

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Sir William
Macdonald
By AUGUSTUS
BRIDLE

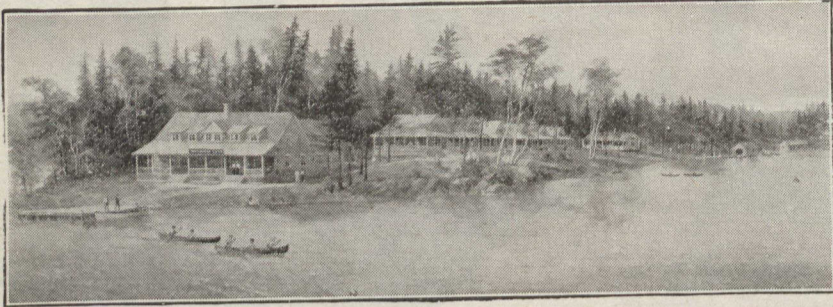
EASTER
NUMBER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XIII

TORONTO

NO. 16

CONTENTS

- The Most Profitable Industry By R. C. Reade.
 First Prize Essay.
 Gay and Grave in Charlottetown Photographs.
 Why Are You Unhappy? By the Monocle Man.
 The Land of Fishing Villages By Margaret I. Douglas.
 Something about Newfoundland.
 Sir William Macdonald By Augustus Bridle.
 No. 23, Personalities and Problems.
 An Englishman's 'Cello By the Music Editor.
 Corridor Comment By H. W. A.
 The Impostor, story By Harold Bindloss.
 Third Instalment of New Serial.
 At the Sign of the Maple Illustrated.
 The Lure o' the West, story By Lizette Pomeroy.
 Illustration by Lismer.
 Bunny White, Easter Tale for the
 Juniors By M. H. C.
 Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.

Editor's Talk

A SHORT time ago we offered two prizes for essays which would be valuable to both manufacturers and mechanics. The first was a \$25 Cash Prize for an essay on "Canada's Most Profitable Manufacturing Industry." This has been won by Mr. R. C. Reade, Huntley Apartments, Toronto. A second essay, by Mr. W. A. Craik, Toronto, is almost as good, and is awarded a special cash prize. The first prize essay is printed in this issue.

The second offer was a prize of \$20 for the best essay on "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City." According to the competitors, this honour should go to either Oshawa, Hamilton or Amherst. The best essay, however, is that of Mr. W. A. Craik, on the claims of Oshawa to this honour, and it is consequently awarded the first prize. The essay by Lucy F. Logan, of Amherst, is so good that we have decided to give it a special prize and publish it later on. Mr. Craik's first-prize essay will appear in our issue of April 5th.

The excellent results of this competition lead us to offer another prize for an essay on a related subject. We will give \$25 for the best fifteen-hundred-word article on "The Ambition of the Canadian Mechanic," to be written by a mechanic. This competition will be decided wholly on the merits of the ideas advanced, not upon literary style. Essays need not necessarily be type-written, and unsuccessful contributions will be returned if a request is made. We would like to see one hundred mechanics compete, so that the people may be told through this national weekly just what the mechanic desires to make of himself, of the body to which he belongs, and of the country in which he is a citizen.

Have you made a nomination for our educational competition? Already more than fifty girls are at work and others will start soon. Every deserving girl will be rewarded. This will be one of the greatest competitions, with the largest total rewards, ever held in Canada, so the Contest Manager says. We have every confidence in him. The list of competitors will be found on another page.

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THE CANDIDATES

Over Fifty Bright Young Ladies Entered in Canadian Courier Contest

THE first list of Candidates in the Canadian Courier Contest is now published. This is not a complete list by any means, as additional nominations will be received for a week or two yet.

The list shows that the interest is very general throughout Canada and that there will be a splendid group of young ladies working in the contest and later enjoying the results of their work.

There is no question but that the Canadian Courier Offer is the most generous ever made in Canada. As first made it was a grand offer, contemplating the sending of 14 young ladies to College for a year and 10 for a five weeks' trip to Europe with all expenses paid in each case. The offer has been amended so that four prizes can be won in each of the four first named districts and 30 prizes or more in the At-Large District. The only qualification is, that a candidate to win in the At-Large District must send in 300 new yearly subscriptions. Practically all candidates who send in the required number will be awarded a college course or the trip as preferred. By this offer 46 or more candidates can win, and if the candidates all reach the minimum mark there will be none lose. This will please the Canadian Courier very much, as the desire is to have all win. Each candidate starts with 10,000 votes to which their nomination ballot entitled them. The standing next week will show decided advances.

The list by districts follows:

DISTRICT NO. 1.—All cities over 75,000.

Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	10,000
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto	10,000
Miss Velma Welch, Vancouver, B. C.	10,000
Miss Mary Dorsey, Ottawa, Ont.	10,000
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	10,000

DISTRICT NO. 2.—All cities over 25,000 and below 75,000.

Miss Mabelle Carter, London, Ont.	10,000
Miss Edna Evans, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000
Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N. B.	10,000
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N. B.	10,000
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N. S.	10,000
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	10,000
Miss Gladys McKim, London, Ont.	10,000

DISTRICT NO. 3.—All cities over 10,000 and below 25,000.

Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,000
Miss Phemia Funston, Port Arthur, Ont.	10,000
Miss Mary L. Stratton, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,000
Miss Agnes Pilon, Brandon, Man.	10,000
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B. C.	10,000
Miss Clara Purdy, St. Thomas, Ont.	10,000
Miss Eva Gardner, Brantford, Ont.	10,000

DISTRICT NO. 4.—All cities and towns under 10,000.

Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	10,000
Miss Annie L. Clark, Port Sydney, Ont.	10,000
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	10,000
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	10,000
Miss Wilhemina Bailie, Picton, Ont.	10,000
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,000
Miss Etheline Schleihauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	10,000
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	10,000
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,000
Miss Arabella S. Ward, Birchtown, Que.	10,000
Miss Gwen Coles, Woodstock, Ont.	10,000
Miss Violet Gosling, Portage la Prairie, Man.	10,000
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	10,000
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	10,000
Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N. B.	10,000
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N. S.	10,000
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N. B.	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Loomer, Kingsport, N. S.	10,000
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N. B.	10,000
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	10,000
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N. S.	10,000
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N. S.	10,000
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P. E. I.	10,000
Miss Elsie C. Black, Villagedale, N. S.	10,000
Miss Annie Butler, Enniskillen Station, N. B.	10,000
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	10,000
Miss Jennie E. Logan, Diamond City, Alta.	10,000
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	10,000

Ballot No. 4

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

For Miss
Address

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before April 12, 1913.

Nomination Blank

I Herely Nominate Miss

Address

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

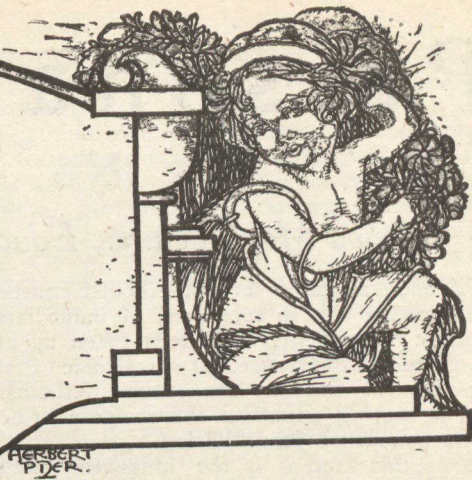
Signed Countersigned by

Address Pastor of Church or Parish

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIII.

March 22 1913

No. 16

The Governor-General Sails

THE Duke of Connaught is the only man in this country who can officially be called neither a Grit nor a Tory. The first citizen of Canada is able to perceive better than a partisan Speaker what a curious muddle the naval debate lately got us into. Being a member of the Royal family he perhaps comprehends pretty nearly what a small percentage of the parliamentary wind-jamming amounts to on behalf of the Empire. He has probably been amused at some of the Imperial arguments; sometimes bored; possibly now and then indignant; and his impatience would be quite pardonable if once in a while he felt like going down to the House that he might assure His Majesty's government and opposition—that the Empire isn't nearly so hysterical an institution as some of them seem to think it is. His Royal Highness may be expected to hope that he will not have to accept the resignation of his Ministers; that the country over which he presides in the name of the King may not have to go to the electors on an Imperial issue.

For some weeks the Duke has been the only man in Ottawa whose opinions, if they could have been given to the press, would have been absolutely free from party bias of some sort; but the Duke is officially as helpless here as the King would be in a similar crisis in England. Nevertheless we believe that now and then in the recent hysteria of a parliament, common sense when it got a chance reverted to the non-party Governor at Rideau Hall, the uncle of the King, most respected of a long line of governors-general.

On Saturday His Royal Highness sails for England. All Canada hopes that the

Men of the Day

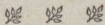
"WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Who Sails on Saturday from Halifax on the Empress of Britain, Accompanied by the Duchess and Princess Patricia. From His Latest Photograph, Copyrighted by Notman, Montreal.

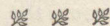
Duchess will be speedily restored to health and that Rideau Hall will soon again be honoured with the presence of a royal couple who have won the respect and esteem of all classes.



Dr. Friedmann in Canada

"I HAVE a cure for tuberculosis, not for death." The man who said that among the skeptical doctors of New York last week may not have been conscious of satire. Dr. F. F. Friedmann, who last week in Canada applied his turtle serum to scores of tubercular patients in Montreal and Ottawa, did not come to America to stand in the spotlight. He came to a continent which four hundred years ago had never heard of tuberculosis, to demonstrate—a cure. Canada will be much benefited by his visit. We have tuberculosis enough. In our second city there are not less than three thousand cases of tuberculosis known to the Health Department. There are scores of others unknown. On every street may be found some family quietly battling with the disease. The health authorities are going after it without sanitariums and highland resorts; mainly by common sense methods and cleanliness. Dr. Friedmann has a specific. He has faith in it. Some of the New York doctors doubted it. Dr. Friedmann himself does not claim that he has a cure-all for consumption. He only believes that he has the most powerful specific yet evolved for dealing with the disease before it has gone too far. None but a visionary would expect tuberculosis to pack its ghastly grip and get off the earth because a mere man had evolved a powerful specific. In all probability if there should be

evolved a hundred cures as effective as Dr. Friedmann's may prove to be, mankind will still get and have consumption. Our ways of life induce the disease, which, because of defective breathing and fear of the open air in winter, because of storm windows and hot-air furnaces and steam radiators we give the best possible fighting chance by lowering resistance to the germ. If Dr. Friedmann along with his tuberculosis serum can promulgate a gospel of common-sense living, even if it amounts to a fad, he will have done wonders in the cause of humanity. So far he has kept his temper with the New York doctors. And he has been given a cordial welcome in the name of science in Canada.



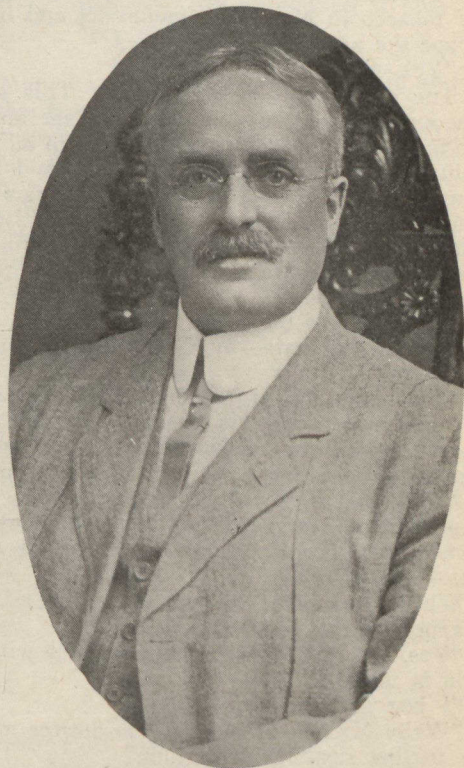
A Medical President

BRITISH COLUMBIA University, at Vancouver, has made a fine step forward in advanced education by getting a distinguished Canadian scientist, Dr. Frank Fairchild Wesbrook, for a new president. Western universities have a partiality for Canadians. Not always does a Canadian have to make a name abroad before getting a post in Canada. Dr. Wesbrook did. He is a native of Brant County, Ont. When he was a very young man he graduated from Manitoba University; a year later he was railway doctor at Banff. From McGill he graduated in medical science, and at Cambridge he studied pathology and physiology. In 1895 he went to the University of Manitoba. In 1906 he was made Dean of the medical faculty in the University of Minnesota. As president of British Columbia University, he is the only college president in Canada whose degree of Doctor means doctor of medicine.



DR. F. F. FRIEDMANN

Of Berlin, Germany, Who Has Been Experimenting With His New Serum on Tuberculosis Patients in Montreal and Ottawa. His Success is More or Less in Doubt.



DR. F. F. WESBROOK

Doctor and Professor of Medicine, Who Has Made Quite a Reputation Here and in the United States, and Now Becomes President British Columbia University-to-be.

Personalities and Problems

No. 23—Sir William Macdonald

Shrewd Manufacturer, Educational Philanthropist, and the Most Independent Character in America

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ONCE, upon a time a large Methodist church in Canada was in sore need of immediate funds. The matter had been taken up at a General Conference. It was decided that something must be done by the entire Methodist connection, if the big, beautiful church were to be saved to the honour of John Wesley.

In cases of this kind it is the influential and sometimes wealthy laymen that save the day. One of these, a delegate to the Conference, being constituted one of a committee for the raising of funds, bethought him of sundry efficiently rich men, not only Methodists, who might be willing to lend a hand and a few dollars. Chief among these was a little, oldish and very active man who had made millions from tobacco manufacturing and was beginning to get rid of millions in the cause of education.

That man intended for a prop to Methodism was Sir William Macdonald, who, though born a Roman Catholic, takes no particular interest in any church.

So the committee-man paid a call at the then somewhat antiquated offices occupied by the tobacco emperor. He sent in his card and was admitted to see the philanthropist.

"Yes—what would you have me do for you?" was the quick question. No time to beat about the bush or ask questions about health or business or gossip about the weather or politics. Right to the point and hard as a hammer.

"Well, Sir William, the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada—"

Thereafter followed an outline of the case, which should have been fundamental enough to appeal to any one with such an ease of money-giving as this opulent citizen of Montreal. But all the while the brief recital went on the delegate observed that the thin, shrewd lines in the millionaire's face were tightening, and queer Scotch crinkles were coming into his brows. Then of a sudden a cold lightning shot from his eyes.

"I believe, sir, that Mr. —" (mentioning a prominent merchant in a western Ontario city) "is a very heavy buyer of your tobaccos."

"Yes. He is."

"Well, he is particularly interested in this matter and of course did not feel like broaching the matter to you himself. So he has asked me to—"

"Yes!" snapped the magnate. "I understand you. Wait a moment."

He called his chief clerk.

"Find out at once—what our year's shipments of tobacco to Mr. — amount to, and in what shape the account stands."

"Yes, sir."

The clerk went at the books. This seemed encouraging to the delegate, who sat and said no more, casting up in his mind that in all probability at least a thousand dollars would be the outcome of this interview. Sir William Macdonald was known to be a very dour, unemotional man. Deeds, not words, with him. Besides—his generosity was not limited to one denomination—

But here was the clerk.

"I find, sir, that—"

THE amount of tobacco shipped annually in large lots to this customer of Mr. Macdonald's was quoted in quite staggeringly big figures. The delegate smiled; saying to himself,

"Well, this surely ought to fetch him. When a prominent Methodist merchant handles one firm's tobaccos exclusively in such large lots—"

When suddenly the tobacco king's voice snapped in.

"Yes, tell Mr. — that his account with this firm is closed."

"I beg pardon, sir?"

"Write Mr. — that this firm desires to have no further dealings with him."

"Y—yes, sir."

"I am sorry," was the final reply to the delegate, "but there is no account carried by this house big enough to warrant making it the pretext for an appeal to our philanthropy. I hope I have not taken up too much of your valuable time. Good-day!"

The donation was not forthcoming. Not as in the charmed story books did the magnate's check for a thousand reach the merchant accompanied by regrets that the account had been so peremptorily closed. And the account was speedily opened again at the request of the merchant, who, in spite of the rebuff, could not afford to do business without the Macdonald tobacco—which was a sheer matter of business with him as it was with the manufacturer.

For there was no sentiment then in Sir William Macdonald. Neither was there any when he was a youth. Nor is there any now in Sir William Macdonald, aged eighty-two and the most remarkable personality in all Canadian manufacturing. With this astonishing Scotch-Canadian, born in Prince Edward Island, business is business. Grandson of a U. E. Loyalist military officer though he is, he is obsessed by no vague emotions during business hours; neither afterwards, nor before. A citizen of Montreal since he was the age of 23, he never has been known to merge his peculiar identity in



Snapshot of Sir William Macdonald (Left) When He Was so Busy Watching the Flight of an Airship That He Couldn't See the Camera.

any cause, or impair his tremendous efficiency by any indiscreet enthusiasms.

Sir William Macdonald has somewhat the charmed mystery of the Count of Monte Cristo. If he were ever to be made honorary chief of an Indian tribe he would be soubriqueted as "Man-who-makes-Tobacco" or "Man-who-gives-money-away." Nobody in Montreal knows explicitly and intimately very much about the tobacco king and premier money-giver of this country; the man who made millions out of tobacco and gave millions to the cause of education; who is looked up to at McGill University as a patron saint of learning, at Macdonald Agricultural College and Normal school up at St. Anne de Bellevue as an educational creator, at Macdonald College and the O. A. C. in Guelph, Ont., as the inventor of domestic science and the practical apostle of consolidated rural schools in four sections of Canada.

Tobacco and education; never have nicotine and human improvement in the name of science and modern invention been so connoted together. When Sir Walter Raleigh discovered on the island of Tobago the fragrant, smokable weed that was to revolutionize the male half of humanity, he never dreamed that in the chief colony of the empire in whose name he discovered tobacco, there should arise a Scotchman that would make tobacco the key to the open door of truth.

Of course Sir William mortally hates newspaper publicity. If he sees or hears about this article he will be displeased. He has been written about a good deal at random. He has never encouraged it. Not because he despises newspapers, but because he is the most independent man that ever lived in this country. He is *sui generis*, William Macdonald—however he came to permit Queen Victoria to prefix that with a "Sir" is beyond those who know him best. Yet he is the one rich man not in public or semi-public life in Montreal about whom the tongues of men are most diligent. It is many years now since any accredited or authorized photograph of Sir William appeared in print. The one used in the COURIER week before last was many years old. The picture on this page was a snapshot taken when the tobacco philanthropist was so busy looking up at an airship that he couldn't see the camera; or he would have either paid for suppression of the negative or smashed the machine and paid damages.

AND that is a good picture of Sir William, as he was a couple of years ago; and as he is now. A very old, much shrunken-up man who dodges hastily about Montreal from the Guardian Building, where his offices are, to McGill University, where his millions are invested; to his house, not regarded as a famous resort, for he has not the polite hobbies of some millionaires and was never even domesticated enough to get married.

How they do talk about him in Montreal. Always respectfully. Nobody ever heard of Sir William in any discreditable transaction. He has been in commercial scimmages. He always came out top of the heap. He has a vast concern engaged in the manufacture of tobacco in which branch of commerce he is the king in this country and has few rivals anywhere. He has his own odd ideas as to how the business should be conducted, and there isn't a man or woman on the staff, nor a wheel in the works, nor scarce a brick in the walls that doesn't feel prepared to quake at the personality of Sir William.

And he avoids interviewers. I didn't expect to get the opportunity for a long conversation. When I went to the office on the seventh floor of the Guardian Building, on St. James St., I found it a very quiet place; so peaceful that it might have been taken for the office of a cemetery trust or the sanctum of a Peace Conference. Three light and airy large rooms, not in the least different in design from the average modern office; disappointingly modern even to being commonplace; when one had been led to expect that the tobacco philanthropist would have the queerest, ricketiest, most unconformable offices in town. I expected to find him in a remote cranny of a dark building, sternly holding the

fort in the name of frugal economy behind huge oak doors and knife-hacked counters, with all sorts of Dickenslike clerks peering oddly at any stranger, and wondering what on earth ever could induce any one to believe that Sir William could be interviewed without special written orders and as much ceremony as the Kaiser.

But it wasn't that way at all. The offices were as open as a barn in harvest-time; floods of light from many windows; scarce any clerks at all; no antiquated personages whatever; no quill pens over ears; no archaic ink-wells or prehistoric sloping desks with high stools; no atmosphere of mystery.

But there was one formidable obstacle to seeing Sir William even though he should happen to be in his office. It was a huge, brawny Scotch interlocutor who in a Highland regiment would be totally magnificent as a drum major. To this august and glowering but in the main quite genial personage I addressed myself, with the question which now these many years he has been ready to answer with a rebuff as chilly as an Orkney wind and as trenchant as a claymore.

"Is Sir William—in?"

Of course it was none of my business. He could have told me so. But he didn't. He never does. He seems to assume that the inquisitive, diligent world has a perfect right to ask such a stupid, dull question; and he is there a good part of his time for the express purpose of answering it most conveniently. With the splendid and blunt honesty of the true Scot he said,

"Ay, Sir William is in."

SO far so good. Here was no room for argument. Sir William was somewhere in those offices. He gazed at me with dour complacency over the counter; a head-on look of immovable impenetrability.

"Well—are ye wantin' to see Sir William?"
Surprising anticipation!

"If he is not too busy—yes, if you please."

"And about what wad ye be wantin' to see Sir William?"

"Oh, no very particular thing; at least not one thing only—except that I should like to talk to him about rural schools. Yes, you see, I have just been talking to his friend, Principal Peterson—"

"Oh, ay, Dr. Peterson. Yes."

"And he thought that Sir William—"

"Well I guess you'll not be seein' him. He's jist gangin' oot."

"Oh! That's too bad. Immediately?"

"Well he's got his overcoat on jist this minute."

"And he hasn't even a moment to spare?"

"Oh, well, he's in yon"—pointing to the next office, whose door was open. "Ye can gang in an' spier 'im. But ye'll not have much success, I'm thinkin'—for I'm sure he's gangin' right oot."

And he was. High hat, long overcoat, white muffler, the little old man who gives away millions for education was in much of a hurry. A mere wisp of a man; almost buried in his over-clothes—but moving with the speed of a youth to whom time is more than money.

"Yes," he said, "I must be off. I have a meeting."

He spoke with the quick energy of a man whose mind is made up on one thing at a time.

"I am late now. I'm sorry I can't talk to you. Yes, I am interested in rural schools, but—"

He was gallivanting out the door, getting away as quickly as possible; and when he does that there is no time for palaver. They tell odd stories of the man's ancient ways; of how for many years he was adverse to telephones, so that it was only a year or so ago that he would admit one into his office. The works might be in the suburbs and the office down town. But it made no difference. Sir William never used to believe that anything could happen at the works that couldn't be reported in person to him at the office in plenty of time; or when he chose to visit the works himself; or there might be a letter. However, he now has a telephone—which is a pity. Also since his offices are now on the seventh floor he uses an elevator, which seemed still more out of character.

Here he was, having pressed the button, waiting for the car that came all too slowly for his time limit. He stepped in almost before it was stopped.

"Don't you find this sort of conveyance rather hard on your nerves?" I asked him, as the car took a sudden swoop down four floors in a jiffy.

"No," he said, crisply. "Such things are good for one's nerves."

He shot out of the car as he said it; through the corridor and out to where a coupe and a fine chestnut horse stood waiting. As soon as the driver saw Sir William he jiggled up the rig so that not a second of time would be lost—and the knight tore his way impetuously through the crowd, sprang into the coupe, tucked himself in and away he went.

