

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Spear of the Eskimo

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Alberta's Experiments in Taxation

By MORLEY MANNERS

Premier Borden in Quebec

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

Constitutional Limitations

By C. H. CAHAN, K.C.



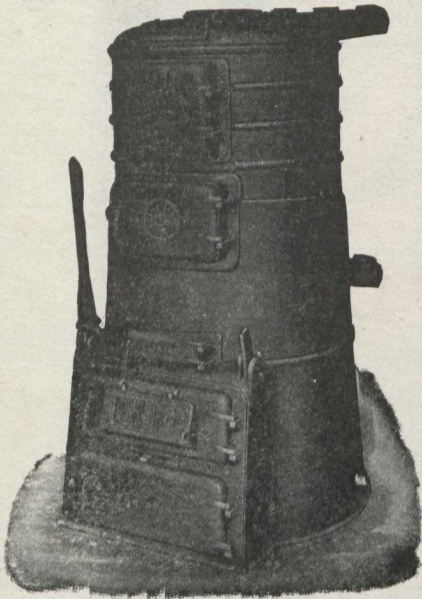
EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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Sat., Nov. 15th	"Royal Edward"	Wed., Nov. 19th
	"Royal George"	Wed., Dec. 3rd
From Halifax, N.S.		
Wed., Dec. 3rd	"Royal Edward"	
Tues., Dec. 16th	"Royal George"	Wed., Dec. 31st

Full information and further details will be gladly given by any Steamship Agent, or the following General Agents of the Canadian Northern Steamships: P. Mooney, 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.; Jas. Morrison, A.G.P.A., 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; H. C. Bourlier, 52 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; and A. H. Davis, 254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

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# Two Special NUMBERS

## BOOK NUMBER

The annual Book Number of the Canadian Courier will be issued on November 29th. A writer in a Canadian weekly recently stated that popular opinion among Britishers is that Canadians are not a book-reading people. At the same time a large number of books are produced in Canada by Canadian writers for Canadian readers.

The Book Number will not confine itself to Canadian books. It will be a comprehensive review of the books of the year, done by people who have special qualifications for knowing why a good book is a good book, what makes a bad book, and why a best seller is not necessarily the best book of the year.

Canadians probably read as much as any other people. We believe that the book-reading age has not gone by, but is probably yet to come. Only by an impartial review of what has been already done in this country, and a comparison of our own writers with the best writers of other countries, can we get any clear conception of what is likely to happen in the future. The cover for this issue has been specially designed by an expert.

## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

We have had a series of good Christmas Numbers. We believe that in the main our Christmas Numbers have been more representative of Canadian talent than those of any other publication. Not only in stories and articles, but in the pictorial art and in illustration.

The Christmas Number of 1913 will be worthy of a high place in the series. One of the best features in the issue will be a group of

## FOUR SHORT STORIES

These are by writers already well known to readers of The Courier. We have tried these writers and have found them able to deliver the kind of thing that people like to read. We can think of no better place to set forth their best short works in conjunction than the Christmas Number. Christmas is a time of fiction and of pictures. The stories are:

"The Hunger Chance," by Samuel Alexander White.

"His Last Angel," by Mabel Burkholder.

"The Changed Letters," by H. A. Cody.

"An Original Christmas Gift," by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

These will all be handsomely illustrated by Canadian artists.

There will be a beautiful Christmas cover done by a man who sits up nights thinking about such things. Special Christmas features in pictures and articles will be incorporated into this volume which, when completed, will represent the spirit of Christmas as well as we have ever done this in the Canadian Courier. The date of this number will be December 6th which puts you into the Christmas feeling almost three weeks before Christmas and will be an effective aid to Christmas shopping.

THE CANADIAN COURIER,  
Toronto.

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 23

## CONTENTS

The Premier in Quebec ..... Illustrated.  
 Alberta's Experiments ..... By Morley Manners.  
 How the "Made-Over-Night" Millionaire contributes his share of the taxes.  
 An International Park ..... By J. Kennard Thomson.  
 Besting the King, Story ..... By James J. Larkin.  
 The Spear of the Eskimo ..... By Augustus Bridle.  
 A Simple Tragedy of the North and its human side.  
 Constitutional Limitations ..... By C. H. Cahan.  
 Golf in Nova Scotia ..... Illustrated.  
 "The Movies" ..... By the Monocle Man.  
 The Congress of Premiers ..... Illustrated.  
 Occasionalities ..... By J. W. Bengough.  
 New Books and Their Authors ..... By A. Paperknife.  
 Sign of the Maple ..... Illustrated.  
 The Red Virgin, Serial ..... By G. Frederick Turner.  
 Music of a Week ..... By the Music Editor.  
 For the Juniors ..... Illustrated.  
 Demi-Tasse ..... By Staff Writers.  
 Money and Magnates ..... By the Financial Editor.  
 The Canadian League ..... Sidelights.  
 Reflections ..... By the Editor.



## Editor's Talk

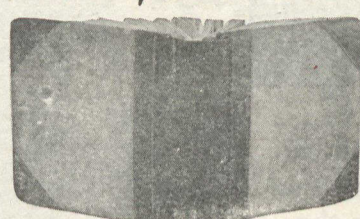
TWO special numbers in succession; on November 29th, Books; December 6th, Christmas. This has been a very prolific year in bookmaking. In our annual Book Number we shall review the year's output in books, both Canadian and general. Whether Canadians are or are not a book-reading people, Canadian writers are not behind in the production of books. We are said to have no leisured class. A musician from Europe said, the other day, "This is no country to live in. It is a country to work in." He was bemoaning the lack of leisure. Nevertheless, we have a good many people able to detach themselves from merely commercial pursuits for the sake of producing literature. Good, bad, or indifferent—and the Book Number will decide that—we still go on producing books. And the man or woman who does not know what are the books of a country cannot be said to know his country.

THE Christmas Number, on December 6th, comes this year a week earlier than usual. This is in order that the Christmas spirit may be extended over a longer period. The Christmas of 1913 should be the best Christmas this country ever had; not in trade so much—for Christmas is not primarily a trading time—but in the things that make the world a more human place for people to live in. Civilization has its real bloom at Christmas. In merely commercial matters we often lose sight of the real significance of this blessed time of year that has remained the one brightest season of good cheer and kindly sentiments.

The sterling features of our Christmas Number will reflect the benignity of Christmas. In fiction, illustrations, special articles and pictures we hope to produce a volume worthy of the Christmas of 1913 and of the "Canadian Courier's" past achievements in special numbers.

K Kalamazoo Point Number Six K

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# PATENTS

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From the far East to the great West, coffee reigns supreme at the breakfast table.

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is the recognized standard by which all others are judged.

Chase & Sanborn, Montreal.

144

**In Lighter Vein**

**Undying Friendship.**—The great financier was almost ready to pay his last account. A friend hastening in met the physician.  
"Is he very ill?" he asked anxiously.  
"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that his end is not far off."  
"Do you think," he asked hesitatingly, "do you think he would recognize me in his last moments?"  
"Yes, but I advise you to hurry. The best places are rapidly being taken."  
—Life.

**Another Name For It.**—"I've cared for several persons," she explained, "but I never have loved any one so that I would have been willing to give up my home and work for him, if necessary. That is real love, isn't it?" "No, that isn't real love. That is softening of the brain."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Still Hope.**—Mrs. McGinty had waited long and patiently for her husband to come home on Saturday night with his week's pay. Finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands, and she sallied forth to the police station to inquire if he was there.  
"Is my Tim here?" she asked.  
"No," replied the lieutenant; "but sit down; we're expecting him every minute."  
—Lippincott's.

**A Bright Outlook for the Bridegroom.**—"Susanna," said the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the questions, "does yo take dis man to be youah wedded husband, for bettah or wuss?"  
"Jest as he am, Pahson," said the muscular, colored scrub-lady, "jest as he am. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's a-gwine to take him, en ef he gits any wuss Ah'll 'tend to him myself."  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Subtle Revenge.**—Two young bootblacks who have stands close together on Tremont Street quarreled the other day. "I'll get even with that guy yet," vowed the smaller boy of the two.  
"Goin' to fight him, are yer, Jimmy?" he was asked.  
"Naw! When he gets troo polishin' a gent I'm goin' to say ter that gent soon's he steps off the chair: 'Shine, sir, shine!'"  
—Boston Transcript.

**Two Minds With But a Single Thought.**—"Henry," called Mrs. R. over the partition in the voting booth, "how are you going to vote on Amendment No. 5?"  
He—"I am going to vote 'yes.'"  
She—"No, you're not; you're going to vote 'no'; I have changed my mind."  
—Life.

**Checkmated.**—A young Irishman, in want of a five-pound note, wrote to his uncle as follows:  
"Dear Uncle—If you could see how I blush for shame, while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you; I prefer to die. I send you this messenger, who will wait for an answer.  
"Your most obedient and affectionate nephew."  
"P. S. Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that letter may be lost."  
The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:  
"My dear John: Control yourself and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayers—the messenger lost your letter.  
"Your affectionate Uncle."

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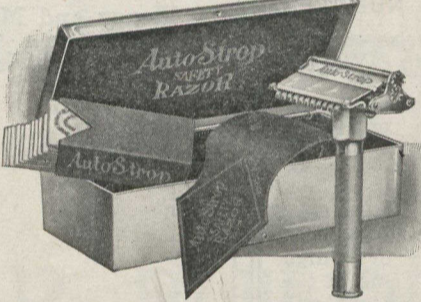
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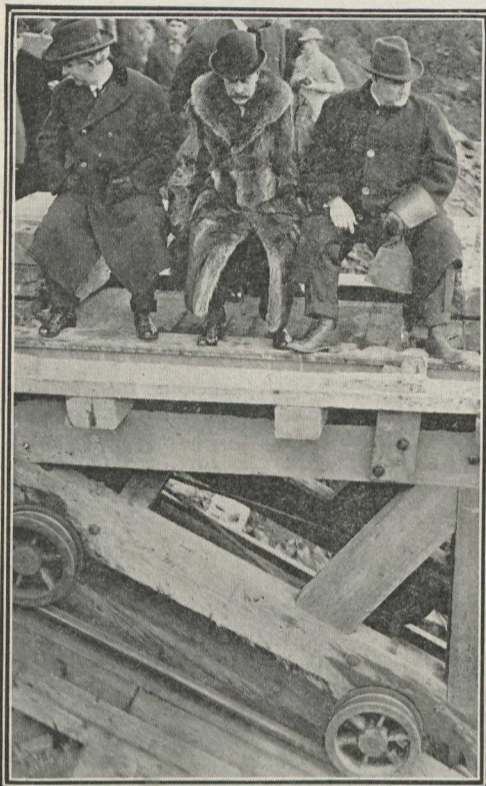
Vol. XIV.

November 8, 1913

No. 23

# Premier Borden at Quebec

*The Modern Capture of Quebec in the Name of National Progress*



INSPECTING THE QUEBEC BRIDGE.  
 Premier Borden Going up the Incline with Hon. Mr. Rogers and Mr. N. Monserrat, Chief Engineer.

THE capture of Quebec was first performed by Gen. Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. In 1908 the Tercentenary Celebration made Quebec again the meeting place of the nations. Several times since the great Quebec Bridge was begun, the ancient city has been captured and recaptured by Liberals and Conservatives. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his ministers had their turn at capturing Quebec. A few days ago Premier Borden, with Hon. Messrs. Pelletier, Rogers and Hazen, once more took possession of the city, in the name of modern progress.

The Premier helped to lay several corner-stones of new works. In his really statesmanlike speech at the Chateau Frontenac he outlined the great works taken over from the Liberal government and initiated by the Conservatives to nationalize the port and the city of Quebec. These works include:

Completion of the Quebec Bridge in 1917;  
 Provision of a great ferry now in course of construction to carry traffic between Quebec and Levis, for the National Transcontinental and other railways;

N. T. R. carshops at St. Malo instead of at St. Foye, as intended by the Liberal Government, the Fathers of the National Transcontinental;

A great tunnel for all railways to connect the waterfront with the new union station;

A union station worthy of comparison to the best on the American continent, and to be occupied conjointly by the Government and the C.P.R.;

A nationalized harbour extending for three miles from Sillery to Cape Diamond;

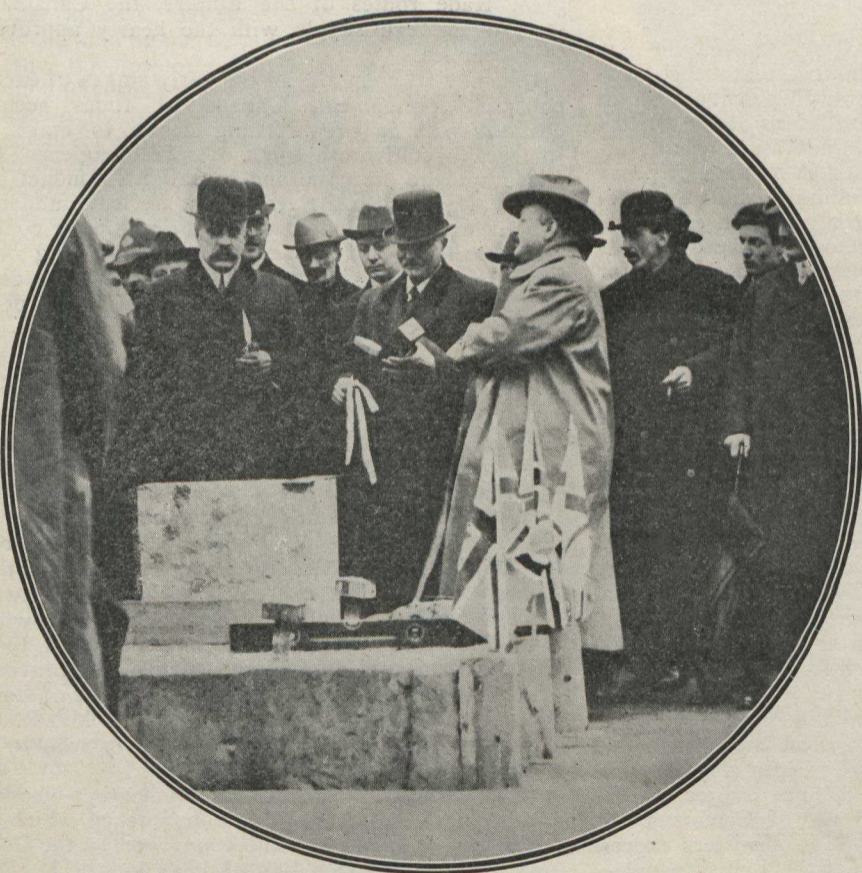
A great drydock at Lauzon capable of docking and repairing any ship that comes up the St. Lawrence—including, let us hope, the ships of the Canadian navy;

A Government elevator with a capacity of two million bushels; Damming the St. Charles River for transportation purposes.

