

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Future of the  
Western Youth

BY H. D. SCULLY

Mr. and Mrs.  
McGillivray Knowles

BY MARGARET L. FAIRBAIRN

Sir William  
Van Horne

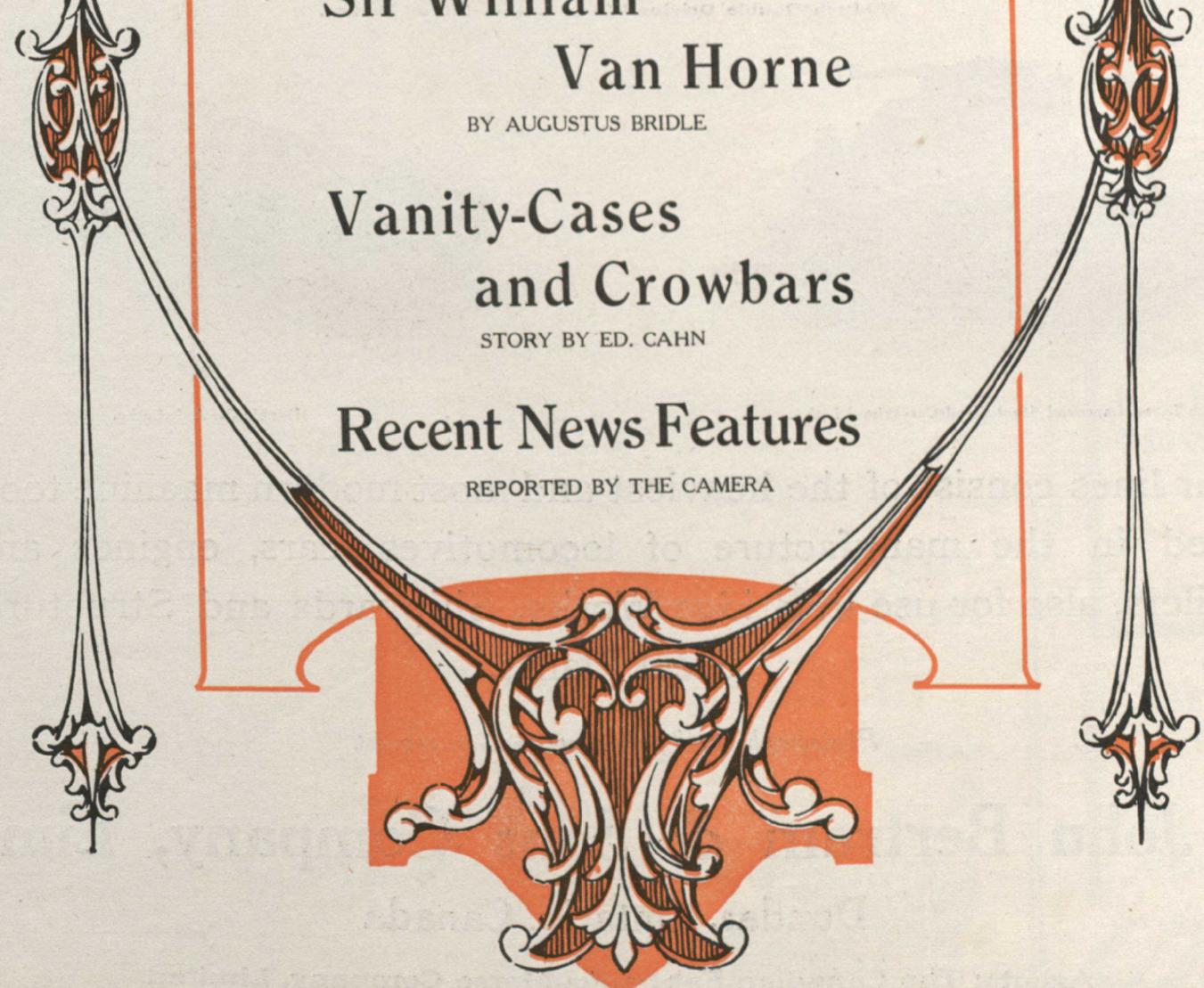
BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Vanity-Cases  
and Crowbars

STORY BY ED. CAHN

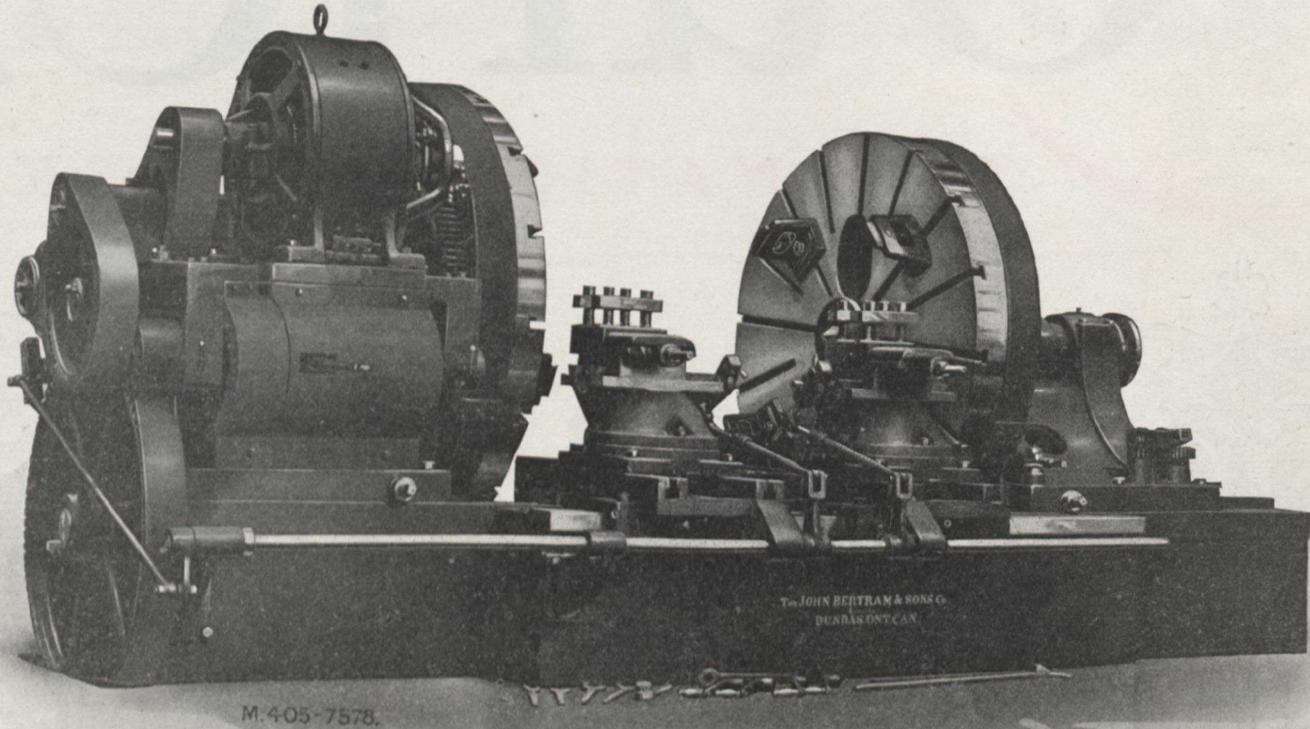
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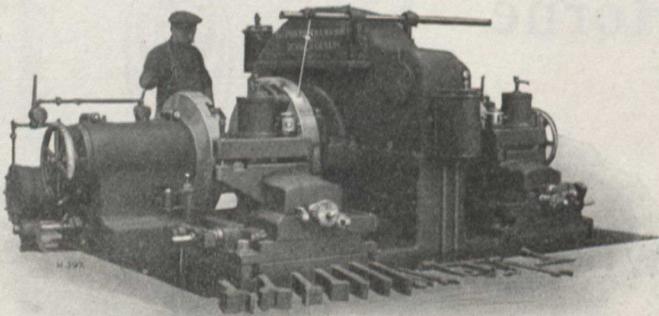




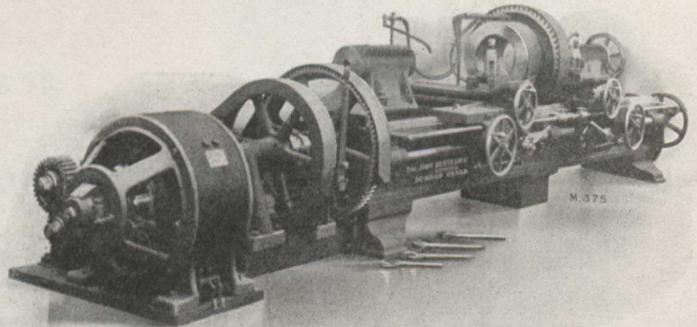
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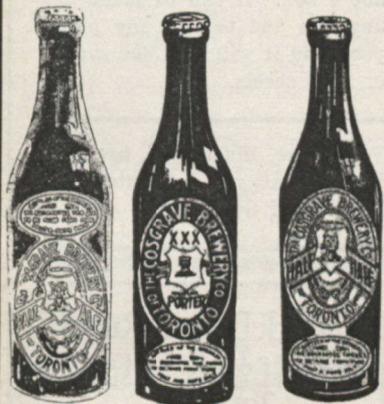
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The Canadian  
**Courier**

A National Weekly

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VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 16

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**Editor's Talk**

SOMETIMES the editorial staff has mixed emotions. One day it wonders why the "Canadian Courier" should have fifty per cent. more circulation than most of the other weeklies and monthlies published in this country. On the following day its mood has changed and it wonders why the "Canadian Courier" has not a circulation of 54,000 instead of 27,000. No doubt it could have 54,000 if all its readers were as enthusiastic as the editorial staff is in its finest moments. If any reader feels that he has not been as enthusiastic as he might have been we now point out his opportunity. The "subscribing" period of the year is at hand and his friends are likely to add to their list of newspapers and periodicals. If he will be kind enough to use his influence he can no doubt extend the circulation of the "Canadian Courier" in several directions. He can at least induce several of his friends to become subscribers.

We hope no reader will take this series of remarks as showing any lack of consideration or modesty on our part. Every successful publication depends for that success on the good words of its readers.

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Next week's issue will contain our usual monthly "Woman's Supplement." We are not attempting to publish a society column nor in any sense to make the "Canadian Courier" a society paper. Yet we fully realize the important part which women are coming to play in the social and intellectual life of the nation. To portray this in word and picture is our aim. We hope that the "Woman's Supplement" will always be as interesting to male readers as to the women themselves.

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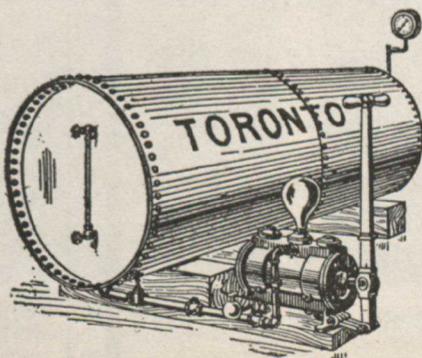
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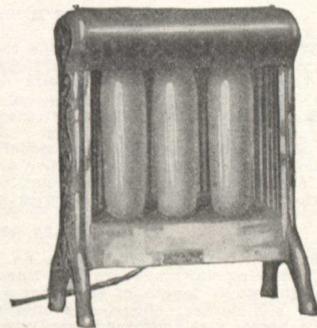


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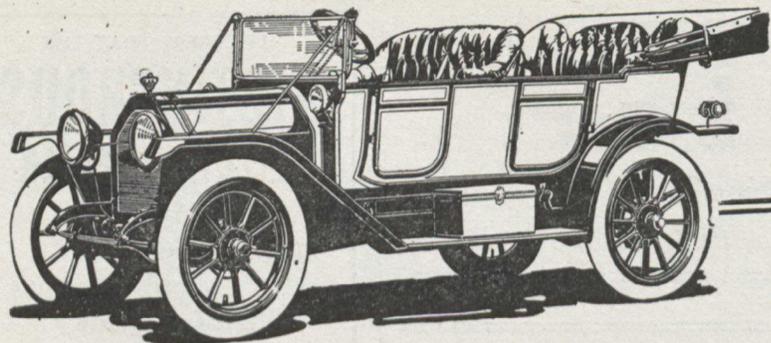
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There will be a big demand for this car. We are prepared to accept orders for it now, thereby insuring late Fall or early Spring delivery. The 1913 Russell "30" surpasses in grace and elegance all previous models. Its many improvements, both in design and construction, enhance its outward beauty, provide greater riding comfort, give smoother running power and add to the simplicity of its control.

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### The Scrap Book

His Ambition.—"We must go to Stratford."

"What's the use? We can buy Stratford postcards in London."

"My friend, one travels for something more than to send postcards. I want to write my name on Shakespeare's tomb."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Quaker Oath.—Two small boys in a family of Friends, writes a contributor, had a disagreement, during which the older boy became very much incensed.

Finally, no longer able to control himself, he took his brother by the shoulder and shook him, with the exclamation, "Oh, thee little you, thee!"

Then as the enormity of his offense came over him, he said, in a changed voice, "Don't tell mother I swore."—Youth's Companion.

Sympathy.—Benham—"He called me a driveling idiot."

Mrs. Benham—"Well, don't drivle."—New York Globe.

All is Well.—(Letter from an island caretaker)—"Your letter came. Glad you bought a team of horses. Hilda is sick. She has diphtheria, and she will die, I think. Clara died this eve. She had it, too. We are quarantined. Five of Fisher's family have got it. My wife is sick. She hain't got it. If this thing gets worse we may have to get a doctor. Them trees are budding good. Everything O. K."—B. L. T., in Chicago Tribune.

The Cure.—"Life is a burden to me." "Take an interest in something. Have an avocation. Take up golf."

"Aw, life isn't worth living." "Then take up aviation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Big Crop.—A farmer once told Abe Lincoln a whopping big fib about his hay crops. Lincoln, smiling his melancholy smile, drawled: "I've been cutting hay, too."

"Good crop?" the farmer asked. "Fine, very fine," said Lincoln.

"How many tons?" "Well, I don't know just how many tons," said Lincoln, carelessly; "but my men stacked all they could outdoors and then stored the rest in the barn."

Braver.—"Women are braver than men," said Mrs. Nagg.

"In what way?" demanded Mr. Nagg. "You never heard of a man marrying a woman to reform her," replied Mrs. Nagg.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Appropriate.—Wilkins was an enthusiastic golfer, and when his friend Johnson met him coming away from the links a day or two ago he was in a terrible frame of mind.

"What's happened, old fellow?" asked Johnson amiably.

"Everything's happened!" growled Wilkins. "It's enough to make one give up golf and go in for fishing. That ass Fitznoodle has been running all over the course, and actually crossed my tee just as I was about to make a lovely drive. What would you have done had you been in my place?"

"Well," he replied, with a smile, "seeing that he crossed your 't' I think I would have dotted his 'i.'"

Queer.—"Life is full of inconsistencies," mused the philosopher.

"Yes," replied the cynic, "in dry towns people lay aside most for a rainy day."—Buffalo Express.

Helping Him.—Tramp (while the young magistrate helplessly turns over the pages of his law book)—"Please allow me to assist you, page 317, the third section from the bottom."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Style Hubby Likes.—Mrs. Shortley was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller.

"Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns, Mae?"

"Yes; he likes one to cling to me for about three years."—Lippincott's.

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



Vol. XII.

September 14, 1912

No. 16

# Men of

## General Bramwell Booth

**A** FEW hours after the death of General William Booth, a meeting was held of the chief officers of the Salvation Army in London. A large envelope, yellowed by the twenty-two years it had lain in the Army vaults, was passed from hand to hand. When all had witnessed it, the seal was broken. The envelope contained a message from General Booth nominating his son, William Bramwell Booth, as General.

There is nothing surprising in the appointment of Bramwell Booth. He was ready to step into the breach. Were he not the most capable man in sight for the position, his father's prestige would not have gained him the honour. The Generalship is not an hereditary office in the Booth family. General Booth never gave his sons precedence over others. The quarrel with Ballington Booth, brother of Bramwell, the one tragedy of the General's life, was because of Ballington's disinclination to be amenable to the Army discipline. General Booth preached that all those associated in the work were soldiers together.

Bramwell Booth for thirty years has been his father's right-hand man. He has filled a very important part in the development of the Army. In his office at London, where he put in fifteen hours a day, Bramwell Booth kept the wheels of the organization moving. While his father travelled in Canada, the United States or India, stirring up the enthusiasm of the people and noting their needs, the son managed the details of the huge system which employs 130,000 men in 39 countries.

His task now, as General, will be entirely different. He must go abroad into all parts of the earth and take up the mantle of his father. Someone else will do the office work. How will Bramwell Booth fit into his new duties? A man may be a striking success as an organizer behind closed doors, meeting the public only in a casual way. He may fail lamentably on the platform. Personality makes the difference.

Those who know Bramwell Booth best say that he possesses the characteristics which will make him just as successful in the shoes of his father as he was as office manager in London. His disposition is different from that of the late General. He is less nervously temperamental. There is no brusqueness in his speech. His manner is less abrupt. He impresses people as a man of ripe culture and studious habits. If anything, he is more of a theorist than the father. The late General Booth, though he wrote many books, had more interest in men than books. Bramwell Booth is unlikely to make mistakes through allowing the tendencies of the age to outdistance him, and his executive training has been sane and practical enough to preclude his being carried away by utopian ideas.

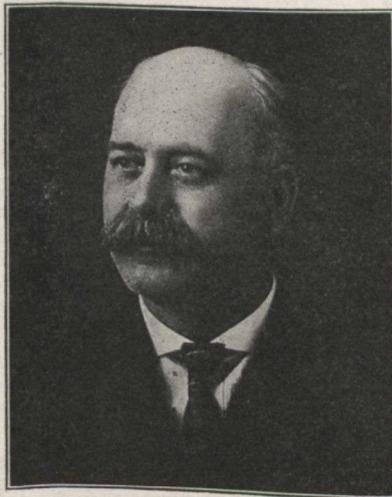
Besides charm of manner, his chief personal quality is a



**BRAMWELL BOOTH AND HIS WIFE,**  
In front of the late General Booth's house, and holding messages of condolence on his death.

remarkable gift of eloquent and fluent speech. All Army workers, from the lowliest street ensign haranguing the crowd from a band-waggon aspire to oratory. The Booth family are particularly noted for their ability to deliver addresses; pre-eminently Bramwell, with his exquisite sense of discrimination in words, idealistic thought, and fluency of diction inherited from his mother.

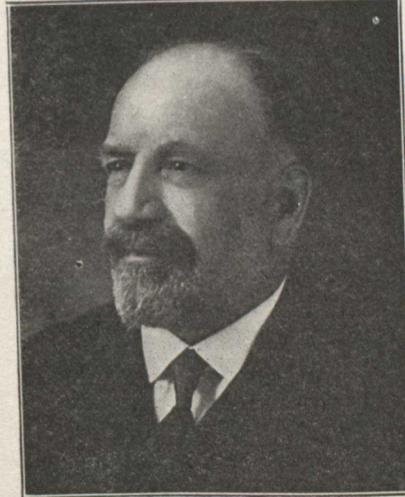
The oratorical gifts of the Army's new General are made more effective by the distinction of his personal appearance. Bramwell Booth is a rather tall figure. His face is a restful one; its delicacy is accentuated by his long, silver hair.



**HON. GEORGE BELL,**  
Who was recently elevated to Cabinet rank in the Saskatchewan Government. He is Provincial Treasurer.



**MR. WILFRED SADLER,**  
Formerly of Midland Agricultural College, England; appointed Associate Professor of Bacteriology, Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue.



**HON. GEORGE LANGLEY,**  
Who the other day was sworn in as Minister of Municipal Affairs, for Saskatchewan.

# To-Day

## New Ministers in Saskatchewan

**U**NTIL the other day, Saskatchewan had five provincial cabinet ministers. Now—"we are seven"; the addition being an indication of the expansion of the wheat province, and the consequent growing intricacy of administration necessitating larger cabinets. Premier Scott has taken two men out of the ranks of his following and made them ministers.

Hon. George Langley is one. He becomes Minister of Municipal Affairs. Mr. Langley is an English immigrant who has made good. He came to Saskatchewan twenty years ago and began to break the virgin soil. He prospered with No. 1 hard. Also he advanced as a citizen. His English mind, which always had a political cast, began to construct schemes for bettering social conditions on the prairie. Mr. Langley became prominent in such farmers' organizations as the Grain Growers. In 1905 he was elected to the Legislature for Redberry.

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**T**HERE was a time when Hon. George Bell, now Provincial Treasurer, was a blacksmith. Mr. Bell is a native of Brant County, Ontario. He went West early and renounced the anvil for the land. For years he was a homestead inspector in Saskatchewan. Moreover, he was a popular one. When Saskatchewan became a province, Mr. Bell was asked to run for the Legislature in Estevan. He has represented that district ever since.

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## Colonel Denison's Youth

**O**F the veterans of Canadian history none is more virile and enthusiastic for his years than Colonel George Taylor Denison, of Toronto. A casual visitor, dropping into the Toronto police court of a morning, and watching the despatch with which the iron-grey, erect, military-looking man disposes of the docket before him, would hardly imagine that Police Magistrate Denison is 73 years of age.

That's his age by the latest figures. The other day, August 31st, the Colonel had a birthday. And, at a luncheon in Toronto a few days later, he gave a convincing demonstration that a man is only as old as he feels. On the banquet programme was a speech from the Colonel. Imperialism and warfare are the Colonel's chief topics. On this occasion, he declared that Germany had deliberately set to work to wrest naval supremacy from Great Britain.

The voice of the gallant Colonel shook as he urged Canada to the rescue of the Empire in its dire peril from the hosts of Kaiser Wilhelm. All of which goes to prove that to a soldier, who believes his country in danger, years are as nothing. Colonel Denison at 73 is as full of patriotism and high national spirit as the veriest schoolboy who encounters for the first time the great words of Horace—*dulce est pro patria mori.*

# Personalities and Problems

## 12--Sir William Van Horne

*Whom no Sub-Head to an Article Could Ever Adequately Describe*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

NEWSPAPERS may scold till they're black in the face about the "melon-cutting" on the C. P. R. That doesn't faze on the individual whose almost Titanic physique and tremendous *caput* keep the printed matter on this page from having it too much its own way. Sir William Van Horne has nothing to do with the C. P. R. any more—publicly. Up at his stone palace on upper Sherbrooke St. West; there at the individualistic art gallery and museum under the mountain, what cares he how the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Sir William graduated from the ranks of those interviewed by the newspapers some years ago when he quit the C. P. R. and began to build railroads in Cuba.

It has always seemed a pity that Cuba couldn't have been some new Atlantean island never trod by a white man. It should have been a vast heterogeneous community of naked men with assegais and mud huts and jungles reeking with wild beasts of Ind—that it might be said of him, "He found it a wilderness and he left it on a train of palace cars after making a grand circuit of the island over his own railways, because the natives would have made him king and he remembered Cæsar."

However, Sir William is reconquering Cuba his own way. The United States had that little brush with Spain just about the time when he decided to quit rediscovering Canada and wept for other worlds to conquer. Of any other man this would be satire. Of Van Horne—it's a compliment. He cannot be written in calm language. He will not talk as other men do; do as they do; think as they do. He is an individualist. He is Van Horne; not the smug, smooth person whose alleged likeness appears on cigar boxes so profusely in Montreal; but the immense, cyclopaedic and psychic personality who at the age of seventy has the energy of a young Indian chief, and is able to take time from his multifarious preoccupations to convince any casual visitor that he is one of the most profoundly intellectual men in America.

