon. president; Mrs. Beaufort, president; Mrs. Cautley, vice-president; Miss Kells, secretary; Miss McLaughlin, treasurer; house committee, Mrs. Taylor (convener), Mrs. Geo. O'Connor, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Reginald Smith.

APPLICATION has been made by the Port Arthur branch for permanent quarters in the City Hall, and it is likely that when the changes which are at present being made in that building are completed, a room will be provided for them.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, Dominion President of the C. W. P. C., who is on a holiday trip to Vancouver, addressed the united members of the Women's Canadian Club and the Alexandra Club of that city, on March 3rd, in the banqueting hall of the Vancouver Hotel. The subject of her address was "Canadian Citizenship."

THE annual dinner and election of officers of the Toronto branch took place in the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday, March 17th. Dinner was served at small tables, the date giving the cue for the decora-



MISS BEATRICE NASMYTH, Newly Elected President of the Vancouver Branch of the C. W. P. C.

tions and favours. Miss Marshall Saunders, and Miss Van Norman, of Brantford, were guests on that occasion.

GRANT was recently passed by the City Council of Edmonton, to cover the expenses in connection with the Club Room of the Women's Press Club of that city. The council desires to put every room in the block on a paying basis, and as the women's press room was the only exception to this rule, the matter was met in this way, a grant of \$345 to be placed in the hands of Commissioner Booth to administer.

ONE of the recent activities of Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Winnipeg, was an address made before a thousand women at the Winter Fair, in Brandon, Man., early in March. Mrs. McClung spoke on "The Poetry of Common Things," urging the consolidation and co-operation of schools and advocating that a school for beauty should be added to existing scholastic institutions. Mrs. McClung told her audience that there was no vice in plants and no corruption in carrots. She declared that all seeds and plants have one ambition, to grow and flourish. Seeds have the trick of allowing themselves to be carried away by the wind to soil to which they were best adapted. There were a great many evidences in nature that showed that there was a Providence that watched over all green things. There was thought, struggle and achievement in everything that God had made. Nature went to no end of trouble to make things beautiful. She knew a farmer

in the old days who went to town to buy an organ, but when he found it would cost \$100, he nearly fainted and bought a Jewish harp instead. She could understand that those who had gone through the struggles of a new country were too apt to look upon things purely from a money value, but it was beauty that healed and ugliness caused sin and destroyed. The lecturer thought that the time was not far distant when they would have schools for beauty. It was not good ethics to hate, which they found difficult to understand.

ON Feb. 17th, the Vancouver branch added to the number of their small but memorable gatherings, a luncheon at which Mrs. Arthur Murphy was the guest of honour. Mrs. Murphy and her daughter Evelyn, who was also the guest of the Club, have been holidaying at the Coast for some weeks, and a round of delightful teas, luncheons and receptions have marked Vancouver's appreciation of their visit. At the Press Club luncheon, the President, Miss Beatrice Nasmyth, on behalf of the Club, presented its distinguished guest with a basket of beautiful crimson roses, and Miss Murphy with a smaller basket of violets. The luncheon table was spread in a private room of Ye Little Brown Inn, which looked invitingly cosy with its open fire and decorations of spring flowers. Later in the afternoon an informal meeting was held at which business of importance to the general club was discussed, especially some suggested amendments to the constitution. Before parting, Miss Nasmyth, in a graceful way, expressed the pleasure felt by the Club in having Mrs. Murphy with them and their appreciation of her most helpful interest and advice.

MISS CORA HIND, of the Free Press, Winnipeg, was recently a guest of the Women's Canadian Club, of Brandon, when she followed the special speaker of the hour, Mrs. Chas. Gray, of Chicago, with some entertaining talk on her personal travels.

MEMBERS of the Winnipeg branch of the C. W. P. C. were recently the guests at luncheon of the local Advertising Club. Mrs. Nellie L. McClung was the speaker of the occasion, and addressed the gathering, acceptably, on the subject, "Why Women Want to Vote."

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, was recently elected by the City Council a member of the Hospital Board, that city. Mrs. Murphy's co-workers are fourteen men, she being the only woman member. Her experience as head for two years of the Women's Hospital Aid, as a member of the Tuberculosis Sanatorium Board, and as the original advocate of municipally owned hospitals in Edmonton qualifies her amply for her new position.

A FEW days ago Mrs. Nellie McClung presided at an enthusiastic meeting at the People's Forum, in the St. John's Technical Institute, Winnipeg, when the principal speakers were Dr. Mary Crawford and Mrs. Thomas. Mrs. McClung is a member of the local branch, C.W.P.C., whose sympathies and also activities are enlisted in the cause of woman suffrage; and this meeting, at which she presided, was a suffrage meeting.

TWO members of the Toronto Women's Press Club have contributed \$20 to the Beneficiary Fund of the C. W. P. C.