The new Quebec postoffice also got its corner-stone laid in the name of Mr. Pelletier, the Postmaster-General. Quebec may now rest assured that it is one of the greatest cities in America, or at least will be when Premier Borden's vision is realized, of the day when the population of Canada equals that of Britain.



LAYING THE POST-OFFICE CORNER-STONE.  
 The Premier Well and Truly Lays the Corner-stone of the New Quebec Post-Office.



THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY SHOPS.  
 Premier Borden Lays the Corner-stone of the New N. T. R. Workshops at St. Malo.



AT THE NEW ST. CHARLES RIVER LOCKS.  
 Premier Borden Speaks at the Corner-stone Ceremonies of the New Locks. Near Him are Hon. Mr. Pelletier and Hon. J. D. Hazen.



# Limitations of the Constitution

*With Special Relation to the Canadian Naval Question*

By C. H. CAHAN, K. C.

THE British North America Act, the Charter of the Canadian Constitution, by which the rights of self-government were conferred upon the Dominion and Provinces of Canada, contains certain significant provisions which provoke careful consideration and enquiry at a time when political opinions are divided in regard to the naval issue.

I quote the following, with the verbal change of "King" for "Queen," as provided in Section 3 of the Act:

9. The Executive Government and authority of and over Canada is hereby declared to continue and be vested in the King.

10. The provisions of this Act referring to the Governor-General extend and apply to the Governor-General for the time being of Canada, or other the chief executive officer or administrator for the time being carrying on the Government of Canada on behalf and in the name of the King, by whatever title he is designated.

11. There shall be a Council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, to be styled the King's Privy Council for Canada; and the persons who are members of that Council shall be from time to time chosen and summoned by the Governor-General and sworn in as Privy Councillors.

15. The Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval militia, and of all naval and military forces, of and in Canada, is hereby declared to continue and be vested in the King.

91. It shall be lawful for the King, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons, to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Canada in relation to . . .

(7) Militia, military and naval service, and defence.

132. The Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all powers necessary or proper for performing the obligations of Canada or of any Province thereof, as part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries arising under treaties between the Empire and such foreign countries.

The provisions of the British North America Act, above quoted, very clearly express the present political status of Canada. Canada is declared to be a part of the British Empire, that is, a part of the Empire of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and, though tacitly deprived of every constitutional right to participate in the government of the Empire or in incurring or creating obligations towards foreign countries, Canada is empowered to perform the obligations of Canada or of its Provinces arising under treaties made on the advice of the Government of the United Kingdom.

The executive government and authority of Canada is vested in the King. The Governor-General is the chief executive officer, who carries on the government of Canada on behalf and in the name of the King.

The King is the commander-in-chief of all naval and military forces of and in Canada. The King, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, makes laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada in relation, amongst other matters, to "militia, military and naval service and defence."

No political dissensions have arisen in regard to Canada's militia and military services, except in isolated instances where the Canadian Government has insisted upon controlling the actions of British officers, temporarily in the Canadian service, who unfortunately did not realize that, in the King's militia and military services of and in Canada, the King, through his representative, the Governor-General, acts under the advice of his Canadian Ministers.

In respect of the proposed Canadian Naval Service, the suggestion is now made that the Canadian Government should abdicate its constitutional functions, and vest the control of this service in the Admiralty, a department of the Government of the United Kingdom, which is in no sense responsible to or under the control of the Government of Canada.

THE chief reasons urged for this abrupt change in constitutional policy is the attainment of greater efficiency by centralizing the control of this service.

In a measure the same suggestion might have applied to Canada's judicial, railway, customs, postal or light-house services. England may train more experienced lawyers—why should not England's appointees administer our judicial system? The

postal service might be improved if its management were centred in London; Mr. Samuel may be a more efficient executive officer than Mr. Pelletier! The Canadian militia and military forces might be more thoroughly trained by officers detached from and directed by the War Office in London! Despotism may under certain conditions prove to be the most efficient form of government, but, fortunately or unfortunately, it would encounter insurmountable difficulties arising out of the traditions, education, and temperament of the Canadian people.

Waste of energy, efficiency and material always result from inexperience; but, in the end, as experience is gained, the workers become more efficient, and the ultimate end is satisfactorily attained.

For example, the Canadian General Electric Company and Canadian Westinghouse Company are now producing in Canada hydro-electric machinery and appliances that England is at present quite incapable of manufacturing in her best equipped plants. There has, no doubt, been waste and loss in the process of development; but the achievement merits unqualified approval.

So workmen and peoples and nations increase in experience and in efficiency, become strong, self-reliant and courageous, and eventually develop to manhood and nationhood!

The purpose of the British North America Act was to vest the administration and control of Canadian services in the elected representatives of the Canadian people. The King is our King; but, in respect of matters within the legislative jurisdiction of the Parliament of Canada, the King, or his representative, must act on the advice of the Canadian Government.

Included in Canada's legislative jurisdiction are "militia, military and naval services and defence"; and the King, under the advice of his Canadian Government, is "the commander-in-chief of the land and naval militia, and of all naval and military forces, of and in Canada."

Surely cogent and convincing reasons must be presented before the Canadian Government will be permitted to abdicate its high functions in favour of one or more departments of a British Government, which is utterly irresponsible so far as Canada is concerned. Some of us have thought that such reasons might be found in a federal organization of the Empire, under a government really imperial in the scope of its duties and responsibilities, in which representatives of the Canadian people would be invited to participate, and which would be sustained by the common contributions of the United Kingdom and of all the Over-seas Dominions of the Crown.

SOME of us have also thought that such prospective constitutional development was in accord with the genius and traditions of the British peoples; and that in the administration of all Imperial and international affairs, in matters of peace and of war, in matters of military and naval defence, the concentration of control in an executive, responsible to all those who contribute to its authority and financial resources, would make for political unity, for civil liberty, for political content, and for economy and efficiency in the administration of Imperial affairs.

But at the last Imperial Conference, Mr. Asquith deliberately declared that this consummation so devoutly wished by the loyalist representatives in the American Colonies prior to the revolution, by the most eminent and sagacious of British American statesmen, by many patriotic and devoted public men, of all times, in other British Dominions beyond the seas, was utterly impossible of accomplishment, because of the deliberate determination of the British Government not to share its imperial authority. More recently, the Colonial Secretary, in an official despatch, which he asserts, "accurately represents the views and intentions of His Majesty's Government," declares that any form of Imperial federation involving representation from Canada in an Imperial Parliament is "a dead issue"; and that Imperial policy "is and must remain the sole prerogative of the (British) Cabinet, subject to the support of the (British) House of Commons."

If these declarations of British Ministers express the deliberate determination of the British people—and they do not appear to be questioned by British publicists of standing and authority—is not Canada

compelled to desist from advocating a policy of federation and centralization in Imperial affairs, and, in the alternative, relying upon the express provisions of its own political constitution, as well as upon the energy and efficiency, the patriotism and generosity of its own people, to develop under the King, as commander-in-chief, its own military and naval services?

THE vital underlying issue seems to me to arise out of the constitutional problem which remains unsolved, and to the solution of which the statesmen of Great Britain appear utterly indifferent. Many have felt that, if the British and Canadian Governments really desired it, a solution might be found which would give to Canada an effective voice in Imperial and international affairs. But the repeated overtures of Mr. Borden have been met with ill-concealed indifference by Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. They seem disposed to facilitate the political development of Canada along the lines indicated by its existing constitution; but, naturally, they cannot refuse to expend moneys which Canada may contribute, to control ships which Canada may give or loan, to retain, so far as concerns Canada, absolute and irresponsible control in Imperial and international affairs, so long as eight millions of Canadians remain so indifferent to the ideals of civil liberty and to the principles of responsible government, as to accept, with complacency, the damnable doctrine that loyalty to King and Empire involve servile submission to Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Harcourt, or Mr. Bonar Law, or Sir Edward Carson, or whomsoever the exigencies of British parochial politics may raise to office in Great Britain.

Meanwhile there are preparations for Canada's defense, of vital imperial importance, now long delayed, which Canadians are practically unanimous in approving. I refer to the fortification and defense of strategic points on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. At present St. John, N.B., a most important outport, and Sydney Harbour, the centre of coal supplies on the Atlantic Coast, are utterly undefended against the possible raids of foreign cruisers. There is not a modern gun defending the St. Lawrence River, the natural highway for the commerce of half a continent. Prince Rupert, the terminus of a great transcontinental railway, is without defenses of any kind. The fortifications at Esquimalt, which commands Vancouver Island, are sadly in need of modern equipment. Canada needs fortified harbours of refuge, dry-docks, improved facilities for repairing and outfitting ships of commerce and of war. These needs, which are absolutely essential for Canada's defense and for the protection of the great trade routes of the Empire, the Canadian Government can supply with the hearty approval of all parties.

But, like all countries in the early stages of their political development, Canada at times seems obsessed with an over-weening desire to make a splurge, to cultivate a spirit of spread-eagleism, to encourage the dramatic and sensational conduct of public affairs, with the result that we leave undone the all-important things, which all admit we could and should do, for conserving and protecting our vital national and imperial interests, while we dissipate our energies in futile efforts to attain pretentious and controversial ends.

## The Bye-Elections

BOTH political parties in Canada can find cause for rejoicing in the results of the three recent bye-elections in Canada. On October 11th an election was held at Chateaugay, an historically Liberal constituency. The Honourable Sydney Fisher represented the Liberals, and Mr. James Morris the Conservatives. The constituency is about two-thirds French, and one-third English. Morris won.

On Tuesday, October 21st, a bye-election took place in East Middlesex, an Ontario constituency historically Conservative. Mr. S. F. Glass, of London, represented the Conservatives, and Mr. R. G. Fisher the Liberals. The Conservatives won by a majority of over three hundred.

On Thursday, October 30th, another bye-election was held in South Bruce, a constituency which is historically Liberal, but which was won by the Conservatives in the elections of 1908 and 1911. Mr. Reuben E. Truax, Liberal, was elected to represent the seat by a majority of 125.



# The Spear of the Eskimo

Concerning What Probably Befel Young George Street, a Trailsman from Ottawa



This is the Crean exploration outfit in which George Street, probably speared to death by Eskimos at Bathurst Inlet, got his first acquaintance with real trail life. Street is the second figure from the left.

**T**HIS is the mere outline of a simple big story, which somehow manages to corral into its lineaments the drama of the north. The task of civilizing Canada by furposts and mounted police stations, by transcontinental railways and new towns, has been mainly peaceful.

But once in a while we have had violence. The rebellions of '71 and '85, and the melodrama of Almighty Voice are three of the impressive episodes in an amazing conquest of a new country, changing it from barbarism to civilization. That the story has been so nearly devoid of scalplings and massacres is due first of all to the admirable feudal system of the Hudson's Bay Company, still epitomized in the Canadian High Commissioner, Lord Strathcona; and to the yet more marvelous personal system of the Northwest Mounted Police.

The work of the mounted police has made most of the serious, big literature of adventure, first in the west, then in the far north. Only a few months ago, the newspapers were alive with a hugely simple tragedy on the trail from Ft. Macpherson to Dawson, when four police were frozen to death in a blizzard. While that story, month by month and post by post, was struggling over long trails and frozen rivers out to the world of telegraph wires and railways, another tragedy was swiftly enacted in the land of the Eskimos—and it was many moons from the time of the midnight sun of 1912 till the midnight sun of 1913, before that story became known to the newspapers. At the present time a patrol of police is on its way from Hudson's Bay to Bathurst Inlet to investigate the certain spearing to death of H. V. Radford, an American explorer, and the probable killing in like manner of young George Street, B.A., of Ottawa.