They say he never used to be seen in such a spic and span rig until he got his title. Years and years he used to drive the same old buggy with the identical old horse. It was in odd keeping with the primevalism of his character; his defiance of merely polite elegance of custom. The richest man in Montreal, the largest holder of Bank of Montreal stock in the world, the opulent dispenser of millions for modern education—why should he be pleased with the toys that edify most millionaires? What should he want with a limousine or a box at the opera or an art gallery in his house, or huge conservatories, or a steam yacht as big as an ocean liner, or a private car on the railroads—when he had time to give away millions to McGill, and Macdonald College?

But along came the knighthood in 1898, and soon afterwards the comfortable coupe. The old rig and the old horse were discarded. That much concession to elegance. No more. A telephone in the

office; concession to mere utility of some people; no more. Mere convenience and custom must stop somewhere.

For this man is an uncompromising character. He temporizes with nothing and nobody. In business he is a by-word for a terrible and rigorous regime. His tobacco is known all over the continent of America and beyond. It has been smoked and chewed in clubs and camps and in igloos; in mines and tents and tepees; in canoes and York boats and even kayaks—let us hope; the comfort of primeval man on the edges of outpost land—known to all men as the best of its kind to be got for money.

But he has never used an ounce of it himself. Personally he abjures the habit and will have none of his immediate relatives use the stuff if possible. A nephew of his once in his employ took to cigarettes. He was threatened with exilement back

(Continued on page 29.)

An Englishman's 'Cello

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THERE is a wispy little Englishman in Toronto who for most of his life has been addicted to the 'cello; who, when he isn't busy at the big fiddle of the purple and violet tones, is studying music in a scholarly way, because he loves it more than the money he ever expects to make out of it. His name is Leo Smith, and his title is Mus. Doc. He plays in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and teaches the 'cello; writes songs—good ones—as well as music for piano and string instruments and for orchestra. He is as well versed in the history and theory and practice of music as any man in Canada. And Leo Smith is a thorough musician.

Last week he gave his first public recital with the 'cello. That was years after he came to Canada from London, where he played under the baton of Sir Henry Wood. In this respect he much differs from some big artists who announce a public recital almost before they arrive. Leo Smith does not publicly arrive. He comes by way of music; quietly and unobtrusively doing his work and waiting for people to come to him because of appreciating his work.

There was no lack of appreciation at his recital. He appeared in association with Mr. Walther Kirschbaum and Miss Eugenie Quehen at the piano; the former as solo pianist and playing with the 'cello one sonata of Brahms.

It was in this Brahms sonata, and in the very first movement, one became conscious that the quiet, phantomish little Englishman has made himself peculiarly the master of the curious genie of the middle and lower tones. Of course the 'cello is either a gay hoyden of a thing or a subtle, pensive and prophetic instrument, according to the piece it plays and the man that plays it. When it gambols to the jigs of Popper it is likely to be amusing as a bear is or an elephant dancing. That's its way. When it yearns down into a sonata of Brahms it's a different matter.

And it was in this passionate striving after the almost unattainable in tone-colour that made Leo Smith, the man who never smiles at an audience, able to show that he can go with the old 'cello just as far as it likes into the delightful underworld of harmony and colour and tone. He went at it like a true devotee. He made no pretence of dinkifying the 'cello as though it were a pretty toy or a ventriloquist doll—for there's an awful temptation to do that when one has the blessed thing right alongside his knees. No, he let himself loose on the winds of Brahms and he seemed like a phantom sailor pulling a phantom boat. He was devoutly happy, but never smiled. He pulled up to the crest of a big, passionate wave, looked about for a moment and ducked into the indigo depths where a silence lurked. He hushed off the wind and he began to pull from the middle strings the strange, wistful tones that make the 'cello what a fiddle can never be. He kept always the naive, half-gloomy character of the legato movement; not being over anxious that it should warble and sing in over-tones and dance in the sunlight.

Brahms—he did him like a master; though now and then on the low velvets the piano all but drowned him, and it mattered little, because there is a way of getting the audience to feel a low tone which they can't quite hear.

Other things he played; two old bits, one of Locatelli and a Gavotte of Bach arranged by himself. He did the Bach almost as well as the Brahms. Locatelli—was a bit dubious. But his last group, with a couple of Schumann, Andante and With Humour, he hit off fine contrasts, becoming in the humoursque quite as gay as the 'cello should be-

come—when it laughs like a satyr, and dances with the abandon of a clown. An Irish melody by Hughes he did in fine open legato style mostly on the upper and middle strings. The Fountain piece, by Davidoff, was a bit of delicate bravura exquisitely done. The encore was as fine as anything.

Mr. Kirschbaum did three things in solo: a Beethoven Rondo somewhat coldly, and two Liszt legends of St. Francis with perfect mastery, a gallant and sometimes amazing technique, and no end of tone-poetry in delineation. Kirschbaum is a real musician. He has been in Canada but a few months. But he is a real youthful master who knows how to make the piano popular without making it bluster or vulgar.

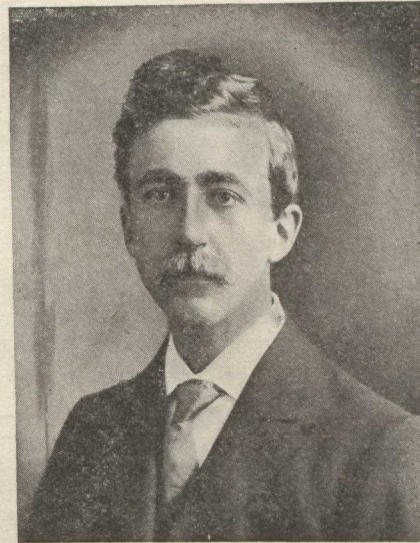
Miss Eugenie Quehen played the accompaniments to Leo Smith with fine skill and excellent subordination.

It was an evening of true art. And it's a pity that the public didn't know sooner what Leo Smith is able to do with his magical 'cello. He is the only Englishman that ever made the 'cello his devotion in this country. But he has the true Gallic feeling for the instrument. We shall hope to hear more of him as a solo performer.

MISS DOROTHY TOYE, a Winnipeg girl, recently afforded a new sensation to musical New York by her exhibition of extraordinary powers of singing as a soprano and tenor.

Miss Toye's wonderful voice has caused considerable discussion in musical circles in Europe, where she has been studying for some years, and recently before the thirteenth Medical Congress in Paris. She has appeared before some of the leading royalties, and nobility in London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, and Dresden, as well as in several large South African cities. She will sing in Western Canada during the spring and early summer.

A new feature of this year's competition in the Sixth Alberta Musical Festival is the class open for gold medalists (amateur vocal soloists only) in any class; open for any gold medalist of Alberta and Saskatchewan and also any resident of British Columbia who may have received a gold medal at any competition in the Dominion. The cup for the winner in this class was donated by Mr. Howard Stutchbury, of Edmonton.



Leo Smith, Mus. Doc., 'Cellist.

The "Lure o' the West"

By LIZETTE POMEROY

THE great, roomy kitchen looked very pleasant indeed, as the afternoon sun streamed through the large-paned west windows. A big, shiny tea-kettle hummed merrily on the big, shiny range and the vast expanse of clean, yellow-painted floor gleamed like burnished gold in the sun's rays.

A good-natured-looking Doukhobor girl with big, bare arms, stood mixing biscuits at the up-to-date kitchen cabinet, and a sleek, grey maltese cat slumbered purringly in a comfortable chintz-covered rocking chair.

Wafted across the wide yards that separated the bungalow from the immense barns came the mellow tones of a rich tenor voice,

"Heed no more the falling rain,
Morning brings the light again,
Time will bring you roses."

And as she listened a smile came to the red lips of the bonny young woman arranging the daintily-appointed table.

Presently the owner of the tenor voice came sauntering in for the evening meal. He was a big, handsome Englishman, a scion of an old but somewhat impoverished family, who had invested his patrimony in this western ranch, firmly believing, if half the stories told him by the English agent were true, that he had acquired a treasure beside which "King Solomon's mines" would fade into insignificance.

Three years before our story begins he had landed in Quebec and, desiring to see something of the eastern part of the great Dominion before starting for his ranch, he had come on to Ottawa, where he remained for some time, the guest of English friends.

During his stay in that delightful city he met and fell head over heels in love with the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic barrister. A fashionable wedding soon followed, and with blithe hearts the young couple commenced their long journey toward the golden land of promise.

From Port Arthur the rocky, scrubby woodlands, veined with turbulent rivers and studded with rock-bound lakes, was traversed and Winnipeg was reached. Then followed the monotonous trip over the apparently endless prairies. Short stops were made at Regina, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat, that town which Rudyard Kipling said "was born lucky." Then on and ever on until they approached the "Foot-Hills," overlooked by the white-capped Rockies, where the great farm was situated, which was the mecca of their hopes.

The first glimpse was enough to appal the stoutest hearts, but the indomitable pluck of the man, inherited from a long line of dogged English forbears, stood him in good stead, and the buoyant courage of his pretty girl-wife inspired him to doughty deeds.

Before many months had passed the "wilderness and the solitary places were made glad," for the desert had literally "blossomed as the rose."

Two years of perfect happiness followed, but as the serpent entered Eden with his ingenious sophistry, so this western pocket edition of that delectable Valhalla did not escape his specious reasoning.

A FEW weeks before, Tom Arnold and his wife had taken their first holiday, and as they sat at dinner in the "Queen's Hotel," on the night of their arrival in Calgary, Tom noticed for the first time a cloud on his wife's bright face.

"What's the matter, Lulu," he asked, bending tenderly toward his idol. "Isn't your soup all right?"

"Oh, the soup is good enough," she replied, abstractedly. "But, Tom—it's us!"

"Lulu, what do you mean?" asked the puzzled husband. "What's us?"

"Why look around you, Tom, and you can see for yourself," his wife replied, with just a touch of impatience in her tone.

Tom obediently looked around and then turned to his wife more in the dark than ever. "Well, Lulu," he said, "perhaps you know what you are talking about, but I'm blessed if I do. I am aware



"We're back numbers all right. We don't look a bit like the rest of these people."

that I am thoroughly enjoying my dinner, but as far as I can judge from a casual survey, everyone in the room is in the same fix. You're sure the sun didn't affect your head to-day," he added, solicitously.

"You're awfully provoking, Tom, or else very stupid. Look at the cut of the men's suits and the style of the women's dresses, especially the skirts."

Like a well trained husband Tom looked again. "Why, the men's suits seem all right to me, Lulu. They appear to be a very decent sort, take them all round. As for the women's skirts, I can't make much of them as they are mostly hidden by the tables," Tom answered, with exasperating cheerfulness.

Mrs. Tom deigned no reply and the dinner proceeded in peace. But as they were leaving the dining-room she grasped her husband by the arm and whispered, "Now, Tom, look, the skirts and the sleeves are all so different from mine."

"Well, well, so they are, that's a fact. What a shame! Do you suppose all those women had their dresses made in the same shop, and that the dress-maker spoiled 'em all? Looks to me as if there hadn't been goods enough or something."

"Tom Arnold, you are a big goose. Those skirts are the style, while mine is all out of date, old-fashioned, you know. So are your clothes, Tom. We're back numbers all right. We don't look a bit like the rest of these people."

"Thank heaven," muttered the incorrigible Tom, but as he had a saving sense of tact unusual to an Englishman, he said it so softly that his worried little wife did not hear him. Aloud, he asked, soothingly, "Well, Lulu, what's the answer? I never was any good at puzzles, you know. Can we go and get some new clothes to-day, or shall we hike for home, where we feel as good as they make 'em? I'm game for anything, you know—except a hobble"—he added, under his breath.

"No, Tom, we couldn't go to-day and get clothes. And it isn't only the clothes. It's everything. We have been so long on the farm and have been so busy, that we haven't realized that the world doesn't stand still. People and things have moved ahead and we are just where we were two years ago."

"Oh, come, now, that's going it some strong, I say. Don't tell me I've stood still for two years. Not on your life I haven't, and neither have you. If any one of these chaps can point to a ranch and a bungalow like ours, I'll forgive them their razor-creased trousers and even the tight skirts."

They had reached their pleasant sitting-room and Lulu settled down in a big easy-chair with a little laugh, and that most irritating last shot in a woman's defence, "Oh, well, we won't argue, but I know what I'm talking about all right."

Her husband had grace enough to join in the

laugh and the subject was dropped.

That evening Calgary was more lively than usual. For the first time the city that had produced Kathleen Parlow was to hear the greatest singer that ever came from Australia. Hundreds of Calgary folk had paid top prices for the best seats to hear the wonderful diva who was making her first transcontinental trip across Canada. Here, again, fashion was at its height. Carriages and cabs and automobiles came clattering and sputtering up to the opera house. Elegantly gowned women and crush-hatted men that might have belonged to the Four Hundred at the Metropolitan Opera House, filled the best seats in the theatre. Tom and Lulu had great difficulty getting seats, far under the gallery, from where they could see the brave little show of fine people.

Tom noticed a cloud again cross his wife's pretty face, and leaning over her he whispered, "Forget it, Lulu, and enjoy yourself. We'll meet this hydra-headed monster and finish him off in no time, but just for to-night let us be happy."

Lulu did try and "forget it," and the rest of the evening passed in unalloyed enjoyment of Melba's remarkable trills and runs.

They had been too busy to again refer to the question of fashions after their return to the ranch, but Lulu still worried over the thought that she and her beloved husband were no longer on the "firing-line," but back with those whose duty it was to "stay by the stuff."

SO that evening as they sat at their cosy tea-table, Lulu opened the subject again by remarking,

"Say, Tom, I got a letter from mother to-day, and she and the girls think it very strange we have never visited Ontario since we were married. They are beginning to feel quite hurt. It was so nice of them all to come out the first year we were here, that I think we should go home for a long visit now, don't you?"

"Well, well, it is strange, now you come to mention it," Tom declared, heartily. "I've been a selfish beggar, I'm afraid, but my dear child, you knew you were welcome to go home whenever you wished."

"But I couldn't go alone, Tom, and you always seemed so busy I didn't like to mention it. I have felt for a long time that we needed something to wake us up. We are really forgetting, you know, how to act and talk as cultured people do. I sometimes get fairly desperate to feel myself part of civilization again."

"Why, Lulu, I had no idea you felt like that," her husband answered, slowly. "To me, this western country is the freest, grandest spot on God's great earth. But women are different, I suppose. They need the trimmings to make life complete. You know I could not leave the ranch long enough to go to Ontario, but there is no reason on earth why you should not go. Get some new duds here, or at Winnipeg on your way, but for heaven's sake do not give the West a black eye by letting the folks see the bride returning to her father's house without all the fixings necessary. Get whatever you wish and make as long a visit as you like. I've been very blind I'm afraid."

At first Lulu refused to consider the suggestion that she take the trip alone, but after much persuasion on Tom's part and half-hearted protest on hers, the matter was decided.

Two weeks later, as the Eastern Express steamed out of Calgary, a sweet-faced girl, in a neat, grey suit, stood on the rear platform waving a diminutive white handkerchief, while the pretty blue eyes under the kindly veil were dimmed with tears, as she watched the fast-receding station and the broad-shouldered figure silhouetted against its grey walls.

Tom's heart was very heavy indeed as he returned to his lonely ranch. He felt, for the first time, a doubt as to whether Lulu was entirely happy in

(Concluded on page 23.)

History in the High Schools

By GEO. M. JONES, B.A.

Humberside Collegiate Institute, Toronto

A FEW weeks ago the editor of the *COURIER* censured the history teachers of the country very severely, because he had been unable to awaken a keen interest in the constitutional aspect of the navy question, and went so far as to say that they must be "either indifferent or ignorant." His criticism is too severe. Some teachers are no doubt indifferent; a few may be ignorant; but the greater part of the blame should be placed on the conditions under which they are working. Even the enterprising and aggressive teacher can disregard the curriculum and the manifold regulations to only a limited extent.

The average High School teacher will admit at once that conditions surrounding the teaching of history in the High Schools and Collegiates of the provinces are not satisfactory. These conditions have been discussed year after year in the English and History section of the Ontario Educational Association, and at the present time a committee is working on the problem. But it is advisable that the matter should be discussed by a wider audience than can be obtained in a section of the Educational Association. What follows is spoken from the point of view of the High School, because the writer knows conditions there more fully than elsewhere. What, then, is wrong?

In the first place there is more work prescribed than can be done satisfactorily under present conditions. I wonder if the public realize that the pupil who takes the whole High School course in history, studies Canadian history up to 1885, British history from Roman times to 1885, Oriental history, Greek history to the fall of Corinth, Roman history to the death of Augustus, Mediaeval and Modern European history. A beautifully complete and useful course under proper conditions, but a very burdensome and unsatisfactory course under conditions as they are.

THE framers of this curriculum may have acted on the assumption that pupils enter the High School with a good elementary knowledge of British and Canadian history, and that the first part of the High School course is therefore only a review. Such an assumption is quite unwarranted. The average pupil entering the High School knows nothing worth while about either British or Canadian history. This is not the fault of the Public School curriculum. Very comprehensive courses in Canadian and British history are outlined. They include practically everything that is prescribed in these branches for the High School. Not only that, but the Education Department has recently issued a manual giving the Public School teachers instructions as to how the history should be taught. Besides excellent suggestions as to methods, illustrative lessons are outlined, some of which would certainly be far more suitable for the highest class of the High School than for the Public School. In short the Education Department has laid down for the Public Schools a course in British and Canadian history, excellent in itself, but far more pretentious than any teacher could possibly cover satisfactorily under present conditions, even if he tried ever so hard. But, while so much is included in the Public School course, no examination on that subject is required for entrance to the High School, and the Public School teacher is constantly tempted to neglect history for other subjects on which the pupils have to pass entrance examinations. From my experience with First Form classes in the High School, I have long believed that history was very much neglected in the Public School, but not until recently did I make a systematic investigation of how great the neglect is. By questioning the pupils in the three first forms of Humberside Collegiate Institute, I obtained the following information concerning the number of lessons per week devoted to history in the final year in the Public Schools from which these pupils came:

City pupils—20 per cent. had two or three lessons per week, 55 per cent. had one lesson per week, 25 per cent. had no lessons in history.

Country pupils—61 per cent. had two or three lessons per week, 29 per cent. had one lesson per week, 10 per cent. had no lessons in history.

These figures show that, while a most elaborate course is laid down for Public Schools, some teachers are making no serious effort to teach the subject. There is no desire on the part of the writer, or High School teachers in general, to censure unduly the Public School teacher, for the latter has a very difficult position to fill. The whole Public School course is, according to the testimony of the

Public School teachers, so overloaded that they cannot possibly do all the work prescribed, and some subject or subjects must be neglected. What more natural than to neglect those subjects on which the entrance candidate does not have to write?

The High School, then, has to do not only its own legitimate share of the history work, but that of the Public School as well. This is an exceedingly serious matter, for the High School curriculum is woefully overloaded. Not only is a large amount of work required in most of the subjects, but too many subjects are prescribed. The consequence is that even the clever pupil is overburdened, while the less gifted one is forced into slipshod methods of work. It is far more important that our pupils should think, than that they should be crammed with facts, and yet our courses are so extensive, and our examination tests are so rigorous, that the High School teachers cannot teach the work as they would wish. It is not fear of the High School Inspectors that keeps them from changing their methods, but the fact that pupils have to be prepared for certain definite examination tests, and that the pupils and the parents are trusting to the teachers to have the necessary work done.

How can conditions be improved? I should like to suggest the following changes: (1) To lessen the amount of work prescribed for the Public School, especially in such subjects as Art and Nature Study. (2) To cut in two the amount of history prescribed for the Public School, in order that what is prescribed may be done well. (3) To have a paper on history at the entrance examination. (4) To curtail the High School courses, especially with regard to the number of subjects prescribed. (5) To cut down the work in history prescribed for the High School in order that that subject may be better taught.

The state has a vital interest in the teaching of history. The point of view, the breadth of vision of the next generation of citizens will depend to a considerable extent upon the kind of instruction the boys and girls of to-day receive in this subject in the Public and High Schools. If these pupils not only learn a reasonable number of facts, but learn to think logically and dispassionately about the events and the problems of the past, we may expect confidently that they will become intelligent, well-informed, patriotic citizens.

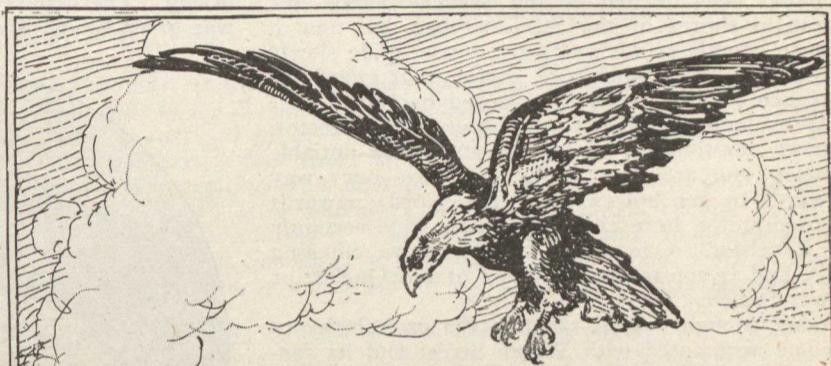
Sin and Wages

UNDER the heading, "Sin and Wages," the editor of the *Mail and Empire* gives some idea of the tendency of public opinion to favour a minimum wage law. He writes:

"The Illinois Senate has been investigating the problem of vice in the State, and has been taking evidence from many sources. The sociological expert and the woman of the street have told their stories, and a few days ago some of the largest employers of labour in Chicago were examined. That

low wages are primarily responsible for many girls going astray seems to be the opinion of the women themselves. The employers, taking a more fatalistic view, have acted on the theory that if a girl is destined for vice the difference of three or four dollars a week in her envelope will not affect her one way or the other. The investigation is of unusual interest, in view of the fact that there is a bill now pending in the Legislature establishing a minimum wage of \$12 a week for all women workers except domestic servants. The probability is the commission will find that low wages have more to do with immorality than any other cause. Poverty appears to be the root of most of the misery and immorality in the world to-day; and the supreme problem of statesmanship is the finding of some more equitable means of distributing wealth."

That low wages is the sole cause of this social evil, few will maintain. Nevertheless, there are other reasons why sentiment should be aroused in connection with this point. The mean employer should not be allowed to compete unfairly with the fair employer; nor should any young girl be allowed through ignorance to accept a wage which is unfair to her and to her fellow employees whether male or female. The starvation wage must go.



The Idyl of the Hat

By GEORGE S. MACDONALD

There was a young woman of fair Balantrae,
The loveliest lady in Whitechurch, they say,
Of lovers she had three or four every day,
But, only one cared, for the rest went away.

This lady for Easter had purchased a hat,
A wondrous creation so broad and so flat,
With ribbons and velvet and laces a mat,
And big ostrich feathers on top of all that.

This lady went walking sedately and slow
With Jock as her escort, for Jock was her beau,
He told of his great love in manly tones low
When the winds from the westward began strong to blow.

Most fiercely the wind blew, a terrible gale,
And lifted the hat from its moorings so frail,
And upward and onward it quickly made sail,
The "RAT" hanging down like a paper kite's tail.