Sir William did me the kindness to spend three hours in conversation. At the end of that time he had only begun to sketch the outlines of his eclectic philosophy. At the first hour he intimated that none of it was for publication; at least not by newspapers. Some day he would publish it himself. He had notes. He preferred to elucidate his views in his own way (*ipse dixit*). Which he may do. And when done it will be a good supplementary library to the Eliot five-foot shelf.

The day I went to his house things were topsyturvy from spring cleaning. I think it's the biggest house in Montreal, but there was grave difficulty finding a room where we could talk without hindrance. The vast hallways walled up with huge pictures were cluttered with canvases coming down. A gang of picture men were furbishing up. It felt like hanging week at the Canadian National Exhibition.

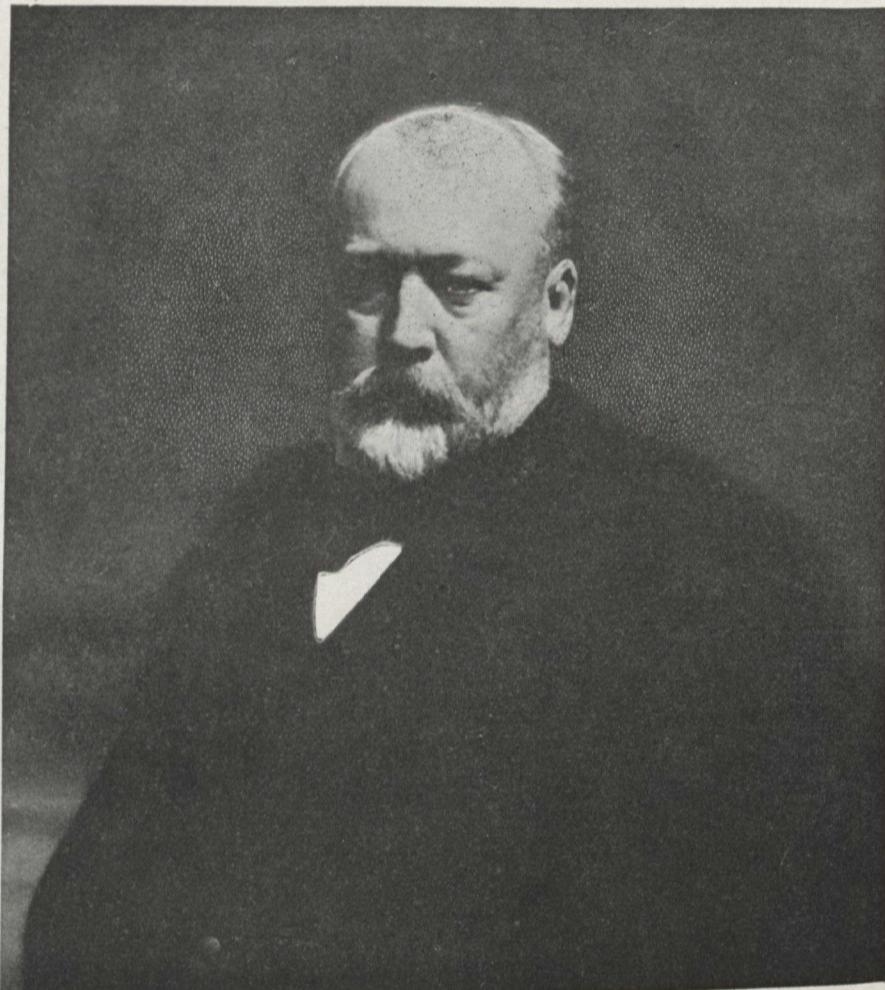
Which is perhaps the reason Sir William did not show me his pictures. I did not see even a sketch signed Van Horne. He has a large number of these, dashed off in the open at sundry and divers places, many of them down at St. Andrew's by the Sea, in New Brunswick, where he has a summer plantation.

It really didn't matter. With two or three days and nothing else to do a man might enjoy the Van Horne collection of pictures, which is one of the very best, in some respects the most remarkable, in a city that ranks third in America for private collections. He is the only owner of a private art gallery who himself makes pictures. Some say that he might have become an artist. But on that score he has no regrets. He knows what it feels like to have nature clamouring for a pic-

ture; though he has been denied the great joy of knowing what it feels like to put a price on the canvas that he has to get or not pay the butcher.

It was a small cathedral in the east end of the palace where Sir William sat at a broad plateau of a desk amid walls of Japanese bric-a-brac and ceramics and fantastically carved emblems of wood gathered from the Orient when he first projected C. P. R. ships. I fancy the late Mikado gave him some of these.

He was inditing a letter. Silently he motioned me to a large chair while he finished the epistle to Cuba. And as the pen scratched and the rain beat upon the tall windows, I wondered if the lord of the manor could tell me off-hand the name, origin and history of every piece of art in that room. Perhaps Pierpont Morgan has such an office. Surely nobody else in America. Plaques



"The immense, cyclopaedic and psychic personality who at the age of seventy has the energy of a young Indian chief."

and gargoyles and shields and pots and pans and heavy oaken and teaken and Oriental woods glum as a black forest—with that prodigious, herculean personality at the desk, it was a picture for a Constable landscape crossed with a Rembrandt portrait. The day was dark. The room was dim. The pen scratched with ferocious energy. I began to have a dim notion of what it felt like to be Daniel in a den of lions.

And as yet, never a cigar; when I knew the nicotine paradises of Cuba had been ravaged to furnish Havanas for Sir William. Presently—perhaps?

All of a sudden the pen ceased. Sir William protruded himself from the involutions of his personalia and looked at the door. In a loud tone he called. The secretary came. Instructions; brief, explicit and luminous. Never a word to repeat or to explain. But if there was a point missed by Sir William, the secretary had no hesitation stopping him for an insert. Sir William never objects to being amplified. He thrives on opposition. This is a virtue with C. P. R. men.

Having finished instructing his secretary for the present he chuckled the cares of Cuba and turned to the interviewer. He extricated a box of dusky cigars which he held out to me, profoundly striking

a match, which I took. This is mentioned because it is not considered good form to permit a millionaire to hold a match to your cigar.

NOW that he was up I noticed how he was dressed; all in black—morning coat, black-striped trousers, somewhat negligent and prodigious waistcoat and a nonchalant black bow. A man whom no tailor could ever tabulate in a book. He defies tailors. Indeed, from some remarks of his I believe he would be willing to dispense with clothes. In which he resembles Cecil Rhodes. Yet he is not a fat man. He is merely big. Hammering at the open places has kept him hard. He is not an esthete; neither an ascetic. He lives to the brim; gouging out the sensations of life to almost Gargantuan dimensions.

I began by inadvertently trying to insult him.

At your age, Sir William—?"

I could see that he paid no heed to the calendar.

His years might be seventy-one. But his age is undetermined.

"You don't seem to rest much—?"

He prostrated himself plethorically upon the vast surface of a sofa under the window.

"I always rest," he said—staccato.

"I never worked in my life."

"Then whatever you would call it?"

"What interests a man can't be called work," he went on.

"I have merely been interested. I have railroaded most of my life because I liked railroading. I don't call it work."

He puffed with colossal energy at the Cuban cigar which had the audacity to go out. It pointed upwards like a tiny funnel.

And at this point Sir William began to unfold his philosophy of man's labour upon this earth based upon a practical psychology. It reminded me somewhat of Rabelais' yarns about Pantagruel; and of Carlyle's description of the evolution of Cagliostro. It was the behemothian note upon the perfectibility of man; compounded of Darwin and Herbert Spencer and Van Horne. It dealt with the seven—or whatever number it is—ages of man.

Then he lighted the cigar again.

"All men—are born lazy," he said.

Probably he spoke from experience. He was born in Illinois. While a mere youth and just out of school he became deeply interested in nature. There was once a book which he came across; a book of zoology or something of the kind, full of drawings; which so interested the lad who had to return it before he had got its contents mastered, that he made a copy of every drawing and all the words of the book besides.

It was just after the Civil War when he got into the real swing of railroading. It was the days when young men got ahead much faster than nowadays; when the war had killed off thousands and left more room for thousands more to shove up—although it scarcely seems probable that William Van Horne had to wait for any dead man's boots. He had the eye of a shrewd, seeing-round-the-corner young man; and he must have had the grip of a grizzly bear. Railroading was just about the restless, half-romantic sort of business that was able to keep him from going into literature or art or music or theology.

"I was always ahead of my equipment," he said.

He took three more puffs at the extinct cigar.

"I looked up to superiors—sometimes with contempt."

Van Horne delights in paradoxes.

"Well, I spent forty years of my life in the country where I was born. I came to Canada in 1882."

He would then be something like the smooth circumstantial personage whose picture appears on cigar boxes; a man younger than his years and older than his times and fond of the out-of-doors.

"I liked the C. P. R." he went on, after he had

managed to extract a feeble smudge from the Cuban cigar. "I believed in it. I liked Canada. I believed in Canada."

It seems chronologically certain that Sir William believed in this country quite a bit sooner than any other Yankee that amounted to anything. It also seems rather odd that a few years before he began to swear by the C. P. R. and the country that belonged to the C. P. R., Jim Hill should have been making railway gridirons in the northwestern States. It was a case of swap. Some say that Hill believes in Canada quite as much as Van Horne does—but not in the C. P. R. I didn't ask Sir William about Mr. Hill, the Canadian who invented "the cost of high living." But I should like to have a book on America collaborated by these two railroad magnates; one born in the United States and making his fortune in Canada; tother just the other way round.

"I'm a Canadian!" said Sir William, with energy. The idea simply had to have room. From lying almost prone across the broad of the vast sofa he struggled upright and leaned like a tremendous gargoyle out of his own amplitude. He emitted a huge puff of smoke and batted it to one side because he couldn't see through it.

"I'm a Chinese wall protectionist," he went on. "I don't mean merely in trade. Though that's something. I mean—everything. I'd keep the American idea out of this country."

(Which is more than we ever could do when we got at least three of our railroad chiefs from the United States.)

Heavens! was this man also—an Imperialist? And if so, what kind? You remember how in his palmy days on the C. P. R. the all-red route began to develop from Liverpool to Hongkong. I know most of us don't believe that the C. P. R. made Canada and gave her place in the Empire; just as most of us are rather weary worshipping the C. P. R. and talking about it, when no matter which way you turn the thing will not down. And somehow it seemed to me that Sir William Van Horne would have beheld another paradox in—the Empire minus the C. P. R.

"I saw what those Americans would do," he went on. "They had no use for the C. P. R. You remember the McKinley Bill. Well—that was a pretty good stiff job of protectionizing; but the wall hadn't more than begun to settle when along came the Dingley Bill and plugged up the holes. Then I remembered the days of the broad and the narrow gauge. Ohio had the broad. The narrow began at the Mason and Dixon line. And when you got from the broad to the narrow you were in another world. Well—I'd have it just the same way at the forty-ninth parallel. We must keep all the national differences we have—and increase them. Canada needs individuality."

Mark you—he did not say Independence.

IT was inevitable that we should call up the shades of Goldwin Smith. Time was when the newspaper differences of opinion between Sir William and the Professor summed up just about all the national and international sentiment there was in this country. And how they did differ! Not only in opinions—but in physical makeup: and Sir William has a profound belief that a man's avordupois and anatomy have a subtle working relation to the kind of brain he has and what that brain does. Imagine his brain housed in Goldwin Smith; and vice versa. One came up from the south and worked like a Trojan to build the Chinese wall. The other came over from Oxford and laboured to abolish the forty-ninth parallel from the national geography. Such is the individuality of man. Canada had to be a big country to hold two such antipodean intellects.

So far as we can judge now the Continental idea is dead. Sir William Van Horne has done his share in killing it. He expects to remain a citizen of Canada even while he finishes up the job of railroading Cuba. His castle in Montreal will never be occupied by anybody else while he is alive. He believes in Empire. He considers Kaiser Wilhelm perhaps the greatest Emperor that ever lived. He can explain more things about the Kaiser than most of the diplomats. He does not believe in the German war scare. He believes that warships are but symbols or pawns in the game. The real war to his mind is bound to be in trade.

He called the secretary again; dictated a jagged letter to some Cuban engineer with a Spanish name, concerning grilles and staircases and what-nots in some new station in Cuba. At the same time he wrote a fresh letter himself; driving a frail pen with terrific energy—I'm sure a fountain pen would last him about three minutes.

This done, he was ready for another cigar; a fresh start on the cycle of psychological argument.

He told several stories about the Kaiser; how he got information for his consular reports concerning the Laurentide Paper Co.—information which he himself, President, did not possess, for the Kaiser never permits an agent to make a copy of such; ditto, the mines of B. C.; similar the story of how the Emperor got German rails on the road from Argentine to Chili—involving a State breakfast to Von Strumm, the rail-maker; similar again when the Kaiser expended a State dinner to get the Hamburg-American line into something or other—I just forget what; and finally how expertly Wilhelm, by cunning study, found out what it was worth to Germany to steal American art students from Paris and get them into Berlin.

"He's the greatest administrator of modern times," declared Sir William. "There are alleged great personages in Europe not fit to polish his boots. I told that to —" mentioning the name of a very distinguished British noblewoman.

"What do you think of Roosevelt?" I asked him. "Oh, I know Roosevelt. He is popular; an astute politician; knows what the people want—but he is only an imitation compared to the Kaiser. Roosevelt knows the philosophy of humbug. That's something. We need some better word than humbug to express what it means. The world is ruled largely by humbug."

Here came a discourse on the comparative evolution of language and modern civilization. Sir William had all the theories. Himself—might compile a dictionary; with pungent definitions, though he did not say so. Then as to music—

He performed a web of smoke and spoke from the thick of it as he broaded his back again flat across the sofa.

"Beethoven was not intellectual," he said. "His symphonies are emotional."

He spoke with such facile emphasis that it would scarcely have been a shock to see him go to a piano and play the Adagio of Beethoven's Ninth over against that of Tschaiakowsky's Pathetique. There is a music compartment in his brain. Trust a man of his make, cognizant of plants and animals, birds and flowers—to have some music in his soul.

"Art is not properly intellectual," he said. "A picture—"

He inspected the tip of his cigar. "One in the Royal Academy, say; painted by a cold intellect. I look at it; judging it by points I see that it sums up to a good picture; but it doesn't

move me. I probably yawn. On the other hand—show me a canvas painted in an ecstasy of passion by a man of feeling and no intellect, and I'll stay with that picture as long as any."

As to the philosophy of style—he quoted Spencer, who, though a man of freezing intellect, had a collaborative, discursive brain not unlike Sir William's—minus his paganistic naturalism.

He reverted to Cuba; with some such gusto as before he had belauded the cold fascination of Canada and the C. P. R. I wondered why. No need to ask him. In his forties he ramped into the land of snowshoes and moccasins, when the fires of youth were burning high. In his sixties, when the temperature of his nerves had dropped a few points, he cavorted into Cuba to conquer it by rediscovery.

"I believe in the gospel of sweat," he said. "The only thing wrong with us in Canada is—we don't sweat enough. Down in Cuba—I sweat my boots full!"

He spoke with the vehemence of a splendid savage. He meant it. No rain ever came too hard for Sir William; no fog too dank and thick; no sunshine too hot and crisp; no snow too deep. Therein he has the soul of a true pagan artist. Down at Minister's Island in the Bay of Fundy he lugs his easel and palette out to the dreary flats to start some fresh outline of a thing on a canvas; does it in the dark and the rain with the energy of a youth just learning the joy of paint.

The room was now dark; but for the passionate palpitation of Sir William's cigar. I rose to go.

"Don't hurry."

"Thanks—but I've been here three hours."

He laughed with much joy.

"Hgh! What's time?"

Never once had he looked at his watch. He led the way down to the great hall where the picture men were still working. Two exuberant Scotch collies leaped upon him like wolves. He talked to them like children. I wondered he hadn't a couple of pet bears and a young lion or so. Like Fitzsimmons, he might have wrestled with a pony. Even at the door he seemed to exude philosophy and ideas. He had but sketched the vaguest outline. Stump him and he would stay up till daylight.

A most interesting man. Encyclopaedic. Poetic. Paganistic.

Something of the quality of Nikisch. He might have conjured a Hungarian rhapsody from the rain.

## Blazing a National Highway



Thos. W. Wilby, who is making an Automobile Trip over the Proposed National Highway.



Just Before Leaving Halifax on his Four-Thousand-Mile Trip, Mr. Wilby Backed his Car into the Ocean and Filled a Bottle with Water, which he will Take to the Pacific Ocean.



At the Halifax City Hall Deputy Mayor Martin Handed Mr. Wilby a Letter of Greeting to the Mayor of Vancouver. The Car is Decorated with a Halifax Banner and one Labelled "Canadian Highway."

Photographs by Jost, Halifax.

# Vanity - Cases and Crowbars

Proving That Where There's a Will There's Likely to Be a Profit

By ED. CAHN

Sketches by F. Horsman Varley

"WELL, I'll see what a good dinner will do," said Mrs. Sam Posner to herself, as she unlocked the door of her apartment and unpinned her hat. "If I hustle up, I'll have time to make some *kartofel suppe*. Sam likes that, and I'll make a combination salad and give him some *weiner schnitzel*—I have some *Rhinewein* and—Oh, yes, I must have some cheese."

She telephoned to Dinkeldorfer, of the delicatessen, and ordered some of her husband's favourite *schmeir kase* and dill pickles.

"Um; combination salad and dill pickles; that's too much acid for one meal. I'll just give him the pickles, and save the salad for to-morrow—economy is wealth."

She laughed as she tied on her apron and lit the gas. "I guess I'm penny wise and pound foolish, thinking of a fifteen-cent economy and a forty-dollar extravagance. I don't really need a vanity-case, but I want one, and I'm going to have it, just to show that Minnie Kraussmann that she's not the only one. The idea of her hinting that Sam's stingy with me! It might be better for her if Kraussmann didn't buy her every jim-crack he can rake and scrape up the money for. If they keep on the way they are going, they will never have anything, and Kraussmann will still be working for wages when Sam is in business for himself. But anyhow, I'm going to have a vanity-case just to let her know I can have what I want if I want it, and Sam's not stingy."

Mrs. Posner had been calling upon Mrs. Kraussmann that afternoon, and Mrs. Kraussmann's barbed sentences still rang in her ears: "Agnes, I tell you for your own good; you are too easy with Sam. You shouldn't encourage him to save every penny he makes, and go without this and that and the other thing yourself. You won't get any thanks for it. He will expect it of you all the time pretty soon; men always do. After a while you will have to go down on your knees every time you want anything, and a decent thing you won't own and can't get, unless you take a crowbar to his pockets. Yes, a crowbar, that's just what I said, and one big enough to pry clams off a rock with, at that. If you start in wrong with a man, you got to keep on that way, or else change awfully quick. You'll do with less and less, and get old before your time, and stay at home because you ain't got a thing to wear, and pretty soon he'll be going out without you, and maybe some other woman will step in and enjoy what you saved; foolish women mostly die young, usually."

"Don't get angry now, Agnes; remember, I'm talking for your good. You haven't had a new thing since you've been married. Course it's only a year and you had lots of clothes, but it's too long. It's all right for Sam to want to get ahead, but it's a shame for a traveling man like him, what makes all kinds of money like he does, not to spend, if not more, at least as much as Dave does what's got a family and don't make near so much; though I guess they'd both make more if they were working for anybody else but that old tight-wad of a Sol Berger."

Mrs. Kraussmann had emphasized her remarks by displaying a new vanity-case which Agnes, being anxious to change the subject, had greatly admired.

"I'm going to have one, too," she had announced, confidently, but Mrs. Kraussmann smiled skeptically and said:

"This cost forty dollars. Dave was going to buy himself a new overcoat with the money, but it was my birthday and I was just dying for a vanity-case and so he got it for me instead of an overcoat. Dave just can't refuse me anything." And then she added that when one is beginning a domestic revolution it is best to begin with small things.

AGNES'S cheeks burned as she recalled it; she diced the potatoes as if they were Mrs. Kraussmann's oily tongue. In vain she told herself that the Kraussmanns' extravagant manner of living from hand to mouth was not the best way and vanity-cases not essential to her own happiness,

but, nevertheless, she longed for one with a longing not to be denied.

"I must have one, too," she thought, making the sauce for the *schnitzel*.

"I'll . . . There's the dumb-waiter bell! It must be Sam's pickles and cheese. The idea of Minnie saying such things—Mercy! this isn't many dill pickles for ten cents. I'll have to give Dinkeldorfer a good talking to. If I don't watch him all the time he cheats me, even if he has known me ever since I was born. I believe it's a matter of principle with him to cheat everyone he can. I think I'll get a case with a fine chain—Minnie's looks like a bicycle chain. Oh, this soup's going to be good. I wonder if my monogram would look nice on that case. Now I must set the table. Well, anyway, my table-linen is swell. I wonder if Sam will let me have the money; forty dollars seems like an awful lot."

She continued to divide her thoughts between

knees to him," popped into her mind.

"Indeed I won't." She sprang up and seated herself upon the arm of his chair. "Sam, have I cost you very much since we have been married?"

"No; but enough. What's the matter—out of household money?"

"Oh, no; I have plenty for this month, but—"

"What's this—a touch? Say, Agnes, if you have to have a new hat, go ahead and get it; but it mustn't cost over ten dollars. Don't forget we have to make the payment on those lots of ours the first of the month."

"Oh! I had forgotten. Well, that settles it; I'll do without it."

"Nu nu! A hat won't break us if it don't cost more than ten dollars."

"I don't want a hat, Sam. I want a gold vanity-case like Minnie Kraussmann's. She said hers cost forty dollars, and I believe it, for it's perfectly elegant."

"Geh wek! If she said forty, then it maybe cost twenty; but ten is more like it. I'll bet it's only gold filled."

"Oh, no, Sam; it's stamped fourteen-karat; I noticed particularly."

"Sure; they stamp filled goods that way, and even guarantee them for ten and twenty years, like on watch-cases. But, anyhow, Agnes, fourteen karats or fifteen turnips, we ain't spending any money for such foolishness. We are poor people, not millionaires," and Sam shook out his paper as much as to say that the matter was settled forever.

Agnes sat down in her little rocking-chair and picked up her embroidery. She felt ashamed to have asked for such a costly bauble, and resolved to try to put the whole matter out of her mind.

"I don't see what you want one of those ugly things for anyhow; they are no good on earth," said Sam, over the top of his paper.

"They're handy for powder."

"What's the matter with your leather purse?"

"Nothing."

"THE Kraussmanns don't own their furniture; they're still paying installments on it. They owe the doctor and the dentist, and poor old Kraussmann hasn't had a new suit in three years—but Mrs. Kraussmann has a forty-dollar vanity-box. We own everything we've got, and what we've got is good—but you have no vanity-box. But after a while, when we are a little ahead of the game, then you can have your vanities, too."

Agnes smiled. "They'll be out of style by that time."

Sam flung his paper onto the floor. "Out of style! Agnes, you think too much about style since you have been going to see Mrs. Kraussmann so often. Maybe we better do like the Kraussmanns do—throw away with the left hand what we take in with the right. I wish I hadn't started in to buy those lots on Long Island. They take all my spare cash, and I can't buy you vanity-boxes, and you're not satisfied."

"Sam! How foolish you are! I wanted one, and I don't deny it, but it is foolish to put that much into such a thing. We can't do it, and we won't, and that's all there is to it. Let's forget about it."

Sam lit another cigar, entirely mollified. "You know, Agnes, there isn't a thing on earth I wouldn't get you if I could, and some day, if we are careful now, we will be able to have all these things."

He said more to the same effect, but Agnes paid no attention. She had picked up the paper, and her eye had happened to fall on one of the hundreds of small liners. It read:

FOR SALE—Fine piano; bargain to party buying at once. Owner leaving city. Call afternoons. 900 W. 128th St., Hewitt.