**T**HE story at present somewhat vaguely outlined by word of mouth from the incoherent jabberings of Eskimos, occurred at or near Schultz Lake, on the trail from Chesterfield Inlet to Bathurst, on the shores of the Arctic. The report of Akulak, an Eskimo, says that the killing of Radford and Street took place at Bathurst. It does not matter. The narrative is one of those oddly tragic and sublimely simple things that have begun to come into our northern literature since the restless vanguard of our civilization left the already conquered great west and shifted to the north. The triangle of great tragedies now has its angles at Athabasca Landing, Herschell Island and Fort Churchill. The wildest of this great silence-land of huskie dogs, wolves and ice igloos are the scattered territories of the Eskimos, who are still the mysterious lords of the north, as the mound-builders once were of the great west. The Geological Survey, of Ottawa, is collecting a vast amount of information about many tribes of Indians. We are yet in the A B C stages of learning about the Eskimo. Two expeditions are now on the way to the farthest north of two Eskimo regions: Stefansson to Victoria Land and R. J. Flaherty, representing Sir William Mackenzie, to Baffin's Land, north of Hudson's Bay. Both these men have already

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

brought out much information about the Eskimo, most of which has not been given to the public.

The outlines of the Radford-Street story, if worked out to the full, contain much that has been suggested by these travelers. We are particularly concerned with the part of the story represented by young George Street, of Ottawa. The facts about



A picture of young George Street, with his hand on the wheel of a waggon on the famous Portage La Loche, between the headwaters of the Churchill and Mackenzie Rivers.



Street poling up the swift current of a river in Northern Alberta. He is in the bow of the canoe.

Street related here were given by a man in the Dominion Lands offices, who knew him on trail.

It is certain that Radford, head of the expedition, was speared to death by inland Eskimos after an altercation about how to hitch huskie dogs. It is almost certain that George Street was speared to death by the same band when he was attempting, with his rifle, to rescue his companion from the natives. That happened in June, 1912. The story dribbled out from post to post and igloo to igloo in June, 1913. The informants are Eskimos who, by this chain of postal communication, trace it back to alleged eye-witnesses of the tragedy.

Street was in no way responsible for the affair. He was the victim of the blind Fury that casually seizes these quiet, inoffensive people when they consider themselves treated unjustly. He was a young man who, before he graduated from Ottawa University and football, became famous for feats of physical strength and endurance. In a hand-to-hand tussle with Eskimo dog-men he would have been a bad man to handle. When a lad of seventeen, after a siege of typhoid, he was a packer on the trails of the National Transcontinental. He carried 200 pounds, the normal tump-line load for an old packer.

**H**IS first trip west was with F. J. P. Crean, exploring in north Saskatchewan for the Department of the Interior. Says his companion on that expedition:

"I, who travelled with him for two years, know that he was always willing to overload himself to save his companion if the latter showed signs of giving out. I remember once on the last load of a portage, his collecting all that remained. Soon after starting he overtook a weaker individual in distress and relieved him of an extra case, then, without a rest, covered one and a half miles with 247 pounds (actually weighed at the time) on his back.

"As a driver of dogs, Street usually was allotted the slowest team and the heaviest load, because he could be relied upon to get through.

"The excellence of his work induced Mr. Crean to take him north with him again in 1910. This trip was to last two years, and we see Street, now about 21 years old, about 5 ft. 5 inches in height, and weighing 190 lbs., working as hard as ever. A day or two rest in camp never suited him; he wanted to be off on a trip—the harder the better—though at that time he had not the gift of absolute sense of direction in the bush. He was cool and capable, and was never liable to the panic that seizes some people who lose the trail; and was always carefully training himself that he might become a first-class woodsman."

It was about Christmas that H. V. Radford, American explorer, reached Smith's Landing, on the Slave River. He wanted a guide to accompany him from Great Slave to Chesterfield Inlet. Street volunteered, as Canadians have done more than once for foreign explorers in their own country. He knew little of Eskimos, though a good deal about dogs. Radford made him liberal offers. Street was too young to refuse. Radford, however, was not an ideal travelling mate. Above all things on a trail it is necessary for a man to keep his temper. Tragedies have often been caused by a man's nerves giving way in solitude and hunger; some outbursts of temper, even a casual remark that stings for days when there is nothing but the monotony of the trail to make a man forget.

The party made Chesterfield all right. It was on trail from Chesterfield to Bathurst that the real trouble arose. The two white men were in company with a band of inland Eskimos on their way back from trading with the coast bands.

It was a simple matter. The Eskimos were hitching the dogs. An Eskimo knows dog as no other man does. He lives with dogs. Igloo, dog, harness, whip, fate, long trail, hunger, cold, ice—these are his main conceptions. The world's greatest explorers, Amundsen, Nansen, Peary, have all been glad to do just what the Eskimo told them on a journey. Radford was not a big enough explorer to estimate the real character of these peaceful people and to know how dangerous they might be if aroused by wrong treatment.

In his foolish anger over a dispute caused by dog-hitching, Radford kicked an Eskimo. The native speared him. The Eskimos are terrible spearmen. They are able to kill flying geese by hurling spears, and walrus with the hand-flung harpoon from a kayak. They got Radford. They filled him with spears. Young Street, the only white man left, seized his rifle. He was impetuous. He tried to save his companion. He was probably speared also. There is still hope that he was not.

The story is sublimely simple. But in its primitive outlines it is almost great. And it is one of many stories the details of which do not always reach the newspapers.



# Alberta's Experiments in Taxation

*How the "Made-over-night" Millionaire Contributes to the Common Revenue*

By MORLEY MANNERS

IN matters of taxation Alberta has been called, with some reason, the experimental station of the Dominion. Early in its history the city of Edmonton adopted the principle of taxation on land values only. Calgary, while not adopting the principle of taxation in its entirety, has been moving toward the same ideal, and improvements in that city are now assessed at twenty-five per cent. of their appraised valuation. In 1912 the rural communities, towns and villages came under the operation of an Act of the Provincial Legislature which made land value taxation—commonly but erroneously called "single tax"—compulsory. The features of that Act were reviewed somewhat exhaustively in the CANADIAN COURIER of November 9th last year. It marked another milestone in experimental taxation in Canada.

Perhaps it was but natural that a government which did not hesitate to make land value taxation compulsory should now go a step further and propose to confiscate to the public revenue a portion of the unearned increment in land. The motive behind the Act is the same in both cases. It is a determination to make the speculator bear his fair—or unfair—share of the cost of government. Whether the net effect of the speculator upon Alberta has been good or bad is not now under consideration; the point is that the dominant political party in the Province is determined that the speculator shall contribute largely and ever more largely to the public revenue. And the opposition of the minor political party in this connection is mainly that negative opposition which the exigencies of party government demand.

The Bill which, when it passes the Legislature, will impose a tax on unearned increment in Alberta, is interesting not only in itself, but in its reflection of the public attitude toward profits which are acquired without labour. Alberta, more than any other Province, is the home of the made-over-night millionaire. And of all countries in the world enjoying stable government and reasonable transportation facilities it is probably the dearest in which to live, and this in spite of the fact that it is a country of cheap and fertile land producing the requisites of life within its own borders. And public sentiment appears to be connecting the high cost of living with the made-over-night millionaire. At any rate, it is determined that the millionaire who has grown suddenly rich by virtue of no other capacity than that of owning land shall pay a considerable portion of the cost of government.

The Bill provides that when land changes hands five per cent. of its increased valuation since the previous transfer, or since the Bill became law, shall be collected and become part of the revenue of the Province. In order to provide a basis from which to work, the assessed value of the land at the time of the passage of the Act will be accepted as its value at that time, and the tax will be collected on the difference between the 1913 assessed value and the selling price of the land. Improvements are not subject to the tax. Land selling for less than \$25 an acre is not subject to the tax. Land under cultivation is not subject to the tax. Grants of Crown lands and of lands bequeathed by a deceased person are exempted from taxation under the Act.

THE increment subject to taxation in Alberta cities such as Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, promises to be very great indeed. In fact, the present total land value of these cities, amounting to three hundred million dollars or over, may be said to be practically all the increment of the last ten or twelve years. How rapid that increment has been is shown by a few typical instances. The Hudson Bay Company's land in Edmonton in 1898 was assessed at \$100,000. In 1913, although a great part of the land has been sold, the remainder is assessed at \$13,204,860. The assessment of the lands and improvements in the city of Calgary in 1885 was \$386,863; to-day it is \$120,801,558 on the land alone. To carry the argument out to the subdivisions—a word occasionally heard with reproach from visiting scribes who failed to "get in" at the right time—it is found that even the subdivisions have shown a substantial increment in recent years. The following examples from Calgary subdivisions are quoted: Section 15, original price, \$235,000, present assessment, \$46,832,005; section 16 (government subdivision), original price, \$120,000, present assessment, \$12,553,120; Bankview, original price, \$150,000, present

assessment, \$1,219,460; Hillhurst, original price, \$100,000, present assessment, \$1,778,910; Mount Royal, original price, \$600,000, present assessment, \$3,105,160. Examples might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but sufficient have been quoted to indicate the very rapid growth of the "unearned increment" in representative Alberta cities. Had the proposed increment tax been in effect since Calgary was placed on the map, that one city alone would have contributed to the public revenue by this means more than six million dollars.

But a new question has been injected into the issue since it came before the Legislature. As cultivated lands, and lands valued at less than \$25 an acre, are exempt from the tax, it is apparent that this taxation will fall almost entirely upon the cities and towns. And more than one city father is now coming forward with the argument that if this tax is to be collected at all, it should swell the revenue, not of the Provincial Legislature, but of the city which created the value. It is held that these enormous increments are due almost entirely to the efforts of the cities, and that the Province, as a Province, had little or no share in them. Value has been given to property, first, by the gathering of population into cities; second, by the extension of city utilities. With that optimism which calculates population in not less than six figures the cities have extended the public utilities; have graded and asphalted streets, laid granolithic sidewalks, sunk sewers and water-mains, strung telephone and electric light wires, laid gas mains and built and operated street railways; and with every step in these improvements has been a simultaneous upward movement in the value of the property served. All this has been done by the cities, at the cost of much effort and heavy financial obligations. These are

the things which create the value.

What has the Province done, which proposes to collect the tax?

That is the question the cities are asking.

And after all, who is going to pay this tax? Will it be the land-owner, grown rich on increment, or the labourer seeking a lot on which to build his home? Generally speaking, it may be laid down as a fact that the Western land-owner does not sell until he gets his price. That is why Western booms refuse to burst, notwithstanding ample prophecy. Real estate activity may slacken or come to a full stop, but values do not collapse. The big land-owner spends the dull season in Europe; the small land-owner spends it at his trade, *but both hang on*, and will continue to hang on until they get their profit. No man in Western Canada doubts that every foot of land that was bought with any degree of judgment will yet show a profit—if the owner hangs on. The point is, in Western Canada the owner sets the price, and, save for the exception which proves the rule, he gets it, or he doesn't sell. Very well; this being the case, who will pay the tax? The buyer, certainly. The land will cost him just that much more than it could otherwise have been bought for. The vendor, in the future as in the past, will quote his real estate agent a net price which he demands for his property. The agent, in listing it, will add his commission and the increment tax to the net price. In some instances the vendor may agree to pay the increment tax, but such a vendor would have agreed to an equal reduction in price in any case.

The weakness of the Act is that it applies only when property changes hands. It is a tax on trading, rather than an incentive to trade.

And it lays down the principle that the State has the right to confiscate part of the unearned increment. If part, why not all?

## An International Park

*A Suggestion for an International Peace Memorial*

By T. KENNARD THOMSON

THERE will be a great celebration in all English-speaking countries in 1914-15, and we hope the whole world will join in, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent.

The celebration was first proposed by Wm. Lyon Mackenzie King in an address at Harvard University. The chief credit for getting the movement under way is due to John A. Stewart, whose grandfather owned Stewartown, Ont., and his very able assistant, Andrew B. Humphrey, chairman of the American Committee on Memorials, and who has given me valuable suggestions. The celebration will take many forms:

Educating the school children.

Permanent monuments.

International bridges over the Niagara River, etc.

And I have a plan which would, I think, do untold good to a large portion of Canada and the States; and I hope that you will take the matter up and push it to a successful conclusion.

My plan is simply this: Have the governments of Canada and the United States each buy a strip of land ten miles wide, making a total width of twenty miles—from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean—about 1,500 miles in length—and make it an International Park and Forest, and home for wild animals, birds and fish.

The advantages of such a "Wind Break" must be apparent to all; and it would surely benefit the climate, and thus greatly enhance the value of the land from the Gulf of Mexico to Saskatoon and Edmonton.

By proper management it could be made not only self-supporting, but also a profit-producer—through sale of timber, furs, animals, fish, etc.

Any one from the East, on going to St. Louis for the first time—or, in fact, anywhere from the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi Valley and then on north over the 49th Parallel into Canada through Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta—must have marvelled at the sudden extremes of temperature. To take a single example: A friend of mine left the very prosperous city of Saskatoon some

two years ago, in a light snow storm, on the third day of June; and early in July of the same year it was 107 in the shade. This may be accounted for by the fact that the icy wind of the North and the hot blasts from the South have a free sweep with practically no obstruction.

For some years I have been trying to evolve some practical scheme for overcoming this serious handicap, and it seems to me that an International Park Forest would greatly benefit the climate of all Canada and the United States.

In addition to the great financial benefits, due to climate, which would accrue to both countries through the construction of such an International Forest, a very large revenue could be obtained through judicious cutting of trees, after a comparatively few years, when the cutting and planting of suitable trees would be practically a continuous operation.

This International Park should start from the shores of Lake Superior, the surface of which is 600 feet above the sea level, and where the land abruptly rises to 1,000 and 1,500 feet elevation for about 350 miles, most of which is through the wild and beautiful Lake of the Woods district, with a very large percentage of rivers and lakes through Minnesota and Manitoba. Then the level drops slightly for fifty or sixty miles, while crossing the Red River Valley, which divides Minnesota from North Dakota.