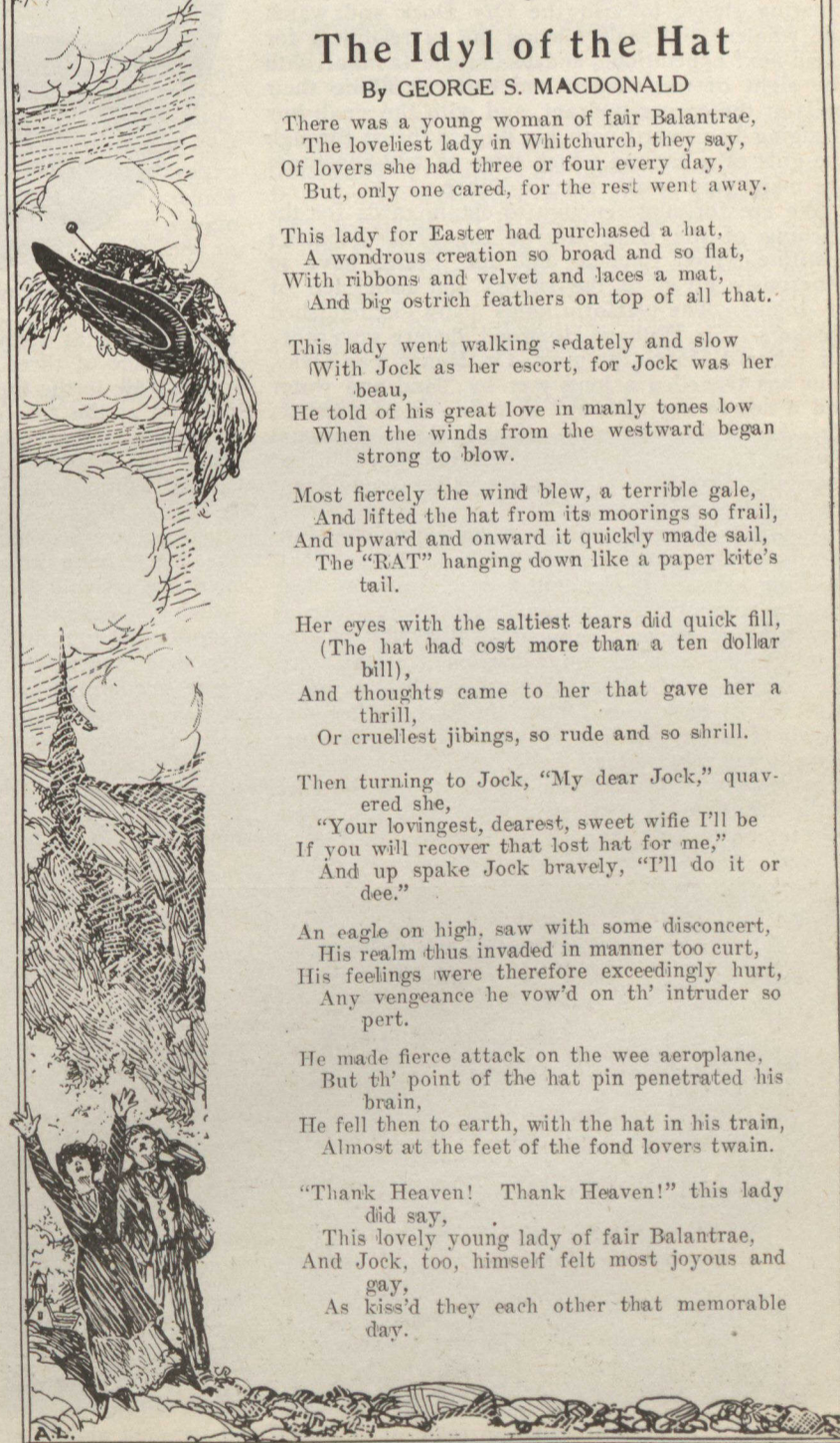
Her eyes with the saltiest tears did quick fill,
(The hat had cost more than a ten dollar bill),
And thoughts came to her that gave her a thrill,
Or cruellest jibings, so rude and so shrill.

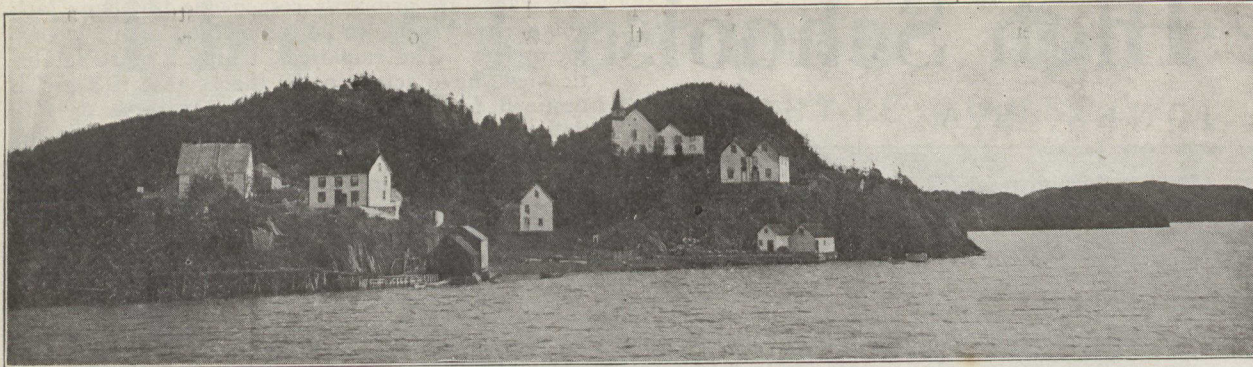
Then turning to Jock, "My dear Jock," quavered she,
"Your loveliest, dearest, sweet wife I'll be
If you will recover that lost hat for me,"
And up spake Jock bravely, "I'll do it or dee."

An eagle on high, saw with some disconcert,
His realm thus invaded in manner too curt,
His feelings were therefore exceedingly hurt,
Any vengeance he vow'd on th' intruder so pert.

He made fierce attack on the wee aeroplane,
But th' point of the hat pin penetrated his brain,
He fell then to earth, with the hat in his train,
Almost at the feet of the fond lovers twain.

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!" this lady did say,
This lovely young lady of fair Balantrae,
And Jock, too, himself felt most joyous and gay,
As kiss'd they each other that memorable day.





A Northern Fishing Village, Typical of the Newfoundland Coast.

The Land of Fishing Villages

By MARGARET I. DOUGLASS

AS two life-long comrades, seeking a better country than our own during the hot summer months, we arrived, after an exceedingly fine voyage of six days, at the entrance to the Harbour of St. John's. Our admiration has been excited by the scenery along the beautiful shores of the St. Lawrence, but now it has no bounds as we watch our vessel glide slowly in between the mighty rock portals that guard the entrance of a perfectly land-locked harbour.

We submit ourselves to the orders of the doctor, answer questions as to kodaks and other dutiable articles, and are then ready to make our way upwards to our hotel. I use the word upwards advisedly, for here the watchword may certainly be Excelsior. One seems to be always climbing hills, and is constantly reminded of old Quebec or newer Seattle.

Long enough time is spent in the capital city to become acquainted with Water Street and its fascinating shops, to visit the Dry Dock and watch the whalers and sealers being put in readiness for their next expeditions, and to become familiar with the sight of the women and children filling their pails at the corner hydrant, and with the small boy trudging homeward with his fingers thrust through the gills of a big cod which later on will constitute the main part of the family dinner.

We are fortunate enough to obtain cards for the opening of the King George the Fifth Seamen's Institute which Canada and the States have so generously given to the sailors and fishermen of St. John's. The platform holds many distinguished speakers. Sir William Horwood, deputy governor; Sir Edward Morris, premier; Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who has travelled a long way by "land and water and a sea-faring railway" in order to be present; Mr. Archibald, chairman of the Royal National Mission for Deep Sea Fishermen, and Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, through whose efforts this magnificent building was made possible.

A visit to the seal factory is an event which we greatly enjoy. Here we see the huge vats of seal-oil being exposed to the sun, and becoming as clear and transparent as water, and listen to the men as they graphically and enthusiastically tell of the wonderful time in March when, on a certain day, fixed by the government, the sealers all start north in search of their prey. Then the harbour becomes a veritable pandemonium of noise, whistles blowing, men shouting, bets being made, until finally the last ship disappears through the Narrows, and the race to the fisheries is begun. On board each ship there is great excitement, and should she become fast in

the ice the men at once clamber over the sides and with their long poles pry her loose. The captured seals are skinned, and the skins, together with the large quantity of adhering fat, are loaded on the ship. This seal-fishing is a very lucrative undertaking. The best report during the past few years was given by one ship which brought in a catch of



"Quidi Vidi," Nestling at the Foot of Towering Cliffs.

seals valued at forty-nine thousand dollars in the short space of three weeks.

We walk to the tiny fishing village of Quidi Vidi, nestling at the foot of towering cliffs, and for the first time recognize the peculiar and all-penetrating odour of the cod-fish drying. We drive to more distant fishing villages, such as Torbay, Petty Harbour, and Topsail. Here, in addition to the ubiquitous cod, we see tons of caplin, a fish resembling the smelt, lying in great piles on the shore. The men are busy loading their carts with this caplin, which is destined to be used as cod bait, or ignominiously thrown on the fields and become a fertilizing agent. Passing by these fields we become acquainted with this even more penetrating and disagreeable odour, here alluded to euphemistically as "Topsail scent." The fisher-people are very friendly, and as we pause to take a picture of their flakes the women become interested and suggest different points of vantage for our "snaps." In most cases it is the work of the women to "make"

the fish, spreading them out upon the flakes to dry or gathering them into piles at night or in rainy weather.

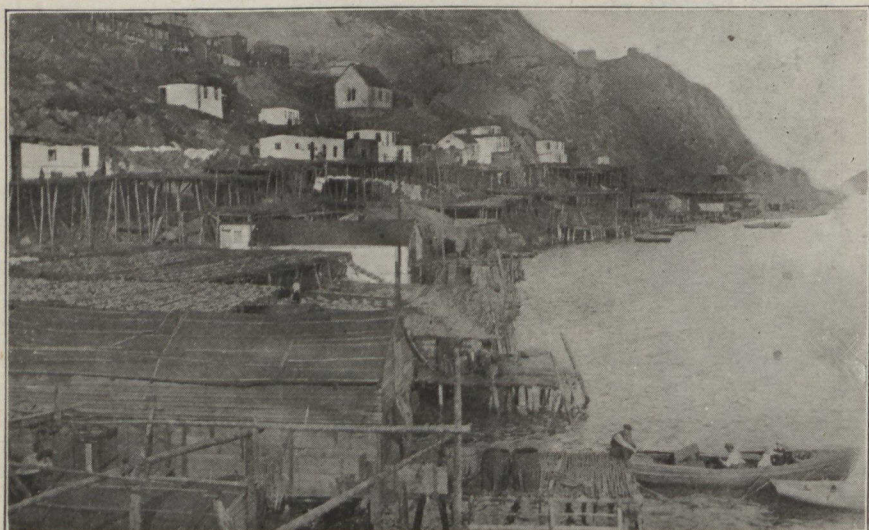
We are hearing so much of "down north," and "down the Labrador," that our curiosity is greatly aroused, and making arrangements for our passage we proceed to go "down north." Our boat is a coastal one, taking passengers and freight to the different small fishing settlements along the north coast of Newfoundland and ending her trip at Battle Harbour, in Labrador. A glance at the list of ports of call shows such picturesque nomenclature as Leading Tickle, Coachman's Cove, Old Perlican, Herring Neck and Seldom-come-by, which pronounced rapidly devolves into Selly-cum-bay.

The coast line is an almost unbroken chain of naked, frowning, up-tilted rocks which descend precipitously to the water's edge. A cruel coast, and one can well conjure up the delight which must spring up in the breast of the storm-tossed fisherman when at last he discovers a narrow opening between towering portals, and sailing through finds immediately a quiet and safe anchorage. As nearly all the names suggest, the little villages are tucked away in some quiet, sheltered spot.

One evening, toward sunset, we round a vast, craggy, grey headland, the entrance to another quiet, cosy harbour, whose placid and glassy surface reflects the white and grey cottages of the fisher-folk clustered round the water. All around tower the everlasting hills, and surround the quiet harbour almost like an amphitheatre, in the centre of which lies our ship as tranquil and still as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." After the turmoil and tossing of the rougher waters outside this all seems very peaceful and calm. A boat softly rowed by six black-clad figures comes to our ship's side, and gently and reverently is lowered into her a long, rough, board case, that contains all that is mortal of some poor woman who has died far away from her home. The mourners receive this rough casket into their little boat, and glide off into the shadows. This poor unknown and obscure body has come home at last to be laid in the quiet village church yard. Life's stormy voyage over she has, like our ship, glided into a peaceful port. Night closes down, and the grey old hills are obliterated. The mail boat returns from its trip ashore, the anchor is weighed, and our ship once more resumes her journey northward.

At many of the ports of call we are able to dock at the tiny wharves, at others the anchor is cast, and the boats from the village cluster around the ship. The rowers climb aboard to exchange news of their catches for town topics, barter some delicious fresh cod or receive freight into their small boats. Here, at Tilt Cove, we can easily tie up, for it is at this spot that the famous Cape Copper mine has been successfully worked for the past fifty years. We all disembark ready for a tour of investigation and to watch three of our brave stewards attack a small iceberg with pick and axe. They fill their life-boat with the big fragments to transfer them later to the ship's refrigerator. This small berg is all that remains of a monster one which kept the company's ship, loaded with ore, in the harbour for three days.

On again northward and soon we come to St. Anthony, made famous by the hospital stationed here by Dr. Grenfell. We are lucky enough to have an introduction to one of the nurses, and though the evening is "fine and foggy," we make our way to the hospital. The fog is so dense that it is hard to catch a glimpse of anything but the dim outlines



The Mighty Rock Portals That Guard the Entrance to the Harbour of St. John's.



Where the Drying of Cod-fish is the Chief Business of the People.

of the buildings, with their scriptural mottoes of good cheer painted on the wooden wall. But once inside how bright and comfortable everything appears, and we can almost comprehend the fascination for their work that will bring some of the best Canadian and American doctors and nurses to give a few best years of their lives to the work of caring for these care-worn toilers of the deep. We are shown over the building and are delighted to find it wonderfully well equipped, and able to bear comparison with many city hospitals.

After a night spent tied up at the wharf on account of the thick fog, we experience a day of "dirty weather," but having become safely established on our "sea legs" we continue to enjoy the trip though we are crossing the rather tempestuous Strait of Belle Isle. Soon we approach the Isle itself, for it is here we are to pick up some twenty-five fishermen who have had their five schooners with all the season's catch of fish crushed by a giant berg. The captain approaches very slowly and

cautiously to this rocky island. It is a time of intense excitement as we all peer out through the enveloping fog, anxious to catch a glimpse of the rocky coast. The whistle sounds its ear-splitting blast, and through the megaphone goes the shout, "Ahoy! Ahoy!" At last faintly on the distance comes the answering "Ahoy!" The mist suddenly rises and we find our ship close to shore.

On again quickly through the open sea, more slowly through the field ice until the Labrador coast is sighted. Unable to make Battle Harbour we anchor some half mile out, and manage to take our places in the life-boat at the exact moment when a rising wave brings it level with the companion gangway. We row round the berg which has blocked the passage of the steamer and make our way into the harbour.

Here again is one of the Mission Hospitals, which we regret not having time to inspect, for we must say farewell to those of our fellow-travellers whose work has brought them to this bleak spot. Here

we lose our naturalist who will study the adaptability of the country for fox and reindeer farming, and who confidently expects to subsist during the winter chiefly on blubber and sealskin boots, not to mention periwinkles, for which he has an amazing appetite. Here, too, we leave our mining expert, our botanist, and his companion, the entomologist, and our author.

After a short run to a nearby whaling station, where we anchor, we see a monster sperm whale being hauled up on the slip of the factory. We are quite satisfied with gazing at his huge carcass through the glasses, and enjoying the perfume at a distance.

Here we regretfully see our good ship "Prospero" headed for her home port, where she finally lands us, a happy and sun-burnt company. Just ten days out at sea, and what a fund of delightful experiences is ours, compared to which an ordinary trans-Atlantic voyage would be extremely monotonous.

Canada's Most Profitable Manufacturing Industry

First Prize Essay of Supreme Interest to Master and Mechanic

By R. C. READE

SOME time ago the CANADIAN COURIER offered a prize for the best thousand-word essay on this subject, and the following article ranked first. Every capitalist will be interested in knowing what industry in Canada is most profitable to him and to the country as a whole. Every mechanic will be equally interested in knowing what industry offers him the best rewards. Every Canadian will be glad to know what industry means most to the country, to the capitalist and to the mechanic.

The two best writers in the competition came to the same conclusion. That class of factories and shops producing what are known as "Foundry and

Machine Products" is Canada's leading industry. While there are twice as many flour mills in the Dominion as foundries and machine shops, the capital of the latter is twice as great, the product sells for more dollars and the number of employees is four times as large.

The article is interesting from another point of view. There is a political controversy at Ottawa as to whether Canadians are skilful enough to build ships. If our leading industry is "Foundries and Machine Shop Products," then it would seem that Canada is already able to do the finest work in iron, steel and brass that can be demanded of the twentieth century mechanic.—

THE Bulletin of Manufactures, compiled from the Canadian Census reports of 1911, contains a list of 210 separate and distinct industries. This is the motley host of contestants which solicit our suffrages for the Blue Ribbon of manufacturing excellence.

The testimony that these industrial entities bring forward as to their profitableness consists of statistical information under four heads. For each industry there is recorded the number of "establishments," that is, the various places of manufacture; the number of employees and the total of their earnings; the value of the raw material and the value of the finished product.

From each of these items important inferences can be made. The number of establishments is an index of the distribution of an industry. A manufacture brings more profit to the nation if it develops a great many parts of the country simultaneously. The amount of capital discloses the financial interests at stake. It is an interrogation mark in respect of investors' profits. The ratio of the reward to capital is one criterion of profitableness.

The number of employees and their average earnings is the acid test of labour's profit. The more numerous the participants in this distribution of wages, and the higher their average share, the more profitable the industry to the nation as a whole.

The third and fourth statistical items, the value of raw materials and finished products, illustrate the quantitative importance of an industry. A valuable process of manufacture must be a large one, employing a great number of persons and turning out finished products that greatly increase the wealth of the country. Last of all, the deduction of the cost of raw materials, together with the amount of wages from the value of the finished product, gives the gross earnings of an industry. This, in spite of the lack of information as to operating expenses, will probably furnish a sufficiently close indication of the respective profitableness of various industries from the point of view of capital.

It is now possible to form a composite picture of industrial perfection. The most perfect, that is, the most profitable manufacturing industry, will be the one which is the most widely distributed; which employs the largest number of wage-earners, directly or indirectly, and pays them the highest average wage; which uses the greatest amount of raw material of Canadian origin, adds to it the greatest value in the course of manufacture and yields the highest return upon capital invested. It is in short the industry which is the most profitable from the point of view of the investor or capitalist, of the industrial worker and of Canada as a nation, which is a synthesis of these two classes. The advantage of the nation is as much a question of the

future as of the present. On the whole the industry of more progressive and permanent economic utility is the more profitable.

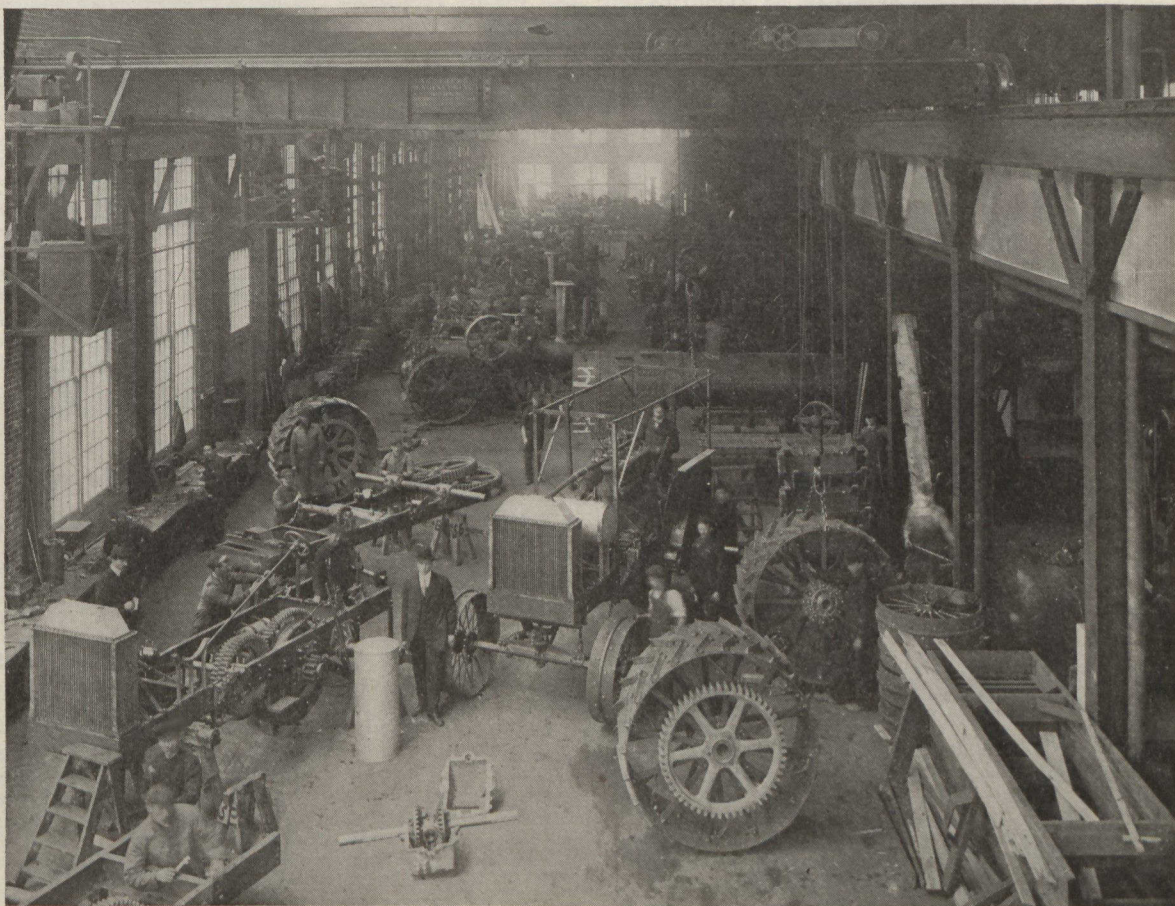
FOLLOWING these principles of comparison, industry after industry of the original two hundred and ten is eliminated until there remain only three—three which stand out in thews and bulk like a British Columbia pine transplanted to a Niagara peach orchard. These are the giants beside which all the rest of the industrial forest is mere jungle undergrowth. These three are solemnly entitled in the before-mentioned Bulletin of Manufactures as "Log Products," "Flour and Grist Mill Products," and "Foundry and Machine Products." In the following table of comparative statistics they are Nos.

One, Two and Three respectively:

	Distribution.	Capital.	No. of Employees.	Average Wage.	New Wealth.
1.	3,499 factories..	\$146,000,000	76,424	\$339	\$49,000,000
2.	1,141 factories..	43,000,000	6,791	553	25,000,000
3.	514 factories..	53,000,000	26,835	549	27,000,000

No. 1 is first in regard to distribution, to amount of capital, to new wealth created out of raw materials and in regard to the number of wage-earners. It is lowest in average wage and in ratio of earnings to capital. It is therefore the least profitable of the three industries both to capital and labour. It is of immense present importance to the nation by reason of the great amount of new wealth it creates out of our timber resources, but this "Log Products" industry is dwindling compared with the

A PICTURE WHICH TELLS THE STORY



Here is a Typical Machine Shop, One of Over Five Hundred Which Make Up "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing Industry," Employing More Than 6,500 Men, Paying Nearly Ten Million Dollars in Salaries and Wages, Earning Dividends on Thirty-six Million Dollars of Capital, and Producing Annually Wares to the Value of Thirty Million Dollars. Further, it is an Industry With a Future.