A BUSINESS meeting of the Fort William branch of the C. W. P. C. was held in January. Mrs. A. J. Barrie presided. It was proposed to make the local fee one dollar, to be payable in January, and to give a tea for the purpose of raising a sum of money to be devoted to the beneficiary fund of the C. W. P. C.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

HIS forebodings began to take palpable shape. One day as he was standing by the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitol, a little incident occurred that jarred on his highly-strung nerves, and troubled him strangely. For the hundredth time he marvelled, as Michael Angelo marvelled in his day, at this intimate miraculous mockery of life, for the moment his spirit was exalted by its beauty, then the chilling thought struck him and chilled his delight, that Marcus Aurelius and his charger, and the artist who had wrought them in immortal bronze, and the still greater artist who had clapped the bronze flank admiringly, bidding the steed "step out," were all gone back to blank oblivion whence they came. Turning away abruptly from the statue, he had a passing glimpse of a figure standing close behind him with right arm raised, a figure that turned as he turned, and vanished swiftly round the walls of the Capitol.

Next day he stood in the shadow of the Trajan Arch, and studied the figures of the triumphant procession gravely on stone by hands that had long since mouldered into dust. For one torturing moment he seemed to see death without the veil with which God's mercy covers it from the living, and at that moment the same dark figure—he felt it was the same—went swiftly by.

A day later he stood in the vast expanse of St. Peter's, which dwarfs the human race that reared its walls and spread its dome, to petty insects crawling on the vast expanse of its tessellated floors. He lingered close to the great entrance before Michael Angelo's miracle in marble, where for ever the sorrowing Mother holds the dead Christ upon her knees, the marble limbs hanging limp as a corpse in the first hour of dissolution, and once again the chill of death clutched his heart, and once again he was conscious of a figure that passed swiftly between him and the shrine, and vanished through the ponderous doors.

Swiftly and silently it passed, a shadow in the dim, religious light. It was the same as he had seen twice before. In some strange fashion that figure was associated with his vague forebodings. It seemed to be the embodiment of the terror that beset him. Wandering aimlessly through streets full of bustling life death walked beside him. In a little while another crowd, he pondered, would walk the time-worn streets of Rome, absorbed in life, regardless of death, as the crowd around him walked to-day. How idle, sombre reason whispered, was his anxious quest for Sybil. Found or lost, this was the inevitable end of all.

Then suddenly, at a corner of the street, his eyes lit on something that sent all his dismal fancies flying, and awoke him suddenly to the delight and glory of his life and love.

It was no more than a little water-colour landscape, prominent in the great square window of a picture shop. But it needed no second glance to tell him the hand that had painted that picture. The firmness and freedom of the drawing, the truth and delicacy of the colour, the artist's love of nature that glowed in the picture, sufficed to proclaim it. But there was more. The scene that met his eyes in the glaring sunshine of Rome was a soft effect of cloudy hills and shining water, which he and Sybil had

often looked upon together in distant Connemara. His heart ceased for a moment to beat, then thumped against his ribs. Here was a clue at last to lead him to his love. In the joy of that sudden hope all things else were forgotten.

Before he had time for a conscious thought he found himself in the shop demanding the price of the sketch.

The man behind the counter, a little plump Italian with a round, pleasant face, round beady eyes, and a thatch of sleek, black hair on his bullet head, was puzzled, for Hugh's Italian ran to gibberish in his excitement.

"No, no meester," cried the shopman with frantic gestures. "I will better understand the English if you will spick the words so"—He beat the time with his hand to indicate the speed.

A smile lit up his face, and his thick lips parting showed a great half circle of white teeth, when Hugh repeated his question in English, slowly dropping out each word.

"Ze water peecture in the window; yes, yes, it is very beautiful."

He plunged briskly into the depths and captured the sketch, and set it on the counter for Hugh's admiration.

"How much?" Hugh asked. "What is the price?" And helped himself out by producing his pocket book.

The Italian hesitated for a moment, considering not the value of the sketch, but how much more than the value it might be prudent to ask.

"Feefty pound," he blurted out at last, and watched with wide open eyes the effect on his customer.

His amazement was extreme when Hugh nodded and proceeded to count out the price in Bank of England notes and gold, while the other watched the heap of money growing on the counter with a kind of hungry eagerness.

"Will you take zee peecture with you?" he asked.

"Why, certainly." Then as the shopman turned to wrap it up Hugh added carelessly, "What is the address of the artist?"

THE little Italian faced round, brisk as a bird on a twig. "It is not permitted to tell."

"As you please," Hugh answered, still carelessly, though his heart beat hard; "but in that case I don't take the picture"—and he proceeded to pack back slowly the pile of money into his pocket book.

"Stop, stop," cried the Italian staring in dismay at the vanishing treasure, "the signor wishes to see the artist?"

"That's pretty plain," Hugh answered curtly. "I know the lady well, and I want to speak to her at once on a matter of great importance."