IN the next two hundred miles going west, the land rises from elevation 1,000 to elevation 2,000, where the Park would still be on the Prairies of the Province of Manitoba and the State of North Dakota.

Then in a stretch of some 550 miles—passing through North Dakota and Montana, on the south of parallel 49 and the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta on the north—the ground gradually rises from elevation 2,000 to 4,000; then the main range of the Rocky Mountains suddenly towers up into the skies, with magnificent snow-capped peaks

(Concluded on page 25.)



# Besting the "King"

*A Street Combine and a Newsboy With Some Grit, and More or Less Good Fortune*

By JAMES J. LARKIN



"A mass of nondescript urchins struggling for entry at a badly-battered but still staunch door."

THE whole alley was filled with a struggling mass of nondescript urchins, battling for entry at a badly-battered but still staunch door behind which, when the tobacco-chewing young man at the door chose to allow two or three at a time to pass, the *Daily Herald* was distributed at three copies for two cents with more haste than polish. The fact that every two cents brought back three soonest after this struggle route had been covered was responsible for the pushing, shoving, fisticuffs and wrestling among the crowd. Every newsboy in the throng would, if he could, be first.

So would have been "Scotty" Dunderdale, the red-faced urchin whose appearance was best described in the democratic adjective of "tough." For he had tried it. A lump on one side of his face and a torn coat, not to mention numerous bruises on the least protected parts of his anatomy were eloquent testimonials to at least his staying qualities. It was his first visit to the "Press," and "Scotty" knew by now that he was the centre of at least the attention, if not of the unanimous malice, of the whole crowd. "You can't sell papers around here," he had been told when first he had appeared and had taken up a position in the line, "you've got to see Baker, the King."

Now "Scotty" was too anxious to start in the newsboy "game" to delay his business for a conference with any Baker. Moreover, the self-same "Scotty" did not recognize any "King," big, small or otherwise, when he happened to interfere in any way with his particular desires, and, though they jostled and crowded, sneered at and pummelled him with both persistency and numbers, he stayed. He could not thrash them all, but he was not of the kind that runs. He fought back tooth and nail, step for step, all along the line until he fell over the feet of the man at the door, threw ten cents on the counter, grabbed the papers that were slapped down before him, and hustled out.

A PASSERBY beckoned him and he scurried into his first sale. Another followed—and a third. A tall man in the crowd held up a coin. It brought a race that "Scotty" saw too late—saw only when another newsboy cut neatly across through the crowd in front of him; suddenly shot forth a foot at the right moment and sold the unsuspecting man a paper while "Scotty" was left to gather up his scattered sheets.

"Scotty" sought no sympathy. Novice at newspaper vending as he was, he already knew the "game" had nothing in common with, for instance, the Sunday-school. He knew that the bar, despite its rough and generally foul-mouthed patrons, was

a profitable salesplace. Occasionally, in fact, following recitals of the marvellous deeds witnessed in hotels by newsboys, he had looked forward to the time when he could play the "hero" part; "be a man" and stand up before a mirrored bar—a miserable prospect indeed, but environment had afforded him no better. Newspaper vending in many cases is the work only of a man.

The next corner proved no better. Three times he was on the point of making a sale when the "regular" stationed there warded him away. "This gent's a customer of mine—serve him every day," and "Scotty," who knew no patrons, slunk wearily off. Three times, too, he was jostled by competitors and once two of them "sandwiched" him. This operation left him a pain in the side and little breath. The day's strife had brought him just fifteen cents and only five of that was profit. It was a sorry return to lay before his mercenary, scolding aunt, for "Scotty," red-faced, ragged, keen-minded urchin, whose whole nature was nothing worse than it had been made by a premature sentence to shift for himself—neither very good nor very bad—had summarily relinquished, much against his relative's wishes, the little liked position of cart-pusher for a printing firm and had escaped dire consequences only by unfolding the brilliant future and monetary returns which awaited his entry into paper vending. But his first day had been a miserable affair.

On the next, it was a sorry-looking urchin who finally succeeded in securing papers through the crowded alley. Scarcely a boy in the whole crowd was there who had not joined in pummelling the unfortunate outsider. And scarcely a boy had failed inwardly to admire the sheer grit of this stranger youngster who fought numbers like a wild-cat and without a whimper. Yet the war on the invader went on. The first corner availed him nothing save a nasty fall when a "flying wedge"—two newsboys drawing together anglewise at full speed—jammed him between them, sending him sprawling.

It never occurred to "Scotty" that there was any moral side to the situation for the all-sufficient reason, perhaps, that he considered newsboy life wasn't supposed to contain any great moral lean-

way, the ragged youth was still game, though he had made but two sales. The third spelt disaster.

Out from the sidewalk, across to the other curb, he darted, as a mackintosh figure called. And then, when within a few yards, down on the slippery pavement fell "Scotty" and into the mud of the gutter, spread out like posters, hopelessly irredeemable, went his precious papers. The mackintosh figure had moved on.

Thus the street war, non-existent as far as the public was concerned, continued. The end of the week found no armistice for "Scotty," though he could be led, had never been driven.

Came the auto; the big touring car that as it came round the corner displayed a bright-coloured wrap hanging from its side, slipping gradually outwards. "Scotty" had seen it, and no thought except of saving it entered his mind. Quick as a flash he ran alongside, and snatched at it. Quicker still out tumbled plump into his arms a beribboned Pomeranian. Before the startled boy could replace either a woman screamed, the chauffeur shouted angrily and the inevitable crowd gathered. Heeding the assertions of all save the principal in the brief drama a traffic policeman escorted the protesting urchin to the police station. "Scotty," who had never stolen a penny's worth in his life, was charged with having stolen a pet puppy!

THREE days later found "Scotty" one of sixty in the Juvenile Detention Home, for though the Magistrate had doubted the alleged theft, "Scotty" had been considered in "undesirable surroundings." His aunt, the day following his arrest, had just visited him to tell him that in future he was no relative of hers. Besides, she wrathfully stated, he had been rapidly going from bad to worse; had not, in fact, earned more than fifty cents in the whole of the past week.

Imprisonment, lax though it was, sat heavily upon him. Then, perhaps because boys are boys, "Scotty's" spirits revived. There was nothing in the ordinary sport of youths that he did not know and no boyish move in which he would not join. They made him leader of "the bunch" and followed him to the letter. Thus a week passed by and nearly forty of the juveniles, among them "Scotty," were given some good advice and freedom.

The *Herald* alley next day overflowed with struggling youths. It overflowed, too, with excitement, for, to the amazement of "the bunch," a crowd of urchins had marched in from somewhere with the very idea, it seemed, of selling newspapers. The amazement was as brief as was the resistance that followed. The "King" started it when he attempted to crowd into a more advantageous position. Beansey, a freckled-faced, long-legged newcomer, promptly pummelled him into submission, then turned to the discomfited "regulars" with a defiant, "Anybody else?" There wasn't.

Now began the strategy. At the door of every big building, as the employees filed out, stood a strange newsboy; every corner had its street Arab. Even the street cars, previously unthought of, were boarded as often as the conductors would allow. "Scotty" had planned with the ingenuity of a commercial general. On the corners, his little band dared the "regulars" to interfere. The "King" offered to compromise and did not.

"Scotty" was "King"—undisputed.

## Leaves From Sir Herbert Tree

"AND what is a gentleman? A gentleman is one who does not care or bother whether he is one or not. It has always seemed to me that the greatest men I have met in life have been distinguished by a simplicity and naturalness, the counterpart of which one only finds in peasants."

"How easy it is to be a genius until one has done something. Everybody is a potential genius until he has tried to do something in the world. Woe be to him who does something, for to be understood is to be found out."

"It seems to me that the rarest thing in humanity is independence of mind, the faculty of thinking and acting for oneself; the power to fulfil oneself at all costs. To be oneself is the greatest luxury in the world, and I am bound to say it is the most expensive."

"Thoughts and Afterthoughts," by Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Toronto: Cassel & Co. \$1.50 net.



"Out tumbled plump into his arms a beribboned pomeranian."

ings. Contact with the public of all kinds; life practically lived on the street where the undesirable parent ally is the "tit-bit" to the urchin does not serve to inculcate any particular virtue, with but one exception—the independence of hard work. And "Scotty," so far, had been fortunate enough to have gained the one and escaped the other.

Raining now, and rain meant even less chance of sales. Bruised, tired and handicapped in every





### THE "MOVIES."

ONE of the colossal stupidities of which modern society is guilty is its assinine attitude toward the Young Idea and the Moving Picture Show. The Young Idea is bent and bound to go to the Moving Picture Show. He and even She will beg, borrow or steal the price, if they cannot get it in any other way. They will disobey parents—ignore solemn warnings of the "wolves" that lie in wait for them—dodge the police—take up with strange and dangerous men who promise to pay their way in—do anything possible in order to get a seat where they can watch the flickering films race by. And all that stupid Society can think to do about it is tell them that they mustn't.

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THERE certainly must be "a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," when we can survive stupidities like this—and we survive lots of them. Here is the young mind eager to see something; and here are we maintaining expensive schools to give the young mind certain doses of knowledge which it needs but which it frequently finds hard to swallow; and it never occurs to us to turn our Moving Picture Shows into schools. But how could we do it?—conservative convention immediately asks. Schools are orderly and dull institutions which "go in" at 9 a.m. and last, with certain painless periods, till 4 p.m. They are associated with chalk dust and dry-as-dust teaching and dusted jackets and that sort of thing. Moreover, a moving picture show in a school would not seem to the Young Idea to be the real thing.

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IT probably wouldn't be. But why not leave the moving picture show just where it is, with its attractive entrance, all colour and light, its fascinating ticket-taker in uniform, and the mysterious dark of the auditorium; but put instructive and inspiring films on the reel with a sufficiency of appetizing interludes to make the Young Idea anxious to be present. Then there are lots of exciting and fascinating things which the Young Idea ought to know—which, indeed, we pay teachers to pump into his system. For instance, what can be more dramatic than history, well-told? If a film, instead of showing us a number of impossible people racing through hedges and swimming across pools and gyrating in and out of doorways—people we never saw before and never want to see again—were to show us the procession which brought King Louis XVI. and his family from Versailles to Paris, or the coronation of an English King, or even a body of troops engaged in trench-making or gun-mounting, the Young Idea would get something worth remembering, and would ever after have at least one bit of history "pat."

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SUPPOSE we turned on a series of reels which told, in picture language, the story of the Iliad. Nothing could be more attractive to the eager eye of youth. And youth would remember it, too, in all its details. That is the way of youth. Then when youth came to read its Homer, it would have the framework of these pictures upon which to hang the incidents of the epic. It would be a better help than all the "translations" in the world, some of which youth is so apt to get. Any man can think of a hundred or a thousand things which might be put through the Moving Picture machine, and be quite as attractive as most of the rather silly things they now present—and of value into the bargain. If this were done, then we need not forbid our children to go to the "movies"—all we need do is to give them the price and let them go. It would be far better to thus fatten up the programmes of these shows with good things than to merely try to censor out of them a few bad things—but leave all their empty nonsense and extravagant absurdity and impossible "freak films" to waste the time and clutter up the mind of the Young Idea.

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BUT this is just the way we run our entire educational machine. Here is the Young Idea sharp-set for information—he is a perpetually self-propounding interrogation point—"why" and "what" are the most popular words in his voca-

bulary. But, instead of simply feeding him the information he hungers for, and answering his direct and eager questions—instead of letting him have, in the way of knowledge, what he wants when he wants it—we organize an expensive educational "forcible-feeding" apparatus whose chief principle is to deny the Young Idea the information he wants when he wants it, and then to shoot it into him at some other time when he does not want it. We seem to go on the theory that we should find out carefully what the Young Idea does not want to know—and then tell it to him. We assume that anything he does want to know, must be bad for him; and we discourage him from even letting us hear what it is by the simple process of asking questions.

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IT is no wonder that boys learn what we roughly call "bad" much more easily and completely and permanently than they learn what we call "good."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

THEY'VE discovered a new cure for cancer—something which is believed to be really effective. It is obtained by a complicated scientific process from sand imported from South America, and is being manufactured (or at least produced) in Germany. It has, fortunately,

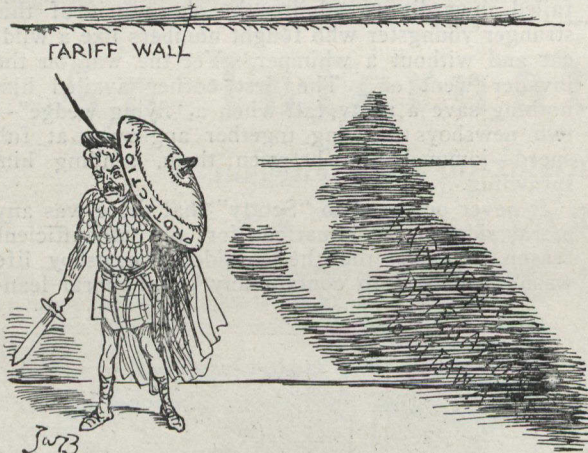
instruction of the masses. They have no comprehension of the cultural value of the thrill such a reel is capable of giving to a packed audience in a stuffy little movie, and altogether fail to appreciate its educational value to the box-office.