Gay and Grave in Charlottetown



Ice Races at Charlottetown—Finish of the 2.19 Class.



Cooling Out Between Heats at the Special Meet on February 27.

other two. Canada's past has been carved out of the forests. Its future is a different matter.

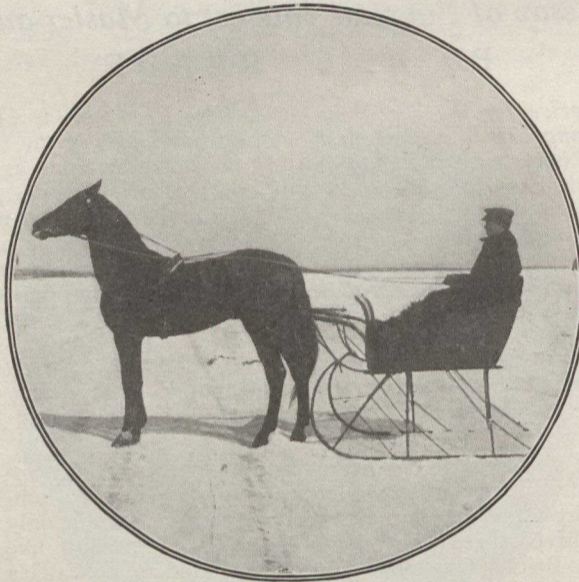
No. I is therefore out of the running. There remain II and III.

No. II is more widely distributed than III. It has slightly less capital, but returns nearly as large a gross dividend. It employs only one-fourth as much labour as its rival, although the average wage is about equal. It therefore will receive the investor's vote, but will be blackballed by the workers. In this deadlock of capital and labour the nation must be called in as umpire. The prize must be awarded according to the measure of economic profit to the community at large.

The profit to the nation is, as was said, a question of permanent economic utility. The prosperity of the flour mill rests on the wheat fields; of the machine shop and foundry on Canada's huge iron and coal deposits. The question is whether our country's future is written in products of wheat or in products of iron and coal.

The flour mill leads almost solely to the national kitchen. The machine shop feeds almost every other industry. It offers an unlimited future to skilled workers. It returns large profits to capital. It will put Canada at the apex of civilization, since the industrial fabric of all the world's great nations is woven out of iron. Lumber, wheat, iron, these are our successive paths of progress.

From the combined point of view of capital, of labour and of the logical trend of national development, the products of machine shops and foundries constitute our most profitable manufacture. Thus every city in Canada may look upon its foundries and machine shops as part of the greatest industry the country has yet developed.



"BOTTOM," 2.23 1/4.

Owned by D. A. McKinnon, Charlottetown.

Ice Races at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

By CAPT. D. A. MCKINNON

CHARLOTTETOWN has been quite enthusiastic over ice racing this season and thousands assemble at the weekly race meets. The most spectacular and exciting races of the season were held on Feb. 27th, the Hotel Victoria 1913 Ice Races. These were two classes, a 2.19 trot and pace, and a 2.35 class; and both were for \$100 purses given by R. H. Sterns, a popular boniface. It was thought at one time that the race could not be pulled off owing to a very heavy snow fall which covered the track. But the good sports got together, and in two days had cleared three tracks forty to sixty feet wide and one thousand yards long. Hundreds of tons of snow had to be moved; dozens of men turned out gratis to assist in the work, and the necessary funds were quickly gotten by popular subscriptions. When race day came over two thousand were in attendance, and the races proved worthy of all the preparation. The 2.19 class was finally won by Cherry Ripe, owned by T. C. Edgett, and the 2.35 class by the Rexall Girl, owned by the McKinnon Drug Co.

A Beautiful Cathedral Destroyed

ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL, Charlottetown, was thought to be the finest church edifice east of Montreal. Shortly after midnight on the night of March 7-8, it was discovered to be on fire. This had started behind the organwork and much woodwork fed the flames. Nothing could be done to stay the progress. The great eastern dome took fire, crumbled up and slid into the fiery caldron. One tower refused to succumb to the flames, but the church is gone.

Bishop O'Leary, his clergy and all the Roman Catholic people at once began plans for rebuilding. There was only \$90,000 insurance on the cathedral. The damage to the palace was covered by insurance. All the sacred vessels, vestments and paintings were lost.

A Champlain Tercentenary

At a recent meeting in Orillia, under the auspices of the Orillia Canadian Club, it was resolved:

That whereas the central portion of the Province of Ontario was first visited and explored by members of the white race when Samuel de Champlain and his

companies visited the Huron Nation in the summer of 1615;

And whereas the great French explorer spent about nine months in this Province, visiting parts of the counties of Simcoe, Grey, Bruce and Dufferin, and crossing from the Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario by way of Trent Valley system of waterways;

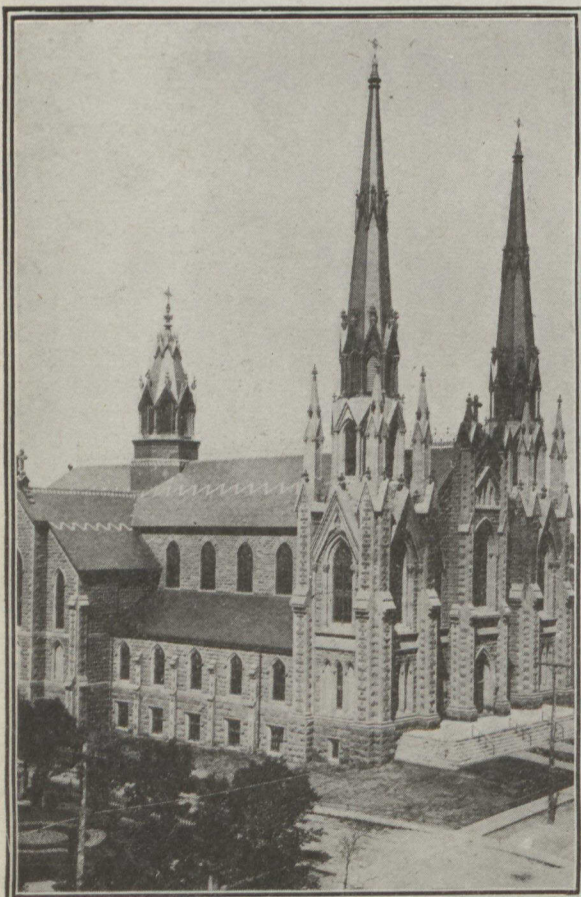
And whereas he made his headquarters during that time at Cahigue, the principal town of the Hurons, which was situated in the vicinity of the town of Orillia;

And whereas no public memorial to the enterprising and intrepid man who discovered the Great Lakes and first penetrated "these ancient wilds," has yet been erected in the Province of Ontario;

And whereas the natural location for such a public memorial to Champlain is the town of Orillia, which marks, approximately and as nearly as can now be determined, the centre from which he made his various expeditions to other parts of the Province; and which has within its borders "The Narrows," the one spot connected with Champlain's stay in the district concerning which there can be no uncertainty;

Resolved, that this meeting of the members of the Orillia Canadian Club, together with representatives of other public bodies, desires to express the opinion that the advent to this Province of the white race is an event of sufficient moment and interest to merit commemoration, and endorses the suggestion made by the Executive of the Club that steps should be taken to arrange for the celebration at Orillia, in August, 1915, of the Tercentenary of Champlain's visit, and for the erection of a permanent memorial of that visit, in the form of a suitable monument, at a point on the shore of Lake Couchiching within sight of the spot from which Champlain started with his Huron allies on his famous expedition against the Iroquois.

And that the Executive of the Club be requested to take such steps as they may deem advisable for giving effect to this resolution.



St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown, Before the Fire on March 8.



St. Dunstan's as the Camera Found it After Ravages of the Fire Fiend.

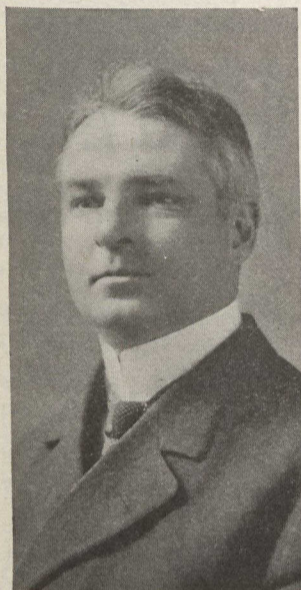
Corridor Comment

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

Ottawa, March 15th.

WHEN an irresistible force meets an immovable object what happens? Keep your eyes on the Canadian Parliament these days and find out. The parties have locked horns in a spectacular struggle which, at the time of writing, seems to have no possible end, unless one or other of the contestants recedes from its position.

As a matter of fact there is little chance of either parliamentary machine breaking down. Of course, there is some physical strain on the members, but this is not nearly so great as may be generally imagined. On both sides they work in relays of "eight hours on and sixteen off," a typical union schedule.



F. F. PARDEE, M.P.
Liberal Whip.

Leaders may enunciate rival policies; orators may keep Hansard going; members may cheer and supporters may counsel, but it is these two young men—both in the early forties—who, in the final analysis must be responsible for victory or defeat emerging from the dramatic deadlock. Let either of them miscue, make a strategic blunder, or slip a cog in their organization and disaster must overtake his party. Other men may discuss the merits of the issue; they are concerned with the technique of the contest. Other members may fill their assignments dutifully and then relinquish care with a light heart; they must follow each rumour, investigate every feature, take counsel with advisers, dominate and regulate procedure, give guidance in any situation, and assume responsibility for the whole plan of campaign.

The job is harder than it looks. On the Chief Whips rests the duty of carrying out the policies determined upon by the parties. They must be expert tacticians; shrewd, resourceful, possessing a keen understanding of the situation and all its possible complications, and, withal, an intimate knowledge of mankind. In the present parliamentary crisis the strain on these men is tremendous. They are playing chess with one another twenty-four hours in every day, sleeping or waking. It is true that each has at his service a staff of assistant Whips, one or more from each province, but it is upon the shoulders of the Chief Whip that the main burden rests—a battle of wits between two parliamentary generals; a contest between two men. Betting on the result of the parliamentary embroglio is betting upon the respective capabilities of Stanfield and Pardee.

Both are popular with the membership. They have to be. They must be men of iron, but they must wear the velvet glove. They must have a cordial smile for everyone and a sympathetic ear for every grievance, real or imaginary. They must cultivate team work and allot each unit his part. They must see that he does it, too.

In the present tactical struggle Pardee is the aggressor while Stanfield is on the defensive. They are well mated. There is a characteristic dash and daring about Pardee, and an equally typical caution about Stanfield. The members on both sides are divided into shifts, or watches, which must succeed

one another without a moment's intermission as regular as clockwork. On the Liberal side everything must be carefully planned out so that one speaker shall be ready to go on, a second ready to follow, and a third in waiting. The line of attack on every phase must be carefully prepared and the members who are to deal with them must have their speeches in hand. There must be no overlapping, and, above all, no contradiction, in the steady flow of parliamentary argument. It must have the excuse of relevancy, otherwise an astute opponent may rise to a point of order, and there must be absolutely no break in arrangements or procedure. To balance these Liberal necessities, the Conservative Whip must be sure that he always has a majority on hand to prevent a Liberal success in a strategic snap vote, the constant bogey of the besieged majority. Pardee may pick the battleground. He may make a bold frontal attack, or he may unexpectedly carry out a sortie at night. Stanfield must always be prepared. He does not know what his opponent's plans may be, but he must constantly be ready against any emergency. It is a game of parliamentary chess. A good move may mean tremendous advantage; a false move means certain defeat.

Fred Pardee is a lawyer and lives at Sarnia, Ontario. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall. In both places he was a famous athlete. In politics he has already made his mark and is destined to keep a famous name to the forefront of Liberalism. John Stanfield is a manufacturer of underwear and resides at Truro, Nova Scotia. His friends call him "Unshrinkable John," paraphrasing the advertisements of his wares. And the two are warm friends.

The struggle is one in which the participants are well matched. Borden has the big battalions; Laurier has the strategy. Liberals must do the speaking and the cheering; but Conservatives have the trying part of waiting, waiting, in wearisome inaction. Both sides profess to be equally confident as to the outcome. Both sides are undoubtedly equally determined.



JOHN STANFIELD, M.P.
Conservative Whip.

Meantime the whole of the internal economy of the Parliament Buildings has been completely reorganized. The morning of Monday and the evening of Saturday prescribe one parliamentary day. Pages, messengers, reporters, caterers and sessional help of all kinds work in relays or shifts, and know no day or night. The flag flies continuously from the tower.

THERE has been comparatively little humour throughout all the long hours of debate. It has been, as a whole, intensely serious and earnest. There have been, however, a few occasions when laughter relieved the situation. Mr. Charles Wilson, the bilingual member for Laval, was responsible for one of these. "I hope the Chairman will excuse me," said he, "if I speak two languages at once," apologizing for a speech which alternated between English and French.

"I am quoting from the Moose Jaw *Times*, an evening paper which comes out every evening," said Mr. W. E. Knowles, of Moose Jaw, and the House roared.

Mr. G. H. Boivin, the young French-Canadian member for Shefford, was responsible for a bright sally which tired representatives much enjoyed. "I venture to guess," he exclaimed, speaking in English,

"that the Government is afraid to go to the people at the present time."

"It's a wild guess," put in Mr. H. H. Stevens, the Conservative member for Vancouver.

"Quite so, a wise guess," wilfully misquoted the young Frenchman, and amid much laughter the Vancouver man had to rise and spell his interruption before the French-Canadian would permit himself to understand.

ONE of the humorous incidents which occurred during the first long week's vigil, and escaped general notice, happened when a member whose seat is immediately below the Press Gallery was speaking. One of the Liberal newspaper men "on night shift" and anxious to take a few moments furlough, leaned over and asked the speaker:

"How much longer are you going to hold the floor?"

Without apparently noticing the query, the member continued his speech thusly:

"Once more I say, Mr. Chairman, that whatever the people of Canada do—I intend to give those fellows opposite Hail Columbia for another hour—whatever we do, Sir, we should do voluntarily."

The weary correspondent in the Press Gallery caught the answer thus sandwiched in; and asked another question:

"Who is going to follow you?"

"We, on this side of the House, conceive our Empire as a glorious partnership of self-governing, self-respecting, self-reliant nations—(no, you'll have to get in touch with Fred Pardee)—not as a collection of contributory and tithe-paying colonies."

Even the alert Hansard man did not catch the answers, although he looked rather mystified.

THE trials and tribulations of Hansard have been many. Towards the latter part of the protracted sitting the force of official skilled stenographers was augmented, but for some days and nights at the beginning of the siege weary record-takers were on duty for twenty-four hours at a time, snatching occasional winks of sleep on lounges and chairs. As a result several amusing mistakes occurred in the official record. Dr. Michael Clark, the prominent free-trader from Red Deer, in the course of his speech quoted a statement "by Cobden." Hansard the next morning gravely assured its readers that the eloquent Britisher had quoted approvingly a free trade statement "by Cochrane." Again one morning the official record calmly credited a part of the speech of Hon. Dr. Pugsley to his fellow New Brunswicker and political opponent, Hon. Mr. Hazen, and the Minister of Marine was represented for a paragraph or so as urging reasons against the naval policy which comes under the jurisdiction of his own department. The newspaper men, who have, like Hansard, been on duty twenty-four hours in every day, working in relays, have also been responsible for some amusing blunders. "Why substitute Canadian dollars for Canadian daring?" asked Chief Liberal Whip F. F. Pardee, in the course of his appeal for the establishment of a Canadian navy. And a Vancouver paper published it: "Why substitute Canadian dollars for Canadian darlings?"

EQUALLY illuminating was the black-typed, six-column heading on one of the Ottawa newspapers, which read: "Day and Night Ceaselessly Since Monday the House of Commons Has Been Setting." But perhaps the journalistic reference which has occasioned more comment than any other was that of a staid, sane, Montreal paper which gravely informed its readers that "Mr. Borden spoke with an eloquence which sprang from his deep-seated conviction of the grave pass we have reached, basing his proposals upon the significant memorandum which the Almighty had prepared at his request."

ALL is grist that comes to the mill of the Liberal parliamentarian these days of continuous speech-making. Dr. Michael Clark was a guest at a private dinner one evening, and the perpetual subject of "the emergency" came up for discussion. The epigrammatic Red Deer man was sitting next to a young lady during the discussion, during the course of which one of the guests quoted in support of his contention the ancient proverb: "Si vis pacem pare bellum."

"Well, if I wanted peace I wouldn't get things ready to fight with," observed the young lady. "I'd prepare for peace."

The Doctor said nothing, but the young lady, sitting next day in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons, was surprised to hear him in an earnest exposition of her theory, and a paraphrasing of the quotation to "Si vis pacem pare pacem."

H. W. A.



WHY ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

DID you ever stop to consider the true answer to the above question? If you attempt to tell me that you are not unhappy, I will merely rule your response out as boastful and unfrank. Of course, you are unhappy. You may have lucid intervals. Most of us do. They are moments of forgetfulness. Some of us achieve these rare and dreamlike periods of mental abstinence by drinking great draughts of music—or of something more constantly on tap; and others of us attain to the same cloudland of calm by playing golf or going hunting or losing money at "bridge," or in some fashion accumulating artificial troubles which make us forget our real ones. But, barring these lucid intervals, we are all unhappy. And the question before the House is—"Why are you unhappy?"

I KNOW perfectly well. It is of no use to shut your closet door on your skeleton. I saw it, while you had the door open a while ago, gloating over it in greedy and satisfying misery. So I will tell you what it is. It is not the tooth-ache; it is the fear that that sensitive feeling in your tooth means it is going to ache if you do not let a dentist hurt it first. There is your secret. It may not, of course, be a sensitive tooth that bothers you; it may be only a sensitive bank account or a "grumbling" investment or a job that seems to be "getting loose." But my point is that your bank account is all right to-day—your investment is not yet lost—your job is still there. In a word, you are not hurt yet, but are only going to be. Your tooth does not actually ache.

VERY, very few of us are unhappy because of active and present miseries which afflict us. We are not hungry. We are not cold. We suffer from none of the things which mean unhappiness to most living creatures. Most living creatures in our positions would be as contented as a cow chewing its cud. But that is because they lack the mental organ which tortures us. They have no imagination. There is no use going to a cow, lying in the shade of a great tree, chewing away in drowsy happiness on a juicy "cud" made of grass she has just cropped, and saying to her—"I see by the almanac that a drought is coming when there will be no grass, and then you will have no cud to chew." You can't worry a cow that way. It has too much sense, and too little imagination. But you can worry a human "calf" half to death by that very process; and make the sweetest cud bitter in its mouth. That shows how superior we are to the beasts of the field. We know more ways of being unhappy.

"TAKE anxious thought for the morrow." That is the new commandment. And has it made us happy? I don't mind you substituting new things for old if they are better; but if they are worse— We have grown so determined to look ahead and provide for all possible contingencies that we can no longer enjoy the bright spring sunshine which is flooding the world all about us, for thinking of the possibility that, on the Friday after next, it may rain, and we may be caught out in it without a raincoat, and a cold may fasten itself upon us in consequence which will develop into pneumonia, and— Then right across the spring sunshines moves slowly and sorrowfully our own sad funeral to which fewer of the neighbours have come than we would have expected, and "little Jimmy" had no black suit to wear, and— Well, what can that bird be singing about anyway? Bless you, the bird knows that spring has come; and you—great, wise, human—who may not see too many springs march with golden footsteps over this glorious old world of ours, cannot see the spring at all for the shadow of the autumn.

THE modern human being, if he lives above "the submerged tenth"—in this country, it ought to read "the submerged hundredth"—has very seldom any present cause for being unhappy. Sometimes his tooth will ache, of course; but he has only to telephone his dentist, drop in an hour after, and this source of unhappiness is removed. Again, a loved one will die. There is no escape from that

form of unhappiness that I know of. But, generally speaking, the modern man and woman ought to be always happy, judged by standards which once governed happiness. But they are not happy. I doubt if they are as happy as their careless, reckless, hand-to-mouth ancestors who had so much trouble that they did not permit it to trouble them. But the point I want to make is that our trouble is practically all borrowed. It is not that we suffer—it is only that we fear we may suffer.

WHO is it who said that a coward dies many times, but a brave man only once. It is as true as the verdict of a foot-rule. If we would cease suffering the ills which we anticipate, and which practically never come, our sky would be ever sunny. I do not know whether I gave you

some time ago the testimony of an old friend who told me that the things he dreaded never came to pass; but that all his troubles fell on him out of a clear sky. But, in any case, it is worth repeating. His is the common experience. How often—oh, how often—I have permitted apprehensions of the future to poison the joys of to-day; and, long before the date of their possible fulfilment, I have seen how impossible they always were. What this generation wants is not so much to let the "dead past bury its dead," as to let the "fool" future do its own fool-killing. "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." That is sound advice.

DON'T worry! I know that that is a little like advising a friend not to take his money out of a bank, on which there is a "run," when you have no money in it to take out. It is easy not to worry over other people's troubles. But—believe me!—it is also quite easy to cultivate a habit of not worrying over your own which will save you from all minor misgivings so long as you are in good health. Let your nervous system run down a bit; and, I grant you, it is impossible to prevent the most ridiculous worries from putting pins in your pillow.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Breaking a Blockade

Spring Freshet in the House of Commons, Lately Our National Sanatorium

By JOHN MELVILLE

WE now have upwards of 200 patients at the Sanatorium on Parliament Hill. Many of them are quite distinguished; names known from ocean to ocean. But they've all got nerve trouble, which for convenience' sake we diagnose as parliamentary neuritis. Some have insomnia. Some drop off to sleep right in their chairs—poor dears! They are all subject to one grand illusion, which is technically known as Canadiana-Imperitis.

There have been symptoms of the outbreak since last November. But nobody ever dreamed it would become an epidemic. Now for two weeks they've all had it.

Of course, they don't all stay at the sanatorium at once. In fact, the average attendance isn't over 70. We find it better to let them out. They're quite harmless. And they all come back.

Now we don't give them medicine; except that every little while a few of them go to the dispensary upstairs and get a little harmless beverage. The best way is to let them do pretty much as they like, keep them cheerful, give them plenty of light and air and mild exercise. Besides, there's one grand game that delights them all. They play it hour by hour, day after day, week upon week.

They call it—Talking-out-a-Bill.

This is far better than charades or ping-pong or bridge-whist. It's a very simple game. The patients choose sides. One of them is made a chairman; sometimes a Speaker—just to see that the rules of the game are observed. The patients choose sides, about equal in number. One side brings in the bill. The other side undertakes to talk on it without a break for six days, while the others listen—most of the time. In this way it's a good deal like a Cree thirst-dance where for six days the tomtoms never stop and there's always somebody dancing.

Of course, it isn't necessary for everybody to listen. Because this bill is known as the Naval Service Act; and it concerns ships and emergencies and Dreadnoughts and the armour-plate press and fleet units and autonomy and Imperial Federation—and \$35,000,000; concerning which it's quite possible to say a great many things that have nothing to do with the case. Though it's really surprising what a lot of interesting things can be said by the Talking side, if you only give the patients a chance to read the books in the big library.

Everybody is allowed to read. Any patient who wants to talk may bring in with him as many books as he likes, and read extracts—so long as it has something to do with the case.

But we must introduce you to some of the patients whose behaviour throws a good deal of light on this epidemic Canadiana-Imperitis in the game Talking-out-a-Bill. The other morning here was Douglas Hazen, Minister of Marine, reading the Round Table (Imperial Quarterly) and holding in his left fingers the stump of a cigar. Frank Oliver on the Talk side sprawled himself over two seats as though he had been camping on a Red River cart trail. Michael Clark from Red Deer wrote letters home—

he's one of the patients that reads a lot in the library and talks a good deal; Manchester free-trader and autonomist.