"Oh, that is different, quite different; if you know the lady there can be no objection, though I promised I would not tell. I will write the address for you." He scrawled some words with a lead pencil and handed them to Hugh. The name was Miss Sybil Darley. From this Hugh took his chance that the address was correct. He passed him the money across the counter, and walked out into the street with the picture under his arm—a new man.

While he stood waiting at the pavement's edge for the Roman apology for a hansom, he had again a strange sensation of being shadowed.

The street was wide and short, and glancing down the further end, he caught a passing glimpse of the mys-

terious figure that he had seen thrice before.

While the stumbling, half-starved little Roman horse jolted him in a rickety phaeton over the atrocious cobble stones, the feeling was still upon him that he was watched and followed. But when he reached at last the quiet street to which he was directed, and drew up before the door of an old Roman palace, transformed into an hotel, there was nothing and nobody, vehicle or pedestrian in sight to justify his fears.

The door was open, and beyond he could see the wide, square courtyard full of flowering plants, with a fountain splashing diamonds from a cupid's lips, into a white marble basin in the centre of the court.

Just the place Sybil would have chosen, thought Hugh, as he passed through the open door.

Before the stout man with gold spectacles, who sat in a little compartment at the right of the entrance, could answer his inquiry, a lady came quickly down the broad marble steps.

"Sybil!"

"Hugh!"

For a moment they stood gazing, their eyes beaming over with joy and love. Then they clasped hands freely as in the old forgotten days, all else forgotten in the rapture of that meeting.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reunion.

AFTER a moment Sybil's delight was invaded by surprise and curiosity.

"Come," she said imperiously, running up the broad stairs which led the way to a small, very plainly furnished sitting-room that looked out upon the courtyard. She pushed him into an easy chair and sat facing him. "Mother is out, and we have the room to ourselves for an hour, now tell me everything. Why did you come? How did you find me?"

"That's a long story," he answered smiling. "May I leave it over for a bit? Do let us have the hour all to ourselves. Let us be Hugh and Sybil of the dear old times for just a little while. You believe, Sybil, that I have done nothing to forfeit that friendship."

"Oh! Hugh, I never doubted you."

"I am so glad, though I can prove myself innocent. It is pleasant to know I was never found guilty. Poor Pallacio is dead. Before he died he confessed the trick he played on you about the picture, the lies he told you about his daughter, who, by the way, is to marry my friend, Stephen Browne, almost at once. Will you wait a little for the rest of my news?"

"I will wait for ever if you wish it. Oh, Hugh, I never, never doubted you in the least. It was absurd about the picture, and of course I knew you could never really care for a girl like that. But the old man solemnly swore me to silence, and as I could not bear to meet you without telling you, I just ran away."

"When I saw your picture five minutes ago it carried me back to Connemara. We were boy and girl again in the old place."

"Oh! You bought my picture," she exclaimed, noticing it for the first time. "How like you! Did you really think it good? Signor Espero was greatly pleased with it—the shopman, you know—he gave me five pounds, English money, and promised he would take as many as I chose."

"Signor Espero is a man of capa-



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Ever  
Tried

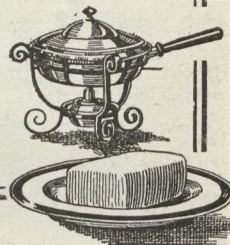
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city," said Hugh dryly. "The picture is delightful. Oh! Sybil, it's splendid to be with you again. If it could only last always like this."

"Why cannot it?" she asked in a whisper that set his pulses throbbing. He paused for a moment to master his voice before he answered.

"Because," he said steadily, "I have news to tell that will carry you for ever out of my reach."

At the word she leapt from her seat. The bright, impetuous school-girl he had known so well. "That settles it," she cried, "I won't wait a minute, a second; out with your news at once and let me be the judge. If you fancied I was back with you in Conne-mara, remember I always had my own way there—you never could refuse me in the old days when I said 'please.'"

"I cannot refuse you now," said Hugh. "You shall hear the story and judge for yourself. Here goes."

While he spoke of Ella and her lover, Sybil showed the most languid interest in the story.

"Ella Pallacio, yes," she thought she remembered her. "Dark-eyed girl, wasn't she? good-looking, too, rather. Browne was the painter you used to think such a lot about; rather a rough diamond. Well, it seemed a very suitable match, and she hoped they would be happy."

But when he came to tell the story of Pallacio and the stolen picture, and the confession of the dying man, her interest grew intense. With parted lips and eyes aflame she listened to his mad adventure in the picture gallery of Sternholt Towers, the theft of the picture, the finding of the letter and the will.

Hugh drank in her beauty with an eagerness of which her excitement seemed to make her wholly unconscious. More than once the words faltered on his lips, and he tangled the thread of his tale. When he got through at last the girl sat for a long time rigid and silent, while her soft, deep breathing gently swayed the lace on her bosom.

SHE found her voice at last. "Oh, it is wonderful, Hugh," she cried, "wonderful, wonderful. It is something like out of an old romance. Can it be true?"