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History repeats itself, as we all know, but it does not often do so on the same spot. Chateauguay appears to be a striking exception to this rule. In the first battle on that venerated ground the Americans were routed by a clever ruse of the Canadian commander, who by deploying his buglers through the woods deceived the enemy into believing that his army was of overwhelming size. In the second battle of Chateauguay, fought quite recently, Gen. Robt. Rogers secured an equally glorious victory (according to Liberal historians) by impressing the voters with the idea that post offices, bridges and other extensive and costly government works were going to be commenced right away in that devoted county.

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Mrs. A. D. George came all the way from her domicile in Massachusetts to speak for the ladies of the Anti-Suffrage Society and prove that "Woman's sphere is the home." It was generally admitted that she made as good a presentation of the Anti case as is possible, but her plea that women have no fitness for politics was seriously discounted on the occasion by the meeting itself. Though the audience was manifestly for suffrage by a large majority, its conduct was so orderly and ladylike as to put the customary male political gathering to



Robert Laird Macbeth: "Now comes my dream again! . . . Hence, horrible shadow."

the great advantage over radium of cheapness, being only £10,000 per gramme. It is gratifying to note that the cost of living is thus coming down.

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Two of Canada's smartest young men had a political set-to before an admiring throng at Walkerton the other day in connection with the bye-election in South Bruce. They were Hon. Arthur Meighen and Mr. Hugh Guthrie. Both are gentlemen of fine personal character, and highly endowed with gifts of speech. From the debate the electors learned that Mr. Guthrie finds it impossible to understand how a man of Mr. Meighen's intelligence can advocate the Borden navy policy and shut his eyes to the plain fact that contribution will lead to centralization; while Mr. Meighen is equally amazed that, as a man of common sense, Mr. Guthrie can bring himself to ignore the consideration that, when the Conservatives in the House voted unanimously for a Canadian navy, the circumstances were entirely different from what they now are.

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We are surprised to find the authorities of the alleged intelligent State of New York putting themselves in opposition to the cause of popular education. This they did when they attempted to thwart the moving picture company in its effort to get a film of the man shooting the Niagara rapids in a small boat. The Canadian authorities would have acted with equal want of consideration, no doubt, if their representatives had happened to be awake at the time. It would appear that their officials are so far behind the times as to think that human life is of more importance than the entertainment and



The Schoolmaster and the Latin Class.

the blush. It was proved that women can listen to the other side of the case without making the logical and crushing reply of hooting, cat-calls and other disturbances that the "unemotional" sex is so apt to indulge in.

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Mr. Lloyd George's new land policy seems to be heartily endorsed by the rank and file of the Canadian press—which will no doubt be duly appreciated



by the progressive gentleman. His description of landlordism as a fundamental monopoly which must be destroyed as a condition of liberating the British people, is greeted with loud applause, as from people who are living under happier auspices and can afford to be generous in their encouragement. It may be doubted whether a drastic policy of land reform here at home would be vigorously supported by some of the editors who are acclaiming the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have not noticed that they have given much prominence in their columns to the fact that we have established in Canada essentially the same system as that which has worked out the situation now being tackled by the British Government. In due time we will have the same sort of a job for some Lloyd George of our own.

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"Carson, me boy," says Asquith,  
 "Come sit beside me here,  
 And let me prove that Ulster  
 Has not a thing to fear;  
 Or tell me what you're wanting  
 To set your soul at rest,  
 And to put it in me Home Rule bill  
 I swear I'll do me best!"

"Republics of America,  
 Ye of the Latin race,  
 Come, sit down here," says Wilson,  
 With a smile upon his face;  
 "Let's get together, brothers,  
 In bonds of mutual peace  
 And all join in a covenant  
 That strife and war shall cease!"

'Tis something new in politics,  
 This symbol of the Dove,  
 But the biggest kind of statesmen  
 Know the biggest power is Love!

### British Label on Dramas

(Toronto Daily Star.)

IN the mimic world Toronto has the reputation of being one of the best "show towns" on the continent, also of being the most English city in America.

Toronto is living up to that reputation. It is a noteworthy fact that English attractions fare much better here, on the average, than do the American. The same is true, to some extent, of most cities and towns in Canada, but Toronto is particularly fond of British actors and British plays.

This week is a case in point. We have the Stratford-on-Avon Players at the Princess and "The Whip" at the Royal Alexandra. Both are English productions, and all the players are of English blood. Both houses played to capacity this week, and "The Whip" is staying over for another week. The Benson players could easily do so and do capacity business also, if their tour could be re-arranged.

These two attractions, it is estimated, drew to the box office of the two King St. theatres a total of about \$28,000 during the week. This is truly remarkable. "Oh, I Say," an inferior Americanized farce, and "The Passing Show," a rather coarse entertainment, failed to do anything like that proportion of business. Which should be accounted to Toronto's credit.

Cyril Maude found Toronto willing to part with \$13,000 in a week to see and hear him, and, at that, one of his comedies was worth little. But he was English, and two of his plays worth while.

Lawrence Brough did very well, too. "The Blindness of Virtue," also English, did not fare badly. "Milestones" is due to return again this season after playing two weeks in Toronto last season to total receipts of about \$28,000. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is coming for a week, and he is sure to pack the Royal Alexandra at every performance.

There's no doubt about it, Toronto likes the "Made-in-Britain" label on its amusements.

### Felix Diaz, Refugee

GENERAL FELIX DIAZ, who was recently in Canada on his way to Japan, but who turned back before sailing, is now a refugee. He went to Cuba and thence to Vera Cruz in Mexico. He intended to be a candidate for the presidency and apparently this nephew of the great and only Porfirio Diaz, ex-president of Mexico, had reason to believe that he would have United States support. But Huerta was too strong for all his opponents and Diaz was a practical prisoner in Vera Cruz.

On October 28th General Felix Diaz applied to the American consulate during the night for protection and was taken aboard the United States gunboat Wheeling. The fact that General Diaz and two of his supporters were refugees on board the Wheeling was not discovered by the Mexican authorities until the morning. The flight took place after midnight, the three men taking the risk of an excursion over the roof tops, which were guarded by armed men, into the American consulate.

## Men and Events in Three Countries



The Wreck of the German Airship Which Exploded and Caught Fire in the Air a Fortnight Ago. The Picture Gives Some Idea of Why the Forty Unfortunate Passengers Had no Chance of Escape From Either Fire or Concussion.



Another Picture of the Minister of Labour During His Visit to England. Hon. T. W. Crothers and the Boys of the Training Ship "Cliff" at Bangor, North Wales.



A Picture of General Felix Diaz, Taken on Board the Empress of Britain During His Recent Visit to Canada. General Diaz is Now a Refugee on Board U. S. Louisiana, off Vera Cruz, Mexico. He Failed to Find Hospitality on His Return to Mexico. Left to Right: Secretary, General Diaz, His Niece, Mrs. Diaz, Military Attache, Diplomatist.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Speed in Motoring

**S**PEED is still the god in the motor business—whether by land, sea or sky. It reminds one of the days when railway trains raced for records—and that is not so very long ago, either. New York to Chicago and London to Edinburgh, in America or Great Britain, it matters not, speed was the god. Finally, the railway companies got sense and said, "Safety First." Just now the Grand Trunk Railway is painting this sign on all its village stations, section-foreman's residence and even upon other small buildings which shall be nameless. But the motor devotee has taken up the old role.

A few days ago, at the Brooklands banked track, a driver by the name of Chassaque, in a Sunbeam car, covered 1,078 miles in twelve hours. He easily reached a speed of 115 miles per hour. But why? The real test of a motor-car is its ability to go slowly, not its ability to go at twice the speed of a railway train. The Sunbeam car showed both speed and endurance, but the greatest of these is endurance. Hence the latter quality might have been proven in some other less reckless and less daring manner.

There have been many accidents this year because of motor speed on land, in the air and on the water. Human beings, deprived of one form of dare-devilism, seem to seek another. Hundreds of good citizens have lost their lives, or sacrificed those of their relatives and friends, by reckless motor driving. Why not expand the criminal code and include this form of adventure under the laws relating to homicide? It is a more heinous offence than suicide because it involves the lives and well-being of others.

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## The Curious English

**L**ONDON journalists have a broad field to cover and they must be excused if they make mistakes in talking about out-of-the-way places. An example of the curious mistakes of the world-viewing journalist is to be found in the *London Bystander* of October 22nd. There is a full page of pictures showing railway construction in the Rockies and the general explanation runs as follows:

"The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways are constructing a new line to the Pacific Coast, through the Yellowhead Pass of the Rocky Mountains. This pass is noteworthy for its grand scenery, and the fact that it allows approach to the Pacific over easier grades and lower summit than is possible by any other trans-Continental railway in Canada or the United States. The railway will be completed in 1914."

How this item will please President Sir William Mackenzie of the Canadian Northern, and President E. J. Chamberlin of the Grand Trunk Pacific, most of us may easily imagine. But the unconscious insult to the country which is building two great transcontinental railways at a cost of about five hundred millions of dollars—a sum greater than our national debt—cannot be allowed to pass without a gentle protest. Therefore be it here declared for the benefit of the journalists of Britain and elsewhere, that in 1914 Canada will have three completed transcontinental roads—the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern.

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## Sir Richard and Compromise

**S**IR RICHARD McBRIDE, Premier of British Columbia, does not seem to be as strongly in favour of a Canadian fleet as he once was. In this, he resembles other Conservative leaders. However, he favours the idea put forward in these columns from time to time—a non-partisan settlement of the whole naval question.

According to the *Ottawa Free Press*, he told the members of the Canadian Club of that city that the navy should be above partisan controversy. He said:

"Now we cannot believe that the discussion of this question is a controversial business. We think the theme of national defence should occupy a higher plane—one far beyond the political wardroom, the hustings, or even the national forum. If we wait we will drift and become seriously involved and perhaps find ourselves in a position from which we

cannot extricate ourselves without loss of dignity and self-respect."

A few days later he visited Toronto and spoke to the Empire Club. There he repeated the sentiment, saying:

"But there is a higher and nobler view of the situation. I am sorry that naval defence ever be came dragged into politics. It is not a political question. It is a question that should be dear to our hearts and to the Empire. I hope to see the matter advance, and if it must remain in politics, see a contribution, not of what Premier Borden has proposed, but one worthy of Canada's wealth and position. I think the time is very close at hand when Canada will have a reasonable and true naval policy placed before her."

Sir Richard is in favour of a contribution, but is not blind to the fact that either a contribution or a Canadian navy cannot be successful unless there is a united national sentiment behind the accepted policy. With this view, no one may find much fault. It is as close to non-partisanship as a Conservative leader could be expected to go. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Graham and Mr. Fisher would go as far on the Liberal side, a settlement would be in sight.

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## Hon. Walter Scott

**S**ASKATCHEWAN'S Premier has come nearer to the non-partisan idea in regard to the navy question than any other prominent Liberal. The same day as Premier McBride spoke to the Ottawa Canadian Club, Hon. Walter Scott said:

"I do not desire to go into any questions that may appear in the least degree controversial (cheers), but I will say this: that when the political leaders in Canada come to a conclusion as to what is right with regard to our naval or military strength then the people of Saskatchewan will not be behind the people of any other province in support of that policy. (Cheers.)"

If this means anything, it implies a willingness to accept the non-partisan settlement which has been suggested by many men who see the importance of such a move. Hon. Walter Scott could perform a great national service were he to use his great influence among the leaders of the Liberal party in favour of some compromise. Every right thinking man in each of the parties agrees that the navy question should never have been made the football of party politics, and that Canada's first duty is to bring it back into the position which it should have retained. The dignity of Canada, our good name with the other parts of the Empire, demand a dignified national treatment of a national and imperial question.

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## Brazil and Canada

**B**RAZIL, like Canada, owes the capitalists of Europe some \$1,250,000,000 and must pay about \$60,000,000 a year in interest.

Brazil, like Canada, is importing more than she exports. During the first six months of 1913, imports exceeded exports by \$35,000,000. At this rate the excess for the year would be \$70,000,000.

Brazil, like Canada, has thus to pay to her foreign creditors a large sum for interest and a large sum for goods. In Brazil's case this is \$130,000,000 a year.

Brazil, like Canada, cannot pay this large sum without borrowing more capital and thus increasing her trouble. During the past nine months England loaned Brazil \$100,000,000, of which the Rothschilds supplied about half.

Brazil, like Canada, cannot go on playing this game for ever, and there must be a slackening in the "boom" business.

Brazil, like Canada, is also getting a lower price for her chief product. Coffee, like wheat, has declined in price. Last year's Santos coffee was about 66 shillings per cwt.; it was selling in September at 40 to 50 shillings. Add to this a drop of 25 cents a pound in rubber, and Brazil is badly affected.

Brazil, like Canada, has been advised by London financiers to use the pruning knife on expenditures. It is building a Dreadnought in England and the government is being counselled to sell it to Great Britain or some one who can pay cash for it.

Brazil, like Canada, hates to count the cost. Hence the European capitalists have begun to

squeeze the over-anxious by demanding very high rates of interest for new loans.

Brazil, like Canada, is a foolish country. It wants to do in a year what other countries have done in ten. It will pay a heavy price for its foolishness.

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## Dreadnoughts and Hard Times

**P**EACE has no ally that is more valuable than hard times. The present financial depression is keeping the peace in the Balkans and is hastening the day when Great Britain, Germany and other powers will limit their expenditures on naval equipment. What effect will this have on Canada?