Amongst a multitude of other bits of news and gossip, Mrs. Kraussmann had told Agnes that she expected to receive word the next day that her small share of her Uncle Isaac's will had been deposited in the First National Bank, and that the instant it was, she meant to set about buying a piano. Agnes



"Sam, is Tiffany's a good place to buy vanity cases?"  
"Meshuggah! What a foolish question! Why?"

the dinner and the vanity-case until they were interrupted by the arrival of Posner himself.

"Anybody coming to-night?" he inquired. "No? That's good. Oi! but I'm tired and home looks good to me. Whatcha got for dinner? Say, I'm going to take off my collar 'n tie 'n vest 'n—"

"Here! here!" If you keep on I'll have to serve your dinner in bed."

"Who is the boss in this house?"

"You think you are."

"No think about it, I am. It's the boss's privilege to kiss the cook."

Sam availed himself of the privilege and then sat down to dinner.

IN spite of her preoccupation Agnes had achieved a veritable masterpiece and Sam ate and ate until he came perilously close to being gorged. Agnes never introduced a disturbing topic at table. To-night she found it hard to adhere to this rule, but she waited until Sam had torn himself away from the cheese, had lit his after-dinner cigar, and was established in his chair with the evening papers, before she opened her mouth to speak of vanity-cases.

"No. I'll wait a little while," she thought, suddenly, and closed it again. When the dishes were washed, Sam's cigar smoked out and digestion well under way, she judged the time to be right, and sat down on the rug at his feet.

She had hardly settled herself when Mrs. Kraussmann's words, "You'll have to go down on your

remembered it as soon as she read the advertisement. While Sam was dozing, she clipped out the advertisement.

The next morning Agnes telephoned to Mrs. Kraussmann, and that lady volunteered the information she was angling for. There was a very genuine ring of pleasure in her voice as she said: "Oh, so you have it! I am so glad. I'm sure you are happy now."

"Happy! Why, I'm tickled to death. Uncle Isaac could have just as well left me three times that much, but I'm lucky to get even five hundred, and I guess we can get a good piano for that. Dave says that I've got to pay cash, now that I have it. Everybody has a piano nowadays."

Agnes smiled. "That's a whack for me," she thought. "She knows I haven't any."

The smile must have reached Mrs. Kraussmann by wireless, for she said, sweetly: "When are you going to get your vanity-case, dear?"

"Oh, I never thought to say a word about it to Sam! Say, Minnie, can't you come over to lunch with me to-morrow? Oh, yes, *do*; I enjoy your company *so* much." Mrs. Kraussmann said she would. Agnes hung up the receiver, well pleased.

At two o'clock that afternoon Agnes was ringing the bell at No. 900 West 128th Street, and a moment later was being received by Mrs. Hewitt.

The dismantled house and the packing-cases standing about convinced her the reason given for selling was genuine. Mrs. Hewitt explained that she had intended to take the piano with her, but at the last moment had decided to sell it. She declared it had a beautiful tone, and she sat down and proceeded to prove it; also, that it had cost seven hundred dollars new just a year before, and proved that by producing the receipt. She asked six hundred dollars for it, but Agnes did not have much trouble in getting her to say she would take five hundred dollars cash.

"You see, Mrs. Hewitt," explained Agnes, "I am acting for a friend, or rather—" she hesitated.

"Perhaps it is foolish," continued Agnes, impulsively, "but—" and almost before she knew it

she was confiding her little scheme in all its details, and had even repeated the most of the conversation of the day before.

"Now," she finished, "it surely wasn't business-



Agnes.

like to tell you all that, but I'm glad I did. Will you do it? You don't think I am asking too much?"

"My dear," laughed Mrs. Hewitt, "I have been in similar situations. I quite understand. I'll be glad to help, and if your plans carry, I won't object to your terms. The main thing is to sell the piano, and I think we ought to be able to do it."

"Yes, unless Minnie should get suspicious; and if she does, we simply couldn't give it to her. I'll have to manage somehow. Oh! I know! Minnie is coming to lunch with me to-morrow. Won't you come, too? I'll tell all the fibs."

When Mrs. Kraussmann arrived for luncheon

next day, she found another guest—a stranger, at least she'd never seen her before.

"Minnie, this is Mrs. Hewitt, the lady I met in Atlantic City last summer; you remember me telling you about her?"

"Yes, seems to me I do," said Minnie, shaking hands and managing to display her vanity-case to great advantage during the process.

"I met her this morning," continued Agnes. "She is moving to Florida."

Then Minnie heard a great many things about the trials incident to moving from one end of the country to the other: how hard it was to pack things safely; the terrible iniquities of the freight handlers, and how some one's sister had made a similar journey, and how her piano was ruined en route, and how Mr. Hewitt positively insisted upon selling their piano rather than risk shipping it.

"That just shows how silly men are," pouted Mrs. Hewitt. "I'm sure it would go safely. Why, we are leaving day after to-morrow, and there won't be time to wait for a good offer for it, so we will have to let some dealer snap it up at a sacrifice price, and, of course, he will turn around and make a big profit on it. It's awful. Mrs. Posner, won't you please buy my piano? I just hate to think of its going into a stranger's hands," she finished, plaintively.

"Me!" cried Agnes; "why, I don't play, and we have no children to learn. Now, if I were only Minnie here, with a little girl—well, for goodness' sake! I forgot all about your wanting a piano, Minnie! Here's your chance."

"You are joking; that's too good to be true," said Mrs. Hewitt. "Heavens! but this salad is delicious! How do you make it?"

"Why, I just use—"

"Excuse me, I want to know about this piano."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Hewitt, "I just *hate* to let it go. It is such a swell thing and has such a rich tone. I—I was actually hoping that my husband would change his mind."

"Well, I think it's very dangerous to ship fine instruments so far," said Mrs. Kraussmann. "If I

(Continued on page 25.)

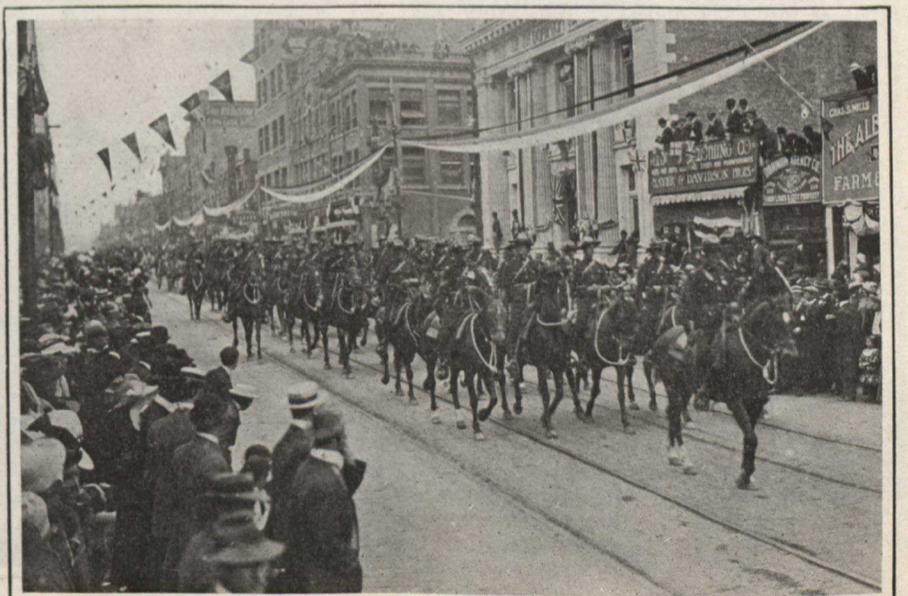
## The Stampede--Calgary's Frontier Day Celebration



On Friday last, the Governor-General and Party saw the grand parade at Calgary's "Stampede." The leaders were the Crees, Blackfeet, Stonies, Sarcees and Piegans, in all their vanishing glory. Then came the Mounted Police of 1874, twenty-four old-timers; stage-coaches and prairie schooners, cowboys, veterans, cadets and boy scouts. The picture shows the cowboy band.



The Last of the Glorious Red Men.



Mounted Police in the Parade.

## People and Events

### Exhibiting a Railway

A NOVEL feature in railway exhibiting was introduced by the Intercolonial Railway in the display of the Canadian Government lines at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. A large map of the territory served by the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways occupied over thirty feet of the centre wall space. Across this map, reaching from Montreal along the St. Lawrence River, through New Brunswick, and to the terminals of Halifax, St. John, and Sydney, the route of the Intercolonial was traced by a line of red lamps. The map was illuminated from behind, and an alternating current of electric light caused a dark shadow to keep moving along the line of red lights, giving a most realistic effect of a moving train. The names of the principal stopping places of the train were also made to stand out in illuminated letters.

The idea was a splendid one, for the map, illuminated so brilliantly, did its own demonstrating, attracting the attention of many thousands daily. And a good many Exhibition visitors have need of further knowledge about the Maritime Provinces.

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### The Cadet Competitions

CADET competitions at the Toronto Exhibition were unexpectedly interesting and must have a world-wide effect upon this movement. The Cadets from Australia and New Zealand live under a system where Cadet training is compulsory, which accounts partly for the excellent showing made by these contingents. The New Zealand team won six trophies.

The full results are as follows:

Physical drill, first prize, Strathcona Cup—New Zealand. Second prize, Canadian National Exhibition Cup—Mt. St. Louis, Montreal. Third prize, Canadian National Exhibition Cup—Ridley College, St. Catharines.

Canadian National Exhibition Cup for marching, manual exercise, and general appearance; (a) marching and manual exercises, Empire Club Cup; (b) general appearance, Daughters of the Empire Cup—New Zealand. The following is the detail of this competition: New Zealand, 97; Australia, 90; Newfoundland, 88 1-3; England, Team No. 1, 86; Ridley College, 85; Mount St. Louis, 85; Woodstock, 84 1-3; Manitoba, 83 2-3; Scotland, 78; Ireland, 74 2-3; Alberta, 73 1-3; Trenton, 71 2-3; Toronto Collegiate, 69 2-3; Nova Scotia, 68 2-3; St. Catharines, 67; British Columbia, 66 2-3; Belleville, 48.

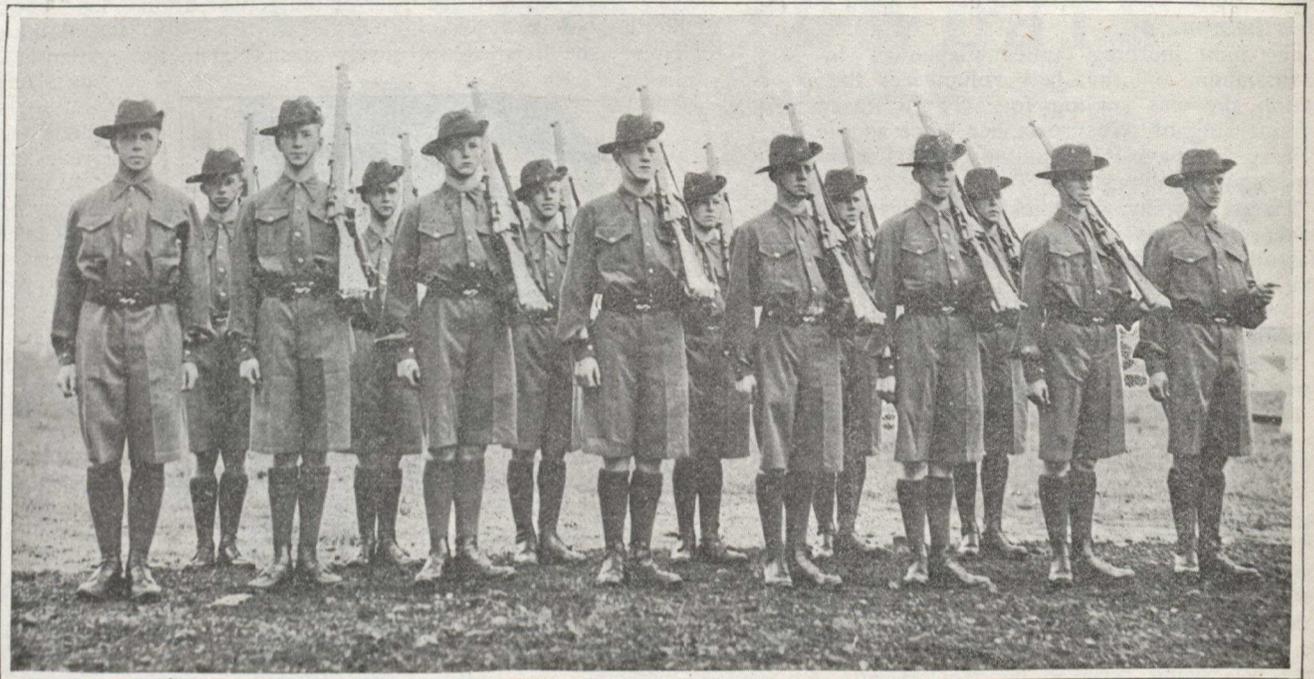
Tug-of-war, Canadian National Exhibition Cup—New Zealand.

King's Challenge Cup and thirteen silver medals, donated by the Exhibition Association—Nova Scotia. Second prize, Empire Defence League Cup—England.

Championship shot, Lord Roberts Gold Medal—Cadet C. Knight, England. Second prize, Lord Roberts Silver Medal—Cadet J. Heyl, England. Third prize, Canadian National Exhibition bronze medal—Cadet E. Remnint, England. Fourth and fifth prizes (tie)—Cadet J. Beeby, England; Cadet G. Stairs, Nova Scotia. Sixth prize—R. Wallace, British Columbia. Seventh, eighth and ninth prizes, Lord Roberts, books—Cadet C. Stockwell, Manitoba; Cadet G. A. Webb, Toronto Collegiates, and Cadet H. E. Price, England, Team No. 2.

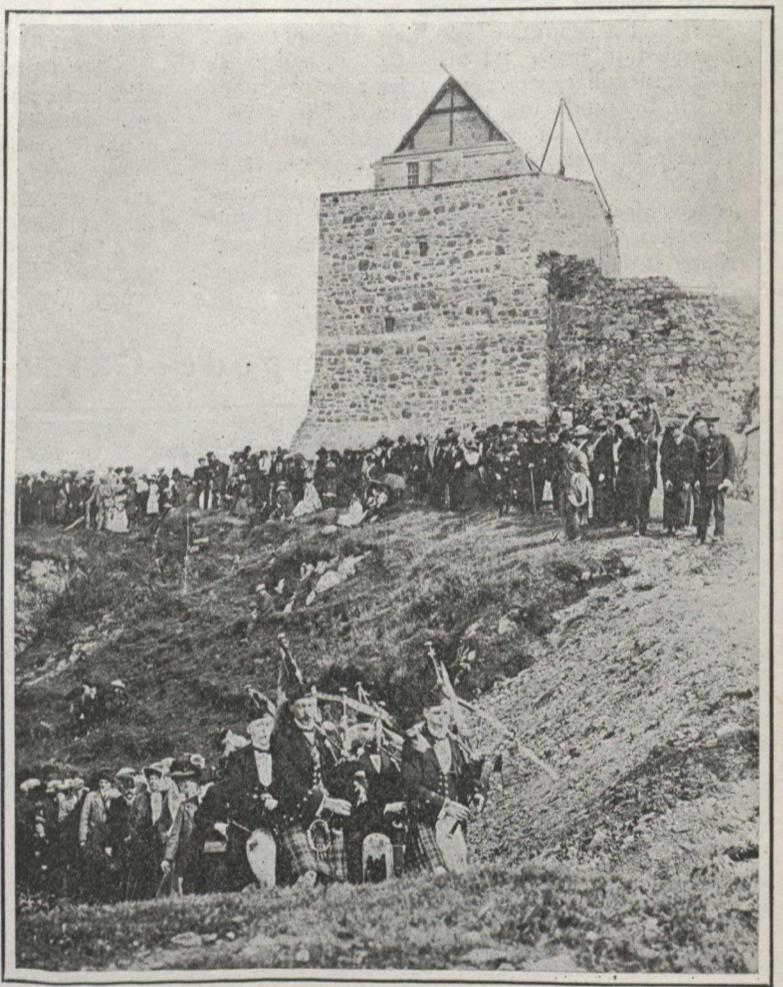
Best individual shot in company, fifteen Canadian National Exhibition Cups—C. Knight, England, No. 1; G. Stairs, Nova Scotia; C. Stockwell, Manitoba; R. Wallace, British Columbia; H. E. Price, England, No. 2;

## The Boys Trained Under the Southern Cross



New Zealand's Well-set-up, Well Drilled, Cadets, who Won the Honours at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

## After 200 Years—Flag of Maclean Flies Over Duart Castle



The Maclean Clan gathered at Duart Castle on Saturday, August 24th, and were received by the Chief, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, who has purchased the historic structure, and is to make a residence of it. The banner of the Clan was unfurled over the Keep, and 200 years have passed since the banner was last seen. On left, the Chief, in full costume. On right, arrival of Clansmen and Clanswomen, headed by pipers. Note modern upper structure over the Keep which is to be the future residence of the Chief.



The Intercolonial Railway was well advertised at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, by a system of Electric Lights, which gave the Effect of Rapidly-moving Trains.

G. A. Webb, Toronto Collegiates; G. Brodie, Woodstock; Cadet Combes, New Zealand; A. Bretherton, Australia; Cadet Patrick, St. Catharines; Cadet D. R. Smith, Alberta; I. H. MacIntyre, Scotland; Cadets G. Squires and A. Bendell, Newfoundland (tie); Lance-Corporal W. Ashley, Ireland; K. Marshall, Toronto Public Schools.

Mountain Climbing

MOUNTAIN climbing for the sake of making a record is as useful as a Cook or Peary journey to the north pole. It is grandly scientific, startlingly adventurous, wonderfully spectacular and profoundly useless. But mountain climbing as a sport and a summer pleasure is much more commendable. It helps to make a hardy race.

The Canadian Alpine Club is an association of deep-chested, strong-limbed men and women who are pioneers in a sport which will shortly become national. Heretofore access to the Rockies has been confined to the area bordering on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Soon there will be three railways running through this wonderful portion of the Dominion, with resulting accommodation for thousands of summer tourists.

The accompanying pictures of this year's camp give a graphic impression of the arduous and exciting nature of the annual outing of the Club. These people are exploring and gathering experience which will be useful to others similarly inclined, besides getting wholesome enjoyment and renewed health. They are the pioneers of the thousands who will seek out these spots in years to come and duplicate these pleasures. They are also familiarizing themselves with the flora and fauna of these regions and tasting of that wonderful awe which comes to those who live for a time in close contact with the majesty of nature. They are refreshing their minds as well as their bodies and going home stronger mentally and physically.

The Case of Mr. Hamilton

The Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—I observe that you state in the CANADIAN COURIER that I am "still referring to the 'tin-pot' or 'Laurier' navy."

I have never used the term "tin-pot" in writing about the service set up by the Act of 1910.

I also observe that you refer to me as "an ex-military man."

I am still on the active list of the militia.

Yours very sincerely,

C. F. HAMILTON.

Press Gallery, Ottawa, Sept. 7th.

Opening the Political Season

SATURDAY last was the opening day of the political season. Sir Wilfrid Laurier opened his fall campaign at Marieville, his first appearance in rural Quebec since the general election in September, 1911. There was a splendid audience and Sir Wilfrid was in good form. The Toronto Globe emphasises the following sentences in his address:

"The question (the navy) is one which must be settled. We solved it in a manner which we believed was our best duty to Canada and to the Empire.

It is easy to inspire terror among the people. But I would rather have been beaten than to have won by such means. After three months in England Mr. Borden has returned. He went over to discuss the naval question. He does not seem to be any nearer a solution than he was before. He is going to submit the matter to his colleagues. I do not reproach him for taking his time about it. We will discuss it when it comes. But I will say in advance: 'Never, never will I raise my voice in appeals to race or religious prejudices.'

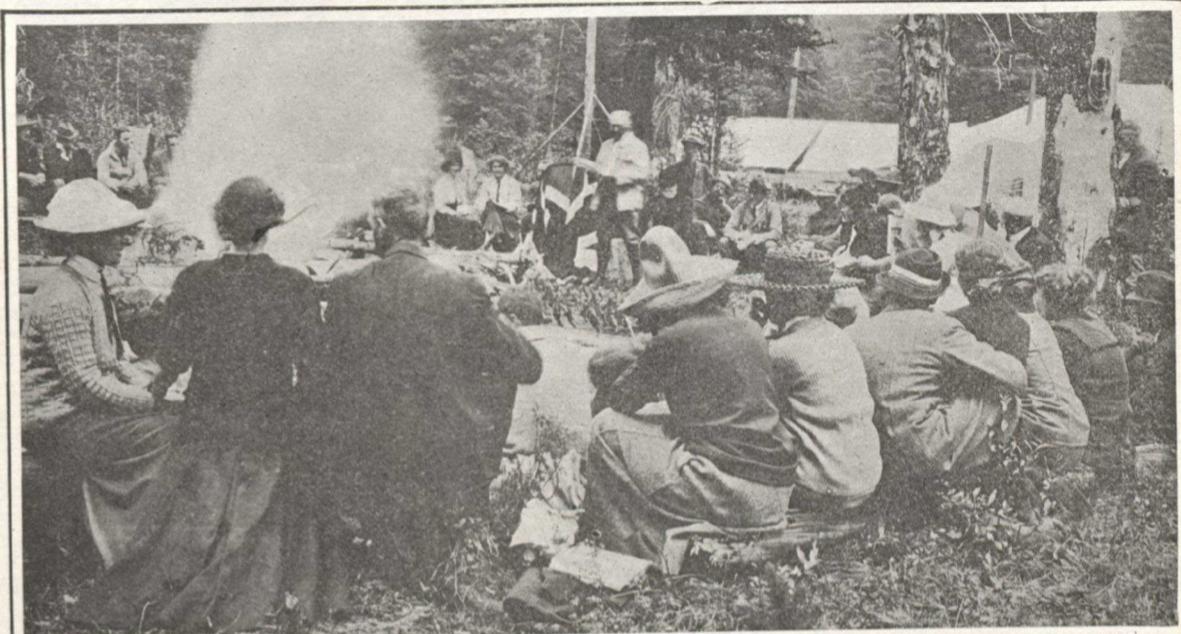
"We will discuss the matter calmly and with dignity, and I will try to do my duty as a Canadian and a British subject.

"I consecrated my life to making Canada a nation. If we are faithful to our programme, the nation will live and the party triumph."

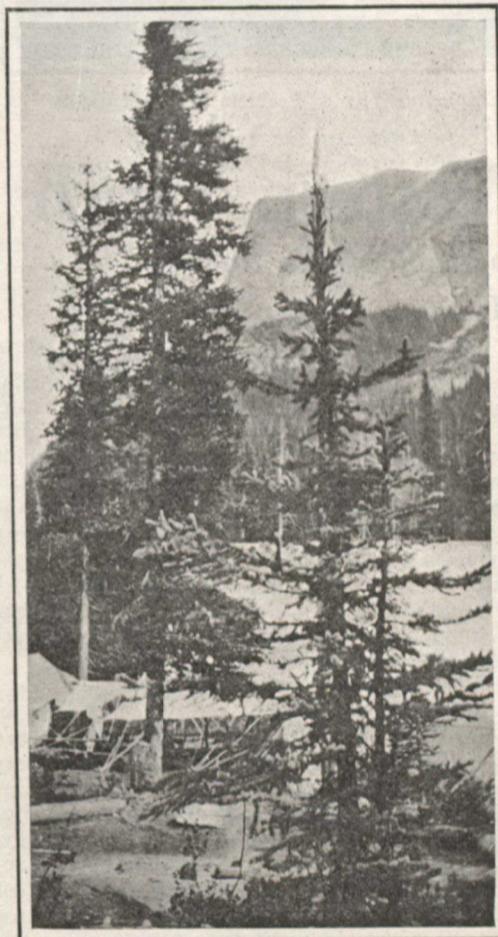
On the same day, Mr. Borden was welcomed in Montreal with a mile-long parade. The Mayor read a formal address and Mr. Borden replied in French. In part he said:

"It is true that all Canadians do not speak the same language and do not worship God at the same altars, but all these differences of race and religion should not and will not be a reason for differences amongst us Canadians working together for the future of our common country. In our national life we have need of sympathy and consideration; we need co-operation and all will be well. We must know each other; and discord and suspicion will disappear for ever. 'Concordia salus' is the beautiful motto of your city. 'Concordia salus'—that should be the motto for all Canada. If Canadians adopt it as the guide of their conduct, as the inspiration for all their actions, the welfare of the country will be assured for ever."

Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada



The Annual Meeting Held Around the Camp Fire. Director Wheeler is Announcing Financial Grants from the Governments of Canada, British Columbia and Alberta. Professor A. P. Coleman is in the Chair.



The Main Tent. The Ridge of Storm Mountain Shown is 3,500 Feet Above Camp Level.



The Beginning of a 2,000-foot Climb over snow up Mount Fay, Giving Some Idea of the Arduous Sport.



Director Wheeler Giving Instructions to the Party Sent Out to Climb the Peak Discovered at This Camp. The Party Consisted of Godfrey Feuz, Guide; J. D. Patterson, of Woodstock, Ont.; S. H. Mitchell, of Sydney, B.C., and F. W. Godsall, Cowley, Alta.



Samples of Western Canada's Bright Boys whose Future Employment is a Problem that Demands Earnest Consideration.

## The Future of the Western Youth

*He Will Need the Varied Employment of the Factory*

By H. D. SCULLY

EARNING a living for themselves and their families is a big enough problem to engage most parents most of the time. Making both ends meet is the eternal question the world over, particularly in Canada, a young country, where livings are provided for few by inheritance. But there are other problems the parent has to wrestle with, not the least of which is that of his sons' and, in not a few cases, his daughters' life work. What is the boy best fitted for? What field offers the best reward? How shall he secure a good opening? These are the ever present questions that face the fathers of boys almost from their infancy. If the boy displays no special aptitudes the problem is most perplexing, not to say distressing. Where he indicates capabilities in a certain direction, while it is always easy to find an opening, the location of a position in which the boy will have ample opportunity to do himself and his parents justice is by no means easy. Where the fields of employment are limited it is almost impossible to give the youth of the country the opportunities which they have a right to expect.

That was the condition that prevailed in Canada thirty or more years ago. Those were the days of large families. All the boys could not find a living on father's farm. The boy with artistic tendencies, a mechanical bent of mind, or who showed capabilities in some line of industrial activity had little or no opportunity of developing. On the other side of the border a young nation was just beginning to pulsate with industrial life. Varied and congenial employment was offered in every field of enterprise. Canadian boys who did not care to follow the plow heard the siren call of their life work and crossed the boundary line to the number of 1,000,000. Only during the past twenty years has this exodus diminished, thanks to the symmetrical development of the country, to the establishment of diversified industries, in a word to the fact that Canada's trade policy led to uniform progress in agriculture, manufacturing, mining and in every form of national activity.

Sleepy country towns became thriving industrial centres. The boy from the farm who was skilful with tools and was attracted by the hum of machinery went to the neighbouring town and found steady work at good wages making stoves or plows for his father. If he had special ability and ordinary common sense he became owner of the business and is now making stoves and plows for his cousins in the Great West. The comparative isolation of life on the farm gave way to friendly intercourse with the people of the town. The exchange of ideas with his fellow workmen, with the citizens of the town in other vocations, and

in turn with the farmers who came in to sell the town its food supply proved mutually beneficial. The powerful attraction of the big United States factory was superseded by the steady work, good wages and healthy surroundings of the growing Canadian factory. The problem of a son's life work, no matter what his talents, disposition and aims, could be solved at home. He did not need to settle it in the United States and assist in the upbuilding of that great nation. There was work for him to do at home and he did it. Such has been the development of the Home Market in the older parts of Canada during the last generation.

JUST now we face a new set of conditions in Western Canada. In many respects they are not unlike those that prevailed in older Canada forty years ago. Grain growing is the paramount industry in the West to-day, and thanks to a beneficent Providence, given proper methods of tillage, it will always occupy first place. The manufacturing industry is only in its infancy in the West as yet. Store-keeping and railroading are the two great sources of employment for young men in the West apart from farming. What are the sons of

the present farmers in the West going to do for a living when they grow up? As yet the West has hardly been settled long enough to produce a full generation of children, but when it does what are they all going to do? Many, no doubt, if free homesteads are available when they reach their majority, will follow in father's footsteps and go on the farm.

But what of the others? What of the young man whose taste lies in designing? Where will he find an outlet for his talents in his own part of the country? And what of the embryo cabinet makers, machinists, electricians, chemists and other industrial workers who will develop in the West in the near future? Must we send them abroad to find work suited to their capabilities? And what of the daughters of the West? Are they all going to stay at home? Their Ontario cousins are busy earning good wages, making the Westerners' underwear, carpets, confectionery, clothes and other necessities. Shall the Western girl be denied the same opportunities for her energy and skill?

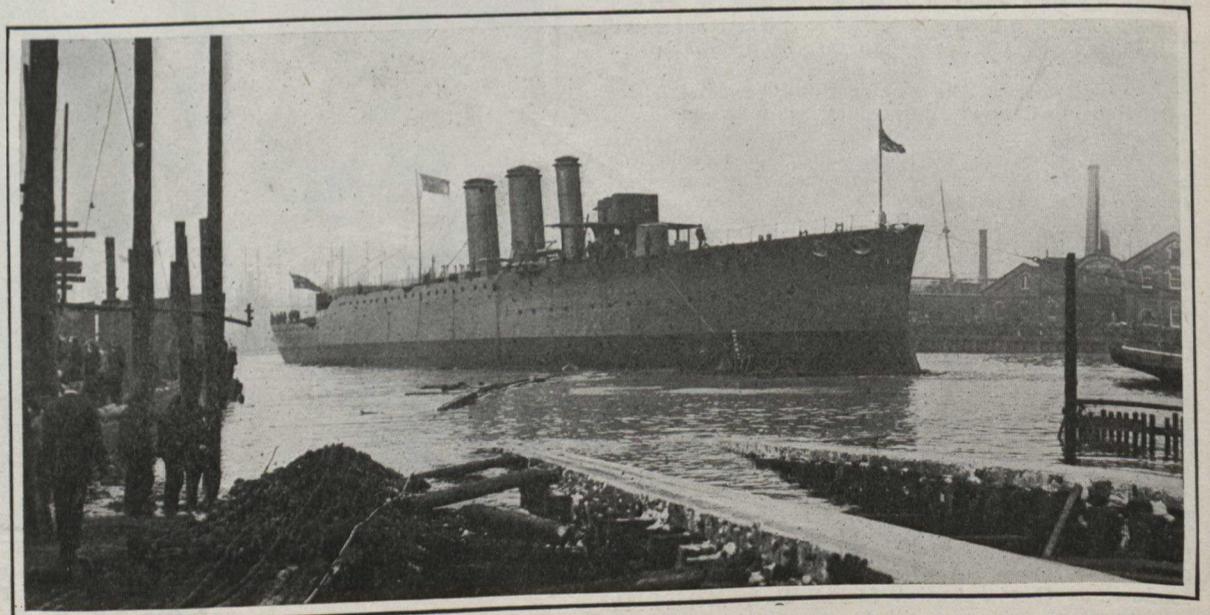
And what of the Western towns? Are they to remain as they are, shopping and distributing centres in most cases with no producing industries? Many have reached their limit as to population and business as such. They must develop the factory or mark time. Will the Western farmer be satisfied year in and year out with the same little business centres with their limited opportunities for social intercourse and pleasures?

AS the life of the West centres more and more in farming, the problem of providing varied employment for those who live there will become intensified. Already in the towns in winter months there is sometimes a dearth of employment. Generally speaking there is little mixed farming. Few cattle are kept on most farms and as a result dairying and meat production are hardly holding their own. This form of farming provides employment the year round. Not so wheat and oat culture.

As the children of the present settlers of the West grow into manhood and womanhood, the problem of finding suitable employment for them will supersede all of the big problems which we hear so much about to-day, unless development in other lines of activity begins at once. The factory with its abundant openings for the skilled artisan, for the office man or woman, the salesman and the organizing or executive genius cannot be built in a day. Already there is a place in the West for the busy workshop, and within the next decade it will become essential to well-balanced progress in the West.

Specialization is all very well in its place, but specialization in Western farming has gone far enough if we want to keep in Canada all the young people who wish to specialize in some other field. Fortunately the factory chimney is already shooting up in the West. It is not very tall or very wide as yet, but it is growing. Mixed farming, which our agricultural experts are unanimous in prescribing for wheat specialization in the West, will hasten its development. Mixed farming demands a market for its varied and often perishable products at its very door. The factory provides such a market. Its employees, building and owning their own homes, raise good, healthy, average-sized families. Their children must be fed.

## Australia's New Protected Cruiser



Australia's New Cruiser, The Sydney, was Launched on Aug 1st 29th. at Govan, Scotland. This makes Australia's First Fleet Unit Nearly Complete.

# Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles

By MARGARET LAING FAIRBAIRN

TO be companions in art as well as in life's journey would seem an ideal marriage union, and examples of this bond of taste and talents in "double harness" are not infrequent. Literature has many instances of husband and wife who are both writers, occasionally collaborators. Science has had several brilliant examples, of which Monsieur and Madame Curie were notable examples, though only the brave wife is now left to carry on the research. On the stage the partners in art are oftenest found, for the reason, possibly, that in their particular art, in the very nature of things, men and women are more thrown together and more dependent on each other in artistic production. In the pictorial art our own country furnishes as large a proportion of artist couples as any—in Toronto alone there are Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. William Cutts, and we might also count in a whilom Canadian, Mr. McGregor White, of Glasgow, now in this country, whose wife is a well-known painter of children.

The ideality of this double partnership is exemplified in none better than in the pair first mentioned—Mr. and Mrs. F. McGillivray Knowles.

THE studio on Bloor Street whose large brass plate bears merely "Knowles," is a busy place in more ways than one, and is the centre of many art activities. From the main studio, also living and reception room, a door opens in one direction into the ceramic studios with kiln and work tables, the shelves filled with art objects in different stages of development. In the other direction one finds a door leading to the students' workroom full of easels and the paraphernalia of picture-making. In summer, students and teacher for a month have all outdoors as a studio, making a little settlement at some good sketching ground for that time. This year it happens to be Trenton, another year it was Quebec, and so on.

The Knowles studio is also a social centre, for since their return from abroad, in 1896, the pair of artists have made many friends. On their days "at home" the studio is open afternoon and evening. It has been the scene of many a musical and art lecture; there you may hear the finest musicians in the city at an impromptu concert (for the hostess herself is an accomplished musician), and to it many a famous artist of the stage finds the way.

The setting for these social functions has much to do with their success, because it bespeaks the individual tastes of the owners. Oddly planned, the main studio has overlooking balconies with cosy rooms below; in one corner is a raised dais for the grande piano. On every hand are rare old brasses, oriental rugs, antique enamels, pictures by the two artists or replicas of world-famous paintings, rare potteries, quaint furniture. There is no sign of the Bohemianism many think inseparable from studio life, but on every hand the quiet orderliness of the well-appointed home.

ONE of Mr. Knowles' most important undertakings is a series of mural decoration for the music room of Mr. John Eaton's home, completed about a year ago. The entire colour scheme of the room, including the woodwork, lighting and heating fixtures, and furniture, was designed and supervised by the artist to bring the whole into exquisite harmony. The decorations are allegorical in subject, harking back to Greek mythology, and are the result of careful and minute study.

Mr. Knowles is a Canadian who began his art work as a miniature painter in Toronto, under Mr. John A. Fraser. After some study in Philadelphia he went to England and was a while under Sir Hubert Herkomes, at Bushey. Later he studied under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens at the Julien school. While abroad his work was accepted frequently at the Royal Academy and the Salon, and since his return has been an irregular but versatile exhibitor.

As a portraitist Mr. Knowles gives a keen, analytical character study, beautiful flesh texture and a decorative composition that has balance and significance. The portrait of Mrs. (Chancellor) Burwash, which hangs in Annesley Hall, is an example of the artist's finest work in this branch, revealing insight, interpretive power and that deliberate, solid painting that ripens with the years.

WITH equal facility this artist turns to landscape, several of his best being owned by the Dominion and Provincial Governments, among them

"St. Levans Church, Cornwall," "Pool of London," "The Wayside Cross." A luscious quality of colour, much sentiment and delicate tonal qualities characterize these and others of the artist's landscapes.

In the field of the dramatic and allegorical, Mr. Knowles has made several successful adventures, as when he told on large canvas of the tragic grief of Hero finding her dead lover or, in lighter vein, gave Pandora opening her fateful box. In 1898 he was elected full member of the Royal Canadian Academy, after being an associate ten years.

A tremendous talker, intense in his likes and dislikes, Mr. Knowles is not one to take anything calmly, much less what he considers mismanagement in the affairs of an art body. Hence occasional ructions. He is an indefatigable and persistent worker, a logical thinker and a teacher who tries to see from the pupils' standpoint and develop individuality.

MRS. KNOWLES was her husband's companion when abroad, although she did not begin to study seriously until after their return in 1896. She is entirely her husband's pupil, and her subjects have been, so far, landscape. Four years ago she was elected Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, and her picture, "Nocturne," bought by the Dominion Government. In her interpretation of the great out-doors, Mrs. Knowles restricts herself to a single effect, such as a lone, gaunt pine tree at twilight, or a stretch of meadow in dazzling sunshine, or a grey-green landscape lit with a low, red moon. She achieves her successes by repeated and heavy painting until the canvas expresses the particular sentiment she has felt. As a member and officer of several art and musical clubs, and a woman with the oversight of household and studio affairs and many social engagements, Mrs. Knowles is a busy woman. She is her husband's invaluable assistant when working on an important picture. She has solved many a difficulty of costume or staging, and smoothed out tangles, thus leaving the creative faculty of her husband free to work. That's what you may well call a "helpmeet."

## Exhibition Pictures Sold

QUITE a number of the paintings exhibited in the big Art Gallery at the Canadian National Exhibition were sold. The Dominion Government purchased the following to be added to the National Gallery at Ottawa:

"Cecile," \$85, and "The Woodnymph," \$85, W. Lee Hankey; "Pictures," \$180, Henri Beard; "The Light of the Sea," \$2,750, Paul Dougherty; "Surf," \$500, Robt. F. Gagen; "In the Pine Shadows," \$150, J. E. H. MacDonald.

The Canadian National Exhibition Association purchased the following paintings which will be added to the collection in the Toronto Art Museum:

"Hampshire in Winter," \$750, R. Gwelo Goodman; "Sunshine on the Sea," \$155, Gemmell Hutchison; "A Poem" (miniature), \$125, Chris. Adams; "Butterflies" (miniature), \$80, Grace Wolfe; Case of Miniatures, \$115, Mrs. E. McGillivray Knowles; "Twilight, Darrow Downs, Dorset," \$2,500, Hughes Stanton; "Early Evening in Winter," \$100, J. E. H. MacDonald.

The sales of paintings to private parties were as follows:

To Dr. McGibbon, Honeywood, Ont.: "Mrs. Hoare and Child" (miniature), \$38, Janet Robertson. To Mrs. Norman Black, St. Catharines: "Near Beaufort, Quebec," \$150, F. McGillivray Knowles. To Wm. Grayson, Moose Jaw, Sask.: "In the Barn," \$345, Lee Hankey; "Harvest Time, Lancashire," \$210, Herbert Royle; "A Good Drying Day," \$750, Gemmell Hutchison. To E. C. Cattanach, Toronto: "Old Houses, Richmond Street," \$250, Lauren Harris. To George Gooderham, Toronto: "The First Cold Evening," \$360, Marcel Rieder; "Mathias the Shepherd," \$240, J. F. Bouchor; "An English Cottage," \$225, George Haite. To J. Gardner Thompson, Montreal: "Househoo Market," \$120, Braquaval; "In the Arena," \$240, Courcelles-Dumont. To F. Faithful Begg, London, England: "The Edge of the Wood," \$75, Mrs. E. McGillivray Knowles.

By the time the Exhibition closed, 42 etchings, engravings and drawings in the Graphic Art exhibit had been purchased. Of these, twenty-five are for the collection in the National Gallery at Ottawa, twelve were purchased by the Canadian National Exhibition for presentation to the city of Toronto, and the balance of the number was obtained by private parties.



A Logical Thinker and a Teacher Who Tries to See from the Pupils' Standpoint and Develop Individuality.



In Her Interpretation of the Great Out-doors, Mrs. Knowles Restricts Herself to a Single Effect, Such as a Lone, Gaunt Pine Tree at Twilight, or a Stretch of Meadow in Dazzling Sunshine, or a Grey-green Landscape Lit With a Low, Red Moon.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Mr. Borden's Return.

MR. BORDEN has returned, and his tremendous welcome in Britain has been almost excelled by his tumultuous welcome home. He has borne himself through all these stirring events with the dignity which becomes one who holds the high office of Premier of Canada. Dignity, moreover, is Mr. Borden's characteristic. In this respect he is more a typical British than Canadian statesman.

Now that the tumult and the shouting have ceased, thoughtful Canadians will await with anxiety and interest a definite announcement on the navy question. A fairly well-defined rumour was in circulation last week that he would propose a large cash contribution for emergency purposes. This seems hardly likely. Such action would not please a considerable section of his own party and would arouse the fullest opposition of the Liberals. It might be accepted by Parliament, but only after a strenuous fight. I doubt if Mr. Borden and his colleagues are prepared for so stern a battle at the outset of their career.

There is a strong feeling in England and also in Canada that as far as possible the two parties should agree upon the general lines of naval policy as they did in March, 1909. It is also advisable in many ways that Canada's policy should harmonize with the accepted policies of Australia and New Zealand. A cash contribution would run contrary to these two conditions, and hence it is unlikely that Mr. Borden's plan will run in that direction.

On the other hand, should Mr. Borden decide upon a fleet unit for the Atlantic and a fleet unit for the Pacific, the two necessary Dreadnoughts to be built at once and left for a time in British hands, he would probably have the support of the Opposition. That support might be tacit and somewhat silent, but it would be such as to prevent any spectacular political fight.

The framing a policy which will suit the Empire's needs, fully safeguard Canada's national pride and autonomy, and not prejudice the political future of the Conservative party, is a problem which will test the Borden Cabinet. If they can manage to do it successfully, their reward will be both pleasant and permanent.

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## Telephone vs. Telegraph.

WILL the telephone ultimately displace the telegraph? The process is certainly proceeding at a tremendous pace just now. Many small towns and villages are wholly dependent upon the telephone for outside communications. Every now and then we find an announcement in the papers that such and such telegraph offices have been closed. The telephone is winning in the small town.

The other day it was announced in Montreal that by the end of the year all Canadian Pacific trains from St. John to Vancouver would be despatched by telephone. This has involved building a double copper circuit more than three thousand miles in length. Superintendent Kent says the telephone is "quicker and more adaptable to emergencies."

Telegraph operators are hard to get. Young men are afraid to enter this profession because of the low wages paid and the uncertainty of the future. The young women find it easier to earn a salary at a telephone switch-board. The telegraph companies are trying to meet this with new equipment which involves automatic typewriting at the receiving end and a typewriter keyboard at the sending end. This will make up for the dearth of Morse operators, but will it save the situation?

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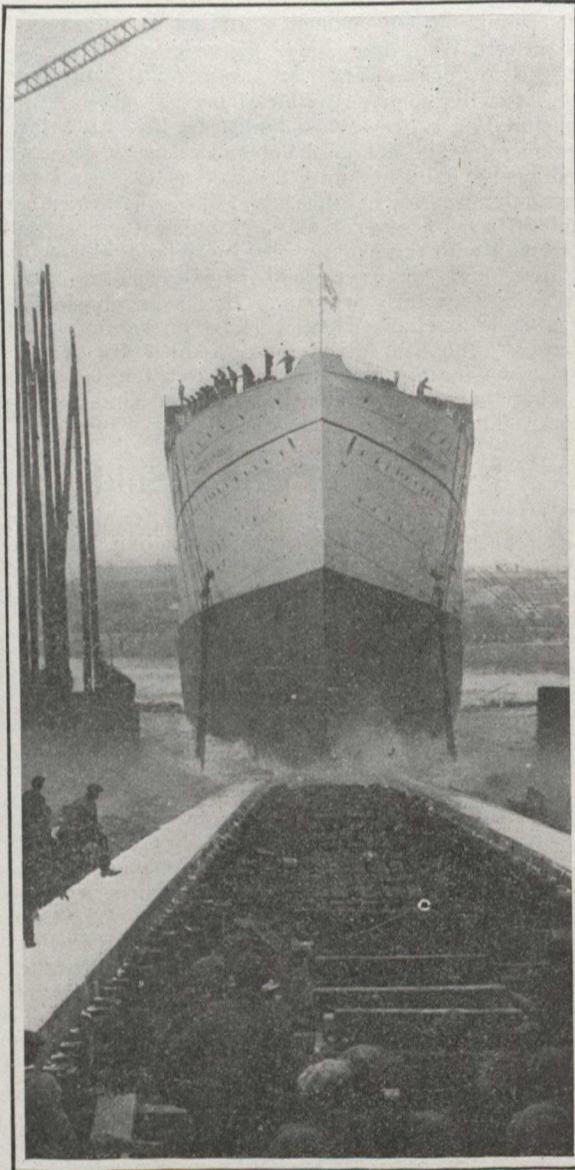
## The Faults of Municipal Government.

SOMETIMES we speak of the failure of municipal government. A milder and more truthful phrase is "the faults of municipal government." Whatever words we use it is certainly a matter of regret that we are not getting better municipal government in this country. For example, Toronto has had a trying experience with its new and expensive filtration plant, which is well worth considering. The plant was found to be inadequate for the purposes for which it was built and the construction seemed also to be faulty. Recently it was necessary to take the plant out of

commission for two months. Just what happened during that two months has not yet been fully disclosed. It is just possible that if the truth were known, it would be found that considerable repairing had to be done owing to faulty inspection during the construction of the work. It is also generally believed that the plant is inadequate to the needs of the city and will have to be doubled in capacity. In other words, Toronto will have to spend another million or million and a half before it has a decent filtration plant.

Ottawa is just passing through a similar experience. Last year it had a typhoid epidemic and it was found advisable to build a new aqueduct and intake so that purer water would be or might be supplied. The work was done at a cost of \$350,000, of which \$80,000 was spent on an intake pipe. When the second epidemic broke out this year an investigation was undertaken which has been placed in charge of Judge Gunn. The intake

## New C.P.R. Steamer for Pacific



At Govan, Scotland, August 28th, the Empress of Russia was launched at the Fairfield Yards. The Photograph Shows the Vessel Leaving the Ways.

pipe was emptied and inspected. It was found that this was very faulty and it will probably have to be scrapped. The aqueduct contained a sewage pipe as well as an intake pipe, and the sewage leaked into the city's drinking water. The citizens were thus drinking diluted sewage.