"Quite true, my lady," he answered gravely. "You are the daughter of Vincent, Earl of Sternholt, and heiress to his lands, tenements and heriditaments as surely as I am plain Hugh Limner."

"Mother, mother," Sybil cried, hearing a step she knew on the stairs, "here is Hugh come to stay with us. He has a wonderful fairy tale to tell you."

Mrs. Darley's kindly face showed at the door full of surprise and pleasure.

"You are very welcome, Hugh," she said. "I see Sybil has already welcomed you."

She glanced aside at Sybil's blushing face, well pleased at what she saw there. For she and Mrs. Limner had made a match for those two before they were well out of their cradles.

"Tell her, Hugh," Sybil commanded imperiously, and Hugh had to begin his strange story again.

Sybil sat on the side of her mother's chair, her arm round her waist, and pushed in a word impatiently if Hugh paused for a second in his tale. She was still intoxicated with excitement.

"You are a dowager countess, mummy," she cried at last, "aren't you proud? I feel just like the goose girl in the fairy tale when she suddenly discovers she is the princess."

"There is no doubt of all this, Hugh?" Mrs. Darley asked tremulously.

"None."

"Then he is surely dead," she said sadly. Through all those years she had kept hope warm hidden away in the depths of her heart that her husband was still alive.

"You have his letter," she asked after a pause. "I should like to see it."

"I have only a copy," he answered. "I have placed the original, the will, and other papers with the picture in the strong room of the bank. I don't trust my Lord Sternholt—"

"There must be a trial, I suppose. For myself, I should not trouble about it, but his daughter must take her place in the world. He was right, al-

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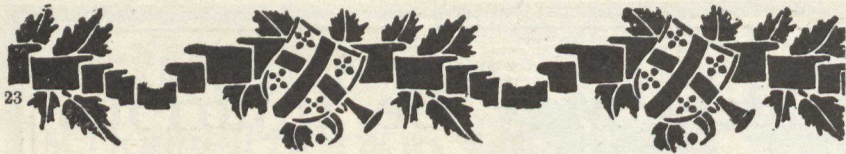
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ways right. I'm very glad he never told me. I was happy as I was."

Her thoughts were still busy with the unforgotten past, not with the present, nor the future.

"There will be no trial, I fancy," Hugh said. "Mr. Yorke says the case is too clear to be disputed, and that Lord Sternholt will surrender on demand. Mr. Yorke thinks he is too shrewd to fight a losing battle to the end. But we must take nothing for granted. There is some kind of a curious law, Mr. Yorke tells me, which says if a man holds another man's lands for twelve years he may keep it for ever. Your uncle, Sybil, has held yours for eleven years and over eleven months, so you see there is no time to lose."

"It sounds so funny to have him called my uncle."

"He is just the kind of uncle the Babes in the Wood were blessed with. He'll cheat you if he can."

"And murder me, I suppose."

"Not quite that, I should hope, but you have got to be ready for him—when can you return to London?"

"Well, there is mother to be considered."

"Don't mind me, dear, I'm ready to start whenever you please."

"You hate to be hustled, mother, you know you hate to be hustled."

"But—" Hugh began.

"But nothing. Why didn't you start the proceedings yourself before you came if there is such haste?"

"I hadn't your authority."

"Oh, Hugh, you know well you had. Well, don't argue, sir, you have it now. Honestly, must we go straight back? Is there no other way?"

"Well, Mr. Yorke said I might wire."

"Wire to the lawyer people at once to do whatever has to be done. Say we cannot possibly get back to London before a week. Mother, Hugh is going to stay with us here a week. I know they have rooms vacant."

WHEN her mother left to see about the rooms she turned to Hugh. "You asked for a day of Connemara," she said. "We are going to have a week, my dear, a full week in Rome." Be off with you now and send your wire. I'll be ready when you get back."

The first three days of their holiday went by hilariously. They were in very truth boy and girl again, to whom each to-morrow was to be like to-day, and youth eternal. No thought of the future troubled them. If love lent intensity to their happiness, Sybil at least, was but vaguely conscious it was so. If their eyes told secrets there was no word of love upon their lips. They took the delights of Rome with the keen relish of the child whose whole life is in the passing hour.

On the fourth day something happened to Hugh; something quite trifling in itself, which broke the even current of their dream. He and Sybil had started off together for a visit to the Vatican galleries, of which they never tired, and they were half down the street when Hugh discovered he had forgotten his purse. Hurrying back to the hotel he almost ran into the arms of a quietly-dressed Indian gentleman, who was just stepping over the threshold. Hugh had a quick eye for faces, which once seen he never forgot. In the quiet, clean-shaved stranger who turned away to avoid him he instantly recognized Lord Sternholt's trusted henchman, Abdallah.

For the briefest fraction of a second, it seemed to Hugh, that Abdallah was disturbed. Then recognition shone in his dark eyes, and surprise at the unexpected meeting. He saluted respectfully and waited for Hugh to speak.