Sam Hughes sat on his own seat and hoisted his slimy gaiter boots over the arms of another. Sam Barker reads and reads—great thick books that sometimes put him to sleep. George Graham keeps lifting the lid of his desk and looking for a chance to interject a joke; very genial George! "Whip" Stanfield keeps bustling about from one desk to another; he looks after the players on the Sit-it-out side, just as F. F. Pardee does the Talkers; lively lads!

Somebody palavers in French. Once in a while he reads English—just for a change. That's a rule of the game; both languages allowed—and, of course, that makes it necessary for the scribes who write out the talks for "Hansard" to keep very busy.

But Rodolphe Lemieux doesn't bother much with his native French, in which he is very skilful, because he does so well in the very best of English. And R. L. has a wall of books behind and a rampart of papers below. The books are all earmarked where he wants to turn something up about sea-power or Canada and the navy. He is one of the best talkers of the lot, and much enjoys being personal with both Mr. Borden and A. E. Kemp on the other side.

Kemp is always so neatly dressed that he doesn't mind being jibed by Rodolphe. Mr. Borden smiles and looks like a magnificent Egyptian—such a dusky complexion. H. R. Emerson, of the curly grey hair and the nonchalant looks, now and then puts a word in, which nobody hears, because everybody is either talking or reading or sleeping while the talker talks.

Then there's Claude Macdonnell, of irreproachable togs and a fine slanting tie-pin. He looks just about the antipodes of Frank Carvell on the other side, who glowers with folded arms looking as though any minute he would erupt into another pugilistic diatribe. Sorry Frank has lost his red vest and is beginning to get bald.

Mr. Pelletier, alongside Mr. Borden, wears a subordinated and quite guileful giggle as he hears Lemieux twit him about "colonial nobility." He enjoys the game. Frank Cochrane lolls superbly on a seat and a half, and once in a while shuffles over to the Premier's desk for a quiet little confab. The member for Ste. Hyacinthe rises to introduce a little game of his own—baiting Coderre. Mr. Borden listens gravely and replies courteously, stipulating Monday as the day to bring up the Coderre matter again.

Robert Rogers—ah! there's a clever patient. You never can tell what he might say from the way he looks when he's silent. He never needs to talk. He is the Minister of Works. And to him this game is a very childish thing.

But the man who sits most apart just beyond the Cabinet rows and writes and reads and cogitates and calls pages hither and thither—is Billy Maclean. He doesn't care at all for the game called

(Concluded on page 24.)

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Women Curlers of the West

By KENNETHE M. HAIG

THIS year for the first time in history women entered the Winnipeg bonspiel—the biggest bonspiel in the world and subsequent proceedings, to borrow from the vocabulary of truthful James, proved that they could well celebrate the rites of the Scottish game.

But to begin at the beginning—and this time that means the Ladies' Strathcona Curling Club, feminine portion of the Strathcona Curling Club of Winnipeg. The members of this club petitioned the Manitoba Curling Association for permission to enter the bonspiel. "It cannot be, no how," answered that august body, "but we will put up a cup for competition among the women curlers of the world to be played for during the second week of the great event," which being interpreted, is the Winnipeg bonspiel. And so it all began.

Night letters were flashed East and West and North and South, wherever it was known there were women curlers, and back came courteous regrets—the notice was too short. The nearby clubs, however, sent rinks and the women's bonspiel became an established fact; also the Braden, Rochon and Flavelle quartettes had found a keen rival in the spectators' interest. Perhaps the crowds came to be amused, but they stayed to applaud.

Next year the Winnipeg women hope for a strong representation from the East and the West, as well as throughout Manitoba.

It is little wonder that women of the prairie city



MRS. F. R. MUNRO

President of the Ladies' Strathcona Curling Club of Winnipeg.

have caught the curling germ, for classification in other cities may differ, but in Winnipeg the population is divided into those that curl and those that go to watch the game.

Like many other good things, it came to us from the East, for it was a wise woman from Montreal who first initiated the feminine Winnipeggers. That was five years ago, and now there are two ladies' clubs, the Strathcona and the Elmwood. This year an ultimatum was issued that the membership of the former would close at sixty, and the warning was not a moment too soon. Curling has ceased to be exclusive with the women of Winnipeg. It has become popular.

Mornings and afternoons the Strathcona rink is given over to the women, and upon every sheet, short-skirted, with woollen sweaters, they foregather. The stolid block of granite becomes alive in their hands and glides down the smooth surface, out-turn or in-turn, and sometimes no turn at all. Eight pairs of eyes strain to watch its progress. Will it get the shot? Gliding on it slips through the house and the enemy are still in possession of the button. "Not quite so heavy," calls the skip, the next time, and again the granite starts its smooth progress. "Sweep it! Sweep!" calls the player. "Bring it all the way, all the way!" entreats the skip, and obediently the two other players do the turkey-trot down the ice sweeping violently in front of the stone as they go. The treatment avails. "She's got the shot," declares the other skip. "Now, it's your turn." So the game goes on and the amount of perfectly good energy used up would make an



READY FOR PLAY.

Members of the Ladies' Strathcona Club Who Entered in the Women's Bonspiel at Winnipeg This Season.

engineer envious.

Then "the girls" go in for hot tea and coffee, for the club has its own club-room, and many are the battles fought over again between bites of sandwich.

Three prize cups are offered in the season: Stewart, Sharpe and Birks, and as well there is the Knight individual competition.

The women use the same stones as the men, 38, 39 and 40 pounds in weight, the only difference in play being that ten ends instead of twelve is counted a game.

"I took to curling to get thin," wailed one buxom lady as she handed in her cup for a fresh supply, "but, alas! my appetite has gotten quite tremendous." "I joined because my physician ordered it," answered her slim, not to say thin, companion, "and I feel now anywhere from ten to twenty years younger."

"Wish we could afford a rink of our own," commented a third. "Then we could use it at night and the teachers and business girls would be able to play, too." "It's the game, isn't it, girls?" signalling a duo, whose graduation from the co-ed state was not a matter of very ancient history. "It is, it is, it is," answered they in unison, waving red toques by way of emphasis.

Vancouver Women Build

By RUTH R. THOMSON

HAVE club women business ability? Opinions differ, but in Vancouver—the Terminal City—no well-informed business man would suggest for an instant that the women of the city lack this traditional attribute of only the sterner sex. For there, the club women have organized a corporation called the Women's Club Building, Limited, with a capital stock of \$200,000, divided into 8,000 shares at a par value of \$25 each. The corporation proposes to build a club building for women—a building which will meet the needs of the philanthropic and social clubs and which will provide an auditorium and concert hall and a suitable place for conventions.

A fine site has been purchased and partly paid for. The price was \$25,000, and real estate men now rate the property as worth \$37,000. The assets of the company are several thousand dollars in excess of the liabilities to shareholders.

The building planned will be a commodious six-storey structure with an auditorium, banquet hall, tea rooms, exhibition rooms, studios, and offices for professional women.

The estimated monthly revenue from the building is \$2,200.

The Women's Club Building, Limited, is issuing a Women's Edition of the *Sun* newspaper, on March 18. The paper will contain at least eighteen pages and will be managed and edited solely by women. The officers of this organization are: Mrs. J. H. MacGill, president; Mrs. S. McLagan

and Mrs. Peter McNaughton, vice-presidents; Mrs. R. Charles Stoddard, secretary; Mrs. Charles H. Fox, treasurer.

Snowshoeing

By CATHERINE D. MACKENZIE

OH! for the crunch of the crusted snow,
The strain of the leathern thong,
And the frosty rhyme of our steps in time—
As we tramp the drifts along.
While overhead the stars are spread
Like the notes of an elfin song.

Give us the way of the snow-hushed wood,
Where never a wild thing stirs;
A reach of shore by the wide Bras d'Or,
Where tide and mountain blurs;
And gaunt and high against the sky
Loom silhouetted firs.

Give us the open midnight trails,
Where the purple shadows bide—
Oh! fain are we to follow free,
With the Pole Star for our guide;
'Neath the winter moon, to the lilting tune
Of a swinging snowshoe stride.

In the News Net

"ALBERTA Ladies' College at Red Deer" is the name, finally, of the institution which the Alberta Legislature has just incorporated. There were times when it might have been other names, before the present emerged from the fumes of discussion. A certain gallantry, however, and recourse to a directory (which divulged the name "Alberta" as not exclusive) carried the day, and the Red Deer school is to bear the provincial style.



QUEEN AMELIE

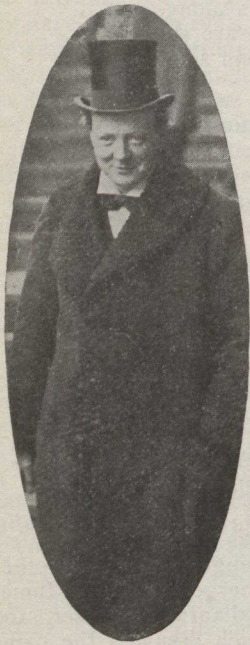
Mother of the Deposed King Emanuel of Portugal, Who Opened the Royal Amateur Art Society's Exhibition, Recently Held in London, G.B.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Our Friend Winston

RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL has broken into Canadian politics with a vengeance. When he came to Canada to lecture on his South African experiences, he did much the same. He shocked many people with whom he came in contact. In Montreal, when he was dined at the Country Club, he left the guests after the meal and enthroned himself in a corner with a magazine. He stayed at the house of a prominent citizen in London and had his meals sent up to his room. At Hamilton, it is said, a distinguished Canadian proposed his health with the words: "Here's to our guest. We wish him a safe and speedy return to the land from which he came." He was most extraordinary on all occasions—and we simply said, "Genius is extraordinary."



MR. CHURCHILL.

Now Mr. Winston has again come close to our hearts with a letter which tells us that we had better stick to the pick and the plough. Perhaps it would be better for us, but most of us will be loath to take his advice. We have tried our hand at building factories and trans-continental railways and universities and we rather like the occupation. We have even ventured to say we intended to build up a new nation here with a knowledge of politics, commerce, literature, art, music, law and medicine. Perhaps it had been better had we remained a crown colony, but I fear Winston's advice comes too late.

He says we cannot build Dreadnoughts economically in Canada. He is quite right. But we shall probably build them just the same. We shall not start with Dreadnoughts, of course. We will begin with smaller vessels, but we shall come to Dreadnoughts some day, if the plaguey things do not get out of date before we reach the point.

If Brother Winston had decided to say something which would stir us up to greatest effort along naval lines, he could not have written a better document for that purpose. His taunt will only serve to make us square our shoulders to the task.

A Striking Contradiction

MR. CHURCHILL says it would be foolish to establish shipyards in Canada. Mr. Borden, on the other hand states that he has arranged with the British Admiralty to order ships to be built in Canada in shipyards to be established here. Most of us will be pleased that Mr. Borden has not decided to accept Mr. Churchill's advice. Even British shipyards in Canada, as Mr. Borden proposes, are preferable to no shipyards at all. If the British fleet gets cruising around in Canadian waters and a ship needs repairing, we shall be able to repair it. The *Royal George*, the big C. N. R. liner, was injured in the St. Lawrence, taken to Halifax, and there dry-docked for repairs. A little extension of our equipment at Halifax, and a duplication of those facilities in the St. Lawrence and at Esquimalt would pave the way for the growth of a real industry.

Mr. Borden professes to admire Mr. Churchill's letter, but in his heart he thinks otherwise. If he stays in power long enough he will have shipyards in Canada. His announcement on the naval policy in Parliament last December is a striking contradiction of his present admiration for Mr. Churchill's powers as a letter writer. The Liberals say Mr. Borden is a "Little Canadian." The *COURIER* refuses to believe it. Mr. Borden will come along in good time with a real Canadian ship-building policy. It may be necessary for him to go into opposition again to develop it, but we have every confidence in the ultimate result.

Mr. Borden's party papers are already getting around. They now talk about "our" three Dreadnoughts, about "our" officers and men on these

vessels and "our" maintenance of these ships ultimately. Shortly they may be expected to talk about "our" training ships, "our" naval college and "our" policy in regard to naval defence. The successor of the statesman who gave Canada the National Policy could not do otherwise. This seeming divergence is only an "emergency" side-stepping, due entirely to political exigencies.

Prevention of Disease

DR. HASTINGS, medical health officer for Toronto, lays down the axiom for his service that prevention of disease is a business quite separate and distinct from the curing of disease. Acting on this rule, his department is endeavouring to see that the citizens of Toronto get pure water, and wholesome milk, and that infection from tubercular persons is minimized. Although in office for

The Folly of It!

If the Conservatives force a vote of thirty-five million through Parliament, will it be a gift of which the Empire can be proud? Is a closure gift likely to breed true Imperial sentiment here or elsewhere?

If the Conservatives force the Bill through the House, and it fails in the Senate, who or what will be benefited?

If the Conservatives fail to force it through the House and are compelled to drop the Bill, what will Great Britain think of us?

If the Bill fails to get through the House, and a general election is brought on, what good will be accomplished? If the Conservatives are returned to power, will their gift be any more the gift of a united and loyal people? If the Liberals win, will their policy be considered national and imperial by the defeated Conservatives?

The only solution, as the CANADIAN COURIER has maintained from the beginning, is a non-partisan settlement of the navy question. The only way to preserve Canada's good name among the Britannic peoples and to establish a naval policy which will be honourable to Canada and beneficial to the British Alliance, is to settle upon a naval policy on which both parties may unite.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, a Conservative, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, a Liberal, and some others have proposed a compromise. The non-partisan memorial, signed by three hundred prominent citizens, and presented to the Leaders in November, urged a compromise on a non-partisan basis. Can Hon. Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier ignore these suggestions? What will the people of Canada and the public opinion of the Empire say of them if they continue this partisanship battle on a question which affects other nations as well as ourselves? Are parties greater than principles, or the prejudices of politicians greater than our reputation among the nations?

only two years, he has already revolutionized Toronto's health department.

Toronto consumes about 100,000 quarts of milk a day, supplied from 1,000 farms. The M. H. O.'s men have inspected each of these farms and have a record of every farmer and the quality of milk he supplies. Sixty per cent. of this milk is now pasteurized, that is, brought to a heat of 140 deg. and kept at that degree for thirty minutes. All cans are sterilized and sealed before being returned by the milk vendors to the farmers.

He figures that there are 3,000 cases of tuberculosis in Toronto and his department has now 1,200 cases under observation of its nurses. He hopes that this number will grow as he is allowed to increase the number of nurses who seek them out. Every patient is supplied with paper cups, napkins and towels, and the household instructed how to prevent infection. The names of the tubercular patients are carefully guarded.

When Dr. Hastings took charge, there were 16,000 yard closets in Toronto, and in less than two years 6,000 of these have been abolished. Four

hundred houses have been condemned as unfit for human habitation.

These facts are quoted simply to show what a common-sense M. H. O. may do for a great city and how much the citizens owe to such a man. Ottawa's typhoid epidemics and Montreal's tremendous infant mortality prove what happens in a city which has no executive officer of the Hastings type or which fails to recognize the importance of the services which he can render.

The Measure of the Man

HEATED debate sometimes leads men to make statements which they do not mean. During a recent discussion in the Ontario Legislature, Mr. A. C. Pratt, M.P., made the statement that "if you scratch a Liberal you will find an opponent of the farmer." The Liberals laughed. This seemed to anger the follower of Sir James Whitney and he added, "If you scratch him deep enough I believe you will find an enemy of Great Britain."

Mr. Pratt is an intelligent citizen and his mistake should not be held to reflect upon the Conservatives as a class. His grievous error, which must mar his reputation for all time to come, should be a warning to our representative citizens to bridle their tongues lest in a weak moment they should lose reputations which are the result of years of unselfish effort.

Speaking generally, the Ontario Legislature has not shown a very high regard for its reputation in the debates of the last two sessions. That a man of Mr. Pratt's calibre should join the band of calumniators is indeed regrettable.

Poverty and Vice

THAT eternal problem of the relation between poverty and vice is being attacked in a new way. In Australia, Great Britain and the United States, governments are moving towards a minimum wage for women as a preventive of immorality. They are working on the theory that a young girl who earns enough money by honest labour to clothe and feed herself properly will not yield to the despoiler.

A recent investigation by a committee of the Illinois State Senate, where a minimum wage of \$12 is proposed, has brought out some startling evidence. It has been shown that girls are working in that city for \$3, \$4 and \$5 a week, while their employers admit that they cannot live on less than \$8. One manager of a large departmental store was so impressed by the evidence which he heard that he immediately raised his minimum wage a dollar a week and introduced other preventive regulations.

In Ontario factories and stores there are scores of girls working for less than five dollars a week and many for less than six dollars. One departmental store has a minimum of six dollars. Certain disinterested bodies have been investigating cases and have compiled evidence which will later be used to support an application for a minimum wage law.

However desirable such a law may be and however beneficial, the real motive force for good must come from a body of sympathetic employers. If the Canadians who employ women do not care whether the girls in their establishments are starved or whether they sell their virtue for food and clothing, then there is little to be hoped for at the hands of the Legislature. An aroused public sentiment is as important as a minimum wage law, because it would place upon every employer of girls a moral responsibility of which he would not dare to be negligent.

Degrading the N.T.R.

FOR some time there has been talk that the Dominion Government had changed the grades in the National Transcontinental to such an extent that it would not be the first-class road which was first intended, and that the Grand Trunk Pacific might thus have a ground for refusing to operate it. An explanation has at last been given, and it seems that some one was making a mountain out of a mole-hill. At two points, near miles 395 and 397, west from Quebec, velocity grades have been adopted. These are 4-10 per cent. eastbound and 6-10 per cent. westbound. They will not affect the economical operation of the road. Practically all the engineers agree that velocity grades might have been introduced permanently into the road without affecting traffic and greatly reducing the cost.

The answer made by Hon. Mr. Cochrane seems to be complete and probably nothing more will be heard of this "great crime." The G. T. P. cannot have any objections.



For the Juniors



Bunny White and How He Came at Easter

ONCE there was a white rabbit that lived in a wood. It was not the same White Rabbit that Alice met in Wonderland, though it may have been a distant relation, because now that we come to think of it, they looked very much alike. They were both white, they both had long, silky ears and a very peculiar way of wrinkling up their noses which was so noticeable that it might certainly be taken for a "family characteristic." If you don't know what that is we would advise you to ask some person else, because this story is about a white rabbit, and we have no time for explanations.

Now, it would really seem quite safe to say that our rabbit was *possibly* a forty-ninth cousin on *perhaps* its father's side to the White Rabbit that Alice met. One thing, however, that we are *sure* of is, that it was a great-great-grandfather of our white rabbit that was captured by Baby Buntin's father and skinned to make a coat for Baby Buntin'. You remember the story being told in nursery rhyme. It went this way:

Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap a Baby Bunting in.

The white rabbit knew the rhyme, and all his little brothers and sisters and cousins did, too. Their mothers sang it to them when they were baby rabbits, but it wasn't meant for a lullaby. It was sung as a warning of what might happen if they were not good little rabbits and minded what their elders told them.

One day in the early springtime we were sitting on a log in the woods resting after a long tramp, when suddenly, out popped our white rabbit and sat in the path and stared at us. That is how we first came to meet him. We both sat very still and presently he said:

"Does either one of you happen to be called Buntin'?"

We told him neither was.

"Are you sure you have no child at home called Baby Buntin'?" he asked, politely.

I told him we had a baby but her name was Marjory, and it made her very angry to be called baby, because she was nearly five years old.

"Oh, very well, then," said the rabbit, "I guess I'm not afraid of you two. I thought at first you had a sort of Buntin' look about you, and you know we've never had anything to do with that family since one of them skinned my great-great-grandfather to make a rabbit coat to bring home to the baby."

"We can understand your feelings exactly," I replied. "I never heard of the Buntin's, but Billie here may know them. Or perhaps it's because he owns an old Billie-goat that gives him that kind of a Buntin' look."

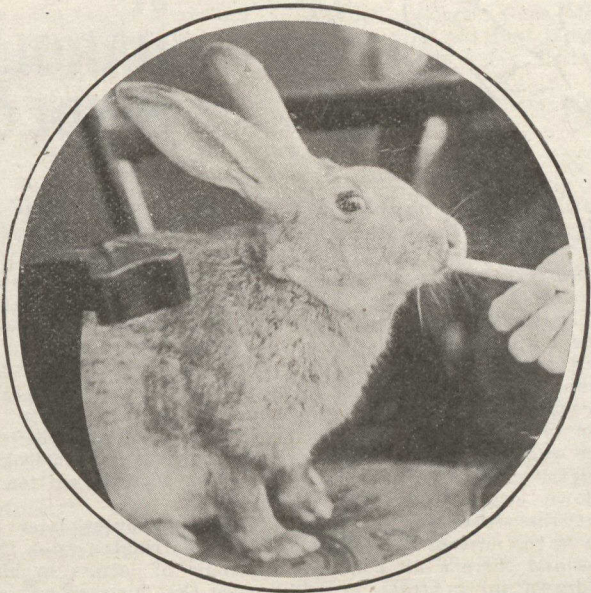
Billie said that was a silly joke, and that the white rabbit and I should mind our grammar. He said he had been picking up the "g's" that we had dropped off the Buntings.

"What did you do with them?" asked the white rabbit, curiously, who didn't know what a "g" was I am sure.

"Put them in my mouth," said Billie.

"Well, I want mine back," said the rabbit.

"All right. G! G! G!" shouted Billie, and the rabbit looked so frightened at the noise that I was afraid he would run away, so I said:



Bunny White Learned Many Tricks; To Eat a Cigarette Was One of Them.

"I never met such a jolly rabbit as you before. Wouldn't you like to come home with us. Marjory wants a white rabbit filled with candy for Easter, but I'm sure she would much rather have a live one."

"Very kind of you, indeed," said the white rabbit. "I don't know but what I'll go. We have got such a large family I'll never be missed at home, that's a sure thing, and when I happened to meet you I was looking for an adventure. If I don't enjoy myself I can run home again. Trot along, I'll follow you."

We kept the white rabbit out of sight until Easter morning and then made Marjory "cover her eyes and hold out her hands and see what we had brought her." She danced with delight when we put the rabbit in her arms.

"This is very satisfactory," said the white rabbit. "I think I'm going to like it here."

That was ever so many Easters ago and white rabbit has not run home yet. Marjory has taught him some clever tricks and named him Bunny White and loves him dearly.

M. H. C.

What Easter Brings

Easter comes with springtime,
Bringing opening buds,
Also birds and sunshine—
Gay hats and new duds!

The Horn-Blower of Ripon

IN many English towns the ancient custom of announcing bedtime at nine o'clock still exists. Sometimes it is done by a bell, from the custom of the curfew-bell; and sometimes it is by means of a watchman's voice, as at Lichfield. At Ripon, in the north of England, the hour when medieval Englishmen were supposed to cover their fires and put out the lights is announced by a city official known as the Horn-blower.

At the approach of the hour, the Horn-blower,

who selects his own uniform and performs his task according to his own idea of what is picturesque and proper, dons a three-cornered hat, straps a great horn to his shoulder, and proceeds, first, to the residence of the mayor. Precisely at the hour, he blows three loud, distinct blasts, which are both strong and sweet; then waits a little for the sounds to disperse and gives three more blasts. This he does every night of the year, as his predecessor has done and as his successor will do.

Then, while the echoes are still lingering pleasantly on the ear, he walks briskly over to the market-place, and though every one in town knows that he is simply going to repeat the performance, there is always an audience, large or small, and, in summer, including every strange visitor to the town, to see and hear the Horn-blower of Ripon.