When the Dominion Parliament meets in January, will the Minister of Finance frankly tell the House that a drop in revenue is in sight and that expenditures must be reduced? The Ministers are going about the country promising harbours, piers, dry docks, canals, post offices, customs houses and armouries without stint or limit. Every town and city that wants anything has simply to shout the least bit and the promise comes along. How long will this last?

Of course, the decline in revenue which is sure to come will make Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposal of two fleet units look preposterous. Whether it will develop fast enough to put the Borden policy of three Dreadnoughts in the same position is more doubtful. But it is easy to predict that there will be a lot of parsimonious legislators at Ottawa in January, February and March.

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## Borrowing From England

**M**UCH silly talk is indulged in with regard to our loans from England. The truth is that Canada must learn to depend upon herself for new capital. We will not be a great nation until we are financially independent. At present Canada is in the same class as the South America republics—a country doing business on borrowed capital.

Why should our prosperity depend upon the amount of money England sends us every year? Should Canada be slave to a circumstance? If so, we be bondsmen in finance, not free.

Unless our bankers arrange to free us from this bondage we shall be forced to organize a new banking system, with a new style of banker at the head of affairs. At present our banks are making a greater profit than any other line of business in Canada. They give their first attention to security and safety, which is right. But they might give even a second thought to the encouraging of savings, but they do not. That same old three per cent. tax stands even when the bankers are getting ten and twelve per cent. There is an old fable of an ostrich and some sand.

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## Lloyd George's Land Tax

**G**REAT BRITAIN is trying to get rid of the landlord; Canada is trying to coax people to become landlords. Already there are big estates in Canada which, if kept intact, will equal the big estates of England. About fifty years hence the big cities of Canada will be complaining of the wicked landlord who will probably be a young cub of a boy who is spending his days among the ancient splendours of London and Paris.

Let not Canadians praise Lloyd George's reforms unless they are prepared to accept them here. Soon Canada will have the stamp tax, the insurance act, the old-age pensions act, the increment tax, and the compulsory division of large estates. All these schemes look fine with the Atlantic between us and them, but will they look so fine to our present and prospective millionaires when they are discussed at Ottawa?

Of course the average Canadian is a short-sighted individual and not much given to thinking. He figures on a few years of money-getting and money-spending and says "After me the deluge." Yet there is a class of Canadian who is seriously considering the situation.

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## Preventing Insanity

**D**OCTOR RUSSEL, neurologist of McGill, has thrown out the idea that insanity should be prevented as well as studied. Among his methods for suppressing this national evil, he includes a stricter regulation of immigration, compulsory education with due observance of mental conditions, special education of backward children, and more healthful houses and factories. There is little doubt that much insanity can be prevented, and the subject is worthy of national study.

Doctor Russel also protests against the Quebec method of farming out insane patients to private corporations, religious or otherwise.



## PUBLIC OPINION

## JOY AND SORROW IN GREAT BRITAIN

## Anglicans are Protestants

An Answer to Mr. Percy Elwin Wright

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—In your last issue your correspondent, Percy Elwin Wright, tries to show that Anglicans are not Protestants, nor can be. Reading his letter, my first feelings were a burning indignation that any one should have such thoughts about the Anglican Church, an institution which, single-handed, obtained for all civil and religious liberty and the Holy Scriptures in our mother tongue. Where would Protestantism have been without these two invaluable blessings? Surely these two things are sufficient to secure our undying gratitude.

Your correspondent is either lacking in knowledge or gratitude. He is evidently not an Anglican and knows nothing of the Anglican Church or he would not write in the tone he has written. He says, "the Anglican Church is not likely to fill the position of the leader of Protestantism whilst possessing a Catholic and Apostolic hierarchy, teaching and practising Catholic doctrines." Your correspondent seems not to understand the meaning of the word "Catholic." It simply means universal. The Catholic Church means the Universal Church, and is so used in the Litany of the Book of Common Prayer. For the Church of England to reject the title Catholic would be to admit all the claims of the Roman Church. The title Catholic has been used from the beginning of the Church's existence, as is to be seen in the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." The Christian Church is Catholic, as distinguished from the ancient Jewish Church, which, being confined to one nation, could not be Catholic or Universal.

The Founder of the Christian Church gave commandment to His Apostles to "go, teach all nations." The teachers in the Jewish Church received no such commission, consequently all the teachings of the New Testament are all Catholic doctrines. Therefore, the Anglican cannot do otherwise than teach them. The Anglican Church is Catholic and Apostolic, having received her ministry from the Apostles in regular and continuous succession, and so she is a bulwark of true Catholicism against the vain assaults of Romanism; indeed the Anglican Church might justly call herself the Old Catholic Church, inasmuch as she has adhered to the faith originally delivered to the Saints, teaching and observing all things whatsoever Christ commanded, whereas the Roman Church has added many new and strange doctrines. Indeed, all that distinguishes her is modern. Purgatory, Celibacy of the Clergy, Transubstantiation, Worship of the B. V. M., the Immaculate Conception, Infallibility of the Pope, etc. None of these doctrines were to be found in the early Church. In these things the Church of Rome has departed from the Catholic faith, and against these things the Anglican Church makes her strongest protest by clinging to the title Catholic.

The title Protestant originated at the Diet of Spire, A.D. 1529. The word occurs nowhere in the Prayer Book or the official documents of the Anglican Church. The same is true of the Church of Ireland. These Churches, however, are indeed Protestant, as against Romish and all other errors. The only name for any branch of the Holy Catholic Church which has the sanction of Holy Scripture is that which merely designates its locality or nation—as the Church of Corinth or Galatea or the Church of England, the Church of France. I have thought it would be clearer and fuller if, instead, we had the Church in England, the Church in France, etc.

It would take up too much of your valuable space for me to reply to all your correspondent touches upon derogatory to the Anglican Church, but I would like to say something about the Book of Common Prayer, because of it he says: "This book, for all it contains within its two covers, might receive the imprimatur of the Bishop of Rome himself." In saying this, he champions the cause of Rome too much; for the Book of Common Prayer is, two-thirds of it, the choicest portions of the New Testament and the most helpful devotional book of the Old Testament—the Psalms. The prayers have been admired and used in their extempore prayers by the best of men outside the Anglican Church. And as to prayers out of a book, our Blessed Lord and His Apostles knew and used no other than precomposed forms in public worship.

The Anglican ministry is out and out Protestant, not by shouting "To hell with the Pope," but by meeting error with truth, which is the best and only effectual remedy for all false doctrines.

The most popular hymns of to-day are thoroughly Protestant, such as "Abide with Me," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," and many others, all composed by Anglican clergymen. But why multiply testimony? The Anglican Church has been in the past, and is to-day, the bulwark of Protestantism.

Yours truly,

JAMES WARD.

Waterford, Ont., Oct. 29th, 1913.



While, at the Leaving of the Duke and Duchess and Princess "Pat" for Canada, There Was Joy Over the Recovery of the Duchess, There Was Sorrow That These Popular Royalties Were Leaving England for a Year. On the Left, the Duke is Seen Chatting With the Commander of the Naval Guard of Honour. On the Right, the Duchess is Passing Through the Station to the Boat.



Sorrow Only in Wales—The Picture Shows the Funerals of Some of the Victims of the Awful Mining Disaster in Wales. Note the Bared Heads of the Bystanders. In the Distance is the Ill-fated Senchenydd Mine. Such Scenes and Events Should Stir Science in its Search for Some Safeguard Against These Underground Explosions.



# Bramwell Booth and the Army

*Impressions of the New Salvation General and His Work*

**L**AST Sunday fifteen thousand people packed four mass meetings in Toronto to hear the son of old General Booth of the Salvation Army. Morning was inspiration; afternoon historical, presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, a vote of thanks to Bramwell Booth, moved and seconded by Mayor Hocken and President Falconer, of the University of Toronto; even-

By JOHN D. MELVILLE

has grown up with it from the days when the big drum went thumping down the street behind the blue flag and the soldiers sang "Roll the old chariot along" and editors wrote able articles to prove that if the Army in the name of God wanted to pitch camp at a street corner and scare the street-car horses, it had a perfect right to do so. The General has grown up with the Army away from that to the day when the organization that sprang from the soul of his father finds it necessary to do many formulates no dogmas and evolves no doctrines of religion. The meetings to hear Bramwell Booth on Sunday were not merely hallelujah choruses, punctuated with Amens and strident slamming hymns. They were revival meetings that but for the band and the flag and the uniforms might have been conducted by Gipsy Smith or D. L. Moody.

It never was so in the days of the old General.

After the address in the evening the revival came on. Of the four thousand people in the hall, by a show of hands of all who had been praying for a season, about three thousand were Army folk. Of the thousand that were left, some church folk and a great many not much of anything, after half an hour's exhortation and uplifting choruses, less than thirty went forward to the penitent bench.

And that was not so in the old General's time, either. Times have changed with the Army. Twenty years ago a big meeting with the old General at the head meant hundreds on the road to salvation. When he entered the stage there was always a grand acclamation of drums, flags and hallelujahs. When he went off it with the terrible stride of a great tragedian and a generalissimo, there had been an upheaval of consciences and a storm of emotion that it took days to obliterate.

During the exhortation on Sunday evening, Bramwell Booth, the bland ghost of his great father, stood almost meekly among the officers' ranks. He raised his hand when the Commissioner gave the sign. He sang with the others. He prayed silently. Now and then he conferred with an officer. He clapped his hands when the others did singing a hymn, and he did it with a fine, wide sweep of his arms and a kind smile on his benign face. When an officer fetched him the old General's red-lined cloak and slung it about his shoulders the son looked like a feeble incarnation of his father. When he clapped his hands again the cloak slipped down upon a chair, and lay there.

And that never would have been so with the cloak of the old General.

Presently, while the audience were at prayer, Bramwell Booth slipped silently and gently out of the hall and went his way to the overflow meeting. When the audience looked up—he was gone. And his going seemed to make no difference to the meeting.

Things have changed with the Army. It has a hundred times more power than it had in the palmy days of old General Booth. But one meeting of the Army now is not the battle-field with the devil that it used to be. Very probably the Army is doing a hundred times more fighting with the devil than it did in the old days. But the battle now is not all in the open meeting nor on the corner of the street, nor in the thump of the big drum and the hallelujahs. It is in the day by day, man to man and woman to woman work, all through the nerves and arteries of a great system that camps on the trail of the devil by day and by night. And it has to do with people in towns and cities that are excited ten times as much as they used to be by politics and newspapers and "movies" and cheap vaudeville. Even the old General would have been unable to rouse an audience of to-day as he did the crowds of twenty years ago.

And Bramwell Booth, the benign wearer of the mantle of Elijah, has a bigger problem to face than his father ever had. In all probability he will prove himself a wiser man even though he is less of a genius than his father. The old General made the Army. The Army made Bramwell Booth. And the days of hero-worship in the Army are just about over.

The General has no regrets about it. As he himself quite frankly confessed one of the officers said to him:

"General, I'm very fond of you, but you're only a makeshift for your father."

"Very good," smiled Bramwell. "I know that. But I'm going to make as many things shift as possible."

Speaking of how the old General used sometimes to inspire his followers, he told the story often told by his father of how a skipper got his ship into port through a frightful storm—by keeping her nose to the wind.

"And when storms come to the Army what shall I do?" said Bramwell, as he leaned over the people. "Comrades, the best I can do is to keep her nose to the wind and trust in God."



GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH,  
The Head of the Salvation Army.

ing, straight evangelistic, with a packed overflow at the Temple after many hundreds had been turned away.

The gatherings were tremendously impressive. They were pompous with brass instruments and uniforms, vast illuminated streamers half round the gallery, flags and hand-clappings and hallelujahs. The platform was packed and the amphitheatre behind. Inside of a stone hand-rail stood the General, tall, white-haired, benignant side-burns; a slender, incandescent sort of man who sometimes seemed nervous, smiled a great deal and when he talked gave you the impression of a somewhat blurred phonograph record of the old General.

**I**T was Bramwell Booth's first visit to Canada, where his remarkable father had been often, and where his talented and fervent sister, Eva Booth, spent several years of her Army life. Two-thirds of the people who came to hear him were Armyites. Hundreds of these came on the railways. It resembled a Methodist camp-meeting in the saddle-bag days with all the glamour and organization of modern times thrown in.

The General gave three splendid, moving addresses and a fourth of exhortation at the Temple; enough excitement to have prostrated any but a Booth. He leaned over the rail and his white locks shed a glow of affectionate appeal over the front ranks of the audience. He enunciated no doctrines, because the Salvation Army hasn't any. He outlined no mere scheme of salvation, because in the Army there is no elaborate machinery about that. He made no attack upon the churches, because the Army has always been friendly to the churches. He spilled no vials of abuse upon society or wealth. He created no scenes. He did no grand marchings of high tragedy to and fro between the ranks of the people. He just talked and exhorted and tried to make it possible for a large number of people to repent of their sins and to get hold of Jesus Christ. In the afternoon he told something of his father's life and drew back a little the curtain of personal mystery that always seemed to envelop the old autocrat and creative genius of the Army.

In fact Bramwell Booth was highly interesting. He covered the ground as only a man could who had been schooled in the Army from his youth up, the product of the marvelous organization which by the aid of God his great father created from the slum life of darkest England. There is no man living who knows so much about the Army. He

## The New National Council

By NORMAN PATTERSON

**B**ESIDES the nine provincial parliaments, the Dominion Parliament, and the Dominion Cabinet, there is now another national council with great power and authority. It consists of the nine premiers of the nine provinces, and is named "The Interprovincial Conference," and it met at Ottawa last week. Other representatives from the provincial cabinets were also present. The new council is not mentioned in the Constitution, but has grown into being through usage, as have many of the general parliamentary and executive powers of the British nations.