"Halloa, Abdallah," he said, "I did not expect to see you in Rome. Where is Lord Sternholt?"

"I no longer serve Lord Sternholt," Abdallah answered. "He dismissed me because the picture was stolen from the gallery. I return to India, where I have found service with the Viceroy. But it is permitted that I pass a few days in Rome and afterwards in Naples before I return."

"When did you arrive in Rome?" Hugh asked. Some uneasy thought prompted the question.

"Yesterday, sahib."

"You are staying at our hotel?"

"I have the honour."

There was no more to be said. Hugh



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bade the Indian good-bye and hastened after Sybil.

"Who was the strange man you spoke to at the hotel door?" she asked.

"An Indian named Abdallah, I believe. He was a servant of Lord Sternholt's, who dismissed him, I fear, on account of the picture I stole. He is staying in Rome for some days and then returns to India."

"We should do something for him, Hugh. We must do something for him. I never saw such a splendid figure of a man. I should love to paint him standing in the Coliseum. He seems to me a type of the gladiator of the old days."

"The East is East, and the West is West," quoted Hugh, "and never the twain shall meet." I wonder what thoughts are passing behind those inscrutable eyes of his as he stalks through the ruins of the fallen Mistress of the World, himself a type of civilization as old and proud as her own."

"I will make friends with him and paint him," Sybil persisted. "I am so glad he is staying at our hotel. You mustn't be jealous if I make love to Abdallah."

Conscious or unconscious there was a note of challenge in her voice and smile that set Hugh's blood on flame, and almost melted his hard resolve.

Never had he seen her so gay or so beautiful. She was as one inspired to give and take delight, though she herself but vaguely guessed the source of the inspiration. Full of unreasoning joy, her heart opened to love, as a flower to the sunshine, lavish of its beauty and perfume. The love light in her shining eyes made Hugh giddy and faint with rapture, all unconsciously wooing him to woo. His heart warmed to the mere whisper of her voice. Yet behind the delicious forgetfulness he was vaguely conscious of a dark foreboding, hidden away in some dim recess of his soul, that forced itself at times close to the surface, and then sank again out of sight, but was never wholly lost.

Even while his soul revelled in Sybil's smiles of love, he felt the dull ache of the presentiment of evil, as a black cloud low down on the horizon's edge threatens the glory of a summer's day. The old fear that had haunted him when he first came to Rome had revived—he felt that he was spied upon by some hidden enemy, that some horrible danger lurked close at hand. That shadowy fear followed him through the warm sunshiny streets, it followed him through the cool and spacious galleries of the Vatican. It came like a shadow between his eyes and the radiant masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It dimmed the smile in the eyes and lips of the girl he loved.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Death Struggle.

MORE than once during the day Sybil rallied her companion on his fits of gloom, which even her smiles could not wholly dispel.

"Are you afraid we are too happy, Hugh?" she said softly at last. "I have that feeling sometimes myself, that our joy is too great to last or to return. It will burn itself away into darkness. I have heard that the old Romans believed that when mortals were too happy the gods were jealous; that it was good to suffer something, or to lose something, to coax the gods back again to good humour. Well, I'm not afraid, let them do their worst. I won't give up one scrap of my happiness to please them."

That evening she came down to dinner in radiant good humour, and they sat in the open air under a velvety, blue black sky, in which a full moon—a globe of pure white fire—hung serene and calm amid the quivering stars.

"It's all right, Hugh," the girl whispered, "the gods are appeased. I have lost the key of my bedroom door."

"Oh, Sybil," said her mother, "how careless!"

"Don't scold, mummy. It's for the best. I told Hugh to-day that when you are too happy it is well to lose something lest the gods should grow jealous."

"What nonsense you talk, my dear."

"It is not nonsense; it is ancient wisdom which we are bound to respect, especially in Rome, which is