The general conclusion seems to be that as a city grows it is almost impossible for our present form of city government to grapple with the tremendous constructive problems. The class of men secured for the aldermanic boards is not such as to enable the city to carry on these large undertakings successfully. The Ottawa *Free Press*, dealing with this question, advocates a directly elected commission. It says: "The idea of leaving the solution of these problems to volunteers, the majority of whom are not competent to do more than participate in the pettiness of civil politics, is monstrous."

Speaking of this particular job the *Free Press* says: "It is apparent that the whole job was done in a most slovenly manner. Thousands of dollars have been wasted, many lives lost, and hundreds laid on beds of sickness through what looks like the criminal negligence of somebody."

Mr. Ker, the Ottawa city engineer, when asked about the specifications for the faulty intake pipe, remarked that "there were no specifications because the work was done by day labour." Imagine any private company spending three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on an aqueduct and intake pipe for a private water supply without specifications. Yet this is the unbusinesslike and inexplicable system pursued by the city engineer of one of the largest and most progressive Canadian cities.

No person is desirous at this late day to say that democracy is a failure or that our system of civic government is unworkable. These mistakes and lamentable occurrences do but indicate that our system needs revising from time to time. There is no reason why our methods of civic government should be less subject to improvement than other industrial matters. Every large corporation or great industrial concern finds it necessary from time to time to change its methods to meet new conditions. It must be the same with municipal government. The day of yearly elected aldermen is almost gone. This is the day of commissioners.

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## Chances for Women.

SUFFRAGISTS who are working for electoral rights for all women, might reasonably turn their attention to a more equitable distribution of the female population. In England and Wales alone there is a surplus supply of women of over a million. In the western provinces of Canada the supply is far below the demand. Look at these figures:

	Males.	Females.
Manitoba .....	250,056	205,558
Saskatchewan .....	291,730	200,702
Alberta .....	223,989	150,674
British Columbia .....	251,619	140,861
	1,017,394	697,795
Deficit of females ..		319,599
		1,017,394

Leaving Japs, Chinese, Hindus and other "aliens" out of consideration, there is easily a demand for 300,000 women in the West. Why not transfer that many girls from England to Western Canada?

The best interests of the Empire, of Canada, and of the British race demand that something shall be done to meet this situation. England is suffering from an over-supply; Canada is suffering from an under-supply. There are economic and moral advantages to be gained by the readjustment.

There is nothing in the fear that the English women who go to Western Canada would be called upon to face hardships. The day of severe isolation in the West has passed. To-day the town and village life is as attractive as in Eastern Canada. Even the farm life is now devoid of those defects which made residence there difficult and unpleasant.

This is an important piece of work for the women's societies in England and the Dominion, and they should tackle it seriously. The press will help, but it is the women's associations to which the two countries must look for real assistance and effective performance.

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## Lethbridge Post-office.

DESPITE the fact that Lethbridge is represented in Parliament by a Liberal instead of a Conservative, a contract for the erection of a new post-office and government offices has been let. Under our system of bestowing public works upon places which vote with the government, or are expected to do so, the defeat of Mr. C. A. Magrath by Mr. W. A. Buchanan would seem to have deprived Lethbridge temporarily of the hope of a new building. Not so, however, as the Borden administration has ordered otherwise.

This does not prove that the old rule has been abandoned forever. That rule is a part of our political patronage system which it will take years to eliminate. No doubt, the Borden government will continue to favour constituencies which have been supporters of that administration in the House. That the rule has been broken once or twice, however, is a good sign.

Public buildings should be erected in constituencies, when they are needed, irrespective of the colour of their political representative. The first minister of public works who follows that rule will write his name indelibly in the political history of his country and do much toward raising our politics and public administration to a higher level.

# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Woman and the Exhibition

By MARGARET BELL

EVERYTHING seems to be tending toward broader interests. The bit of archaism which once pronounced woman's sphere as that world which revolved around saucepans and spinning wheels, is fading into oblivion. It may be the spirit of progression in this age, it may be the desire for competition with the sex which is generally supposed to do things, it may be independence, but at any rate it is something. And it has entered the minds of Canadian women, and evinced itself in the exhibits at the only annual National Exhibition on this continent. Even the bronzed Indian women, with high cheek bones and



The Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition. This year the women's work was the most varied and attractive ever displayed.

straight, black hair, who sell beaded nothings along the Midway, seem to have the spirit of the times.

But the greatest evidence of woman's widening interests were to be seen in the different buildings. One naturally expects to see beautiful workings in silk, laces and embroidery. One naturally expects to find stalls for the sale of articles which appeal to women. But there is more than this. There are evidences that women take a distinct and important part in making the Exhibition what it is. They help in the art department; they manage luncheon rooms; they assist in the social entertainment which is a distinct feature of the institution. It is not a man's show any more than a woman's show. To be fair, we may say it is a happy and successful combination.

THE new Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition, which was opened last year, has ceased to be an experiment. There are several rooms well filled with skilfully-made products. They are in tremendous profusion and represent a vast amount of annual labour, feminine taste and artistic skill. There are competitive classes for children's works as well as for women over sixty, over seventy and even over eighty. There is plain needlework, the most complicated designs in lace, and so on through the long list ending up with book-binding, wood-carving and china painting. Every article shown is supposed to have been produced since the date of the previous exhibition.

Upstairs is the amateur photography and art—not all by women and hence somewhat incongruous. It seems strange to find amateur art by men and women in a women's building. When I asked about it, they told me they had no other place to put it. But to me it was a discordant note, although one could not fail to be impressed with the high standard of the work. A case full of special hand-made laces in the centre of this art room added further to the incongruity.

On this upper floor is a private tea-room in which the Women's Committee entertain the guests of the Exhibition Association every afternoon. These five-o'clocks are very popular. One day was devoted especially to the entertainment of the women who are members of the city press.

In this building was also a lunch and tea room, opened by the Ladies' Work Depository, an organization which has been making steady progress for thirty-two years. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught is Patron of this society. The large balcony of the Women's Building, which looked out across Lake Ontario, provided a comfortable place for serving afternoon tea, and the dainty linen on both lunch and tea tables solved a great problem, so great, in fact, that over two thousand people were catered to every day of the Exhibition. After all, one seeks long and carefully, to find a lunch room where the meat course is not displayed in huge flat pans, sizzling over an open fire, which faces the parade ground of prize animals.

A NUMBER of women from provinces other than Ontario stood on the balcony tea-room and debated as to what the Ladies' Work Depository really was. Perhaps they will pick up this issue of the COURIER. The Society was formed to provide employment for women who wish to dispose of their work. There are only two objects, to benefit the workers, and to raise the standard of needlework. Ten per cent. commission is charged on all sales, merely to meet the expenses of the Depository. The Board of Management consists of a number of women who are enabled to give considerable time to the Society. It will be gratifying to some of the dear old grandmothers who visited the Exhibition to know that the art of needlework has not been discarded by the so-called Society class, for bridge parties or poodle dogs.

The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire were well represented at the Exhibition. As one approached a large building, one noticed a large sign telling that the lunch-room there was presided over by that Order. The proceeds will be used later for the relief of poor tubercular children.

Women, women everywhere. Indeed they were. Their interests must be many and diverse. Smartly dressed women paused a few moments before some money-producing scheme on the Midway, and tossed a ring or threw a ball. They chatted with the fat woman whose waist measures sixty-seven inches, they bought all manner of indigestibles and tossed coins at dirty-faced youngsters. A noticeable trait was their great desire to know how and why. The machinery building was crowded with them, and the attendants plied with a perpetual stream of questions. Some of them displayed knowledge of science and mechanics, some asked for particular demonstrations. Two exceptionally well-dressed women picked their steps through the mud to the Cattle Building and Exhibit, and knew the breed of every cow which they saw. They

were Englishwomen who were not ashamed to tell their pet hobby. And the humble wife of the farmer saw them and was a little more contented. That seems to be another characteristic of the twentieth century woman. She must have a hobby.

BUT no matter how far she may wander along the paths usually chosen by men, woman will be essentially feminine, ad infinitum. A great line assembled in row for the grand-stand, the day the Royal visitors were to occupy a box. A rush was made for the seats nearest the enclosure beribboned



Mme. Nazimova, who has abandoned Ibsen and is touring Canadian cities in modern comedy. At present she is appearing in "The Marionettes."

off for the guests of honour. And when the mauve hat of the Duchess first appeared over the heads of the crowd, and Princess Patricia's large black one obscured the aide walking next to her, the interest bubbled over in a confused over-tumbling of chairs. And isn't it always understood that curiosity is an essentially feminine characteristic?

## Recent Events

THAT waywardest of all roads, the "Romany patteran," recently coincided with the king's highway when the Duke of Connaught and party

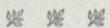


A Stall Presided Over by Dusky Indian Women who Found Ready Sale for the Gaudy Beadwork Articles on Exhibition.

were in New Brunswick. A band of singing gypsies provided the entertainment when a visit was paid to the Courtenay Bay works, at St. John, and the nomads evoked the unstinted royal interest.



It is all very delightful being dandled in Fortune's lap, until her knees stiffen suddenly out and slid you. So that Madame Albani of Drummond's tender verse—that "Chambly girl" who came to be, by virtue of her voice, court singer to a most appreciative Kaiser—was lately reported to be living in abject want. It is not so bad as that. She is comfortably housed in London. But she is giving music lessons to mediocre pupils and her husband states would not be averse to "a fund."



The advisory board to British Columbian women's institutes includes the following list of women members: Mrs. W. V. Davies, Chilliwack; Mrs. R. L. Lipsett, Summerland; Mrs. J. F. Kilby, Nelson, and Mrs. A. T. Watt, William Head. The last named woman is secretary. The two men members are the minister of agriculture and the deputy minister. The body, while not exactly representative, has proved its exceeding usefulness in connecting the institutes' work and in acquainting the department with their needs.



The Hon. Mrs. Joyce's party of British women, brought out under the auspices of the British Women's Emigration Association, recently arrived in Winnipeg. The party left Avonmouth one hundred and thirty strong. The women were trained workers. And such were the opportunities the eastern cities extended that only seventy-three continued west. The company was in charge of the able Miss Black.

While the name of Percy Haswell, actress, has long had a pleasant savour for her summer productions on, otherwise, barren boards, it is destined now to fare forth as a veritable perfume, thanks to an enterprising scents firm in Toronto. In accordance with an arrangement made with General Manager

Corson, of the Sovereign Perfumes, Limited, Miss Haswell held a reception in their exquisitely fitted up quarters in the Manufacturers' Building at the Exhibition. Miss Haswell dispensed many hundreds of autographed photographs of herself and her new role was voted to be most becoming.

### On Sleeping Out in Muskoka

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

**H**OUSED in a proper tent, on (if you own one) an Ostermoor mattress—that's not at all the true Arcadian manner, but under the world's wide canopy of sky, on a rock as springy with moss, is the big joy-way of sleeping out in Muskoka.

Must be chosen the right sort of island, first of all, a long, narrow one which the winds can filter through; otherwise, the "skeeters" will get you. That sort of island has another charm, too, for its trees usually stick up as teeth do in a comb and, well, there's a special music the wind makes.

That's it all, mostly, what the wind does! Ears are so much keener when nothing comes between those members and the Wonder-Harp of Nature. Trees grow into sentient things, vibrant and tender, and waves advance vocally, each farthest winning near to touch the siren shore with gestures rapt. And then that elfish starting of shy, wild, night things amid a thousand twigs and vines and mosses! Even the mosquito's mandarin "tsing, tsing," is here scarcely felt to be discordant. Eye-music chants, too, a symphony for the vision, a "soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs" that would fill to the brim the heart of the veriest Wordsworth. The rock, too, helps the harmony, in the arm of a twist-trunk oak and so does the dance of the stars through the numberless leaves. A moment's glimpse of a fire-fly, the steady climb of the moon, reddish a bit, for the air is impinged with smoke. The linked reaches of mild water, a scatter of light and shade, and ever, about and beyond, the looming islands.

Nature seems to be strangely awake and strangely communicative; and the novice, unacquainted with the recesses of Night's vault, feels that by morning

she must share most secrets. Not so, not so, and wonderment ends in drowse—like that of a child washed, kissed and tucked by its mother. That would be the experience, too, were the sleeper's years twice-told. For never is Nature so overbrooding, so mother-like, as at night; and nowhere is night more wondrous than in Muskoka.

And the wide, high splendour of the dawn to crown it all—dawn in the north is exalted necromancy! The world grows a shimmer, a palpitation, of light and the painted lake is a painted lure to dipping. You wake with your locks lank and damp with perfumed dews, and your face—! A pool reveals it. But it isn't much of a price—that price on your face which you paid to a few black flies.

### Madam Once-Upon-a-Time

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

**I** LOVE the magic things she tells—  
Dear Madam Once-Upon-A-Time;  
Her voice is like the sound of bells  
That through enchanted forests chime;

Or like the music of the wheel,  
The great brown wheel that hums and croons  
When Betty in the firelight spins  
On dusky winter afternoons.

She comes when you are tucked in bed,  
And in the hall the light burns low,  
When shadows gather, dark and tall—  
It's funny how they seem to grow!

She leans her head beside your own,  
(Their distance *then* the shadows keep),  
And while the clock ticks on and on  
She whispers you away to sleep.

Who is she? Well, perhaps, you know,  
She's just a lady in my rhyme—  
Or else she's Mother; anyway  
She's Madam Once-Upon-A-Time!

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



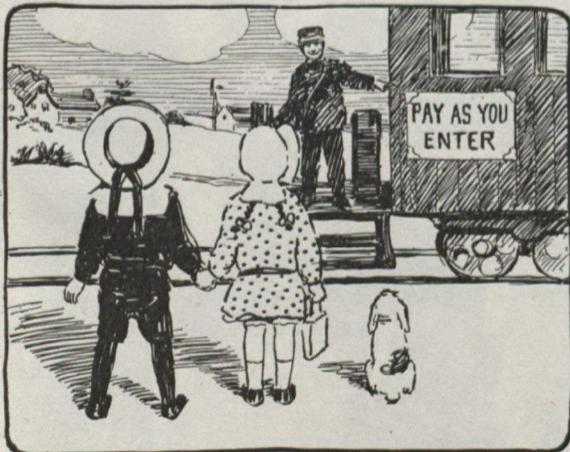
When Will and Lill set off for school  
They started rather late,  
And so they hailed a trolley car  
That passed their garden gate.



They both sat down, quite pleased to think  
That they would soon be there,  
When the conductor came around  
And asked them for their fare.



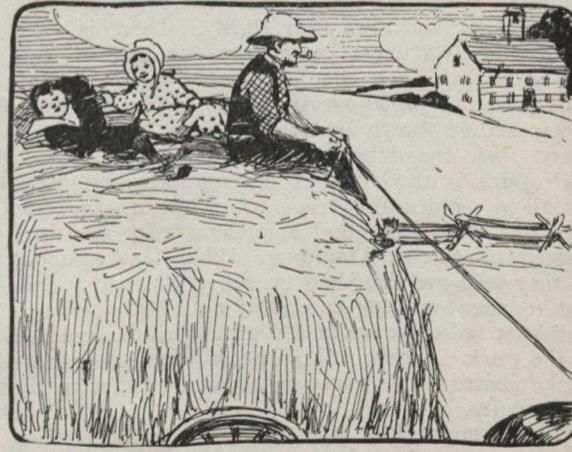
Then Willie in his pockets  
Found some marbles and some chalk,  
And Lillie found some chocolate creams,—  
But yet, they had to walk!



Said Willie, "That same trolley car  
Has helped us on our way,  
Let's take the next!" But that was marked,  
"You enter when you pay!"



Just then a hay-cart came along,  
The driver called, "Jump up,  
Climb, Willie, climb up, Lillie, too,  
And don't forget your pup!"



"Those cars are bad for people's nerves,  
There's nothing like a horse!"—  
But owing to his gentle pace  
They got there, late, of course.

# His Little Girl

L. G.



Moberly

ALTHOUGH by train Manderby Court was not easy of access from Stockley, it was no great distance for a motor to travel, and when on a pleasant June day a few weeks after the foregoing conversation, Miss Stansdale asked Sir Giles leave to take her pupil to see her sister, he smilingly and promptly agreed.

"I shall be in town for the day," he said. "By all means drive over to Stockley. Start directly after lunch, have tea there, if your sister will be good enough to give it to you and Sylvia, and come back in the cool of the evening."

"And Marion is quite sure to be at home," Miss Helen said, excitedly, to Sylvia. "She has tea in the garden on these hot days, of course the garden is only about the size of a pocket handkerchief," she added, deprecatingly, "but it seems better than indoors."

It seemed to little Sylvia a great deal better than indoors, as they walked out of the small and rather stuffy house to a trim lawn, surrounded by equally trim beds; for, although a vista of semi-detached residences stretched away as far as the eye could see, and a railway embankment loomed large at the end of the garden, it was at least a green and cool place in which to sit, and tea under an acacia tree looked very inviting.

Miss Marion did not make the same appeal to the child as Miss Helen had done, but she took an instant liking to the tall girl who emerged from the house shortly after their arrival.

"This is Miss Muller," Miss Marion explained, in fluttering, hurried accents. "My sister has motored over with little Miss Burnett. That is the best of a motor, it does go so fast, even though I am afraid of them myself, and they do smell so very unpleasant," she added with her small, nervous laugh.

"And this is the Sylvia Miss Marion tells me about," the newcomer said, brightly, seating herself in a garden seat next to the child, and looking at her with kind, frank eyes. "Sylvia has always been one of my pet names, but—this is not a case, is it, of who is Sylvia?"

As she spoke she laughed pleasantly, and the little girl edged closer to her, and put her hand confidently into the other's white hand.

"I like you," she whispered, her words being audible only to Rosa Muller, whilst the two sisters chatted together, also in undertones.

"Your eyes make me think of forget-me-nots."

"That is very prettily said," came the quick answer, and the slightly foreign accent with which Rosa spoke fell pleasantly on Sylvia's ears, "I would rather have a compliment from a little girl like you than from lots of grown-up people. You mean what you say."

"I don't think I know quite exactly what a compliment means," Sylvia answered, "but I do mean what I say, and so does monsieur mean what he says."

"Monsieur? Who is he?"

"He's my guardian," a smile flashed out over the little face, to be followed instantly by a sadness very pathetic in anyone so young. "When mummy died she asked Sir Giles to take care of me, and so I'm his little girl now, you see?"

"I see," Rosa answered, making herself agreeable more because it was her nature, and part of her stock in trade, so to speak, to make herself universally agreeable, than because she was particularly interested in the child beside her. "I suppose you live in your guardian's house, with him and his wife?"

"Well, he hasn't got a wife—not yet, but Miss Cardew is going to be his wife soon."

"Miss Cardew," Rosa was arrested by the name—"Miss Grace Cardew?"

Sylvia nodded.

"I have seen her," Rosa said, slowly, "but I thought, I didn't think—" she pulled herself up sharply, memory recalling to her a picture of Grace Cardew in a deep and earnest conversation with the tall dark man who was so completely the arbiter of her own destiny. Grace Cardew—Herman Muller—and this child's guardian—what were the actual relations between the three? And what was Muller's game? The sudden stream of thought held her silent, and Sylvia sat looking at her with shy,

respectful admiration, whilst still the two sisters chatted on together, in rapid undertones. The colour was going and coming on Miss Marion's cheeks, and Miss Helen's eyes looked a little troubled, as she said emphatically, and in a low voice—

"I see the likeness you mean, of course, Marion. I hadn't seen it before, but I see it now. But it can be nothing but a chance likeness. It is not likely Sir Giles would have been Sylvia's guardian unless he were an old friend of her family, and knew all about her mother's. It is just a chance that she is so like—"

"Yes, it must be, just a chance," Marion interrupted hurriedly. "I don't know what made me notice it or mention it. It was very wrong of me to speak of—of—Tiny," she dropped her voice yet more, "but it startled me just at first when I saw little Sylvia. She is so like what our little one was—once."

Her sister had no time to reply to her words, for at this moment a man's form was seen advancing from the house, and Hugh Berners walked across the lawn to greet the assembled party.

"I like that big man very much," Sylvia whispered to her new friend, when, having shaken hands with everyone, the doctor seated himself between the two elder ladies. "He's so big and strong, and he has the same kind of eyes as monsieur. They look, so—so straight and true, and as if they saw right into you." At the child's words, a curious expression flitted across Rosa's face, and she winced a little.

"THEY look so straight and true, and as if they saw right into you."

The words so exactly described those straightforward grey eyes which had learnt to look at her with such a world of meaning in their depths; those eyes which had a strange and uncomfortable power of stirring into wakefulness the conscience which she had fancied was for ever lulled to sleep; and arousing in her emotions which she had hitherto regarded with a sort of scorn. When Hugh presently came to her side, her heart gave a little leap of pleasure, and though she tried to assure herself contemptuously that it was absurd of her to indulge in such sensations, that leap of the heart had brought a softness into her eyes which would not be hidden. And whilst he sat and talked to her and to Sylvia under the acacia on the suburban lawn, a great sense of shame swept over her, as she remembered the errand upon which she had come amongst these simple kindly people. Meeting Hugh's frank eyes, she loathed herself and all her life of intrigue and subtlety; she hated the remembrance that she was here under totally false pretences; she hated above all the man who was making use of her as his tool. And yet she had been his tool so long that she did not feel capable of resisting the power which had held her so long in its iron grasp. To struggle against that compelling personality would be as futile as the struggle of a tiny creature of the jungle held in the tiger's grip, and even whilst Sylvia's soft hand grasped hers, and she listened to Hugh's deep voice, she was haunted by the despairing certainty that her errand must be fulfilled at all costs, come what might.

Miss Helen and her charge left Stockley before six o'clock, and the young doctor and Rosa stood side by side at the gate to watch the motor glide swiftly down the road and disappear over the brow of the hill. Both were silent for a moment, then Hugh turned to his companion, and said abruptly—"How that little child loves you."

The softened note in his voice startled her. She had already learnt to know that when he spoke most abruptly, he felt most deeply, and, afraid of him, afraid of herself, with a new and hitherto unknown fear, she turned away from the gate, and laughed. Her laugh was hard, and totally lacking in feeling; her voice, too, was hard and brisk.

"Loves me, oh, no!" she said, avoiding his eyes, and snapping off a leaf from the clematis over the porch. "I am not in the least a child's woman. Children and I have nothing in common, nothing." She sauntered into the house, humming a gay little music hall ditty, but she was aware of the hurt expression that sprang into his eyes, of the surprised

incredulity in his face, and something stabbed at her own heart, even though she laughed again.

## CHAPTER XII.

"AND she died?"  
"We don't really know." Miss Marion's eyes looked nervously round the drawing-room, then returned to Rosa's face; her voice dropped to a whisper. "You see, my brother never allowed us to mention her, he was so very angry with her when she went away."

"I cannot quite understand why she did go away?" Rosa spoke gently. A life spent in much scheming had taught her infinite patience, and she gave no sign that Miss Marion's garrulous verbosity irritated her. "She was your younger sister—this lady you call Tiny?"

"Yes, our youngest, quite a baby compared to Helen and me." Miss Marion's voice shook. "And so very sweet, so lovely—but quite, quite different from the rest of us. She always wanted another kind of life—more chance of going about, of seeing people; she was so attractive."

"And she married?" Rosa's voice was still very patient.

"Robert would be most terribly angry with me if he knew I had told you." Marion's low voice became yet lower. "Over and over again he has said he will not have Tiny mentioned."

"But why?" Rosa laughed, "and why should you look on your brother's commands as laws of the Medes and Persians? There isn't any commandment saying we must obey our brothers, is there?"

Miss Marion looked a little shocked.

"Oh! my dear, but Robert has always been a good brother to us, and we ought to respect his wishes. You see, he felt that Tiny has cut herself off for ever from all of us when she—ran away with—somebody, and we don't know, we never knew, who it was, but think it was just some adventurer—and—"

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Stansdale never tried to find out with whom his sister—his little, young sister—had run away?" Rosa broke in, strong indignation in her accents, "I suppose she was just a bit of a girl?"