There may be dangers in this new institution and there may be advantages. If the provinces are to get "better terms" from the Dominion from time to time, it is best that their demands should come after a general discussion in which the representatives of all the provinces take part. Otherwise the Government of the day at Ottawa might favour one province above another. For example, this Conference refused to endorse the request of the Maritime Provinces that their representation in the House of Commons should not be reduced as a result of the last decennial census. Had these provinces not attended the Conference, but gone direct to Mr. Borden with their request they might have got a favourable answer. It might have been difficult for the Premier to refuse, for political reasons. Now he has a good excuse for not doing anything which would be against the spirit of the Constitution; and should he do it, he will be liable to a condemnation based upon the action of the Conference.

On this point of Maritime representation, which

is dwindling as the West grows, the *Winnipeg Telegram* says:

"The wishes of the Maritime Provinces could not be met without upsetting the whole plan of representation as based on the population of the Province of Quebec, and the country at this time in its history is not prepared to re-open that troublesome question. There are, besides, the interests of the west to be considered. The west is to-day notoriously under-represented. Under the forthcoming redistribution it must have its proper quota of members in the House of Commons. Would it be right to ask us, now that we are in a fair way to come into our own rights, to bow to the wish of the Maritime Provinces and consent to a perpetuation of the disproportion in representation? The affirmative answer, which is the only one that can be given, does not spell hostility between west and east. All that is demanded is that justice be done. If we are to continue to have representation by population, the east must lose and the west gain."

### INCREASE IN SUBSIDIES

The most important resolution of the day, passed after a long discussion, was that dealing with the provincial subsidies. The resolution, moved by Hon. I. B. Lucas, of Ontario, and seconded by Hon. P. S. G. MacKenzie, Quebec, was as follows:

"Whereas, under the provisions of the British North America Act, 1867, and various amendments thereto, the existing financial arrangements between the government of Canada and the various provinces thereof, are inadequate to provide a sufficiency of revenue to enable them effectively to provide for their expenditure in consequence of the heavy and steadily increasing amounts required to be expended



to maintain the efficiency of the services of the responsible governments as by law provided, and to provide for the moral and material progress of the people;

"And whereas, financial arrangements made at the time of, and since, confederation, have never been regarded as final by the provinces;

"And whereas, in 1867 the provinces surrendered to the government of Canada customs and excise revenue amounting to \$11,968,025, and received in lieu thereof the sum of \$2,227,942.21;

"And whereas, in 1913 the total revenue from customs and excise was \$133,212,143.67, of which the provinces received only \$10,281,042;

"Be it therefore resolved, that in the opinion of this conference an additional subsidy, equal to 10 per cent. of the customs and excise duties collected by Canada from year to year, should be granted to the provinces, payable semi-annually in advance, in addition to all other subsidies to which they are now or may be hereafter entitled, under reserve of right of any province to submit to the Dominion Government a memorandum in writing concerning any claim it may have to larger sums than those mentioned in this resolution, and without prejudice to any existing claims or demands of any province;

"That the additional subsidy be paid to the provinces as follows: (a) there shall be set aside out of such additional subsidy an amount sufficient to pay to each province a sum equal to 50 per cent. of the amount now payable to each province for government and legislature; (b) the balance of such additional subsidy shall be payable to each province according to its population, as ascertained from time to time by the then last census.

"That in the case of the government of Canada concurring in the views of the conference as expressed in the above resolution, a measure should be submitted to parliament at the next session providing for the payment of such increased subsidy and allowance as may be determined upon pending the amendment of the British North America Act, if such amendment is necessary."

OTHER RESOLUTIONS

The following are the other resolutions:

Moved by Sir Lomer Gouin, seconded by Sir James Whitney, and unanimously resolved: "That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable that the

government of Canada be requested to consider the placing of remuneration of lieutenant-governors on a basis more in accordance with present circumstances."

Moved by Sir James Whitney, and seconded by Hon. G. H. Murray, and unanimously resolved: "That in the opinion of this conference the government of Canada be requested to have legislation passed to change the title of the head of the executive of each province so that in future he be designated by the name of governor instead of lieutenant-governor."

Moved by Hon. L. A. Taschereau, seconded by Sir James Whitney, and unanimously resolved: "That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable that the postal regulations of Canada be amended so as to provide for the free carriage of all provincial public documents, both sessional and departmental."

A further resolution requesting the Government of Canada to take steps to have stock and debentures of provincial corporations classified among the securities of England in which trustee funds may be invested, was moved by Hon. P. S. G. MacKenzie, and seconded by Hon. J. H. Howden, and unanimously carried.

At 5 o'clock on the second day Premier Borden entered the conference, and the resolutions were presented to him, Sir James Whitney and Sir Lomer Gouin speaking in support of them. Premier Borden promised them his consideration. He added, speaking for himself, and referring to a remark made by Sir James Whitney, that he saw no objection to the provinces coming at stated intervals, say every ten years, to have new financial arrangements concluded, if circumstances so warranted.

Herbert Samuel on Canada

POSTMASTER-GENERAL, Samuel, in an interview with the *Chronicle* regarding his Canadian visit, says:

"I found everywhere a very intense sentiment of Canadian national patriotism which co-exists with warm loyalty for the British Empire. Towards the United States there is on the part of Canadians a feeling of hearty good-will, but they have an intense

pride and belief in their own separate identity. The influx of Americans into Canada does not tend to Americanize the Dominion I was surprised to discover.

"A certain sensitiveness still survives in regard to possible interference from Downing Street, and it seems to me the people in Canada sometimes do not realize how completely the doctrine of autonomy is now accepted in the mother country.

"I made no disguise while there of my opinion of the present system which is that the executive management of the common affairs of the Empire left to a Government responsible only to the electors of one portion of the Empire cannot be final. But I said also that nothing would be more unwise than to attempt to press forward any solution of so vast and difficult a problem before conditions were ripe."

The Latest Beau Brummel

LORD LONSDALE, a great British sportsman, appeared at Newmarket races last week in a costume which must have rivalled Joseph's famous coat of many colours.

He wore a chocolate brown suit with stripes of darker colour, a morning coat full-skirted, but saucy, with a large flap pocket on each side, two large buttons at the back, a black bowler hat, slightly conical, a turn-over collar which enclosed a tie of red, white and yellow, a white waistcoat, with yellow stripes, peculiarly long trousers, rather wide, turned up at the bottom, showing the socks, and patent leather shoes.

What a fearful and wonderful costume for a British peer! And what an example to the British nut! The grotesque in the dress of this last named human was reached long ago. Lurid socks, and boots with miniatures of fair ladies on the toe-cap, have been the fashion for some little time now.

It is a thousand pities that a British peer should undertake to play the dual role of Guy Fawkes and Jacques.

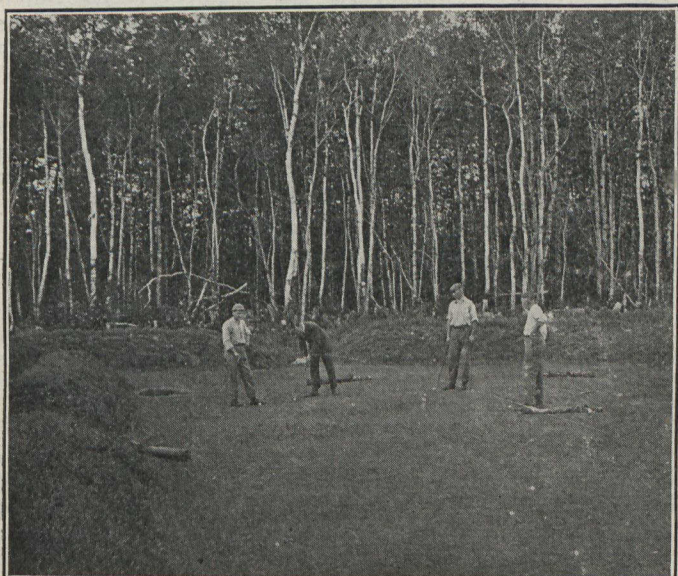
Golf on the Edge of the Woods



At the 6th Tee on the Lingan Links.



The Lady Captain of the Lingan Links.



The Silver-Poplared Edge of the 2nd Green.



At the 7th Tee Right at the Edge of the Woods.

THE Maritime Provinces Golf Association recently held a championship meet at the Lingan Links. These picturesque greens on the edge of the woods are in South Cape Breton county, half-way between Glace Bay and Sydney. They are owned by the Lingan County Club, and were just five months old when the tournament was held.

The Lingan Club was forced to get off the part of the earth they had for an 18-hole preserve owing to the new coal mining operations in the great waterfront basin at Lingan. The Cape Bretonians bought 150 acres of wild land, blew up the trees with stumping powder, and plowed, harrowed, rolled and seeded a 9-hole course. The greens and fairway were seeded on May 15th; on July 1st the members commenced to play over the links to the wonder and admiration of every student of grass-growing.

Vegetation is very rapid in Cape Breton county, and the Lingan Club executive would like to hear of any grass-growing proposition in the world that can approach this record for rapidity. As far as quality is concerned, the best recommendation is the fact that the Maritime golf championships were successfully held in September, and the executive of that association passed congratulatory resolutions.

The club has 112 members, and owns a property that is valued at \$14,000, all of which is the result of five or six months' hustle.

Golf is historically older in Nova Scotia than in any other part of Canada. The early Scotch communities that gave the name to the new Province must have had golf in their blood. Golf is hereditary only in Scotchmen. With other people it is an acquired habit. The period of life when a man turns to golf is profoundly interesting in psychology. It is a moral revolution. All that a man was becomes small, casual and trifling when after the awful ordeal of his first drive he becomes seized of the grand passion of the 7th tee and all that sort of thing. The Lingan Golf Club might have taken six months to think it over. But they made new links in three moons.



# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## The Maiden Speech That Wasn't

EVERYONE was greatly surprised the other day in Toronto when Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery) declared that the address she was giving that day before the Women's Canadian Club and the local Women's Press Club, who had been invited, was her very first attempt at public speaking.

There was nothing amateurish about it—but then "Prince Edward Island" was the topic and, of course, Miss Montgomery has been "public-speaking" on that theme, by way of her books, for quite a considerable time now.

It was very delightful to find, however, that this entertaining author is also an entertaining speaker; for there have been charming writers who as speakers were bores. Miss Montgomery spoke for over an hour, and yet held the interest and all could hear her.

So "L. M. Montgomery" is not a book, any more than was "Elia." L. M. Montgomery is a vari-talented woman who did not quite all-go between the covers of "Anne of Green Gables" or any of her other creations.

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## Fashion Beginning at Home

WHY shouldn't fashion begin at home, like charity and a number of other abstracts? It does appear a bit disgusting that Canada, capable of conceiving and constructing a scheme like, well, for instance, the C. P. R., should be abject when it comes to the hat or costume. Why should clever Canadian women be thralls to the word from New York or from Paris? The absurdity of it was demonstrated recently in Toronto, at the Fashion Show, held in the large Arena under the auspices of the I. O. D. E. and the Woman's Art Association, featuring, as it did, a Home Exhibition.

The Fashion Show throughout was a brilliant success and particularly the first night was noteworthy. Lady Gibson opened the show and with her on the platform were Miss Meta Gibson, Mrs. R. D. Fairbairn, Mrs. J. C. Eaton, Mrs. Scott-Raff, Miss Mavor, Mrs. Melville White, Mrs. Torrington, Miss Mairs, and male attendants.

A delightful feature of the first night's programme was the entertainment of the local Girl Guides, in which some three hundred participated.

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## Et Tu, Calgary!

YES, the advanced Calgary has fallen as touches the mooted matter of woman suffrage, and it is stated, despite the hopes the women entertained, that the extension of the franchise to them and to practically all people over the age of twenty-one years will not take place in that city for at least another year.

All sections of the Calgary charter amendments dealing with the franchise were thrown out on October 25th in the legislature, when the only objection voiced was that of Hon. John R. Boyle, Minister of Education.

Mr. Boyle contended that the radical alterations in the franchise as proposed gave the city clerk arbitrary powers as to who should or should not vote, and stated that the principle and details involved were contentious and should be left over for careful consideration. He moved that the extension of the franchise provisions be struck out, and the motion was carried.

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## A Literary Friendship

LONDON OPINION, in a recent issue, had the following news paragraph of a biographical interest, which is, properly, interest in other people's business:

When Sir James Barrie had seen "The Adored One" produced, he retreated to his Scottish home, Killiecrankie Cottage, which nestles amid sombre hills in Perthshire. The cottage, only recently

rented by Barrie, is the basis of much amusement in literary circles. It formerly belonged to Marie Corelli, of whose work Barrie cannot be said to be an admirer. They had reason to exchange correspondence over certain matters connected with the cottage, which resulted in a personal meeting in town. His friends say the shy dramatist, who has been almost a woman hater since his divorce, has shown himself most affable toward the fair Marie, who has expressed sentiments of admiration for Barrie which are not in accordance with her usual scorn for all things masculine. This rather incongruous literary friendship excites much interest.

London Opinion should really not be surprised, though. For what but the inconsistencies of people

ship at the Paris Conservatoire, Miss Elsa Gorlich was the successful candidate—a talented young Vancouver singer whose voice is a fine soprano.