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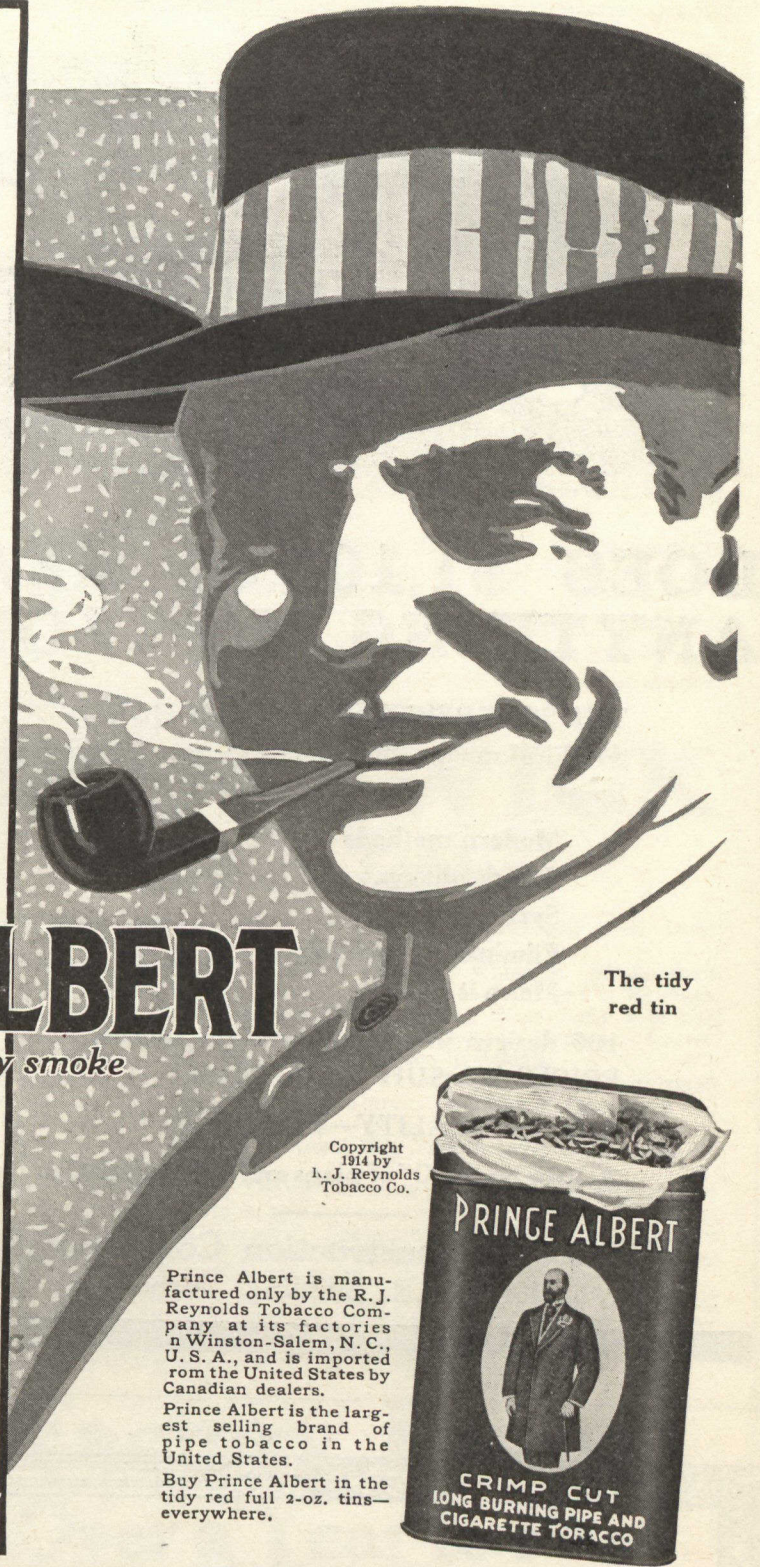
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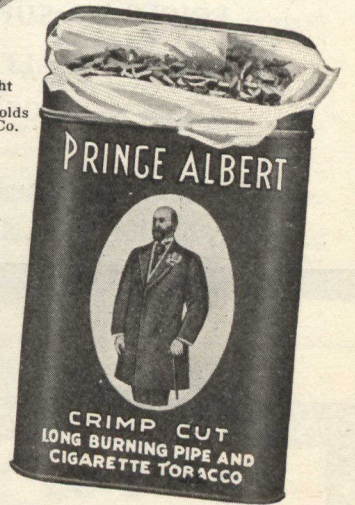
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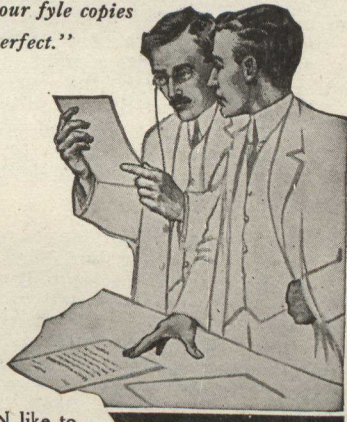
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haunted with the ghosts of the old gods. I am sure—well, almost sure—I left the key in the door this morning. It is not there now. The maid knows nothing of it. It is clean lost, so thank the gods I am safe. Cheer up, Hugh, we can be as happy as we choose without danger."

It was impossible to resist her playful appeal. It routed the shadowy presentiments that haunted him, and for both the evening went by in unalloyed delight.

But the presentiments returned darker and more oppressive when he was alone in his room vainly striving after sleep, and when he slept at last his fears took monstrous shape, and followed him into his dreams.

The wide circle of the Coliseum spread before him—vaster than the vast reality. He was himself one of a great throng—a wide, white wall of faces that looked down into the arena. The crowd around him was vague and shadowy, but vivid in the pure white sunshine was the figure that stood alone in the centre of the arena amid that innumerable multitude. It was a girl's figure, and there was something in the pose of that averted head that made his heart's blood run cold.