When the last of the sweet notes has blown itself away over toward the hills of Yorkshire, the listeners are fully impressed with the idea that the day has actually gone, and that the time for sleep has arrived.

In some English towns, though not, I think, at Ripon, the night-watchman calls out, after his bell or horn, something like this:

"Half-past nine, the night is fine,
All is well, God save the King."

—St. Nicholas.

I'm Such a Very Stylish Child!

I'M such a very stylish child!

My relatives declare;
They like my manner—proudly mild—
The way I do my hair;
They like the way my socks are worn,
The way my guimpe stays down,
And I'm to have on Easter morn
A brand new challie gown!

Well, other little girls may play
With dolls and foolish toys,
While some may run around all day
As bold as little boys—
But oh, I'm not as light as they,
Such things just make me wild!
I'd rather everyone would say:
"My! What a stylish child!"

—Woman's Home Companion.

Mamma gives me ev'rything,
Calls me "Little Lamb,"
When I'm good; but I'll not say
What she gave me yesterday,
When she made me go away
From a pot of jam.

The Mouse Burglar

"OH, oh, oh!" cried little Baby Bruin one night; "there is a dreadful noise outside on the landing."

Father Bruin opened the door and peeped out. "There is nobody here," he said. "Perhaps there is someone in the attic. We will go up and see."

So up, up, up they went. When they reached the top, something tiny scampered across Father Bruin's toes. Down fell the candle with a bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Old Moon, beaming on them through the staircase window. "It's only a mouse."



The Easter Parade in Feathertown.



BY
**HAROLD
BINDLOSS**

SYNOPSIS: Rancher Witham was in hard luck in the early days of the Canadian West. Two harvests had been frosted and his banker would take no further risks. Then comes Lance Courthorne, a cattle "rustler" and whiskey smuggler, with an offer of a hundred dollars if Witham will ride Courthorne's black charger down to Montana so as to throw the Police off Courthorne's trail. Witham, facing starvation, accepts.

Witham dons Courthorne's cap and coat and starts on his long ride. A trooper accosts him, but he refuses to stop. In the meantime Trooper Shannon is trapped by Courthorne, who has a grudge against him, and is shot. Trooper Payne takes up the chase and Courthorne, cornered, disappears through the thin ice of the river. Payne thinks it was Witham who went through the ice, and this mistake is the basis of subsequent events.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Barrington Comes Home.

THE long train was slackening speed and two whistles rang shrilly through the roar of wheels when Miss Barrington laid down the book with which she had beguiled her journey of fifteen hundred miles, and rose from her seat in a corner of the big first-class car. The car was sumptuously upholstered, and its decorations tastefully as well as lavish, but just then it held no other passenger, and Miss Barrington smiled curiously as she stood, swaying a little, in front of the mirror at one end of it, wrapping her furs about her. There was, however, a faint suggestion of regret in the smile, and the girl's eyes grew grave again, for the soft cushions, dainty curtains, gleaming gold and nickel, and equable temperature formed a part of the sheltered life she was about to leave behind her, and there would, she knew, be a difference in the future. Still, she laughed again as, drawing a little fur cap well down upon her broad forehead, she nodded at her own reflection.

"One cannot have everything, and you might have stayed there and revelled in civilization if you had liked," she said.

Crossing to the door of the portico she stood a moment with fingers on its handle, and once more looked about her. The car was very cosy, and Maud Barrington had all the average young woman's appreciation of the smoother side of life, although she had also the capacity, which is by no means so common, for extracting the most it had to give from the opposite one. Still, it was with a faint regret she prepared to complete what had been a deed of renunciation. Montreal, with its gaieties and luxuries, had not seemed so very far away while she was carried West amid all the comforts artizans who were also artists could provide for the traveller, but once that door closed behind her she would be cut adrift from it all, and left face to face with the simple, strenuous life of the prairie.

Maud Barrington had, however, made her mind up some weeks ago; and when the lock closed with a little clack that seemed to emphasize the fact that the door was shut, she had shaken the memories from her, and was quietly prepared to look forward instead of back. It also needed some little courage, for, as she stood with the furs fluttering about her on the lurching platform, the cold went through her like a knife, and the roofs of the little prairie town rose up above the willows the train was now crawling through. The odours that greeted her nostrils were the reverse of pleasant, and glancing down with the faintest shiver of disgust, her eyes rested on the litter of empty cans, discarded garments, and other even more unsightly things which are usually dumped in the handiest bluff by the citizens of a springing Western town. They have, for the most part, but little appreciation of the picturesque, and it would take a good deal to affect their health.

Then the dwarfed trees opened out, and flanked by the two huge wheat elevators and a great water tank, the prairie city stood revealed. It was crude and repellent, devoid of anything that could please the most lenient eye, for the bare frame houses rose, with their rough boarding weathered and cracked by frost and sun, hideous almost in their simplicity, from the white prairie. Paint was apparently an unknown luxury, and pavement there was none, though a rude platform straggled some distance above the ground down either side of the street, so that the citizens might not sink knee-deep in the mire of the spring thawing. Here and there a dilapidated waggon was drawn up in front of a store, but with a clanging of the big bell the locomotive rolled into the little station, and Maud Barrington looked down upon a group of silent men who had sauntered there to enjoy the one relaxation the desolate place afforded them.

There was very little in their appearance to attract the attention of a young woman of Miss Barrington's upbringing. They had grave, bronzed faces, and wore, for the most part, old fur coats stained here and there with soil. Nor were their mittens and moccasins in good repair, but there was a curious steadiness in their gaze which vaguely suggested the slow, stubborn courage that upheld them through the strenuous effort and grim self-denial of their toilsome lives. They were small wheat-growers who had driven in to purchase provisions or inquire the price of grain, and here and there a mittened hand was raised to a well-worn cap, for most of them recognized Miss Barrington of Silverdale Grange. She returned their greeting graciously, and then swung herself from the platform, with a smile in her eyes as a man came hastily and yet, as it were, with a certain deliberation in her direction.

HE was elderly, but held himself erect, while his furs, which were good, fitted him in a fashion which suggested a uniform. He also wore boots which reached half-way to the knee, and were presumably lined to resist the prairie cold, which few men at that season would do, and scarcely a speck of dust marred their lustrous exterior, while as much of his face as was visible beneath the great fur cap was lean and commanding. Its salient features were the keen and somewhat imperious grey eyes and long, straight nose, while something in the squareness of the man's shoulders and his pose set him apart from the prairie farmers and suggested the cavalry officer. He was, in fact, Colonel Barrington, founder and autocratic ruler of the English community of Silverdale, and had been awaiting his niece somewhat impatiently. Colonel Barrington was invariably punctual, and resented the fact that the train had come in an hour later than it should have done.

"So you have come back to us. We have been longing for you, my dear," he said. "I don't know what we should have done had they kept you in Montreal altogether."

"Yes," she said, "I have come back. It was very pleasant in the city, and they were all kind to me; but I think, henceforward, I would sooner stay with you on the prairie."

Colonel Barrington patted the hand he drew through his arm, and there was a very kindly smile in his eyes as they left the station and crossed the tract towards a little, and by no means very comfortable, wooden hotel. He stopped outside it.

"I want to see the horses put in and

get our mail," he said. "Mrs. Jasper expects you, and will have tea ready."

He disappeared behind the wooden building, and his niece standing a moment on the veranda watched the long train roll away down the faint blur of track that ran west to the farthest verge of the great white wilderness. Then with a little impatient gesture she went into the hotel.

"That is another leaf turned down, and there is no use in looking back; but I wonder what is written on the rest," she said.

Twenty minutes later she watched Colonel Barrington cross the street with a bundle of letters in his hand. She fancied that his step was slower than it had been, and that he seemed a trifle preoccupied and embarrassed; but he spoke with quiet kindness when he handed her into the waiting sleigh, and the girl's spirits rose as they swung smoothly northwards behind two fast horses across the prairie. It stretched away before her, ridged here and there with a dusty birch bluff or willow grove under a vault of crystalline blue. The sun that had no heat in it struck a silvery glitter from the snow, and the trail swept back to the horizon a sinuous blue-grey smear, while the keen, dry cold and sense of swift motion set the girl's blood stirring. After all, it seemed to her, there were worse lives than those the Western farmers led on the great levels under the frost and sun.

Colonel Barrington watched her with a little gleam of approval in his eyes. "You are not sorry to come back to this and Silverdale?"

"No," said the girl, with a little laugh. "At least, I shall not be sorry to return to Silverdale. It has a charm of its own, for while one is occasionally glad to get away from it, one is even more pleased to come home again. It is a somewhat purposeless life our friends are leading yonder in the cities. I, of course, mean the women."

Barrington nodded. "And some of the men! Well, we have room here for the many who are going to the devil in the old country for the lack of something worth while to do; though I am afraid there is considerably less prospect than I once fancied there would be of their making money."

His niece noticed the gravity in his face, and sat thoughtfully silent for several minutes, while, with the snow hissing beneath it, the sleigh nipped into and swung out of a hollow.

COLONEL BARRINGTON had founded the Silverdale settlement ten years earlier, and gathered about him other men with a grievance who had once served their nation, and the younger sons of English gentlemen who had no inclination for commerce, and found that lack of brains and capital debarred them from either a political or military career. He had settled them on the land, and taught them to farm, while, for the community had prospered at first when Western wheat was dear, it had taken ten years to bring home to him the fact that men who dined ceremoniously each evening and spent at least a third of their time in games and sport, could not well compete with the grim bushmen from Ontario, or the lean Dakota ploughmen, who ate their meals in ten minutes and toiled at least twelve hours every day.

Colonel Barrington was slow to believe that the race he sprang from could be equalled and much less beaten at anything, while his respect for and scrupulous observance of insular traditions had cost him a good deal, and left him a poorer man than he had been when

(Continued on page 25.)



Men of character write their personal letters on personal paper—not the firm's letter-head nor the feminine stationery used by their wives. You want paper strong of texture—fine, and quite heavy.

Crown Vellum

is the choice of men big enough to care about the impression their letters make. It is richly substantial—fine to write on with pen or typewriter, and adds distinction to any letter.

It is now "right" to have this paper embossed with your name and the one word "Personal."

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is brewed only from
pure barley malt,
choicest hops and
filtered water. The
mildest and stimula-
ting liquid food.

ORDER A CASE FROM
YOUR DEALER. 304



Courierettes.

Dr. Parkin says that educated English women will not find prairie Canadians to be suitable husbands. Of course he overlooks the fact that the prairie Canucks also take a chance when they marry.

Port Arthur City Council will go to Toronto for advice. We move in amendment that the word "advice" be struck out and "warning" substituted.

The Prince of Wales is being taught to play the bag-pipes. Tough luck for the Royal Family if he practises in the dining-room.

Winston Churchill's mother has written a political comedy. Apparently she has inherited this from her son.

Suffragettes say they will soon stagger humanity. No, Basil, that doesn't mean they are going to buy the drinks.

United States Congress has been called by President Wilson for April. What jest has Woodrow up his sleeve for that significant date?

Women's hats were first made in the 15th century, though some of the jokes about them seem of more ancient origin.

Nowadays water seems to be principally used as a chaser.

The Cynic's Sayings.

LOVE at first sight may be all right, But wise men will prefer, Before they make the fatal break, To take two peeps at her.

Also, sweet Miss, remember this, The sage of old hath said, While the gods grin, young fools rush in Where angels fear to wed.

Carried Unanimously.—The Psalmist said in his haste that "all men are liars," and after calm reflection we can quite conscientiously say the same thing about the thermometers we consult on cold days.

She Knew.—Irene Franklin, the vaudeville headliner who toured through Canada recently, has a little daughter who is in her first year in the kindergarten.

According to the story of the fond mother, the child did some little trick at school for which the teacher had to take her to task.

After the reproof, the teacher thought

to impress on her the virtue of repentance, and said: "Now, girlie, do you know what little girls must do before they can be forgiven?"

The child's answer was quick and unexpected.

"Yes," she said, "be naughty."

Ever Think of This?—Failure is a fine thing in one sense. It enables us to appreciate success at its true value.

Such Shocking Slang!—A New Jersey man got ninety days in jail for yelling "Oh, you kiddo!" at a married woman on the street. Some people are so sensitive about slang in public, you know.

Wasn't It Cattish?—Edith—"What is your masquerade ball costume to represent?"

Ethel—"Opportunity."

Edith—"Oh, I see—just a suggestion that you may be embraced."

Just a Slight Difference.—Some Toronto politicians are advocating a two-year term for the City Council. Some citizens agree on the two years, but suggest that it be served somewhere else.

A Bit of Criticism.—The manner in which some actors play the king sometimes turns a whole audience into enthusiastic advocates of a republican government.

He Was Late.—Next morning the reporter called at the home of the bride's father to get the particulars.

The bride's mother answered the door bell.

"I came to get some of the details of the wedding," explained the scribe.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said the good woman. "Everything is gone. They ate every crumb last night."

Somebody Waiting, Sure.—A manager in a Winnipeg departmental store relates that a pretty, young girl entered the store on a recent bargain day when the crowd was greater than usual. She seemed to be a shy little thing, and wandered around from floor to floor, using the stairways because she was evidently afraid of the elevators.

Finally she stopped in the midst of

the big main floor, and seemed quite puzzled.

The floor walker approached and politely inquired: "Is any one waiting on you, Miss?"

The girl blushed. "Yes, sir," she stammered. "He is outside. I couldn't get him to come in, and now I don't know which door I left him at."

Another Adage Gone.—Statisticians have figured it out that it costs Canada \$10,000 for every day that Parliament sits.

And yet some scoffers say that talk is cheap.

Take This Tip.

DON'T brag about your ancestors, But buckle down and do Something so big your kids will get A chance to brag of you.

His Wife Made Good.—Edgar Selwyn, the actor-dramatist who, though not a native born Canadian, spent his youth in Toronto, and has written plays on Canadian themes, tells a rather amusing yarn about how his wife came to write a play.

Mrs. Selwyn is known to stageland as Margaret Mayo, and was once an actress.

"While I was writing my plays she used to worry me with a lot of ideas and suggestions for improving my scenes and lines," says Mr. Selwyn. "She would have me making changes almost in every line. Finally, thinking to rid myself of so much advice, I turned on her with 'Well, why don't you write a play yourself if you know so much about it?'"

"And the funny thing about it is that she forthwith went and did that very thing—wrote a play that made a bigger hit than mine."

Mr. Selwyn is not overstating the case, either. His wife's "Polly of the Circus" and "Baby Mine" are two comedies that have rivalled the Selwyn successes.

A Bargain.—For many days before the great and glorious Seventeenth, Ireland gets a good deal of free advertising. In fact, between that date, turning up regularly once a year as it does, and all the fuss and fume that bursts out occasionally over the Home Rule Bill, there's not much danger of our being allowed to forget the Little Green Isle for more than a peaceful hour or so at a time.

A large departmental store in a Canadian city took advantage of the approaching holiday to advertise a number of songs dear to the hearts of the Irish, and in publishing their list made a startling announcement. Large green letters on a white card declared: THERE IS ONLY ONE IRELAND AT NINETEEN CENTS.

James Simpson, Speechmaker.—James Simpson, the well-known Canadian labour leader and newspaper man, is noted throughout the Dominion as a speechmaker. He is never at a loss for words, no matter what the theme may be, though labour unionism and temperance are his long suit in the matter of topics. Whenever there is a chance to deliver an address on his favourite subjects, James Simpson is, so to speak, "on the job."

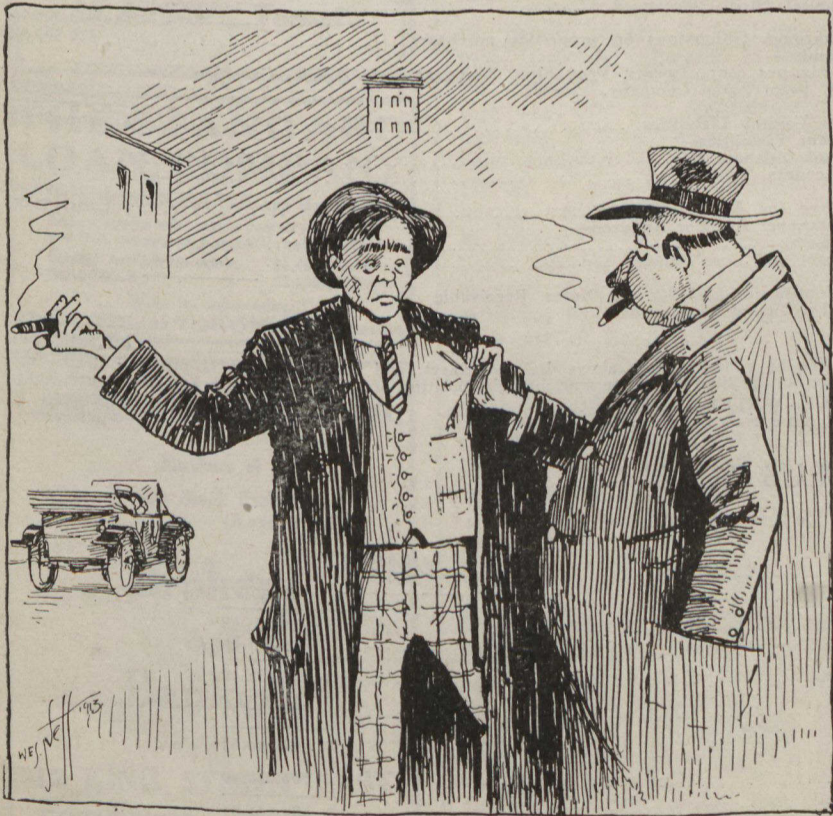
His oratorical predilections are, of course, well known to his fellow newspaper writers, and it was one of them who got off a quip at Mr. Simpson's expense the other day, which is now going the rounds of newspaperdom.

Several scribes were gently "joshing" the orator-writer the other day when one of them remarked:

"Say, Jimmie, when you fail to find an audience to talk to, do you ever address an envelope?"

She Was a Pessimist.—"And why did you never marry?" questioned her friend.

"Because," explained the skeptical spinster, "it is easier to go to the office in the morning, free as I am, than to first take a troop of children to the Creche and leave them there while I go out washing."



AMBIGUOUS.

"He's a red hot booze fighter."
"Why, he doesn't look as if he drank."
"I didn't say he did. Isn't a temperance orator a booze fighter?"



The Royal Military College of Canada.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

H.Q. 94-5. 9-09.

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W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager.

Canadian General Electric Company, Limited

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1912

DIRECTORS.

W. R. Brock, Hon. President and Chairman of the Board.
Frederic Nicholls, President.
Hon. J. K. Kerr, K.C., Vice-President.
Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, LL.D., K.C.
Hon. Geo. A. Cox.
A. E. Dymont.
Sir Rodolphe Forget.
Herbert S. Holt.

W. D. Matthews, Vice-President.
Hon. Robert Jaffray.
Sir William Mackenzie.
F. Gordon Osler.
James Ross.

SECRETARY and Assistant General Manager—J. J. Ashworth.

SOLICITORS—Kerr, Davidson, Paterson & McFarland.

BANKERS—The Bank of Montreal. The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

STOCK TRANSFER AGENTS—National Trust Co., Toronto.
National Trust Co., Montreal. Canadian Bank of Commerce, London, England.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

To be Submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Company in Toronto, on Tuesday, 25th March, 1913.

Your Directors submit herewith the Balance Sheet of the Company as upon the 31st day of December, 1912, also statement of Profit and Loss for the year, and Certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, Chartered Accountants.

The year 1912 has been a period of marked expansion, with undisturbed prosperity and steady development, in every part of the Dominion. Your Company, as evidenced by the Report presented, has participated to the full extent in this increased business, and it is with pleasure that your Directors are able to present a statement showing that the Profits for the year 1912 amounted to \$2,011,719.83.

From this amount has been written off for depreciation the sum of \$456,358.59, and for interest on borrowed capital the sum of \$158,878.16, leaving a balance of \$1,396,483.08. Deducting from this amount Dividends on Preference and Common Stock, at the rate 7% per annum, and a Bonus of 1% on the Common Stock, amounting in all to \$689,871.80, there remains a net balance of \$706,611.28, of which \$700,000.00 has been added to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at \$2,369,531.95. The total of the Reserve Fund added to the balance carried at the credit of Profit and Loss makes a total Surplus of \$3,051,922.58, equal to 30.51% of the par value of the share Capital of the Company, both Common and Preference.

In addition to the Surplus as shown, the value of the Real Estate owned by the Company is greatly in excess of the cost value as it appears on our books.

There is also a Reserve for Depreciation, now amounting to \$1,104,453.86. During the year important additions have been made to the Company's buildings and plants. At the Peterborough Works a new manufacturing and stores building, 327 feet by 80 feet by three stories, has been erected; a new Office and Warehouse building has been erected in Montreal; a new and complete manufacturing plant has been erected in Toronto for our Architectural Bronze and Iron Works; an addition 100 feet by 62 feet by three stories to the Sunbeam Incandescent Lamp Factory, also in Toronto, has been completed; and an Office and Warehouse building has been erected in Porcupine. Your Directors are pleased to state that the funds required for the greater proportion of the expenditure for real estate, buildings, machinery, and plant, has been provided out of the surplus earnings of the year.

A reference to the Balance Sheet shows that our total Cash and Current Assets amount to over nine million dollars, of which amount over five and one-half million dollars is carried in our Inventory. It should be understood in considering this Asset that it includes the materials for all orders and contracts on hand which were not completed and shipped at the end of the year. Following the usual policy of the Company, this Inventory has been taken at cost price, or the market price, whichever was the lower, plus the actual cost of labor expended on the contracts, and no estimated profit has been taken into account.

Uncompleted Contracts, to the value of about seven million dollars, in various stages of completion, have been carried over to the current year.

The Company owns the real estate and buildings occupied as District Offices and Warehouses in Halifax, N.S.; Montreal, P.Q.; Toronto, Ont. (Head Office); Porcupine, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; and Vancouver, B.C., and plans are being prepared for a building in Calgary, Alta., suitable for the Company's requirements. The remaining Branches, or District Offices, are in rented premises, and are located in—Ottawa, Ont.; Cobalt, Ont.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Nelson, B.C.; Victoria, B.C.; and Prince Rupert, B.C.

Your Directors desire to express their great regret at the death of Mr. H. P. Dwight, who had been a Vice-President of the Company since its inception. Mr. W. D. Matthews, a Director since the organization of the Company, was elected to the vacancy created, and on the election of Mr. Frederic Nicholls as President, the Hon. J. K. Kerr, K.C., also a Director since the organization of the Company, was elected to the Vice-Presidency vacated by Mr. Nicholls, and Mr. F. Gordon Osler was elected a Director to fill the vacancy on the Board created by the death of Mr. H. P. Dwight. Your Directors desire to express their pleasure at the acceptance of the office of Honorary President and Chairman of the Board by Mr. W. R. Brock, who had been President of the Company since its inception.

FREDERIC NICHOLLS,
President.

CERTIFICATE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Jarvis Building, Toronto, March 8th, 1913.

To the Shareholders of the Canadian General Electric Company, Limited.

We have examined the books and accounts of the Canadian General Electric Company, Limited, and of its subsidiary Companies, for the year 1912, and find that the annexed Consolidated Balance Sheet and Surplus Account are correctly prepared therefrom.

During the year there have been charged to Capital Accounts only expenditures in respect of actual additions, extensions or permanent improvements. Sufficient provision has been made for Depreciation of Plant and Equipment.