"Just a bit of a girl," Miss Marion repeated dreamily, a faint smile on her face, "she was eighteen, and so very pretty, with eyes that seemed to show her soul through them, and hair that was like a dusky cloud, and her face was delicate and white—like—like—do you know"—Miss Marion stooped forward suddenly and laid a hand on Rosa's knee—"do you know, that little child Sylvia Burnett made me think of my dear sister, Tiny. She is like her—so like what Tiny was at her age."

"Sylvia—Burnett? But had not Miss Helen noticed the likeness too?"

"Helen would not remember Tiny so well as I do. I am much older than both my sisters. But even Helen noticed the likeness when I pointed it out, only she thought it was a coincidence. It gave me quite a shock when the child came across the lawn and held out her hand, and smiled at me. All in a flash Tiny came before me, just as I remember her on our lawn in the old house."

"But what connection could Sir Giles Tredman's ward have with your sister?" Rosa questioned, her busy brain striving to unravel the puzzle presented to it. "Surely Sir Giles must know everything about little Sylvia's antecedents? She is probably the child of some relation of his own."

"Helen has never heard any particulars about her. She says Sir Giles only said Sylvia was his ward, and that he had sole charge of her."

"Did you ever know whether your sister had any children?" Rosa asked, one conjecture after another chasing itself across her brain.

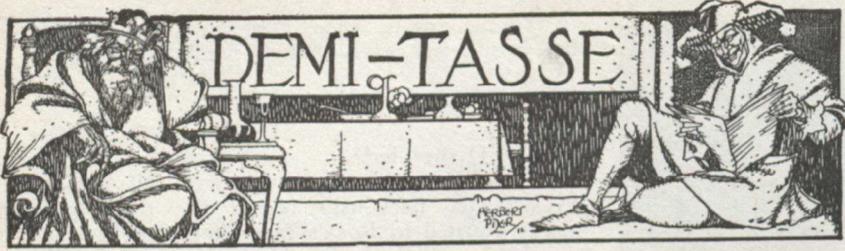
"We never knew anything about her after she went away, never anything at all. She was staying with friends in London when she met the man who made her leave us. When she came home we noticed that she was not like herself. By turns she seemed wild with joy, and miserably unhappy, and then one afternoon when Helen and I came back from paying some visits, we found a note from her to say she had gone away to join the man she loved. Miss Marion's voice broke in a sob.

"But you knew the man's name?"

"He was not English, at least I think not." Rosa suddenly sat upright, and listened with close attention. "Tiny told us of a foreign gentleman she had met. She said he was a Pole, but his name seemed more German than Polish—it was Schmidt." "A foreigner?" Rosa repeated, paying no heed to the latter part of her companion's sentence, "and your sister went abroad with him?"

"We think so. Just for a little while we had

(Continued on page 27.)



Courierettes.

SCHOOLS are open again and parents are now having a vacation.

How to meet the high cost of living: Have yourself chosen Premier of Canada and so qualify for a lot of banquets.

Cable rates are to be reduced, and some people are chuckling, but the average householder would chuckle a lot more if the price of coal were to go down.

The Montreal melon crop is reported to be a failure. That news refers to melons that grow on vines.

French poets are to form a union. Good news! We welcome any movement to reduce the poet's hours of labour and to regulate the output of poetry.

A Canadian has been granted a patent for a separable umbrella. A patent and a tablet in the hall of fame await the inventor of an umbrella that will be inseparable—from its owner.

Now they have a fraud-proof taximeter for taxicabs. It's getting harder every day to make a bit of money on the side.

A Child's Worry.—It was on a crowded Toronto street car, returning from the Exhibition.

A lad of five years lay in his father's arms, tired and almost asleep. He was thinking of the wonderful sights he has seen—the horses, the soldiers, the elephants, the chariot races, the siege of Delhi, and finally the \$2,000 worth of fireworks that ended the night of juvenile joy.

Suddenly his eyes brightened and he raised his head, a look almost of fear on his face.

"Daddy," he exclaimed excitedly, "when all those fireworks go off up in the sky, do they burn God?"

A Puzzler.—President Frost, of the Hamilton Board of Trade, who, by the way, is a good Methodist, delights to tell a story of a certain Methodist family, friends of his, who occasionally played a game of cards.

There was a seven-year-old daughter in the house who had obtained a rather meagre knowledge of the cards, just about enough to remember a few of the names.

One day she came home and asked why people sang "God Save the King" at public meetings. Her mother tried to explain.

"But why don't they sing 'God Save the Queen,' too?"

"They do when a king dies and the queen rules," said her mother.

"Then what will they do when the Jack dies?" was the next question.

Has to be a "Quitter."

ERE he became a benedict, He argued all along That married life would surely be One grand, sweet, golden song.

He married. He is not allowed Old habits to maintain— He finds that wedded bliss is just One solemn, sad, "refrain."

Conversational Aviation.—Did you ever take part in a conversation that rose to a high plane of thought only to be brought suddenly to earth by a commonplace remark? That was the experience of Professor Woodrow Wilson, Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States. The professor has spent considerable

of his spare time at the artists' colony at Old Lyme, Conn. One Sunday morning, on the verandah of the artists' house—the Holy House it is called—he was chatting with Thomas Perkins of Hartford, Judge Huntington and four of the artists—W. S. Robinson, Frank Bicknell, Frederick Ramsdell and Arthur Heming. During the conversation, Mr. Perkins drew the professor out on religion. All became greatly interested in what the possible president said, and the ensuing discussion also was on quite a lofty plane. But suddenly their thoughts returned to quite ordinary matters when Mrs. Wilson, who was getting ready for church, leaned over the balcony and called down, "Woodrow, where did you put the shoe blacking?"

Easily Fixed.—They were talking about a man who is noted for his gruffness of manner, but who has a kind disposition.

"He is a little surly at times but his heart is in the right place," said Brown. "Well, if it weren't," said Jones, "modern surgery would soon fix it for him."

Was This Your Case?—It's often the little things that give us feelings of great joy. There are not many happier moments than when a man discovers, at the



"Willie, have you been fighting again?" "No, ma. I just met a squad of boy scouts, and they've been showin' me the first-aid-to-the-injured drill."

time for discarding his straw hat, that the stiff one he put away at the commencement of summer is still wearable.

A Hard Worker.—"Your work seems to keep you very busy," said a friend to the man who had started up a little business.

"Yes," was the reply. "This is a 'one-horse' shop, and I'm the horse."

Spoiling the Fun.—In a Montreal home a few days ago the talk turned to the various pleasures of summer.

"Did you ever go on a fishing trip?" a young man was asked.

"Yes," he said.

"How do you like such trips?" was the next question.

"Oh, I'd like them all right," he answered, "but the trouble is that on every one of those trips some silly fool wants to fish."

The Eternal Question.—The candidate was just ending his laboured oration, and the audience did not seem to

be enthused. Thinking to enliven the meeting, he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, is there any person in the audience who has a question to ask?"

Silence. Then from a boy in the front row:

"Say, mister, got any cigarette cards?"

To Town or Show?—Here's an ad. from the Toronto Telegram:

"Moving picture theatre, cheap for cash. In a good town, ten cents admission."

Up-to-Date Nursery Rhymes.

TOM, Tom the piper's son, Stole a pig and away he run; He found the brute was such good loot That now he's wealthy beyond dispute.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating his Christmas pie; He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And said, "Doesn't this stuff come high!"

Higgeldy, piggeldy, my black hen; She lays eggs for very rich men.

"Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any wool?"

"Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full; If you should get them and sell them it's plain You'd have so much money 'twould drive you insane."

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet, Eating some curds and whey.

A friend said, "You surely are fed rather poorly?"

She said, "No, I'm lucky to-day." —W. A. C.

Optimistic Dr. Orr.—Dr. J. O. Orr, the "human dynamo" of the Canadian National Exhibition, is a confirmed optimist. You can't shake his confidence in himself and the future. He hates pessimism and pessimists.

On the first Saturday of the Exhibition this year it rained hard all morning. The grounds were almost deserted. The skies were dark and threatening.

Dr. Orr was gazing hopefully at the gloomy sky, searching for a break in the heavy clouds, when George H. Gooderham, a past president of the Exhibition, came along. Knowing well the manager's disposition, he thought to take a "rise" out of him.

"Might as well send your ticket-takers away and lock up your gates, Doc," sang out Mr. Gooderham. "Nothing doing to-day."

Instantly the Doctor was roused.

"You get to the dickens out of here, you confounded croaker," he replied. "It's going to clear up by noon."

It did clear up by noon, and the biggest crowd of the week poured through the gates during the afternoon.

Col. Clark's Comment.—Col. Hugh Clark, M.P., has a reputation as a wit, and his observations in his Kincardine paper are always interesting.

Recently at a press luncheon he was referring to the Globe staff's gift of an umbrella to that paper's business manager, J. F. McKay, when he left for a European trip. "It was just a gentle way of hinting to him to put up or shut up," commented Col. Clark.

The Joke on Father.—William had just returned from college, resplendent in loud-checked trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library, where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a silly fool!"

Later the old major who lived next door came in, and greeted the boy heartily.

"William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty-five years ago, when he came back from school."

"Yes," said William, with a smile. "So father was just telling me."



"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Skinner's Satin

36 inches wide.

Is guaranteed to wear two seasons.

Following are a few of the stores at which the women of Canada can obtain this incomparable satin:

- Mahon Bros. Ltd., Halifax, N. S.
A. O'Connor Co. (Birmingham), Halifax, N. S.
W. D. Ross, Yarmouth, N. S.
Etter & Pugsley, Ltd., Amherst, N. S.
Peter McSweeney Co., Ltd., Moncton, N. B.
Macaulay Bros. & Co., St. John, N. B.
Fred B. Edgecombe Co., Ltd., Fredericton, N. B.
Paquet Co., Ltd., Quebec, Que.
Marceau & Co., St. John, N. B.
P. Simard & Co., Ltd., "
W. H. Scroggie Ltd., Montreal "
James A. Ogilvy & Sons, "
The Hamilton Co., "
Goodwins Ltd., "
Bryson, Graham Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.
Chas. Ogilvy Ltd., "
Murphy, Gamble Ltd., "
Brault & Macdonald, Cornwall, Ont.
Robt. Wright & Co., Brockville "
John Laidlaw & Son, King-ton, "
Stacey & Steacy, "
Ritchie Co., Ltd., Belleville, "
Murray-Kay Ltd., Toronto, "
Robt. Simpson Co., Ltd., "
R. McKay & Co., Hamilton, "
Thos. C. Watkins Ltd., "
Finch Bros., "
Stanley Mills Co., Ltd., "
G.W. Robinson Co., Ltd., "
James D. Tall Co., Ltd., "
St. Catharines, "
E. B. Crompton & Co., Brantford, "
D. E. Macdonald & Bros., Guelph, "
Duncan Ferguson Co., Ltd., Stratford, "
John White Co., Ltd., Woodstock "
Smallman & Ingram, Ltd., London, "
J. Mickleborough, Ltd., "
St. Thomas, "
W. Foreman & Co., Chatham, "
J. M. Begg & Co., Sault Ste. Marie, "
Thompson Ltd., "
Doig & Robertson, Brandon, Man.
Marchants Ltd., "
Nation & Shevan, Ltd., "
T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, "
Hudson's Bay Co., "
Robinson & Co., Ltd., "
Herbert Snell, Ltd., Moose Jaw, Sask.
Regina Trading Co., Ltd., Regina, "
R. H. Williams & Sons, Ltd., "
John Elliott, Saskatoon, "
Ash McGowan Co., "
J. F. Cairns, "
Glanville's Ltd., Calgary, Alta.
Hudson's Bay Co., "
Pryce-Jones Ltd., "
Robinson & Co., "
Hudson's Bay Co., Edmonton, "
J. H. Morris & Co., "
The Acme Co., Ltd., "
James Ramsay, Ltd., "
The Bentley Co., Ltd., Lethbridge, "
Clarke & Co., "
Hudson's Bay Co., "
The Simpson Co., Ltd., "
"Glasgow House," Medicine Hat "
W. S. Collister & Co., New Westminster, B. C.
Gordon Drysdale, Ltd., Vancouver, "
Hudson's Bay Co., "
David Spencer, Ltd., "
Jas. Stark & Sons, Ltd., "
Gordons Ltd., Victoria, "
David Spencer Ltd., "

Always look for the name "Skinner's Satin" woven in the selvage.

William Skinner & Sons Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St. New York City

New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

The Satin Lining in this garment is Skinner's Satin AND IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR TWO SEASONS MANUFACTURED BY William Skinner & Sons.

This label is furnished, when desired, to makers of ready-made garments for the protection of their customers.

## Visions of Wealth

By W. T. ALLISON

ON the desk of a prominent lawyer of Edmonton sits a black bottle. It is filled with asphalt pitch which was brought down from the Fort McMurray region, which lies on the borders of the Peace River country. The lawyer is the solicitor of a company that took up a large section of the asphalt land where the sticky black tar exudes from the soil and where gas gushes with a roaring noise from the bowels of the earth.

When the company floated its stock and invited the public to share in the joy of their discovery of a future rival of Lake Trinidad, the lawyer simply stirred up the contents of this bottle with his paper knife and callers gladly subscribed for stock. Other enterprising directors of the company had enough asphalt brought down the three hundred miles to pave two squares in the city of Edmonton, to show the citizens that the north land held a great source of wealth which they were at liberty to share.

For fourteen years Edmontonians have known that the Fort McMurray district would offer prizes to the syndicate which would send forth prospectors, for in 1898 the Pelican Gas Gusher was discovered. When the gas men attempted to control it, so great was its roaring force that it blew the machinery into the air. Then somehow or other, it was set on fire and it has been blazing ever since.

Reports of that country led to the formation of a company who determined to send two of their number to prospect, a young lawyer, a graduate of Toronto University, and a man who worked as a teamster, but who was worth close on to half a million. Their object was to locate asphalt claims. It was a miserable trip, for it rained day after day and they had neither slickers nor mackintoshes. Night after night they had to sleep in wet blankets, and the Peace River mosquitoes, which are inordinately large and unbelievably savage, gave them no peace either by day or by night. The Varsity man declared, "I tell you they would crawl underground into our blankets!"

But they came at long last in sight of the promised land, the asphalt beds of the north, where the black substance is in many places 178 feet deep. They staked a gigantic claim, but the young lawyer declared to his companion that he would sell out all his interest in the region for a good square meal. On his way back to Edmonton he sprained his ankle, and both the adventurers reached home in a ragged and deplorable condition, but they had accomplished their purpose, and no one can tell what wealth the future years will bring to them, and the other original promoters of their journey, when the cities of Canada are using the tar of the Peace River country instead of bringing it all the way from South America.

WHERE there is tar there must be petroleum. So reasoned some Vancouver capitalists, and they have recently had an oil expert investigating the possibilities of the Fort McMurray region. This person, a Col. Finn, took the necessary machinery with him and located wells near the Athabasca River. When he came back to Edmonton, he reported that in his opinion the country round Fort McMurray is destined to become the greatest oil field in North America. In all his experience in Oklahoma, Texas, California and Ontario, he had never seen anything to equal it. In gas, coal, iron, mineral paint and gypsum the same district has immense resources.

All these tales of the natural resources of the north country have kindled in the breasts of Edmontonians a lively hope that the Peace River country is of immense significance to the future interests of their city. What they want is a railway to be built at once to tap this region. The Canadian Northern has finished its line to Athabasca Landing, but it does not go far enough north to bring down the asphalt and oil and coal and iron from the Fort McMurray region. Until the railroad is put into the country, capitalists will be chary about taking up claims, for owing to the present conservation policy of the Dominion Government, syndicates holding a claim must do development work to the extent of \$1,000 each year.

As it is impossible to ship out the product of such labour, it can be easily

# "Old Man, here's the grandest tobacco I ever did smoke!"

*It can't bite your tongue!*



Get out your pipe, fill it brimful of Prince Albert and light up! It's the bulliest smoke you ever drew into your mouth. No other pipe or cigarette tobacco classes with it.

Prince Albert wouldn't bite your tongue if it could. But it can't, because it's produced by a patent process that eliminates the bite and the bitterness from tobacco.



It's simply a delight to every man who's fond of a pipe.

If your tongue has been "broiled," and you are pipe-shy, take our word for it and try a tin of Prince Albert.

You with the most sensitive tongue smoke Prince Albert "red hot"; test it every way you know, fair and unfair, it will prove true!

Makers of Prince Albert spent three years and a fortune perfecting the process that cuts out the "sting."

Would you invest in a tin and know Prince Albert as we know it? We just want to see how happy a real pipe smoke can make you!

Prince Albert is not yet carried by all Canadian stores.

If your dealer does not sell it, tell him he can now get P. A. from his jobber.

*Prince Albert is sold in tidy two-ounce tins, handy for pockets.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.



In lumber wagons you can't find riding comfort—because they are heavy. The light carriage of yesterday was devised for ease. And the automobile of to-day—and to-morrow—is the light, strong, economical and perfectly balanced Ford.

75,000 Ford cars already sold this season—one-third of America's product. Four different bodies—all built on the one Ford chassis—five-passenger touring car—torpedo run-about—delivery car and town car. Get catalogue from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Can.

**PATENT YOUR IDEAS**  
 \$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.  
 Patent Obtained or Fee Returned  
**CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys**  
 Established 16 Years  
 1016F Street, Washington, D. C.

**What is YOUR Brain Worth?**  
 Knowledge is earning power. The greater your knowledge, the greater your earning power. If yours is not a trained brain, it is not worth much in the present day labor market. But Canada offers a wonderful opportunity to the man or woman with the trained brain—the man or woman who has the expert knowledge required in our different industries.  
 "The Shaw Way is the Sure Way" to get this knowledge. We will provide you with this in your own home and in your spare time. Hundreds of successful students prove that we can qualify YOU for a better position, better earnings and success. If you really want to earn more, to make your brain worth more, write to-day. Initiative is the first essential to success. Act NOW.  
 Shaw Correspondence Schools  
 399 Yonge St.  
 Toronto, Can.  
**ACT NOW**

We own and offer the unsold balance of

**\$1,200,000 One-Year Notes**

OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF

**POINT GREY, B.C.**

A S U B U R B O F V A N C O U V E R

Interest coupons payable 1st March and 1st September at the Bank of Montreal, in Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, New York City and London, Eng.

**Denominations \$100 to \$5,000**

Price to yield 5½%

**POINT GREY FINANCIAL STATEMENT**

Assessed value for taxation.....	\$35,575,000
(Exemptions not included above)	
General debenture debt.....	\$3,399,000
(Including treasury bonds)	
Waterworks.....	1,076,000
Net debt.....	\$2,323,000

**FEATURES OF THE ISSUE**

Included in the general debenture debt of \$3,399,000 are \$1,350,000 long term Bonds, which the municipality is holding in its treasury. The present issue of short term notes is made to avoid disposing of these Bonds in the present unfavorable market for long-term securities.

Point Grey immediately adjoins the present city limits of the City of Vancouver on the south and west, and has a population of 8,000 and an area of 12,000 acres—twice the area of the city of Vancouver proper.

Vancouver is rapidly outgrowing its present limits and the question of annexation is being discussed seriously.

Point Grey is regarded as the choicest residential section in "Greater Vancouver," and includes "Shaughnessy Heights," an exceptionally desirable residential section, recently opened by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Point Grey has been decided upon as the location for the new Provincial University of British Columbia.

We recommend these Notes as a high-yield municipal security and point out that, in addition to being a first charge against the municipality, they are additionally secured by the \$1,350,000 Treasury Bonds.

Further Details on Request

**Dominion Bond Company, Limited**

Toronto Montreal Vancouver London, Eng.

surmised that only a very strong aggregation of capital can go to the expense of carrying on such a costly waiting policy. I fancy, however, that the syndicates that are able to do so will reap a thousandfold reward in a few years.

**Mr. Dooley on Publicity**

(Ottawa Free Press.)

"O I see they're not goin' t' advertise Ottawa an-ny more," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' Pooblicity Bureau has decided t' cut it out."

Mr. Hennessey did not evince any particular interest in the remark. He continued his attitude of contemplation, occasionally blowing the smoke through the bowl of his pipe.

"Yis," continued Mr. Dooley, "ther'll be no more av these beautiful pictur's av th' Chateau an' th' incinerator in th' magazines, n'r an-ny more av th' flowin' language describin' th' beauties av Ottawa t' ignorant people ivvrywhere. 'More power th'n Niagary at half th' cost,' they says. 'Cheap la-abor, an' houses at tin dollars a month,' says they. 'A combination av advantages greater th'n an-ny other city in Canada.' Now it's all over, an' Ottawa will be only a recollection t' th' American people."

"But did th' people not reply t' th' advertisin'?" asked Mr. Hennessey. "An' hev' they not brought facthry after facthry here?"

"They did reply," said Mr. Dooley. "Ther' was hundreds an' hundreds av letters received. Here's wan fr'm Dinnis McEvay av Bad Axe, Ioway. 'Oi've been seein' yer advertisin',' he says, 'an' Oi want t' come t' yer city,' says he, 't' manufacture wind springs fer flyin' machines. If ye'll sell me twinty-sivin acres av land for twinty-sivin dollars an acre an' lind me twinty-sivin thousand dollars, Oi'll build a facthry inside av twinty-sivin years. Oi hev' twinty-sivin cints myself,' says he. Lulu Mahoney, av Mosquitoville, New Jersey, writes: 'Havin' seen yer ad in Funsey's. Oi'm workin' in a ribbon depa-artment,' says she. 'Me ambition has always been t' marry a millionaire. Oi hear y' hev' thirty-two av thim in Ottawa. Pick me out wan an' Oi'll come t' yer city t' live,' says she. 'Sind me some pictur' postcards with pictur's av yer city,' says another."

"But wher' are th' facthries?" asked Mr. Hennessey, incredulously. "Oi understand th't befur' th' Pooblicity Depa-artment stharterd ther' was a new facthry ivvry thirty days in Ottawa."

"Ther' was," answered Mr. Dooley, "but they wer' not Pooblicity Bureau facthries. They wer' only ordinary facthries' th't didn't want an-nything fr'm th' city, so ye can't count thim. Now, ye see, we'll go on getting these ordinary facthries th' same as befur', but we'll not hev' th' pleasant an' interestin' letters fr'm all pa-arts av th' United States to our Pooblicity Bureau."

"What's a Pooblicity Bureau for, an-nyway?" demanded Mr. Hennessey.

"A Pooblicity Bureau is a kind av a cupboard up in th' city hall wher' they lock th' pooblicity commissioner t' keep him fr'm makin' a noise," asserted Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Hennessey plainly saw that the drinks were on him. As the barkeeper clinked the glasses suggestively, he nodded an order for another round of "the same."

**Baseball Records**

THE baseball season is almost over. Two of the leagues in which Canadian cities are represented have finished their schedules for 1912.

In the Canadian League, composed entirely of Ontario city teams, the standing at the close was:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Ottawa .....	63	35	.643
Brantford .....	54	44	.551
Hamilton .....	51	46	.526
London .....	48	49	.495
St. Thomas ....	48	52	.480
Berlin .....	42	50	.457
Guelph .....	39	51	.433
Peterboro' .....	40	58	.409

In the Central International League, which comprises Winnipeg and three United States cities, Winnipeg finished last. The results were:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Duluth .....	57	40	.588
Superior .....	50	53	.485
Grand Forks ....	50	55	.476
Winnipeg .....	50	59	.459



"Famous for Flavor"

**WHITE LABEL ALE**

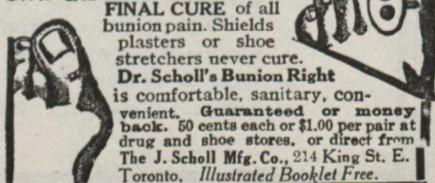
Still retains the delicious flavor that has kept it ahead for over a quarter century.