Even as he looked, from out one of the low arches under the vast circle of seats a lion stole. Every movement of the great beast was plainer to the dreamer's inner sense than ever reality to his waking eyes.

The lion stretched itself as it emerged, and winking drowsily in the strong sunshine yawned slowly, showing the red cavern of its jaws. Then it caught sight of the girl, standing erect and distinct in the wide, vacant space of the arena, and there was a terrible change. The long pendulous tail of the beast stiffened and swung slowly from side to side. It crouched so low that the fur of its belly touched the coarse sand of the arena, and silent as death it crawled towards the unconscious girl.

The sleeper's soul was oppressed with horror. He strove desperately to cry out, but his voice seemed to be forced back and stifled in his lungs, while all the time the great beast crept slowly on its victim. Nearer and nearer it came. It is within striking distance at last. As it pauses to gather its huge limbs together for the spring the girl turns her head, and with agony of horror that was past all bearing, the dreamer saw that it was the face of Sybil. He awoke with the shock, and lay trembling and sweating with terror, slowly convincing himself that it was only a dream.

Then suddenly through the keyhole of his door light shone a bright speck in the blackness—and an old board creaked ever so slightly under a cautious tread in the passage outside.

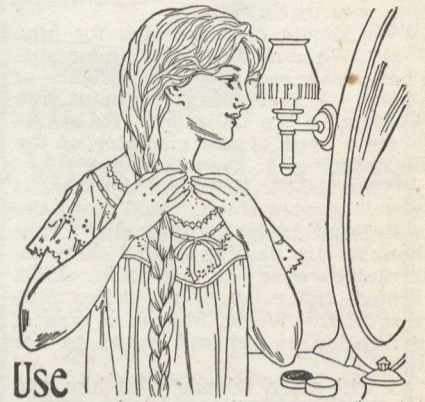
Without waiting to think, Hugh leapt from his bed, and was just in time to see the stealthy figure of a man—almost stark naked—with a light in his hand, go swiftly down the corridor. As silently and swiftly he followed him. At a door near the end of the passage, which Hugh knew to be Sybil's, the figure paused, as if fitting a key into the lock.

As he stooped Hugh leaped upon him from behind and bore him to the ground. The lamp dropped from his hand and went out without a splutter, but not before Hugh recognized the face of Abdallah. Then straining every muscle to the utmost he strove to pin his enemy to the ground. He might as well have matched his strength against a tiger's. The Indian's bare limbs were slippery with oil. His muscles were ropes and springs of steel. Wriggling from Hugh's desperate hold he gained his knees, and in his turn gripped his assailant. For a space the two strained in a death grasp. Hugh felt his hold slipping, and put forth his whole strength in vain.

With a sudden motion the Indian writhed free, and the two men stood apart in the darkness, each holding his breath lest the other should hear. The next moment a silk noose slipped over Hugh's head and tightened on his neck like a band of steel.

His labouring breath was pent in his lungs. The blood was forced to his brain. There came a strange loud surging in his ears. He was

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partly conscious of the Indian's hot breath on his face as he strained at the strangling noose. In a wild spasm his right arm doubled, and his clenched fist shot out with the furious strength of despair.

He was conscious even at that extremity of a thrill of triumph as he felt his knuckles meet the Indian's jaw and heard the quick thud of the blow.

Abdallah fell in a heap, and Hugh, with groping fingers, found the silken noose and eased the intolerable strain at his throat. Breathless and dizzy, he steadied himself against the wall while he drank in a deep draught of the reviving air.

For a moment his mind was a blank, his memory lost. He wondered vaguely where he was and what had happened. Then memory returned, swiftly as it had fled, vivid and urgent, and he knew that a moment might mean life or death. Groping in the darkness for his assailant, his fingers touched something small and smooth and hard, and he picked up the electric flash lamp, which had fallen from the Indian's hand at Hugh's first onslaught, the lamp that had given Hugh himself the precious gleam of warning.

As he pressed the button the round disc of light showed him the half-naked Abdallah stretched on his back, his limbs loose and motionless as one dead. But leaning over him Hugh felt his heart beat, and knew there was not a second to be lost, for at any moment the assassin might revive and master him.

SILENTLY he half-carried, half-hauled the carcass to his room, and flinging his burden down in the middle of the floor he locked the door and turned the electric lights full on. Kneeling down beside the body, whose stentorous breathing urged him to haste, Hugh tied the limp wrists together with the long pliant scarf of Indian silk, which he had found dangling in a noose round his own neck. The ankles he secured in the same fashion with the cord of the blind, and then with a revolver in his hand stood aside to await the results.

He had not long to wait.

Abdallah came to his senses with dramatic suddenness, waking like a wild beast from sleep, alert and ready. There was no second's interval of half-consciousness. The instant he saw Hugh he sprang at him. The leap carried him to his feet, but with his ankles and wrists securely tied he swayed, tottered, and fell with a crash on his face.