The Inventories of Raw Material, Supplies, Work in Progress and Manufactured Products have been taken and certified by responsible officials of the Company, and have been compared by us with the factory records. The valuations have been accurately made at or below cost price, sufficient allowance being made in respect of goods that are either obsolete or not readily saleable.

Reserves have been made for Doubtful Accounts and Notes Receivable and for all ascertainable liabilities.

We have verified the Cash, the Investments and the Bank Balances by actual inspection or by properly certified statements.

We Certify that the annexed Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to show the true position of the Company at December 31st, 1912, and that the Surplus Account shows the correct result of the operations for the year.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED, AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1912

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Capital Assets—		Capital Liabilities—	
Real Estate, Buildings, etc., at Toronto, Peterboro, Bridgeburg, Montreal, Branch Offices, Power Plant at Nassau, and Canadian Sunbeam Lamp Company, Limited	\$4,884,018.36	Capital Stock, Common	\$8,000,000.00
Machinery and Tools	2,542,368.19	Capital Stock, Preferred	2,000,000.00
Patterns and Drawings	565,126.73	Mortgage Obligations on properties purchased	510,567.63
Patents and Contracts	503,761.42	Bonds—	
Total Capital Assets	\$8,495,274.70	Six per cent. Twenty Year First Mortgage Gold Bonds, Canadian Sunbeam Lamp Company, Limited	395,000.00
Current Assets—		Total Capital Liabilities	\$10,905,567.63
Inventory of Raw Material, Supplies, Work in Progress and Finished Materials including expenditures on Contracts (less collections on account)	\$5,515,768.31	Current Liabilities—	
Accounts Receivable (less reserve for doubtful debts)	3,766,750.32	Bank Advances	\$1,653,744.77
Investments	233,119.00	Accounts Payable	1,449,855.41
Notes Receivable	54,627.98	Reserve for Depreciation	3,103,599.48
Cash	74,562.57	Surplus, per Account Annexed—	1,104,453.86
Deferred Charges	9,644,828.18	Reserve	\$2,369,531.95
	25,440.67	Profit and Loss Balance	682,390.63
	\$18,165,543.55	(Contingent Liability on Notes Receivable Discounted \$292,000.00)	3,051,922.58
			\$18,165,543.55

We have audited the above Balance Sheet, and certify that it is properly drawn up, and in our opinion shows the true financial position of the Company, on 31st December, 1912.
PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.,
Chartered Accountants. LYNDHURST OGDEN,
Auditor.

CONSOLIDATED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Profit for the year ended 31st December, 1912, before providing for Depreciation and Interest on borrowed capital	\$2,011,719.83
Less—	
Reserve for Depreciation of Buildings, Machinery and Patterns, etc.	\$456,358.59
Interest	158,878.16
	615,236.75
Net Profit for the Year	\$1,396,483.08
Less—Dividends and Common Stock Bonus Paid	689,871.80
Surplus for the Year	\$706,611.28
Add—	
Undivided Profits as at 31st December, 1911	675,779.35
Deduct—	
Amount transferred to Reserve	\$1,382,390.63
	700,000.00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account	\$682,390.63
Reserve, after including the above amount of \$700,000.00	2,369,531.95
Surplus per Balance Sheet	\$3,051,922.58

We invite correspondence from investors regarding

Municipal Debentures

Under present market conditions an interest return of from

5% to 6%

is obtainable, and at the same time the safety of principal is assured.

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GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BONDS

Capital Paid-up - \$1,000,000
Reserve - - - 750,000

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Portions of a mortgage on property worth over three times the amount of the mortgage can be obtained in any multiple of \$100, to yield over 6%.

Ask us to send you Circular N, giving particulars.

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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

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Merger of Toronto Loan Companies

SOME time has elapsed since a merger or amalgamation of any size or importance has been heard of. On the fourth of March, however, the directors of the Standard Loan Company and of the Reliance Savings and Loan Company of Ontario met to consider the amalgamation, under the name of the Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation, of the two concerns,



MR. W. S. DINNICK,
Who is to be President of the New Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation.

and this has given the financial men around town something in that line of which to consider the pros and cons. An agreement was drawn up at this meeting and this the shareholders, at a special meeting called for April 17th, are asked to ratify. By the way the proxies are coming in marked the deal is certain to be put through. The board of the new company will consist of the united boards of the two concerns, with the addition of three new directors, in the persons of Lord Hyde, Mr. E. F. B. Johnston and Mr. John Firstbrook. Mr. W. S. Dinnick, who is at present managing director of the Standard Loan Company, will be president of the reorganized corporation, and Mr. Herbert Waddington is to be the managing director. Mr. Waddington is the managing director of the Reliance Company now.

The Standard Reliance will have an authorized capital of \$5,000,000, of which \$1,900,000 will be paid up. The shares will have a par value of \$50. The Standard Loan Company's shares are ones of one hundred dollars and holders of this stock will, of course, receive two shares of the new issue for their present holdings. The adjustment of the Reliance stock will not be so easily accomplished, as the stock of this concern is divided into ten-dollar shares. A holder of this not having a number of shares, which is a multiple of five, will be asked to buy or sell, so that when he is given one share of new stock for every five old shares things will come out evenly. If, after two months, odd shares are still outstanding, fractional shares of the new stock will be issued to cover; but on these fractional parts no dividend will be paid.

The general opinion on the street seems to be that the proposed merger will prove advantageous to the shareholders of both concerns. One reason for this is that the territories covered by the two concerns do not overlap to any appreciable extent and the combined business will thus be more economically run by one staff without sacrificing any part of it. It is interesting to note that only about one per cent. of the shareholders have holdings in both companies.

A New General Manager

THE Bank of Vancouver is one of Canada's newest banks and is the only Canadian bank with a head office west of the Rockies. For a week or more this institution has been under the rule of a new general manager in the person of Mr. C. G. Pennock. Mr. Pennock is an Ottawa man, having been born and educated in that city. His father was a barrister, and when Mr. Pennock junior started out it was somewhat in that line as his first position was, that of a stenographer to an Ottawa law firm. However, he was not long at that, and in 1887 his application to the Bank of Ottawa having been accepted, he was enrolled on the staff of that institution as junior clerk. He did not stay in that position long either, but soon rose above it. Ledger-keeper, teller, accountant, up through the various stages of a banking career he proceeded, and rapidly. After being manager at various branches of the bank, notably Renfrew, Parry Sound and Kenora, he, in 1905, became inspector, that personage dreaded alike by accountant and junior, but mostly, perhaps, by the liability clerk. Subsequently, in 1909, his appointment as manager of the Vancouver Branch took him across the Rockies to British Columbia. This position he held, till in December, his resignation taking effect, he left for a trip to Europe before assuming the duties of general manager of the Bank of Vancouver. From this trip he has just recently returned, and is now in the midst of his new duties. Mr. Pennock is generally regarded as the man for the job. His predecessor, Mr. L. W. Shatford, is now the vice-president of the Bank.

On and Off the Exchange

London Mutual Reports Profitable Operations

THE shareholders of the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Canada met in Toronto on February 22nd, when a report showing substantial returns for the past year's business was submitted for their consideration. The company issued about 35,000 policies during the year. That includes both new business and renewals. The gross premiums collected amounted to \$728,384. The cash assets amount to \$695,928, and the liabilities, including capital stock, are altogether \$368,335. This leaves a surplus of \$327,593, an increase of \$63,037. Adding the unassessed portion of the premium notes to this brings the total surplus to \$644,339. The year just completed is the company's fifty-sixth year in the business. A considerable reduction in the premium income and the number of policies issued the past

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and upwards may be invested in our Debentures. They are issued for fixed terms of one or more years, and have coupons attached for interest payable twice a year. They are

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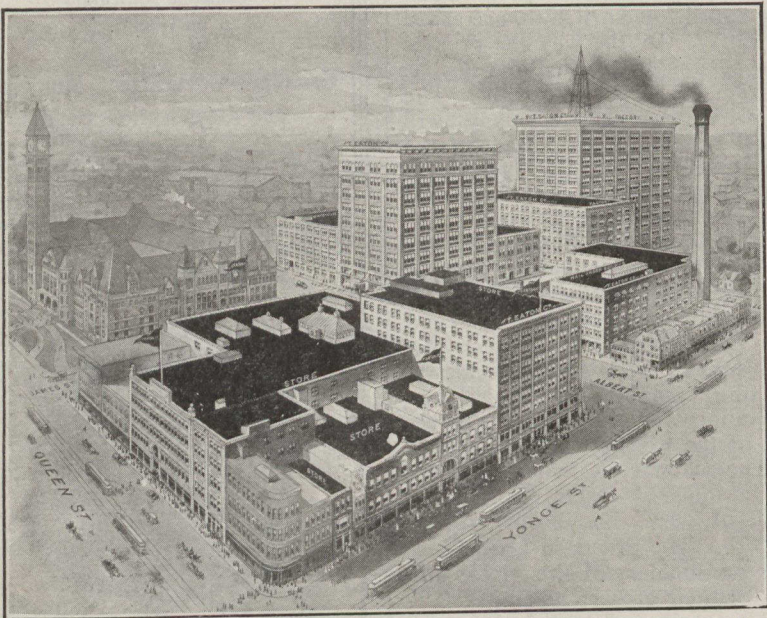
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This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great Exposition, with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this Exhibition is "A Thousand and One attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

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year is accounted for by the fact that the company is now confining its operations to the Dominion, and the business outside of that is being allowed to lapse or has been cancelled.

A Step Ahead for Big Insurance Concern

THE Manufacturers Life Assurance Company annual was recently held in Toronto. Mr. Geo. A. Somerville, the general manager, was well able to look back upon the work accomplished with satisfaction, as a glance at the report for the year will show. This report shows that, including new business and renewals, \$16,005,653 insurance was written during 1912. This is an increase of \$3,515,011 over the corresponding business done in 1911. The total insurance in force on December 31st amounted to \$73,889,000, an increase of some \$7,885,000 as compared with that on the books at the close of the previous year. Assets are \$16,135,431; comparing this amount with the figures on the previous report a gain of \$1,553,763 for the year is shown. Reserves of \$13,920,476 and the surplus earned of \$1,334,635 both set forth the large business the company handled for the past twelve months. Mr. Somerville has completed his sixth year in the service of the company, having assumed the duties of general manager in 1907.

Young Trust Company Growing

THE Prudential Trust Company held its annual meeting in Montreal on March 12th, and in addition to seeing a good report the shareholders were further pleased by the declaration of a half yearly dividend at the rate of five per cent. The report shows trust and agency funds of \$3,817,356, a big increase for the year. Of this, \$3,431,069 was invested in bonds, debentures, real estate mortgages and loans.

The executive for the ensuing year is completely changed. Mr. B. Hal Brown, who has been general manager of the company since its organization, in 1910, is president and general manager, Mr. Farquhar Robertson is chairman and Messrs. Edmund Bristol, M.P., and W. G. Ross are the vice-presidents.

Excelsior Directors Say "Excelsior"

IN addressing the shareholders at the annual meeting, held in Toronto at the head office, the directors of the Excelsior Life referred to the twenty-third statement as the most satisfactory in the history of the company. An increase of \$1,796,412 in the insurance in force brings this part of the business to \$16,718,175. About \$3,658,000 in applications, including new policies and renewals, were received during the year, and of this amount \$3,472,000 was written. The reserve fund, calculated to be about \$2,407,000, is \$42,578 in excess of government requirements. The net cash income was \$673,241, as compared with \$599,507.

Big Winnipeg Industry Ends Good Year

THE directors of the Winnipeg Paint and Glass Company said that the good year the company completed on January 31st exceeded their expectations by a big margin. The annual meeting of the concern was held in Winnipeg a little over a week ago and the report the directors tendered bore out their testimony about a good year. Net profits of \$372,450 were shown, and interest and discount being deducted, \$313,050 was left. The preferred dividend having been paid, a balance of \$276,900 was available for the common stock. Common dividends at ten per cent. were paid and the remainder was added to Profit and Loss account, bringing the total carried forward in that account for the current year to \$328,563. The issued capital consists of \$455,300 preferred and \$500,000 common.

A New Provision Concern

A NEW enterprise is being started in Halifax. This concern, under the name of the Canada Food Company, will operate grocery and provision stores in Halifax, Amherst and at other points in Nova Scotia. A cold storage plant, a warehouse and wharf premises will be located in Halifax, where the headquarters will be situated. The country branches will supply fresh provisions and the Halifax warehouse will distribute the manufactured articles to the out of town stores. The shopping premises will probably be obtained by the concern acquiring going businesses, and it is said the payment for these will be made in preferred stock of the Canada Food Company.

The directorate consists of W. A. Black, of Pickford and Black, president; J. E. Roy, vice-president; Sir F. W. Borden, J. H. Winfield, W. H. Wetherby; A. S. Burgess, managing director; and D. A. Morrison, secretary.

The new company has an authorized capital of \$750,000 preferred and \$500,000 common. At present \$300,000 of each is to be issued.

Regarding the Market

UNDER the heading "All is well" the *Monetary Times* publishes an article explaining the causes and effects of the present market situation. The following is a quotation from this article, which seems to sum up the situation:

"Tight money is a good check to youthful enthusiasm. If this country got all the funds it needed without question, it would soon be heading for a sharp panic and a long period of depression. The fact that money is difficult to obtain now has had a salutary effect in many places. As an example, our municipalities generally had planned an extensive list of local improvements, some of them in the luxurious class. The market conditions have caused them to ponder and to shelve the list until only urgent necessities remain. The output of new securities of all kinds has been lessened. That will help matters, too. Credit is slowly being transformed to cash. This must be done occasionally to avoid the temptation of building a fabric of paper. Hesitancy to approach the London market is apparent, and the London market knows best how it needs a rest."

Annuals During Easter Week

MEETINGS of various concerns are scheduled to take place as follows: Tuesday, Canadian Westinghouse Company; Wednesday, Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, and Thursday, International Coal and Coke Company.

The "Lure o' the West"

(Continued from page 8.)

their Western home. Perhaps he had made a mistake in bringing a girl so delicately reared out to his new, crude country. She must of necessity feel the great difference between her father's palatial residence with its rich carpets, costly furniture and rare pictures and statuary, and the plain little bungalow he had built with such boyish pride. It must have been cruelly hard too, for a young girl, accustomed all her life to well trained servants, who kept the wheels of the domestic machinery moving with noiseless ease, to adapt herself to the awkward clattering assistance of the clumsy Doukhobor girl whom he had hired to do the kitchen work.

"Dear, plucky, little Lulu," he said to himself, as he sat down to his solitary supper, missing, oh so sorely, the bright presence and lively chatter of his young wife. "Well, I'll let her stay home as long as she wishes. I'll never force her back to a life that must have grown distasteful to her long before she showed any discontent."

The reception rooms of Lady Byrnes-Browne were thronged with the beauty and fashion which annually gather at the gay capital of our great Dominion. The throbbing music of the hidden orchestra rose and fell in sensuous harmony and one grew almost faint from the heavy fragrance of the thousands of dying roses with which the great rooms were lavishly decorated.

The murmur of the usual idle, small talk came to one's ears in fitful snatches and the whole brilliant scene was one which appealed to the senses only.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the chattering throng. A clear, girlish voice rose in exquisite melody and blase men and women felt their pulses stir in a quite unusual manner. Then the babble recommenced in subdued key.

"Very nice voice indeed and so natural. I assure you, my dear, she was quite unknown until Lady Byrnes-Browne took her up, and now she's really become the fashion, don't you know?" a be-spangled, be-powdered, and be-jewelled woman said to the beautifully dressed girl standing near her, and the look of bored weariness on the girl's bright face deepened, as she listened to the falsetto voice.

A polite, glove-handed applause greeted the close of the song and the singer returned in reply to the encores with flushed cheeks and bright smile.

The little prelude finished, the sweet young voice again rose clearly:—

"Only wait, weeping girl,
Time will bring you roses,
Lover's kiss shall seal your bliss,
When the sad day closes."

With a start the bored-looking girl leaned forward, her face alight now, but a great loneliness apparent in the baby-blue eyes.

The gaily dressed throng and the magnificent, overheated, artificially-lighted rooms faded from her sight, and as in a dream she saw a great wide kitchen with the Western sun shining in through broad open windows, while the breeze rustled mysteriously through miles of waving grain. Instead of the girlish voice which was filling the perfumed air with its sweet tones, her ears heard only the sound of a man's mellow tenor, and her eyes beheld a broad shouldered figure sauntering up the wide path to the beloved bungalow at the foot of the snow-capped Rockies.

The song ceased and Lulu Arnold roused herself with a start. A deadly nausea shook her and an utter contempt for herself and the giddy throng around filled her soul.

With cleared vision she now saw things in their true perspective. This artificial, gilded, filling up of one's days was not living. LIFE was out on the prairies under the shadow of the silent mountains, where one breathed God's free, pure air untainted by the reek of factory smoke, and unvitiated by agglomerations of humanity. There, one could work out one's destiny unhampered by society's narrow prejudices and silly traditions.

She would write to Tom to-night and tell him how mistaken she had been, and that she was coming back to happiness and to him without delay. As she made her decision her cheeks flushed

An Offering of Preferred Stock of

THE A. MACDONALD COMPANY LIMITED

(Incorporated under the first part of the Companies Act being R.S.C. 1906, C. 79)

	CAPITALIZATION	Authorized	Now Issued
7% Cumulative Participating Preferred Stock		\$3,000,000	\$2,100,000
Common Stock - - - - -		4,000,000	3,000,000

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The LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, in London, Eng., the DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED, in Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, and the ATLANTIC BOND COMPANY, LIMITED, in St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., will receive applications for the purchase of

\$2,100,000

Seven per cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred Stock of \$100 par value

PRICE: \$95 per share

IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE ISSUE:

- (1) The Preferred Stock participates equally in all profits after 8% has been paid on the Common Stock.
- (2) Dividends on the Preferred Stock will be paid quarterly, on the 15th April, July, October and January, and will accrue from date of issue of certificates.
- (3) The A. Macdonald Company, Limited, conducts the largest wholesale grocery business (mail order) in the Dominion of Canada.
- (4) With eleven branches, the Company covers Northern Ontario and the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan.
- (5) The entire stock of merchandise has been turned over at the rate of nearly ten times per annum.
- (6) The estimated earnings for the ensuing year are \$400,000, which is equal to 19% on the issued Preferred Stock.
- (7) The surplus of liquid assets, including accounts and bills receivable, merchandise, etc., over and above all liabilities, amounts approximately to \$1,260,000.
- (8) The surplus of all assets of the Company over liabilities, exclusive of goodwill, trade marks, etc., amounts to approximately \$2,000,000. Of this amount \$740,000 is in real estate and buildings.

DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED

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Big Ben



Big Ben
the biggest thing
in the clock business

Big Ben is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

He is only two years old, but he's already getting more trade from the Dominion than any clock alive.

In two years time, 6,000 Canadian dealers have adopted him.

Nearly half of the families in Canada leave it to him to call them up in the morning; nearly half the families in Canada use him all day long

to tell the right time by.—He is really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a timekeeper and a crackerjack of an alarm.

Big Ben has everything in his favor—quality, looks and price.—He runs on time, he rings on time, he stays on time. He stands 7 inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large comfortable winding keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you shut him off. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

Big Ben's price is \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to Westlox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, carefully packed and duty charges paid.

softly and her eyes grew starry with anticipation.

A bonny picture she looked to the stalwart, handsome man faultlessly clothed and groomed, who was making his way toward her, accompanied by the smiling hostess. As she glanced up and met his eyes, shining with satisfied happiness at sight of her, she almost fainted with the sudden joy of it.

"Why, Tom, Tom, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, her voice tremulous with emotion.

"From Calgary, in search of my truant wife," Tom answered joyously. "When I reached your home they told me you were here, and as Lady Byrnes-Browne is an old friend of mine, I took the liberty of coming on, and say, Lulu, I've decided to sell the ranch and go into business here in Ottawa. Then we can have all this sort of thing we want," and he waved his hand comprehensively toward the brilliant scene.

"Sell the ranch," gasped Lulu. "Never; I want to go back right now, this very minute and, Tom, I'll never want to leave it, never again, never."

Breaking a Blockade

(Concluded from page 14.)

"Talking-out-a-Bill"; and he's one kind of Bill that nobody can quite talk out. He rises to suggest that everybody quit the game and play another which he calls "Common-Standing-Ground." But though he uses good arguments, somehow the others don't take much stock in it.

And the game goes on.

Mumblings of—Closure.

This is a drastic stimulant which the Talk-outers do not want. Others do.

Long past two a.m. genial Joe Demers from Iberville, P.Q., rises for his fourth speech—French and English. Odd how the French Liberals have been coming forward; a witty, resourceful crowd to whom the Talk-out game comes as naturally as swimming to a duck. Even the impatient Tories admit the discovery of new talent without admiration, being deadly weary of so much organized talk, while the Liberals regard the game as a fine school of debate; college of oratory annex to the Sanatorium; reversion to old parliamentary style when Horace and Virgil were quoted—in this respect a very pleasant diversion if not so costly.

Day and evening and night; and then the dawn again—a bleary-eyed jade creeping in among the golden lights in the glass ceiling, over the green checker-board of the desks. There is no joy in this daybreak. The chamber is stale with yawns and the ghosts of long speeches. But at six a.m. E. M. Macdonald hectors the P.M.G. as though he had just come in to breakfast from a three-mile walk, fresh as a daisy.

Then the ennui again; hats over eyes, blinks and snores and half-dreams. Such magnificent lassitude has never been known in this country; such superb and cynical disregard; such indolent abandon of intellects, with dollars a minute. More and more restless every day.

What will be the result?

Closure? They say so.

But the Liberals say—Election.

Will it be a closure bill with obstruction again; or an emergency closure?

Shallow tactics, argue some. Others allege a philosophy and a deep, underlying significance; the right of a free country to "go to the devil in its own way" as Stead used to put it. Behind all this maudlin mummery there is said to be a great national purpose. Public opinion is being moulded. A principle is being evolved. The masque is only the form it takes. Yawn if you will; listen to the mumblings of those that talk in their sleep—and remember that Canada is in the crucible out of which comes nationalism, not the Bourassa variety.

Man from the West says:

"They'll drive'm to the woods with that Bill. We don't want a navy nohow. All we want is reciprocity and railroads. Tell with a navy!"

But he's not a member. He predicts that an election will replace the Liberals, if they say little enough about the navy in the West.

Along about eleven p.m. Friedmann, the consumption-curist, comes into the gallery with Adam Beck.

"Oh, has he got any serum that'll cure this?" yawns a Tory scribe in the press gallery.

"Incurable!" says another.

Speeches from the press gallery do not go with Hansard. Some of them should. "Order!" pipes up Whip Stanfield, with a grin at the gallery.

"Thanks, old chap! What will you have?"

Whack! goes a fist on a desk, as sudden as a whoop at a thirst-dance.

Dawn again. Another fagged-out frump of a day while the snow slides off the hills, and the streets of Ottawa are ankle-deep in slush, and they say it's sap weather. Smoke again. Even tobacco palls. The air is bad. The game is about played out. Let's have another—speech.

No, trial bell upstairs is not the division bell, which reputedly rang 'tother midnight when all the press-men came pellmell to the gallery—a mere illusion. Gape at the clock. Shut the other eye. Swear at that Liberal reading from a book. Parliament reporter fumbles; first time in history that the Parliament library has been boiled down into Hansard. Chairman changes. Shift goes off in the benches. Another on. Quorum of 21 must be maintained.