Get it at hotels and dealers.

Dominion Brewery Company, Limited, Toronto

**Cure that Bunion**

No need to suffer bunion torture another day. DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a



FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The J. Scholl Mfg. Co., 214 King St. E. Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.

Investment Series Talk No. 2

### The Functions of an Investment House

constitute just as sacred a trust as do the functions of lawyer or physician.

Their relations with a client must be advisory—but advisory only from the standpoint of statistical information—never from guesswork. In other words, they should warn the client against bad investments, but never advocate an investment in the stocks or bonds of any enterprise of whose past record and present condition they are not fully informed.

Be certain that the house you intrust with your investments is well informed.

#### Our Security Reports

are sent from time to time, as issued, to our clients and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities dealt in on all markets. May we not put your name on this list? It will obligate you to nothing and will give you much valuable information.

**F. H. Deacon & Co.**  
Members Toronto Stock Exchange  
Investments  
97 Bay St. Toronto, Canada

F. H. DEACON J. C. FRASER

## THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

With which is united

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ..... \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up ..... \$11,500,000  
Reserve Funds ..... \$12,500,000  
Total Assets ..... \$175,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER  
290 Branches in CANADA and NEW-FOUNDLAND; 28 Branches in CUBA, PORTO RICO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC and BRITISH WEST INDIES.

LONDON, ENG.  
Princess St., E.C.

NEW YORK, COR.  
William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches

## Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

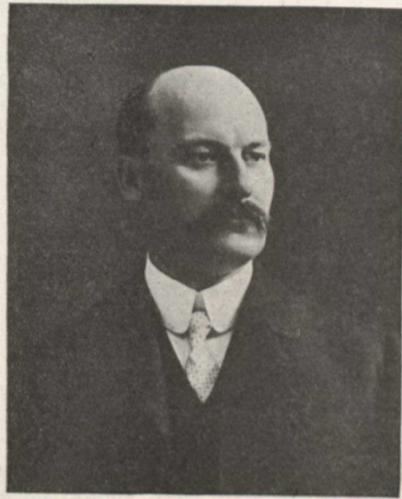
Paris Office

50 Rue De Provence

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## A Montrealer on the Coast.

MR. GEORGE F. JOHNSTON, of Johnston, McConnel and Allison, blew into Montreal the other night after extensive wanderings in British Columbia. The Montreal house of which he is a prominent member have several interests on the Pacific Coast. It was these that he went out to inspect.



MR. G. F. JOHNSTON, MONTREAL  
President British Columbia Lumber Corporation.

For instance, the British Columbia Lumber Corporation had need of President Johnston's presence. It has growing pains. Recently this company opened up the largest mill operated by electricity on the American continent. On the auspicious occasion of its inauguration Mr. Johnston presided. The British Columbia Lumber Corporation's new mill can cut 250,000 feet of lumber in a ten-hour day. This is with the present facilities. But when it is in full swing the cut will be doubled.

Mr. Johnston made a favourable report on the lumber industry in the extreme West. Wholesalers are getting a dollar per thousand more than they were several months ago.

## Toronto Railway Report

THE Toronto Railway Company report, just out, is of interest. Toronto Rails is one of the leading Canadian stocks. In the early summer, its activity helped relieve a rather dull season on the market. This summer, for

a while, there was a bull movement in the stock and some excitement over a possible melon for the shareholders. The earnings of the company show a most prosperous record for another year of the regime of Mr. R. J. Fleming as manager.

Receipts totalled \$5,176,170.87, an increase of over half a million over last year. More than one hundred million tickets were sold.

## When the Holder Grows Tired.

CITY lots in the West are sold over and over again. You buy a lot, pay taxes for a while, get tired and quit. Then the municipality puts them up for sale, the real estate man buys them cheap, and the fun begins all over again. Here is a sample advertisement from the Winnipeg *Telegram* of a hundred or so lots in a Winnipeg suburb:

## NOTICE

Rural Municipality of St. Vital--Sale of Lands for Arrears of Taxes

By virtue of a warrant issued by the reeve of the Rural Municipality of St. Vital, in the Province of Manitoba, under his hand and the corporate seal of the said Municipality of St. Vital, to me directed, and bearing date the twentieth day of August, A.D. 1912, commanding me to levy on the several parcels of land hereinafter mentioned and described, for the arrears of taxes due thereon, with costs, I do hereby give notice that unless the said arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid I will, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of September, A.D. 1912, at the council chamber, at the Municipal Hall, on St. Mary's Road, St. Vital, in the said municipality, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, proceed to sell by public auction the said lands for arrears of taxes and costs.

## On and Off the Exchange.

### A Deal in Elevators.

R. B. BENNETT, of Calgary, and Sir Max Aitken have just been in a big deal by which they have secured control of eighty elevators with a total storage capacity of three million bushels, one of the elevators, a terminal of the Globe Elevator Co., Limited, Calgary. And it alone can accommodate 400,000 bushels of grain.

The properties were secured from Berseker, Davidson and Strong, and comprise the elevators of the Alberta Pacific Elevator Co.; the West Coast Grain Co., Ltd., and the terminals of the Globe Elevator Co.

### The Bank Fight.

AN unfortunate affair is the trouble in the directorate of the baby Banque Internationale. This institution, which has not been open very long, stands in a peculiar position among Canadian banks. It does business in Canada, but most of the stock is owned in France. The President is Sir Rodolphe Forget, Quebec. Of the shareholders, 285 are Canadians, 195 foreigners. The bank operates 12 branches.

The misunderstanding which has arisen is due to rivalry for supremacy between the French and Canadian interests. At the annual meeting, the other day, the French shareholders were represented by proxies prepared to name a directorate which would oust Forget control. But Sir Rodolphe objected to the qualifications of the proxies and they were ruled out. The result is that no French directors were elected at all, though the money in the bank has Paris as its source.

The whole episode is regrettable if for no other reason than that the

## Municipal Debentures

Write us for full particulars of High Grade Issues, at attractive prices.

## Wood, Gundy & Co.

6 King St. W., Toronto

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,  
Chief Toronto Agents.

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

## Brokers And Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

## THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.  
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.  
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00  
Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.

Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

## PELLATT & PELLATT

Members  
Toronto  
Stock  
Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building  
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS  
also COBALT STOCKS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD  
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.



**Going Sailing?**

The Pleasure of your Yacht Cruise or Motor Boat trip will be a hundred-fold enhanced if you have a supply of

**STERLING CHILL-PROOF ALE**

the new, light, palatable, nourishing Reinhardt Brew. Keep it as cool as possible—its finer qualities are brought out when served cold. See how clear it opens up—how free from sediment—how soothing to the thirsty throat.

"STERLING" Ale is absolutely Germ Proof—Every bottle is sterilized in four-compartment soaker—and selected malt and hops and the purest sterilized water alone are used in the brewing. Brewed and bottled in the most sanitary and up-to-date plant in Canada, by

**REINHARDTS' OF TORONTO**  
INSPECTION INVITED N15

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. .... President.  
ALEXANDER LAIRD ..... General Manager.  
JOHN AIRD ..... Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

**Remitting Money To Foreign Countries**

All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.).

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

**THE STEEL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED**

**PIG IRON BAR IRON BAR STEEL**  
**RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT**  
Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

squabble may prejudice French investments in Canada. Sir Rodolphe has won a nominal victory, but the French are going to push their claims to the limit in the courts. Their latest move was to apply for and win a writ of *quo warranto*, compelling the Forget directorate to show why it occupies its position.

Such an unsettled management cannot have a good effect on the development of the young bank, which must fight its way against old, settled, and established institutions.

\*\*\*

**First in the Market.**

IN business circles, the wheat crop is the one topic of conversation. Bankers are keeping their eyes on their call loans in New York and making plans to finance the harvest. Brokers threatened with money stringency are keeping on the safe side of the market, and advising their clients against hasty speculation. Merchants are computing how much money the people will have to spend after the 1912 harvest is on the freighters for Liverpool. The little brown food berry has the whole nation interested.

A recent table prepared by the Liverpool *Corn Trade News* would show that we have a better basis than a materialistic one for being interested in No. 1 Hard. Our wheat is boosting our position abroad at a terrific rate. Note the table which gives the export figures of the world's principal wheat-producing countries in the past three years to July 27, 1912:

	1911-12.	1910-11.	1909-10.
	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.
U. S. A. ....	9,350,000	9,000,000	10,600,000
Canada .....	14,000,000	7,800,000	8,570,000
Russia .....	9,773,000	27,970,000	27,800,000
Balkan States .....	9,571,000	10,900,000	4,900,000
India .....	6,870,000	6,920,000	4,104,000
Argentina .....	11,728,000	11,600,000	7,348,000
Australasia .....	6,550,000	7,460,000	5,864,000
Minor Countries .....	1,501,000	940,000	1,400,000
Total .....	69,353,000	82,590,000	70,586,000

The fact that our wheat has outdistanced all of the older nations of the world in the past year, should be at least a matter of sentimental rejoicing to every Canadian though he may not have made a dollar out of it himself.

\*\*\*

**A Barometer of Prosperity.**

IF bank clearings are any indication of the country's prosperity—well, look over the returns for August; total \$746,165,082 as compared with \$599,129,324 last August. Not a city in the twenty which make up the list but showed advances.

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**More Bank Branches.**

BRADSTREETS are quite eulogistic at the way our banks are progressing. They instance that in July twenty-six new branches were opened; six closed. That is going some. Up to July 31st there were 2,718 branches of the chartered banks in Canada, distributed as follows: Ontario, 1,068; Quebec, 440; Nova Scotia, 111; New Brunswick, 74; Prince Edward Island, 14; Manitoba, 195; Alberta, 241; Saskatchewan, 349; British Columbia, 223; and in the Yukon, 3.

A merit of the branch system which we are fond of pointing out to foreigners is its adaptability to the needs of the country by piercing every part of it. By the extension of branches banking facilities keep pace with the development of the country. The opening of twenty-six new branches in one month is evidence of consistent prosperity throughout the Dominion.

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**Barking at Dead Dogs.**

IT looks as if Sir Thomas Shaughnessy had the laugh on newspaper advisers and critics of the C. P. R. Ever since the new stock issue was announced, pen men all over the country have been commenting on the prosperous condition of the company and warning it not to become proud, haughty and indifferent to the public in its prosperity. There is one counsel in particular which certain scribes have handed out. They have taken pains to remind the company that if it would continue to find favour with the public it should submit its rate fixations to the Dominion Railway Commission. The journalistic advisers of this course took care to point out that the C. P. R. did not legally have to do anything of the kind. A clause in their charter rendered them immune from parliamentary interference until their dividend rate was 10 per cent. C. P. R. pays now 7 per cent. "But look at the bonuses to shareholders and the price of your stock," cried the newspapers. "What an excellent stroke of policy for the C. P. R. to magnanimously and voluntarily forego its legal right and condescend to come under the ruling of D. R. C.! Ah, the moral effect on the public of such a policy!"

Sir Thomas must often have smiled to himself at breakfast as he read these sentiments in his morning paper. Evidently, at Winnipeg, he could contain himself no longer, for he gave an interview. Sir Thomas states that the clause referred to by the journalists had nothing to do with dividends, but with earnings. It did not matter as to the power of the D. R. C. whether the company was paying 5 per cent. dividends or 20 per cent. But the D. R. C. took hold when the company earned 10 per cent. "And," said Sir Thomas, "for a long time we have not pleaded that we have not earned 10 per cent. The ten per cent. clause was swamped and buried by the growth of the company's earnings and it could not be pleaded now even if the company desired to do so."

What is more, Sir Thomas claimed that the tolls and rates of the C. P. R. are dealt with by the Commission in exactly the same way as the other roads of Canada.

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**Unique Undertaking.**

THE Dominion Bond Company, of Toronto, has undertaken a contract which is rather unique. This house has been looking over the municipal investment field in British Columbia with the result that it has purchased the whole block of \$1,200,000 one-year notes of Point Grey. It is not usual for one company to absorb the securities of a city in this fashion; thus the ambitious action of the company is of interest. The stuff will be offered to the public to yield 5½ per cent.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## Fishing on the Rideau.

THE rather peculiar weather of this summer has been worrying farmers and furrowing the brows of business men. It has had an annoying effect on tourists, who have been quite peeved in Muskoka and other places because they often have been forced to spend their vacations on the hotel verandah, watching the rain fall. The summer girl is not in sweetest temper this year because the elements seem to have conspired against her new light frocks. But her disappointment is not in it with that of the amateur fisherman—the chap who hikes away to quiet pools filled with the desire for angling feats that he may startle and awe with their rehearsal friends back in town who may drop in for a talk re vacation days on the long, cool nights of autumn.

A cold, wet season is not at all favourable to Walton experiments with the finny tribe. But, of course, there is such a thing as fisherman's luck. Every fisherman in Canada this summer has not shed dewy tears into the streamlet as in vain he watched, waited and watched. Some anglers have done remarkably well. There are few signs of dejection in the camp pictured on this page.

With it the situation may have had

### FISHING ON THE RIDEAU LAKES.



These Anglers, using casting rods and floating minnows, have just landed a Six Pound, Large Mouth, Black Bass.

something to do. This camp was snapped in the Rideau Lake region near Perth, one of the most promising fishing grounds in Canada. Three kinds of fish have the Rideau Lakes as their habitat—Large Mouth Black Bass, Lake Salmon and Pike. Bass fishing on the Rideau is largely done with the casting rod and minnow. The hook and line methods of the "still" fishers of Muskoka and other regions are not in much vogue in this modern fishing paradise.

## Treasure Ships.

CANADIANS in the extreme east of Canada have little realization of the trade ports like Victoria do with the yellow men of Japan and China. Silk and tea comprise a considerable portion of the cargoes which come to Canada across the Pacific. Recently several ships arrived at Victoria with cargoes so rich that they reminded one forcibly of the galleons and treasure of Spain in its heyday.

For instance one of these boats, the Titan, had 3,000 bales of silk in her strongroom worth \$1,500,000. Another large boat had \$1,350,000 worth of silk on board. The Titan, in addition to consignments of silk, had stored 19,406 cases of tea for consumers of that beverage on the Pacific Coast.

## Queen's County Coal.

AT the present moment considerable activity is being manifested in the Queen's County district of New Brunswick, where several coal mines are being developed. The railways are helping a lot to boom the region. The C. P. R. has contracted to take one hundred thousand tons of coal annually out of Queen's County, and the I. C. R. twenty thousand. It is estimated that the

Queen's County coal beds contain between one hundred and one hundred and fifty million tons of the black fuel.

## Exterminating Rats.

WINNIPEG has just issued a printed pamphlet discussing ways and means of combatting rats. The methods suggested are highly scientific—too scientific.

Vancouver believes in dealing with rats summarily. Lately the B. C. city engaged a man called Olsen, who calls himself professor, and artist in handling rats. Olsen gets five cents for every rat's tail he hands the city hall. Some weeks he has made \$25, to earn which he decreases the rodent population of Vancouver by 5,000.

## Maritime Pressmen Meet.

NEW GLASGOW was the scene of an important gathering last week, when the Maritime Press Association held its annual convention there. The chief editors of the newspapers of the Lower Provinces came and discussed affairs of the newspaper world.

At a meeting the following officers were elected to conduct the affairs of the Association: J. T. Hawke, President; Mr. Fraser, New Glasgow; J. P.

Malaney, Woodstock; R. R. Cotton, Charlottetown, Vice-Presidents; D. F. McLean, Port Hood, Secretary; Mrs. P. M. Fielding, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Stairs, New Glasgow, Auditor; and Mr. Stewart, Chatham; Mr. Coffin, Truro; J. C. Keating, Moncton; Mr. Cox, of Middleton, and Mr. Donovan, Antigonish, as Executive Committee.

## A Prize Poem.

THE Halifax Canadian Club offered a prize of one hundred dollars for a poem to mark the dedication of the Memorial Tower in that city.

At the ceremonies in connection with the Tower it will be remembered the Duke of Connaught was present.

A minister won. He is Rev. A. L. Fraser, of Great Village, Nova Scotia. This is his sonnet:

Freedom doth greet this Royal throng to-day,  
In these elysian haunts—largess of one  
Whom time has amply proved Britannia's son;  
And when by age or love or ease shall stay  
In years unborn, this pillar to survey,  
Its walls will tell not of war's stunning shock,  
But how long since kind liberty did rock  
Her cradle by this old Atlantic bay;  
And if far scattered children turn their feet  
To where their fathers' earliest hearth did blaze  
And bathe the very stones in tears, 'tis meet  
That we of British blood this pile should raise,  
Where first a daughter of our ancient throne  
Did sit beside a fireside of her own.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President.  
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager.

Z. A. LASH, K.C., } Vice-Presidents.  
E. R. WOOD, }

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OF  
Canadian Courier, October 12th.

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**The Scrap Book**

**Lengthy Stock in Trade.**—The late Will McConnell, an advance agent and a Broadway character of much renown, was standing in the baggage room of a railroad station in company with Mel Stoltz, another advance agent. They were waiting to have their trunks checked. Presently a baggage handler passed, pushing a sample trunk, which, according to Stoltz, was about nine feet long and about two feet wide.

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated Stoltz, "what do you suppose the owner of that trunk sells?"

"I don't know," said McConnell, "but from the shape of that package I'd say bowling alleys."—Kansas City Times.

**The Awakening.**—"You're looking mighty sour; what's the matter? Honeymoon over?"

"I guess so."  
"How'd that happen?"  
"Oh, we were drifting along down life's enchanted stream, like the poet tells about, and just as I was thinking I should like to drift on and on with her forever she up and told me that she had got to have some money."—Houston Post.

**Not Necessary.**—Knicker—"Our forefathers didn't know beans."

Bocker—"They didn't have to; they had beef."—New York Sun.

**Discovered.**—Bishop Berry, of Buffalo, at a luncheon condemned the young man who takes a vacation that is beyond his means.

"There is more pain than pleasure anyway," he said, "in living beyond one's means. A young Buffalo book-keeper, on a recent visit to New York, thought to impress his New York friends by putting up at the Ritz-Carlton. Of course he couldn't afford so fashionable an hotel, and he had to economize in various ways to make ends meet.

"He happened, on one occasion, to be taking his evening meal on a bench in the park when a young man and his sister, friends of his, passed in an automobile.

"The Buffalo youth bent his head over his sandwich, but the New Yorker saw him and shouted: 'Hello, George! Dining out again, you gay dog, eh?'"

**Willing.**—Husband—"My dear, we'll have to economize."

Wife—"Well, let's cut down on our cigars."—Boston Transcript.

**A New Meaning.**—Customer (missing his favourite waiter)—"Where's Charles to-day?"

Waiter—"I'm sorry, sir; but 'e's gone."

Customer—"Gone! Do you mean he's defunct?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir; an' with everything 'e could lay 'is 'ands on.—The Sketch.

**Full of Guile, This.**—She—"Why do you wish to know my age?"

He—"I merely wish to know at what age woman is really the most fascinating."—Life.

**Suffragettes.**

**SING** a song of suffragettes,  
Sing and yell and dance,  
Pockets in their coats and vests,  
And pockets in their—skirts.  
When the sisters gather,  
They play for every trick.  
They'll hit mere man with argument,  
They'll hit him with a brick.  
Willie's in the laundry  
Washing up the clothes;  
Tommy's in the sewing-room  
Darning up the hose.  
Father's in the kitchen,  
As mad as a persimmon,  
While mother's somewhere on the street  
Shouting, "Votes for women."—Life.

**Particular.**—Mistress (engaging servant)—"I hope you have nice print dresses, and I expect you always to wear caps."

Mary—"Yes, mum, I'm very particular to wear caps. I shouldn't like to be taken for one of the family, mum!"—London Opinion.

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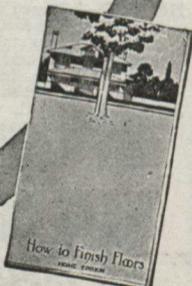
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Vanity-Cases and Crowbars

(Continued from page 9.)

were you I'd sell it here and buy a new one in Florida. It's better to lose a few hundred dollars than several hundred."

"Oh, I don't know, Minnie, she could have it insured."

"Yes, but that's such a nuisance and if anything happened, the insurance company would claim it wasn't their fault and get out of paying—they are such eels."

Mrs. Hewitt did not seem at all anxious to part with her piano, and Agnes, at an appealing look from Minnie, added her persuasions, but apparently without much success, consequently, Mrs. Kraussmann was determined to see the piano at once and buy it if she could possibly persuade Mrs. Hewitt to come down to her figure.

Immediately after luncheon Mrs. Hewitt begged to be excused, saying she had "worlds to do" and Mrs. Kraussmann suggested that she go with her to see the piano then and there, begging Agnes to go along. Agnes declared she was no authority and could not be of any assistance, but she went without much persuasion.

The piano's highly ornate case captivated Mrs. Kraussmann and the elegantly carved music-rest decided her.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Hewitt, you'll never get six hundred dollars for this from a dealer. I'll give you five hundred dollars cash to-morrow morning—what do you say?"

Mrs. Hewitt shook her head. "I know you want to help me out, but I couldn't take that. The very least I could think of would be five hundred and seventy-five."

"That's seventy-five dollars too much, but I won't be mean, I never haggle about anything, I'll make it five hundred and fifty."

"That's fair," said Agnes, "I'd take that, Mrs. Hewitt, and not risk selling it to somebody else for less, or having it smashed into kindling wood on the road."

"Well, if you say so, all right; five hundred and fifty dollars then, but I'm afraid when Mr. Hewitt hears of this he won't let the piano go."

"In that case, then, we'd better make a memorandum," said Mrs. Kraussmann in a business-like tone.

"Of course, the piano is mine and I can do as I like with it."

"Oh, well, let's be business-like. Have you pen and ink?"

Mrs. Hewitt produced both. "I'm so sorry the desk is crated, sit down here at the table."

"I think I'll just pay fifty dollars down on this deal and that will clinch it—won't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so, certainly."

Minnie opened her vanity-case and extracted some bills. "It's lucky I was going to pay some accounts this afternoon. They will have to wait until later. I wish I had brought my big purse, I'd have a check-book then and I could pay for the piano right here and now."

"I have some blank checks of our bank, the First National, would they do?" asked Mrs. Hewitt.

"Isn't that dandy! That's our bank, too. Let me have one. Oh, Mrs. Hewitt, can't you make that piano five hundred dollars even?"

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't."

Mrs. Kraussmann sighed and made out a check for five hundred dollars and counted the bills from the glittering vanity-case.

"There is fifty in bills and a check for five hundred. Now give me a receipt and the deal is closed."

Mrs. Hewitt folded the bills into the palm of her hand and then made out a receipt. While Mrs. Kraussmann was scanning it, Mrs. Hewitt slipped the bills into Agnes' hand. They winked wickedly at each other and shook hands fervently in parting.

"Perhaps I shan't see you before I leave, dear," said Mrs. Hewitt, "so I'll kiss you good-bye now."

"You are a brick!" whispered Agnes, during the process, and Mrs. Hewitt murmured, "So are you."

"Oh, goody, I've got a piano at last!" said Minnie, after they had left. "Wouldn't Uncle Isaac turn in his grave if he knew how quick I spent his five hundred dollars? That extra fifty will have to come out of the grocer and the



By Appointment.