Hugh turned him over with his foot. The man's face was livid—a dirty yellowish white. His eyes stared into Hugh's like a wild beast trapped. There was rage and terror in his maddened gaze, but no appeal. He knew himself without mercy and hoped for none.

"Abdallah," said Hugh slowly, "I know why you came and who sent you. I had my choice while you lay there to hand you over to the police, or do for you as you meant to do for me, kill you as you lay. I will do neither. You may go back to your master and tell him that his plot has failed."

He deliberately loosened the bonds that held Abdallah's ankles together, and the other stumored to his feet. All fight seemed to have gone out of him. He looked at the revolver that Hugh still held, as though he feared some trick to shoot him unawares.

Hugh made a motion to loose the bandages on his wrists. But the Indian gripped the pliant silk in his teeth, twisted and tugged till the knot loosened, and the long silk scarf fell to the carpet, and lay purple, green and orange like a beautiful snake and as deadly. Then he stood stock still like a man ready to take orders.

"Go back to your master," Hugh said again, "and as quickly as you can for your life's sake. Within twenty-four hours the police will have a description of you as a dangerous anarchist and assassin. You know what that means. Go while you can. As God hears me if I see you again in Rome I'll shoot you at sight. Go, go!"

Without a word the Indian slunk

from the room like a tiger that had missed his spring. Within an hour, Hugh, from his bedroom, which overlooked the street, saw him in the moonlight pass below, a big travelling bag in his hand, which he swung as lightly as a lady swings her fan.

With that departing figure the shadowy presentiments that had lain so heavy on his heart wholly vanished.

Next morning Sybil rallied him on his gaiety as she had rallied him on his gloom.

"You have come to believe in the luck of the lost key," she said, "the gods are appeased."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### Revenge.

LORD STERNHOLT, as he paced up and down his sitting-room was in a nasty temper.

That morning he had had a telephone message from his solicitor to say he would be glad to see him at once on important business.

Old Mr. Dobson, in a flutter of perturbation, waited for him in his private room.

"Sorry to trouble your lordship," he said, "but I thought it best to see to the matter at once. It seems a piece of sheer insanity, but still—"

He hesitated.

Lord Sternholt caught him up brutally. "Go on, man, what are you stuttering about?"

"Yesterday," Mr. Dobson said, "I ventured to accept service of a writ on behalf of your lordship. It was an insane document, and I would not have given it another thought, but there were the names of three counsel attached, including that of Mr. Yorke, one of the most astute King's Counsel at the Bar. It is very unusual for a man of his position to put his name to a writ. Will your lordship be pleased to glance over the document?"

"What the deuce good would that do? I could not understand a word of the jargon. Tell me what's in it."

"Certainly, certainly. It purports a writ in ejectment on the title brought by Miss Sybil Darley, otherwise Ackland, sole daughter and heiress of the late Vincent Ackland, sixth Earl of Sternholt, against Frederick Ackland, seventh earl of Sternholt, to recover possession of all that and those, the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Sternholt to wit—"

"Oh, drop that tom-foolery," cried Lord Sternholt testily, "and tell me in plain language what it all comes to."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Dobson faltered, "the plaintiff claims to be the only daughter and heiress to your lordship's late brother, and seeks by this proceeding to eject your lordship from Sternholt Towers house and land."

For a moment his lordship glared angrily at the solicitor, as though he were himself the plaintiff, then a queer smile stirred his lips and showed his teeth—not a pleasant smile by any means.

"I do not think the young lady will succeed," he said very quietly.

"Of course not, of course not," cried the fussy solicitor. "I saw her solicitor, Foster, at once. He is a great friend of mine. He says they have a strong case, but that is absurd, of course. It appears that the instructions were given in the first place by the famous picture dealer, Hugh Limner, but he told them to delay proceedings till there was an authorizing telegram from Rome, where the plaintiff is staying. The telegram came two days ago; the writ was issued yesterday. It is a pity they did not delay a week longer. Your lordship would then have been in undisputed possession for twelve years and we could plead the statute and end the case at once."

"What difference does it make one way or another?" said his lordship. "It is, I assume, a matter of blackmail, and I shan't part with a farthing. I don't suppose the precious pair of swindlers will proceed farther."

Again that curious smile twitched his lips.

(To be continued.)



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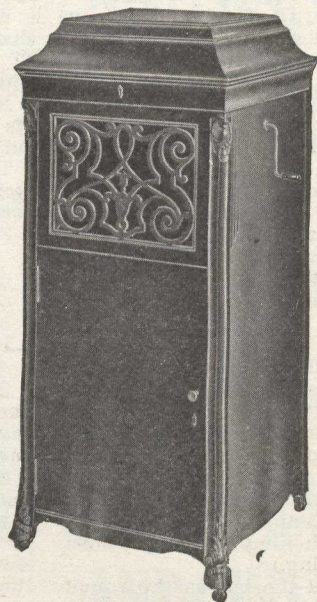
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