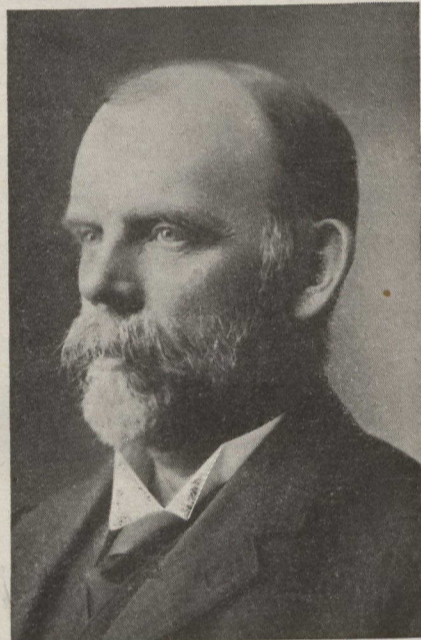
Chief whips are observed hobnobbing—in the elevator.

"Breaking the blockade?" asks a scribe.

"Temporarily," says the Colchester man.

But Saturday evening the long expected storm burst and the Speaker was defied. To enforce closure requires a Speaker—a strong, daring Speaker. No mollycoddle may do the trick. On Saturday, Speaker Sproule was strong, virile, self-assertive, but he met his match.

"So sure as any member of the House openly defies the ruling of the chair, I shall name him," said Speaker Sproule.



DR. MICHAEL CLARK.

To be named is to be expelled, and this one-time obstructionist looked severe enough to essay the task.

But Red Michael, alias Dr. Michael Clark, ventured the unventurable. His courage was of the Light Brigade or Victoria Cross order. He rose to speak when the Speaker was asking for "order," which means "all hands in their seats." The Speaker warned him, but it was of no avail. Then came the words for which they had been waiting for a fortnight:

"Dr. Clark, I name you." And yet amidst the greatest bedlam ever seen in the Canadian House, Dr. Clark still tried to get a hearing. Finally he got an answer from the Speaker, and it looked as if the battle might go against him.

Up rose Premier Borden, and immediately came the calm, for everyone respects the Premier for his office and for himself. He did just what a statesman should have done; he persuaded Dr. Clark to apologize and the Speaker to cancel his dread and unusual sentence of suspension.

Another storm arose shortly afterwards and again Premier Borden had again to interfere. Again he did so in a dignified, if imperious way, and finally persuaded the House to adjourn. Sunday had been reached, and tired throats and bodies were carried thence to be brought back refreshed on Monday morning.



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43

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The Impostor

(Continued from page 18.)

he founded Silverdale. Maud Barrington had been his ward, and he still directed the farming of a good many acres of wheat land which she now held in her own right. The soil was excellent, and would in all probability have provided one of the Ontario men with a very desirable revenue, but Colonel Barrington had no taste for small economies.

"I want to hear all the news," said the girl. "You can begin at the beginning—the price of wheat. I fancied, when I saw you, it had been declining."

Barrington sighed a little. "Hard wheat is five cents down, and I am sorry I persuaded you to hold your crop. I am very much afraid we shall see the balance the wrong side again next half-year."

Maud Barrington smiled curiously. There was no great cause for merriment in the information given her, but it emphasized the contrast between the present and the careless life she had lately led when her one thought had been how to extract the greatest pleasure from the day. One had frequently to grapple with the problems arising from scanty finances at Silverdale.

"It will go up again," she said. "Is there anything else?"

Barrington's face grew a trifle grim as he nodded. "There is; and while I have not much expectation of an advance in prices, I have been worrying over another affair lately."

His niece regarded him steadily. "You mean, Lance Courthorne?"

"Yes," said Barrington, who flicked the near horse somewhat viciously with the whip. "He is also sufficient to cause any man with my responsibilities anxiety."

Maud Barrington looked thoughtful. "You fancy he will come to Silverdale?"

Barrington appeared to be repressing an inclination towards vigorous speech with some difficulty, and a little glint crept into his eyes. "If I could by any means prevent it, the answer would be, No. As it is, you know that, while I founded it, Silverdale was one of Geoffrey Courthorne's imperialistic schemes, and a good deal of the land was recorded in his name. That being so, he had every right to leave the best farm on it to the man he had disinherited, especially as Lance will not get a penny of the English property. Still, I do not know why he did so, because he never spoke of him without bitterness."

"Yes," said the girl, while a little flush crept into her face. "I was sorry for the old man. It was a painful story."

Colonel Barrington nodded. "It is one that is best forgotten—and you do not know it all. Still, the fact that the man may settle among us is not the worst. As you know, there was every reason to believe that Geoffrey intended all his property at Silverdale for you."

"I have much less right to it than his own son, and the colonial cure is not infrequently efficacious," said Miss Barrington. "Lance may, after all, quieten down, and he must have some good qualities."

The Colonel's smile was very grim. "It is fifteen years since I saw him at Westham, and they were not much in evidence then. I can remember two little episodes, in which he figured, with painful distinctness, and one was the hanging of a terrier which had in some way displeased him. The beast was past assistance when I arrived on the scene, but the devilish pleasure in the lad's face sent a chill through me. In the other, the gardener's lad flung a stone at a blackbird on the wall above the vinery, and Master Lance, who, I fancy, did not like the gardener's lad, flung one through the glass. Geoffrey, who was angry, but had not seen what I did, haled the boy before him, and Lance looked him in the face and lied with the assurance of an ambassador. The end was that the gardener, who was admonished, cuffed the innocent lad. These, my dear, are somewhat instructive memories."

"I wonder," said Maud Barrington, glancing out across the prairie which was growing dusky now, "why you took the trouble to call them up for me?"

The Colonel smiled dryly. "I never saw a Courthorne who could not catch a woman's eye, or had any undue diffidence about making the most of the fact; and that is partly why they have

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Increase	\$387,425.40
Surplus above all Liabilities (including Capital) ..	\$317,142.28
Increase	\$98,171.86
Net Income	\$673,240.80
Increase	\$73,734.67
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Increase	\$101,929.95
Total Expenses	\$167,888.87
Decrease in ratio	5 per cent.

Death rate always low, in 1912 only 37 per cent. of expected. Interest earnings always high, increased to 7.43 per cent.

Vacancies: For a few first-class field officers. Agents wanted everywhere.

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brought so much trouble on everybody connected with them. Further, it is unfortunate that women are not infrequently more inclined to be gracious to the sinner who repents, when it is worth his while, than they are to the honest man who has done no wrong. Nor do I know that it is only pity which influences them. Some of you take an exasperating delight in picturesque rascality."

Miss Barrington laughed, and fearlessly met her uncle's glance. "Then you don't believe in penitence?"

"Well," said the Colonel dryly, "I am, I hope, a Christian man, but it would be difficult to convince me that the gambler, cattle-thief, and whisky-runner who ruined every man and woman who trusted him will be admitted to the same place as clean lived English gentlemen. There are plenty of them still."

Barrington spoke almost fiercely, and then flushed through his tan, when the girl, looking into his eyes, smiled a little. "Yes," she said, "I can believe it, because I owe a good deal to one of them."

The ring in the girl's voice belied the smile, and the speech was warranted; for, dogmatic, domineering, and vindictive as he was apt to be occasionally, the words he had used applied most fitly to Colonel Barrington. His word at least had never been broken, and had he not adhered steadfastly to his own rigid code, he would have been a good deal richer man than he was then. Nor did his little shortcomings, which were burlesqued virtues, and ludicrous now and then, greatly detract from the stamp of dignity which, for speech was his worst point, sat well upon him. He was innately conservative to the backbone, though since an ungrateful government had slighted him, he had become an ardent Canadian, and in all political questions aggressively democratic.

"My dear, I sometimes fancy I am a hypercritical old fogey!" he said, and sighed a little, while once more the anxious look crept into his face. "Just now I wish devoutly I was a better business man."

Nothing more was said for a little, and Miss Barrington watched the crimson sunset burn out low down on the prairie's western rim. Then the pale stars blinked out through the creeping dusk, and a great silence and an utter cold settled down upon the waste. The muffled thud of hoofs, and the crunching beneath the sliding steel, seemed to intensify it, and there was a suggestion of frozen brilliancy in the sparkle flung back by the snow. Then a coyote howled dolefully in a distant bluff, and the girl shivered as she shrank down further amidst the furs.

"Forty degrees of frost," said the Colonel. "Perhaps more. This is very different from the cold of Montreal. Still, you'll see the lights of Silverdale from the crest of the next rise."

It was, however, an hour before they reached them, and Miss Barrington was almost frozen when the first square log-house rose out of the prairie. It and others that followed it flitted by, and then, flanked by a great birch bluff, with outlying barns, granaries and stables, looming black about it against a crystalline sky, Silverdale Grange grew into shape across their way. Its rows of ruddy windows cast streaks of flickering orange down the trail, the baying of dogs changed into a joyous clamour when the Colonel reined in his team, half-seen men in furs waved a greeting, and one who risked frostbite, with his cap at his knee, handed Miss Barrington from the sleigh and up the veranda stairway.

She had need of the assistance, for her limbs were stiff and almost powerless, and she gasped a little when she passed into the drowsy warmth and brightness of the great log-walled hall. The chilled blood surged back tingling to her skin, and swaying with a creeping faintness she found refuge in the arms of a grey-haired lady who stooped and kissed her gently. Then the door swung to, and she was home again in the wooden grange of Silverdale, which stood far remote from any civilization but its own on the frozen levels of the great white plain.

CHAPTER VI. Anticipations.

IT was late at night, and outside the prairie lay white and utterly silent under the Arctic cold, when Maud Bar-

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Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres, another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



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ington, who glanced at it through the double windows, flung back the curtains with a little shiver, and turning towards the fire, sat down on a little velvet footstool beside her aunt's knee. She had shaken out the coils of lustrous brown hair which flowed about her shoulders glinting in the light of the shaded lamp, and it was with a little gesture of physical content she stretched her hands towards the hearth. A crumbling birch log still gleamed redly amidst the feathery ashes, but its effect was chiefly artistic, for no open fire could have dissipated the cold of the prairie, and a big tiled stove brought from Teutonic Minnesota furnished the needful warmth.

The girl's face was partly in shadow, and her figure foreshortened by her pose, which accentuated its rounded outline and concealed its willowy slenderness; but the broad white forehead and straight nose became visible when she moved her head a trifle, and a faintly humorous sparkle crept into the clear brown eyes. Possibly Maud Barrington looked her best just then, for the lower part of the pale-tinted face was a trifle too firm in its modelling.

"No, I am not tired, aunt, and I could not sleep just now," she said. "You see, after leaving all that behind one, one feels, as it were, adrift, and it is necessary to realize one's self again."

The little silver-haired lady who sat in the big basket-chair smiled down upon her and laid a thin white hand that was still beautiful upon the gleaming hair.

"I can understand, my dear, and am glad you enjoyed your stay in the city, because sometimes when I count your birthdays, I can't help a fancy that you are not young enough," she said. "You have lived out here with two old people who belong to the past too much."

The girl moved a little, and swept her glance slowly round the room. It was small and scantily furnished, though great curtains shrouded door and window, and here and there a picture relieved the bareness of the walls, which were panelled with roughly-dressed British-Columbian cedar. The floor was of red wood, diligently polished and adorned, not covered, by one or two skins brought by some of Colonel Barrington's younger neighbours from the Rockies. There were two basket-chairs and a plain redwood table; but in contrast to them a cabinet of old French workmanship stood in one corner bearing books in dainty bindings, and two great silver candlesticks. The shaded lamp was also of the same metal, and the whole room with its faint resinous smell conveyed, in a fashion not uncommon on the prairie, a suggestion of taste and refinement held in check by at least comparative poverty. Colonel Barrington was a widower who had been esteemed a man of wealth, but the founding of Silverdale had made a serious inroad on his finances. Even yet, though he occasionally practised it, he did not take kindly to economy.

"Yes," said the girl, "I enjoyed it all—and it was so different from the prairie."

There was comprehension, and a trace of sympathy, in Miss Barrington's nod. "Tell me a little, my dear," she said. "There was not a great deal in your letters."

Her niece glanced dreamily into the sinking fire as though she would call up the pictures there. "But you know it all—the life I have only had glimpses of. Well, for the first few months I almost lost my head, and was swung right off my feet by the whirl of it. It was then I was, perhaps, just a trifle thoughtless."

The white-haired lady laughed softly. "It is difficult to believe it, Maud."

The girl shook her head reproachfully. "I know what you mean, and perhaps you are right, for that was what Twoinette insinuated," she said. "She actually told me that I should be thankful I had a brain since I had no heart. Still, at first I let myself go, and it was delightful—the opera, the dances, and the covered skating rink with the music and the black ice flashing beneath the lights. The whirr of the toboggans down the great slide was finer still, and the torchlight meets of the snowshoe clubs on the mountain. Yes, I think I was really young while it lasted."

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MENDS EVERYTHING

"For a month," said the elder. "And after?"

"Then," said the girl slowly, "it all seemed to grow a trifle purposeless, and there was something that spoiled it. Twoinette was quite angry, and I know her mother wrote you—but it was not my fault, aunt. How was I, a guileless girl from the prairie, to guess that such a man would fling the handkerchief to me?"

The evenness of tone and entire absence of embarrassment was significant. It also pointed to the fact that there was a closer confidence between Maud Barrington and her aunt than often exists between mother and daughter, and the elder lady stroked the lustrous head that rested against her knee with a little affectionate pride.

"My dear, you know you are beautiful, and you have the cachet that all the Courthornes wear. Still, you could not like him. Tell me about him."

Maud Barrington curled herself up further. "I think I could have liked him, but that was all," she said. "He was nice to look at and did all the little things gracefully; but he had never done anything else, never would, and, I fancy, had never wanted to. Now, a man of that kind would very soon pall on me, and I should have lost my temper trying to waken him to his responsibilities."

"And what kind of a man would please you?"

Maud Barrington's eyes twinkled, but the fact that she answered at all was a proof of the sympathy between herself and the questioner. "I do not know that I am anxious any of them should," she said. "But, since you ask, he would have to be a man first: a toiling, striving animal, who could hold his own amidst his fellows wherever he was placed. Secondly, one would naturally prefer a gentleman, though I do not like the word, and one would fancy the combination a trifle rare, because brains and birth do not necessarily tally, and the man educated by the struggle for existence is apt to be taught more than he ever would be at Oxford or in the army. Still, men of that stamp forget a good deal, and learn so much that is undesirable, you see. In fact, I only know one man who would have suited me, and he is debarred by age and affinity—but, because we are so much alike, I can't help fancying that you once knew another."

The smile in Miss Barrington's face, which was still almost beautiful as well as patient, became a trifle wistful.

"There are few better men than my brother, though he is not clever," she said and dropped her voice a little. "As to the other, he died in India—beside his mountain gun—long ago."

"And you have never forgotten? He must have been worth it—I wonder if loyalty and chivalric faith belong only to the past," said the girl, reaching up a rounded arm and patting her aunt's thin hand. "And now we will be practical. I fancied the head of the settlement looked worried when he met me, and he is not very proficient at hiding his feelings."

Miss Barrington sighed. "I am afraid that is nothing very new, and with wheat steadily falling and our granaries full, he has cause for anxiety. Then the fact that Lance Courthorne has divided your inheritance and is going to settle here has been troubling him."

"The first is the lesser evil," said the girl, with a little laugh. "I wore very short frocks when I last saw Lance in England, and so far as I can remember he had the face of an angel and the temper of a devil. But did not my uncle endeavour to buy him off, and—for I know you have been finding out things—I want you to tell me all about him."

"He would not take the money," said Miss Barrington, and sat in thoughtful silence a space. Then, and perhaps she had a reason, she quietly recounted Courthorne's Canadian history so far as her brother's agents had been able to trace it, not omitting, dainty in thought and speech as she was, one or two incidents which a mother might have kept back from her daughter's ears. Still, it was very seldom that Miss Barrington made a blunder. There was a faint pinkness in her face when she concluded, but she was not surprised when, with a slow, sinuous movement, the girl

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rose to her feet. Her cheeks were very slightly flushed, but there was a significant sparkle in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, with utter contempt. "How sickening! Are there men like that?"

There was a little silence, emphasized by the snapping in the stove, and if Miss Barrington had spoken with an object she should have been contented. The girl was imperious in her anger, which was caused by something deeper than startled prudery.

"It is," said the little white-haired lady, "all quite true. Still, I must confess that my brother and myself were a trifle astonished at the report of the lawyer he sent to confer with Lance in Montana. One would almost have imagined that he had of late been trying to make amends."

The girl's face was very scornful. "Could a man with a past like that ever live it down?"

"We have a warrant for believing it," said Miss Barrington quietly, as she laid her hand on her companion's arm. "My dear, I have told you what Lance was, because I felt it was right that you should know; but none of us can tell what he may be, and if the man is honestly trying to lead a different life, all I ask is that you should not wound him by any manifest suspicion. Those who have never been tempted can afford to be merciful."

Maud Barrington laughed somewhat curiously. "You are a very wise woman, aunt, but you are a little transparent now and then," she said.

"At least, he shall have a fair trial without prejudice or favour—and if he fails, as fail he will, we shall find the means of punishing him."

"We?" said the elder lady a trifle maliciously.

The girl nodded as she moved towards the doorway, and then turned a moment with the folds of the big red curtain flung behind her. It forced up the sweeping lines of a figure so delicately moulded that its slenderness was scarcely apparent, for Maud Barrington still wore a long, sombre dress that had assisted in her triumphs in the city. It emphasized the clear pallor of her skin and the brightness of her eyes, as she held herself very erect in a pose which, while assumed in mockery, had yet in it something that was almost imperial.

"Yes," she said. "We. You know who is the power behind the throne at Silverdale, and what the boys call me. And now, good night. Sleep well, dear."

She went out, and Miss Barrington sat very still gazing, with eyes that were curiously thoughtful, into the fire. "Princess of the Prairie—and it fits her well," she said, and then signed a little. "And if there is a trace of hardness in the girl it may be fortunate. We all have our troubles—and wheat is going down."

(To be continued.)

Sir William Macdonald

(Continued from page 7.)

to the Maritimes if he persisted.

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He is the Scot in a high key; born in Canada but as Scotch as heather or a claymore; with the driving force of a Hudson's Bay factor or an explorer; possessed of a strange primal virility that is beginning to pass out of this country. Hardship only could have produced such a personality. He never could have inherited wealth. He must make it and dispense it. He must build up. He must fight opposition and obstacles; thrive on them with the dour obstinacy of a Carlyle. Without much book education, obsessed by no theories, he must look the world fair in the eye and never blink. He must know the joys of simple living. He must know how to compare a copper to a check for a million, and be sure he knows the precise value of each. He must learn how to accumulate the million by shrew manipulation of the coppers and the weights and the measures in perfect honesty, when every dealer and customer and plantation-owner on his list understands where Macdonald stands in the matter of quality and quantity and price and methods of production.

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So there is a curious personal mystery about Sir William. Never has he been known to subscribe to the funds of a political campaign. Even his politics is not familiarly quoted. In religion he is not professedly restricted to any one denomination. In society he has no ambitions. He has never been a drawing-room figure. Never has he hankered to be high up in the cabals of those who instruct cabinets and premiers. He has never written articles for the press setting forth any views upon the practical philosophy of living. He has lived much unto himself. A terribly practical man of no visionary ideas; no convictions about the best means of saving the country from this, that and the other; no vanities of person; no desire to stand pat with any alliance of interests. Always—business; then philanthropy—on a single string. A single determination to make McGill a great university; though no man is able to estimate how wisely the millions have been spent, and there is none so bold as to look such a magnificent gift-horse in the mouth. Twice has his name gone before the public in perpetual form in the naming of Macdonald College and the Macdonald Institute. So much for inconsistency. But the publicity has cost millions. And every time Sir William adds a million to his grand hobbies, there is the accumulation of an idea behind it. He is not an indiscriminate giver. He gives as he does business; with an eye single to the working out of the principle embodied in William Macdonald. What that is no man has ever quite defined. In the doing of it he has made himself as big a personality in Canada as James J. Hill is in America. And the end is not yet.

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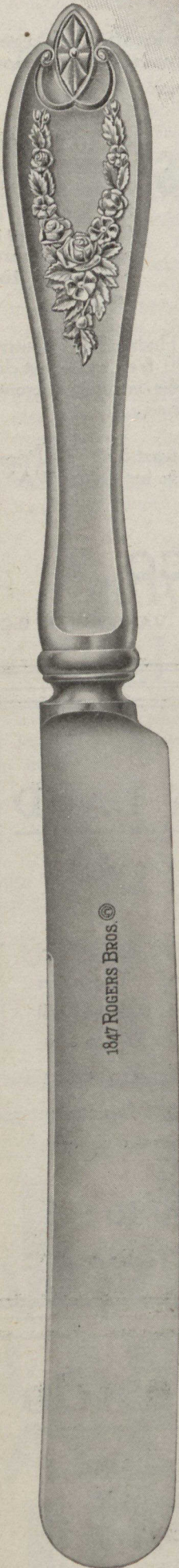
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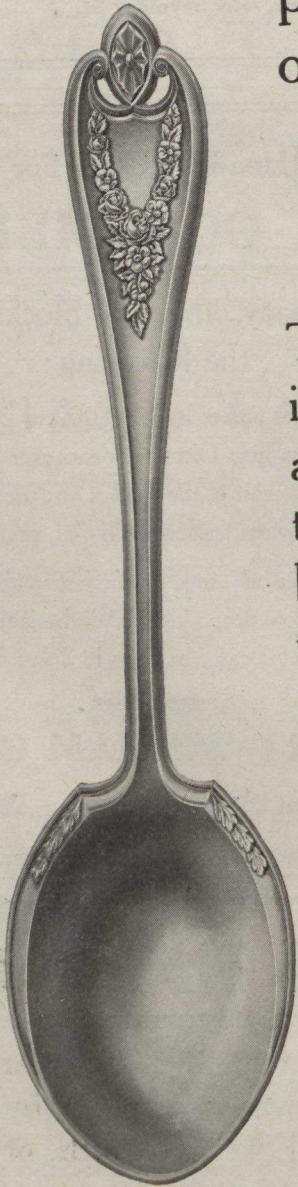
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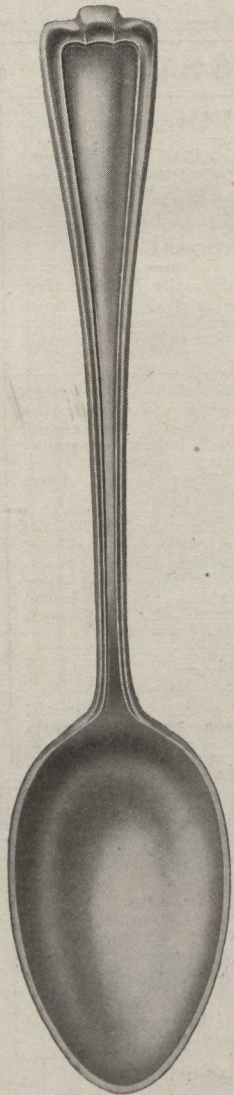
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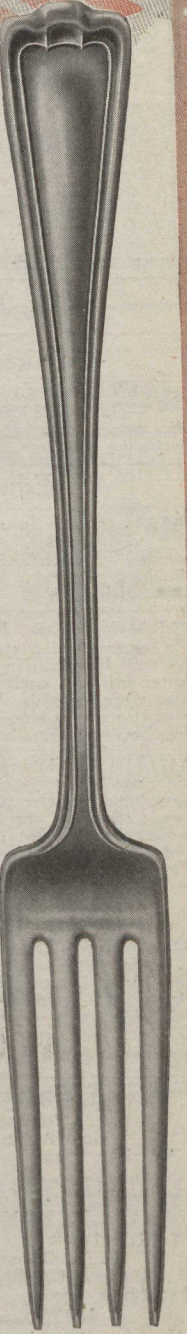
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