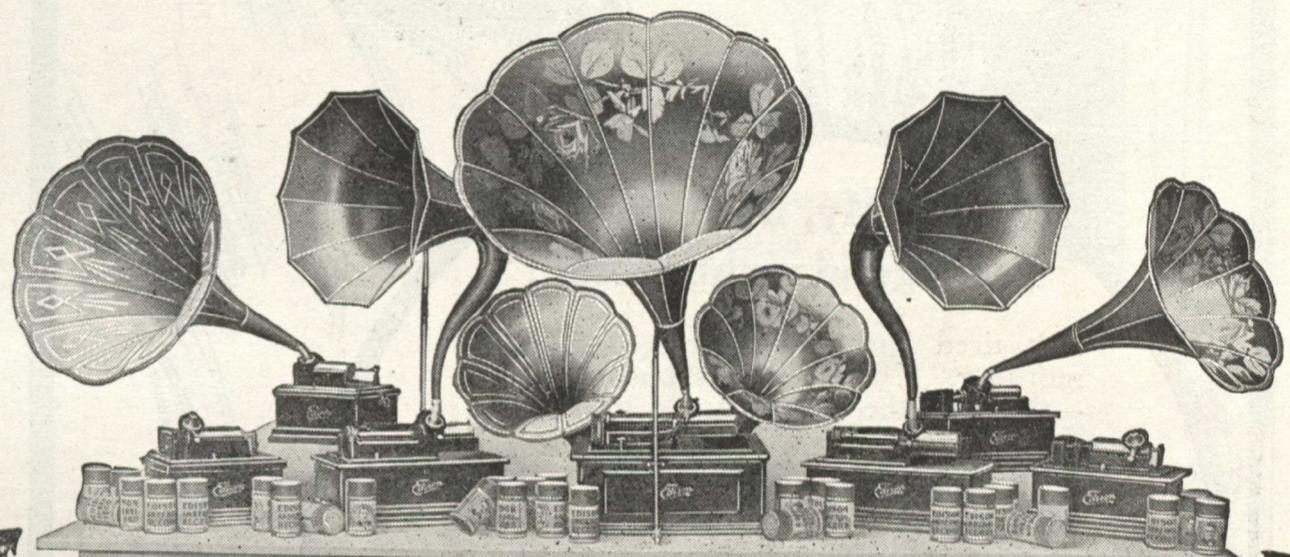
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butcher, and I wonder what Dave will say when he finds out that I have spent their money. But I don't care, I have the piano. Agnes, now you see how I do. When I just make up my mind to have anything, I don't let anything stand in the way. If you'd do the same you would have lots more. Don't you think that piano was a bargain? If it hadn't been for you, though, she'd never have let it go for less than six hundred. Oh, it takes a couple of Jewish girls to get a bargain. I think I've made quite an investment—don't you? One can always borrow money on a piano."

That evening Agnes showed her husband a tiny clipping.

"What's that got to do with me?" asked Sam, after reading it.

"Oh, nothing much. Sam, is Tiffany's a good place to buy vanity-cases?"

"Meshuggah! What a foolish question. Why?"

"I'm going to buy one to-morrow and I have ten dollars besides to put in the bank."

"What!"

"No! I didn't find it in the street and nobody gave it to me, I made it," and perching herself once more in her favourite seat on the arm of the Morris chair, Agnes related the whole story.

"Talk about ruck; why I had a regular streak of it. First, the 'ad' and Minnie's Uncle Isaac's will and Minnie's telling me that the money was in the First National and then the beautiful luck of Mrs. Hewitt, a perfect stranger to me, being so willing to help all she could. It isn't everybody that will stop in the middle of packing to come to lunch and help to fool Minnie. Of course, she wanted to sell the piano, but even so . . . After I saw her that first time I went down and got some blank checks of the First National Bank. I handed them to Mrs. Hewitt to-day after luncheon; I thought Minnie would like to make a great bluff about writing a check if she got a chance and I wanted to close the deal as soon as I could. Minnie doesn't dream but what she bought that piano of her own accord, and wouldn't she be wild if she knew that the extra fifty dollars goes to buy my new vanity-case!

"I'll teach her to tell me that her husband can't deny her anything and mine's so stingy that I have to take crowbars to him."

**Reply to Sir Edmund Walker**

THE Toronto Daily Star published, a few days ago, the following interesting letter, which was sent from Florence, Italy, by Leo Neitzke, a retired captain of the Imperial German Navy:

Under the heading, "Prepare for War to Insure Peace, says Financier," appeared in your issue of July 23 a report of an interview of a Star correspondent with Sir Edmund Walker, in which the latter is quoted as having said: "My daughter lives in Germany and I have studied the attitude of the German military and naval officer. He drinks one toast to the day, that is to say, to the day when Germany shall be free to fly at the throat of Great Britain."

Permit me to bring to your notice that this story of the toast to the day was invented and published about two years ago by a much-read and ill-famed English paper. It was immediately repudiated in the German press and stigmatized as a deliberate and mean lie.

As I am married to a Toronto lady I take interest in Canadian affairs, and am sorry that the attitude of German officers towards the British nation should have been so misrepresented to the Canadian public. By my own experience of 26 years' active service in the Imperial German Navy, I know that the German officer has nothing to do with politics, but takes great pains to do his duty in an honest and honourable way, and that he keeps up good comradeship with the officers of foreign nations wherever he meets them. I, like all the older officers of the German Navy, was brought up with a feeling of gratitude towards the British Navy, which had served as a model to our own. We considered the British officers as our brothers and had a high opinion of British people's feeling for fair play in private and political dealings. It is unfortunate that, on account of commercial rivalry the British press and even high officials and responsible personages have begun to agitate most unfairly against Germany, and especially against her fleet destined to protect her far-spread commerce.



**"My, but I've had a good night's Sleep!"**

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Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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## His Little Girl

(Continued from page 17.)

cards from her, signed T. Schmidt, and saying she was well and happy. But she gave no address. Only the postcards showed us she was moving about all over the Continent. And after a time we heard no more.

"And your brother made no attempt to trace her?"

"He wrote to her just once." Marion's voice quivered with pain. "She once gave us an address, in Paris it was, and she asked us if we would write and forgive her for having hurt us. But Robert would not let us write, he wrote himself—a letter that told her he would never forgive her—never, for having disgraced us all. But he would not let us send her any message, and since that day we have heard nothing. We do not even know whether she is alive or dead."

Rosa heard the words, but they were scarcely more than meaningless sounds in her ears, for other words spoken in a man's deep voice, swung to and fro in her mind—"At one time she played a part in my life." What part had Tiny Stansdale played in the life of the man who now called himself Muller? And if she were really dead, where was the jewel of which he so evidently desired to regain possession? And, was it even remotely possible that this child, Sylvia Burnett, with her strange likeness to the Stansdales' sister, could be more closely linked with that sister than anyone supposed. Could it be possible? Rosa's brain continued to revolve that proposition, whilst Marion babbled on of the past, of Tiny, of cherished memories of the old home; and by and by the younger woman's thoughts crystallized into a distinct resolution.

"It may be all a fancy," she told herself, "but on the other hand, there may be something in it, and I shall act on the assumption that there is that something. I must discover where the jewel is that the worthy Muller requires, and, if he needs it, I suppose I must get the jewel." When she arrived at this resolution, she was alone in her own bedroom, and she shrugged her shoulders, and glanced at herself in the looking-glass, at the same time giving vent to a cynical laugh.

"After all, I have always been with schemers, and I am clever at the game. Why should I spoil my own chances of getting on, because an insignificant doctor looks at me with the eyes of a frank boy? Rosa Muller, pull yourself together and be sensible. You are more likely to have the ball at your feet if you do what the good Hermann tells you, than if you listen to your silly heart, and yet more silly conscience. You must not let yourself be disturbed by a pair of grey eyes, and—a good man would not have anything to do with you."

The cynical smile left her lips, her eyes that a moment before had looked mockingly into the glass, lost all their brightness, a great sadness seemed to look out of them, and she turned away from the dressing-table with a choking sensation in her throat.

"A good man!" she exclaimed bitterly, "what part or lot could I have with a good man's life? And yet, if things had been different, if I had been different," that sob in her throat again threatened to choke her, "I might have found all my happiness in a good man's love. As it is—" She did not end her sentence, but flinging out her arms with a gesture oddly suggestive of despair, she sat down at her writing table, and writing a carefully worded note, addressed it to "Miss Helen Stansdale, c-o Sir Giles Tredman, Manderby Court, Birdsbrook."

That note surprised Helen when she opened it at the breakfast table next morning, and she looked up from perusing it with a little puzzled frown on her face.

"I can't quite understand why—Miss Muller—or, I think Miss Muller must have misunderstood me," she said, looking across at Sir Giles with deprecating, startled eyes, "she seems to fancy I said she could come over here and see me and Sylvia, but, really—I don't think—I am almost sure—I never suggested such a thing."

"Who is Miss Muller? She is quite welcome to come here," Sir Giles answered good-naturedly. "Any friend of yours would be welcome, Miss Stansdale."

"But she isn't a friend of mine," the



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"Well perhaps it is, and I hope so, but really, Mrs. Housewife, I think our new Gurney-Oxford is partly responsible for the success I have had lately. I was never able to cook roasts and fowl so well on our old stove, and as for bread and biscuits, I used to tremble when I went to take them from the oven—they were so often soggy and heavy. Now they are always light and beautifully brown, and, if I do say it myself, something to be proud of."

"That's true, Mary, my husband has said almost the same thing. I'm awfully glad you approve of my choice of a Gurney-Oxford. He approves because of the saving in coal since we got it, also because of the better meals he is getting."

"Indeed he's, right, Madam—and it requires so little attention."

"That's fine, Mary. Will you serve dinner in a few minutes please."

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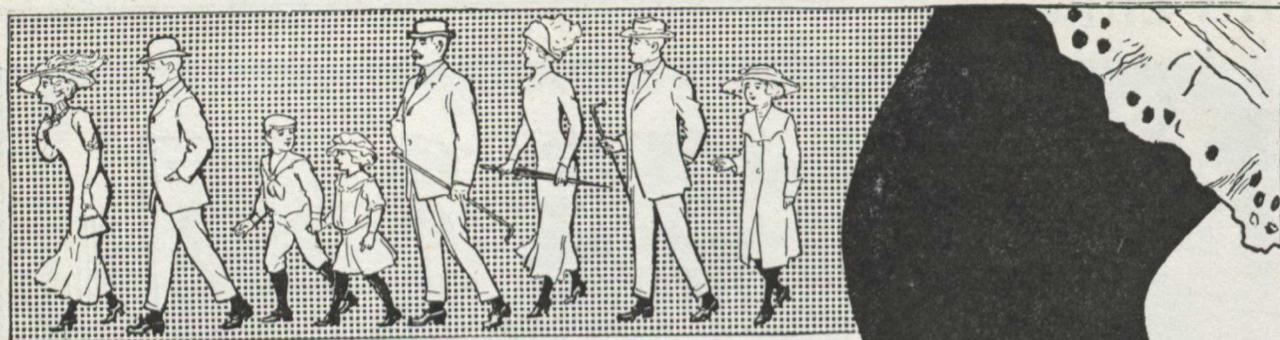
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little lady said in flurried accents. "I only saw her the other day for the first time. She is staying with my brother and sister. She,—well,—really she is a paying guest," Helen added, her face flushing, her head a little more erect than usual.

"She is the young lady Sylvia liked so much?" Giles said with a smile. "Sylvia has told me about her charm. By all means ask her over here. Would she come to lunch? Or would she spend the night?"

"It is very good of you, very kind indeed," Helen answered, with gentle dignity. "I can't understand why she should take it for granted that we shall be expecting her one day. She writes as if—as if I had spoken of her coming here, but I really think she must have misunderstood."

Seeing her troubled face, Sir Giles laughed kindly.

"Don't worry yourself as to how the idea came about," he said. "In whatever way the idea of her coming originated, Miss Muller is more than welcome to come. Sylvia's eyes are shining like two stars over the prospect of seeing her new friend."

"I did like that lady," the child said simply, "she had eyes like the forget-me-nots down by the river, and her voice is all deep and soft. I liked the doctor, too, and I think he liked that pretty lady."

"So you liked the doctor?" Giles, rising to leave the drawing-room, laid his hand on Sylvia's soft hair, "is he going to cut me out in your heart?"

Sylvia laughed, her low, rippling laugh, and catching at the hand that caressed her hair, she pressed a loving little kiss upon it.

"You're different from everybody else," she said, looking up at him with a world of adoration in her eyes. "There couldn't be more than one monsieur: you are—my very perfit, gentil knight."

"Bless the child! I can't aspire to be a Chaucer hero," Giles said laughingly, but his eyes were very tender as they met those loving eyes, and in his letter to Grace that day he allowed himself to paint glowing pictures of a future in which she would play the part of loving mother to the child who had wound herself about his heart.

The easy success of the scheme by which to obtain access to Manderby Court almost startled Rosa. The simply worded, kindly invitation to spend the night at the Court because it was a long expedition for one day, gave her an uncomfortable sense of having schemed overmuch, simplicity and straightforwardness would have gained her ends for her as easily as subtlety, only she had never learnt to do anything simply and straightforwardly. And though now her point was gained, she was almost ashamed to take advantage of Sir Giles' kindly hospitality, the old instinct of obedience to her evil genius prompted her to accept the invitation, and make the most of the time at her disposal. Her resolution was not a little shaken when, on the day she went to Manderby Court, she came face to face with Hugh Berners in the station; and when, moreover, she noticed that his greeting was less spontaneous, less cordial than it had been hitherto. Her flippancy had hurt him, as she had intended it to do, and now his more distant manner hurt her in return. She all at once felt absurdly young and girlish as she looked at his tall figure; she experienced a sudden longing to seize his hand, to tell him the whole truth about herself, and the life of scheming and adventure; she wanted to feel his arms about her and cry like a little child upon his breast. But she resisted all impulses towards confession, and the very quietness of his greeting checked the wave of impetuous longing that had swayed over her, and he left the station feeling disturbed and sore, yet obsessed by the thought of her face, haunted by the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand.

"She is hard, she is flippant, she is the type of woman I have always disliked and despised, and yet I can't help thinking about her," the young doctor reflected as he went his rounds. "I have let myself imagine her something quite different, and now that I have found out she is just a smart, hard woman of the world, a sexless peacock, it is too late. I can't undo my feeling for her." Which train of thought, if she could have known of it, would have gone far to comfort Rosa for his stiffness of demeanour to

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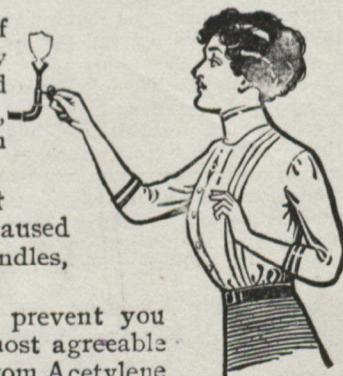
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herself. Throughout her journey, the remembrance of his coldness remained with her, and she only shook it off by a persistent effort, when she reached Birdbrook, and prepared for what she inwardly called her plan of campaign. "It is most kind, most good of Sir Giles to let me spend a night here," she said to Helen with her sweetest and most ingratiating smile. "I am sorry he is away. I should have liked to thank him in person. You do not know what a privilege it is for a foreigner like myself to see one of these beautiful mansions of yours. And to sleep here!" she put up her hands expressively. "I was only grateful enough for the opportunity your kind suggestion gave me to offer myself for the afternoon."

Miss Helen racked her brains in vain to recollect what words of hers could have led Miss Muller to suppose she intended any suggestion of the kind: but as no such words had ever been uttered, the racking of her brain was naturally useless. And Miss Muller, having similarly accepted her stumbingly expressed greeting, turned to Sylvia, who watched her with shining eyes.

"I'm glad you've come," the child said. "I did want to see you again. Only I'm sorry you won't see monsieur. You see he has gone to London to arrange about his wedding. It will be in a few weeks now. I think you would like monsieur."

"I am sure I should," Rosa answered warmly, congratulating herself that a certain good nature that belonged to the better part of her character, had made her friendly to Sylvia on the occasion of their first meeting, "but all the same, I haven't come here to see Sir Giles. I want to talk to you and Miss Helen all the time. And you must show me the beautiful house and grounds."

"May I show you everything, my own self?" Sylvia's voice was eager.

"Yes, everything," Rosa well knew how to infuse into her voice an intensely fascinating quality, "you shall take me to your very pet corners of the garden and park, and let me see your own room, and show me that I am a real, true friend."

Sylvia's face flushed with delight, and simple-hearted Miss Helen looked gratefully into the beautiful face of their guest, while Rosa felt that she was winning her victory with an ease that gave her again a hideous sense of shame.

"But I shall go through with it now," she thought, metaphorically setting her teeth. "I have come so far, and I won't turn back."

So it came about that, whilst Miss Helen sat on the terrace, placidly knitting, and thinking how charming it was of Miss Muller to interest herself so wholeheartedly in a little girl; and the little girl sat with her pretty new friend in the pergola covered with roses, and without let or hindrance opened her childish heart to the blue-eyed lady.

Such an easy victory. Little Sylvia's confidence was freely offered to one who had already gained her heart; and with a voice that shook, and eyes misty with tears, the child told Rosa the story of her mother's tragic death.

"It was a black car that ran into us," she said, "a horrible black car, very big, and it came, oh! so fast along that white road, and mummy and I could do nothing, only hold each other very tight. And then I can't remember any more, till I was standing there in the dust, and mummy lay all white and still, and monsieur came and helped us."

"But the man with the black car? Surely he helped you? What was he like?" At the mention of that black car, Rosa had drawn in her breath sharply, and now she spoke fast and eagerly.

"He didn't help us—no—he drove away as soon as he could, and we never saw him again. And he was very tall and his face was dark, and—horrid," the child shivered, "when he looked at me he made me afraid."

"At one time she played a part in my life—I do not know for certain if she died." Like an undercurrent the words ran in Rosa's brain, the deep voice of the man who had uttered them seemed to mingle with little Sylvia's clear treble. "She played a part in my life." Could it be that the woman who played that part, was the same woman of whom Sylvia spoke—Sylvia's mother?

The excitement of the chase was hot upon her; by skilful question and sym-

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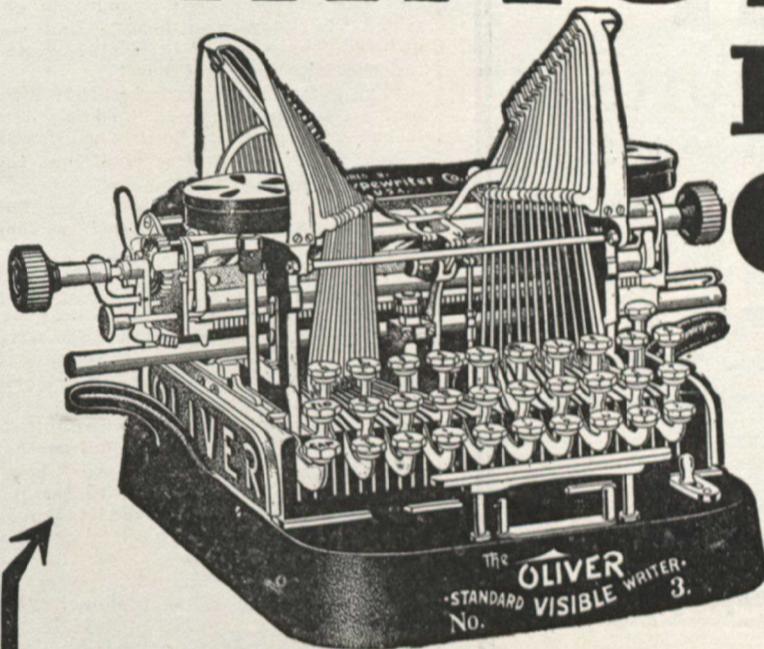
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pathetic utterance she drew from the child an account of her mother's last hours, of the scene by the bedside, of Sir Giles' comforting help.

"And you had nobody else to take care of you?" Rosa asked, when Sylvia paused.

"Nobody, only monsieur."

"But you must have relations somewhere? Or friends? You and your mother cannot have been alone in the world. Did your father die long before your mother?" The question was very gently asked, and Sylvia put her head against the girl's shoulder with a little sigh.

"I don't believe I've got any relations, but I've got friends. I've got monsieur, and Miss Helen, and now there's you. But mummy and I didn't seem to have anybody of our own. And I think," she hesitated, "I think my father wasn't very kind to mummy, because she cried, oh, so dreadfully, when I asked about him, and she said I wasn't ever to speak of him any more. So I never did, and I don't know when he died."

"Poor little Sylvia!" Again compassion for a moment smote Rosa, and again she thrust it aside, determined to make her victory complete.

"But, darling, surely your mother left you something of hers that would identify her and you, that would help old friends to know you both? Had she no pretty brooches or bracelets? Nothing that you have got now?"

"I've got two gold brooches that were mummy's," Sylvia said, "and a little locket with my hair in it when I was a baby, that's all, unless you count the wonderful jewel."

Rosa's heart gave a quick leap, but her voice was very composed, as she answered—

"What do you mean by the wonderful jewel?"

"That was my fairy name for it. Mummy and me we often had fairy names for things, and this thing was like something out of a fairy story. Mummy always kept it most awful carefully, because she said it was my inheritance, and she gave it to monsieur before she died. It was in an ivory box."

"How much I should like to see it," Rosa exclaimed, "I like wonder jewels. They are different and much nicer than ordinary every-day ones."

"Oh! it's quite different from ordinary ones," the child said simply, "it's big, and there's a great emerald in the middle." Rosa nearly jumped, but controlled herself.

"I'd like to show it you, but monsieur said it was too expensive to keep in the house, so it lives at the bank."

"Monsieur is very wise," Rosa's voice had a note of sarcasm in it, "wonder jewels are best locked safely away. One never knows when there may be thieves about, and this jewel must be worth stealing."

"Monsieur says if it were sold there would be a lot of money for it, ever such a heap, so that I would be quite rich. But he won't sell it till I am grown up, and can make up my mind for myself whether to sell it or keep it." The child spoke with old-fashioned quaintness. "I expect I'll like to sell it, and be rich enough to give monsieur some of the money. You see I love him better than anybody else in the world, and I want to give him more than half my money. I should like to give you some, too, and Miss Helen, when I sell the wonder jewel."

"The jewel is probably real, and not faked at all, as the good Hermann tried to make out," Rosa thought. "My surmises have all come true, and this child is undoubtedly the child of the youngest Stansdale sister. Now the question is, what shall I do about it?"

For a long time that evening Rosa Muller's good and bad angel fought with one another, and it was the bad angel who after that long, long fight, gained the victory. As Rosa waited for her train at the little station next day, she despatched a telegram to London which ran as follows:

"To Hermann Muller,—Object you wanted located. It is in the bank, but is property of Sylvia Burnett, ward of Sir Giles Tredman. Her mother is dead.—Rosa."

(To be continued.)

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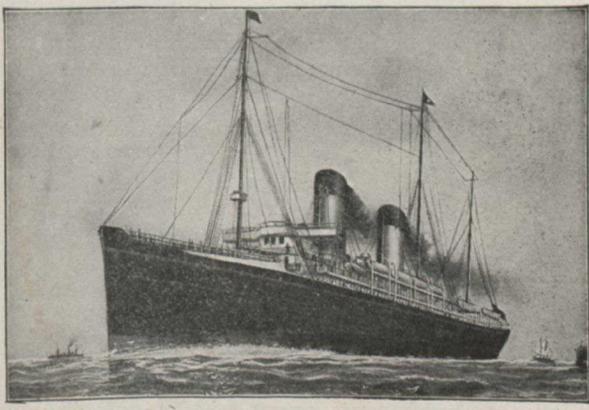
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