\*\*\*

Lieutenant-Col. Farquhar, military secretary to His Royal Highness the Governor-General, met in Quebec, upon their arrival, their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; his wife, Lady Evelyn Farquhar, and his two children, the Hon. Norah and Hon. Barbara Farquhar. Colonel Farquhar will occupy Rideau Cottage.

\*\*\*

The Fort Garry Chapter of the I. O. D. E., Winnipeg, held a successful Cinderella dance last week, the object being to defray expenses in connection with the King Edward Memorial Cottage at Ninette. The distribution of tickets was in charge of Mrs. G. D. Mackay and Mrs. Murdoff.

\*\*\*

An Ottawa paper this week stated that it is likely that two women candidates there will be nominated for the School Board at the forthcoming elections, by the Local Council of Women. As yet the women's names were not forthcoming.

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The marriage was recently solemnized at Guelph of Pearl Irene, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Ryan, to William Sora Middlebro, K.C., M.P., of Owen Sound. The bridesmaid on the happy occasion was the bride's sister, Miss Joy Ryan, and the small flower girls were the Misses Glenis Hamilton and Katherine Crowe.

\*\*\*

Miss Jean Giffin was appointed supervisor of district nurses for the Royal Edward Institute, Montreal, at the recent annual meeting of the Ladies' Committee. Prior to coming to Montreal, Miss Giffin will spend a month at the Royal Victoria Dispensary, Edinburgh, under the direction of Sir Robert Philip, M.D., and will assume her new duties on December 1st.

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Evidently Miss Pooley, who has been playing in the East, is not Victoria's only lady golfer of conspicuous points. Two other such are Mrs. Ricardo and Miss Nora Combe, who were recently chosen to represent their province in the Henry Cup competition, on the Seattle links.

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Last week the members of the Heliconian Club, Toronto, held a reception in the Margaret Eaton School, in honour of Mr. F. R. Benson and his players.

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Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, B.C., mother of Mrs. Grant Morden and sister-in-law of Lady Williams-Taylor, is among the Canadians who will spend the next few months in England. Mrs. Henshaw has already received invitations to lecture in London on the flora of Canada, a subject with which she is thoroughly familiar.

\*\*\*

Toronto's Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton was in Orillia last week, in response to the invitation of the newly-formed Women's Canadian Club, to be the first speaker to address it.

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Miss Constance Skinner, a Canadian writer, best-known for her contributions to American magazines, was joint-winner recently with another competitor of first prize in a competition conducted by the London Bookman. The prize called for the best lyric and nearly three thousand poems had been submitted.

\*\*\*

Lady Hardinge, who showed such remarkable courage on the day of her husband's attempted assassination, is to be honoured by the erection of her statue at Bankipore, an honour which has never previously fallen to the wife of any viceroy of India.



A TORONTO HOSTESS.  
Mrs. Macdonald, Wife of Mr. John Macdonald, Wholesale Merchant and President of the Municipal Improvement Association, is Here Depicted, Artistically, in an Intimate Scene With Her Two Delightful Children.

have been constituting, since Eden, human nature.

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## Recent Events

MISS L. M. BRIDGEMAN was appointed president and Miss Pratt secretary of a University Women's Club newly formed at New Westminster, B.C.

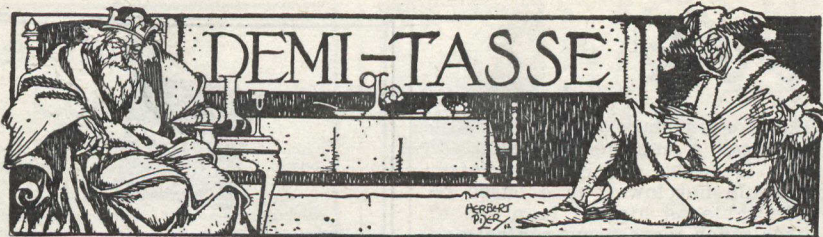
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The Heather Club Chapter, I. O. D. E., Toronto, last week held its annual bazaar in aid of the Heather Club pavilion at the Lake Side Sanitarium, and the Preventorium of the I. O. D. E., at Eglinton. The bazaar was under the following patronage: His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. John Ross Robertson, and Col. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham.

\*\*\*

Out of three hundred competitors for a scholar-





**Courierettes.**

This is the season of the year in which the young girl's complexion turns from tan to pink. Watch it.

Queen Mary has censored a picture show, and now she is ferreting out the grafters in the royal household. If she keeps up this pace Lloyd George will have a hard time getting his name in the papers at all.

Manners of girls at Wellesly College, Mass., are said to be deteriorating. Surely what isn't can't be lost.

Col. Sam Hughes, Canada's Minister of War, had a little passage with a Welland dog catcher, and it ended by the Colonel buying a tag for his pup. Peace hath her victories, etc.

N. W. Rowell is against the bar. His political foes say that he is up against it.

Provincial Premiers in conference unanimously resolved that their subsidy from Ottawa Government should be doubled. There is always unanimity when there is something in sight.

They have discovered a substitute for ivory, but some unfortunate folks must continue to use the heads they have.

A policeman on duty at the door of Toronto City Council went to sleep while the aldermen were orating. Why not use the Council Chamber as a room for the treatment of insomnia?

It is announced that Turkey can be Christianized for a million dollars. Christianity is getting down to a business basis.

A Mrs. Fountain, of Toronto, is charged with bigamy, having it is said, married her grandnephew. Some women will have their careless moments.

California couple, aged 16 and 14, just married, have begun housekeeping with a written list of rules for their daily conduct. They're too young to know better.

An American millionaire has just escaped from his guardian. No chance of his millions getting away, however.

Winnipeg man aged 82 is to wed Glasgow woman of 76. They have been engaged for 40 years. Job had nothing on this patient pair.

A million salmon in the Fraser River have been killed by railway blasting. There's a fish story worth while.

All men make mistakes, but wise men don't make the same mistakes twice.

**Rubbing It In.**—Man in New York State was shot in mistake for a muskrat.

Tough enough to be shot—but to be mistaken for a muskrat seems like adding insult to the injury.

**Why Not License Them?**—Across the line there is an up-to-date preacher who proposes to teach tango dancing in the church parlors.

It begins to look as if the churches will have to pay a fee for a license just like the theaters.

**It's Quite Common.**—Some folks—particularly women—seem to have a great secret connected with their birth.

Yes, of course, the date.

**Hobson, the Hero.**—There can be no manner of doubt about it—Richard Pearson Hobson is a hero.

Think of his record:

He sunk the Merrimac in Havana harbor.

He was kissed by 163 females at one sitting.

He became a member of Congress. Now he has been made a life member of the W. C. T. U.

Can a man hope for more—and live?

**Literally True.**—Over in Britain they found \$40,000 in notes hidden in a bundle of firewood. Money to burn, so to speak.

**Uplifting London.**—Over in London they have raved for a year over a musical show called "Come Over Here."

Now they have a new hit entitled "This Way, Madam."

Note the improvement in politeness. That's the new stage uplift movement.

**Either—or Both.**—What is a woman?

A thing of beauty—or a jaw forever.

Sometimes both.

**As Toronto Papers Put It.**

(This from the Toronto World.)

"It was a succession of laughs every second day they (the Daffodil Quartette) are on the stage."

And the staid and sober old Globe comes along with a news item about a man who was shot in the delirium tremens—wherever that is.

**"Padding" an Item.**—Toronto Globe announced the other day that two girls had been asphyxiated, and one was dead.

**The Wifely Rejoinder.**—He—"But remember, my dear, it's the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

She—"If that's so you seem to have mighty little ambition to be a ruler."

**Easy Work.**—A mind reader who has come to America recently boasts that he has read many of the crown-



LESSON IN DIPLOMACY.

Tailor to Clerk: "Chest, thirty-nine-half. Waist—fif—er, in proportion!"

ed heads of Europe.

After all, is that anything to brag about?

**Wanted — An Illustration.**—Will some of those well-to-do folk who are continually asserting that girls can live decently on \$6 or \$7 per week prove it by doing it themselves?

**The Way of the World.**—When a man is tried and convicted and sent down within a day or two the affair

is described as "speedy justice."

When he happens to go free it becomes "a travesty on justice."

**Toronto Loses Spotlight.**—The announcement that Great Britain might buy out its railways at a cost of \$60,000,000,000 rather crowds Toronto into the corner of the stage with its little \$22,000,000 deal.

**China Becomes Modern.**—Over in China they have now taken up bomb throwing. Sure sign that civilization is gaining ground.

**What's in a Name?**—A girl named Wise was married the other day in New York.

Yes, of course she ceased to be Wise.

Go as far as you like—there are infinite possibilities of punning here.

**Some Shakespeare Jokes.**—Mr. Charles F. Towle, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Stratford-on-Avon theatre, who is directing the tour of F. R. Benson and the Stratford-on-Avon Players through Canada and the United States, relates some amusing experiences in connection with the staging of a series of Shakespeare's historical plays in one week at Stratford-on-Avon.

Of course, there is a popular superstition that in the vicinity of classic Stratford they talk always in blank verse, but from the tenor of Mr. Towle's tales it would seem that there are some folk who do not appreciate the Bard of Avon's works.

"That week of historical plays," said Mr. Towle, "of course meant a lot of work to the players, and they were thoroughly tired out. But it also meant work for the scene shifters and the property men."

"The plays had progressed for a few nights and the scene shifters were beginning to feel the strain. One night just after a strong death scene, when Mr. Benson, as one of the English kings, had drawn his last stage breath, one of the stage-hands was heard to observe in a growling undertone to one of his fellows, "Well, Bill, thank God there's another bloody king dead."

"We had an Irish property man who had a very busy time of it. He found it rather hard to follow his directions and have all the props

ready at the right moment. It was clear that he had no love for Shakespeare or his plays. In one corner of the stage was a bust of Shakespeare, and one night, after the property man had made a bad blunder, he was seen to walk over into the corner and give the Bard's bust a resounding slap across the face.

"'Til larn ye to write plays!" he was saying, as he smote the inoffensive bust in his wrath."

Mr. Benson relates a few little stories of his own humorous experiences. One concerns the remark of the late Sir Henry Irving after seeing Benson play Hamlet for the first time. "You mean well, my boy, you mean well," said Irving. "But sometimes when we mean well we do things d—badly."

On another occasion Mr. Benson was, as he puts it, "playing his heart out" in the part of Shylock. After the passionate scene with Tubal he came into the wings and was greeted by a friend.

"What did you think of that scene?" asked Benson, and he was rather discomfited when his friend replied, "I was just thinking what a good actor that fellow who plays Tubal is."

Mr. Benson said he wanted to deny the rumour that he was the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

**The Eternal Feminine.**—After a cursory glance (cursory is correct) at the latest styles in women's dress we come to the conclusion that the modern woman dearly loves to be uncomfortable. Also to be conspicuous. Where there's a woman's will there's a way!



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# Music of a Week

## By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra opened its eighth season on October 30th, the day of the South Bruce elections. The orchestral programme was not quite equal in works selected to some programmes of former seasons—for a good reason.

The numbers given by the orchestra were:

Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini.... Berlioz  
Minuet ..... Debussy  
Ballet ..... Debussy  
Overture, "Oberon" ..... Weber

Accompaniment to the Brahms Concerto in D Major, played by Fritz Kreisler, solo violinist.

In this the two new things were the Cellini Overture and the Brahms Concerto. The band is but little changed in its personnel from last season; which is one reason why the playing was at least twenty per cent. better than it was last year. This sounds paradoxical, but it's true. In its performance on Thursday the T. S. O. proved itself to be a finely expressive body of players. The expression was different. There was a real delightful snap and seizing quality to the performance. It was not merely a band keeping up to its own record and avoiding mistakes. It was an orchestra with a real purpose in life, with splendid singing quality in all the strings, an improved double bass section, smoother brass and less clumsy effects in some sections of the wood-winds, always the most precarious part of an orchestra. There is still room for improvement in the wood-winds, which, however, contains a number of splendid players.

And it is no longer necessary in criticism to gloss over the performance of the T. S. O. The band may be judged on its merits in competition with any orchestra. It is a better band than Emil Paur had when he was last in Canada, and as good a band as he ever had. Welsman himself has improved. He is getting just the kind of work out of his men that is most difficult during the experimental stages of evolution, and possible only when the band has acquired personality, a repertoire and experience. Had there been no Kreisler on the programme, the orchestra alone would have been well worth the while of the audience. And this is the direction in which the orchestra must continue to improve.

THE Cellini Overture is not a gratifying composition. It is typically Berliozian, and therefore noisy. But it gave the orchestra a chance to cut loose in a real bravum style. I should like to hear them try "Till Ealenspiegel's Pranks" in much the same style. The Debussy numbers were played with fine expression and delicacy of colouring. But the orchestra piece of the evening was the Oberon Overture. This has been played a great many times in Canada. It has seldom been done better than the T. S. O. did it last week.

The Brahms Concerto, however, tested the orchestra better than anything else. This is a most exacting composition, and it was played absolutely without rehearsal with the soloist who got to town too late for anything but a run over the piece with the conductor. This is one branch of work in which the orchestra has achieved an enviable reputation. It is one of the hardest things in the world to accompany a big artist, though Kreisler is less difficult than most, because he is so eternally sane and self-controlled.

THE Belgian soldier has improved upon even his last appearance here three years ago. He played the following programme, liberally augmented by one triple encore:

Johannes Brahms' Concerto in D Major; Allegro non troppo, Adagio, Rondo.  
Padre Martini ..... Andantino  
Couperin (17th Century)....Chanson  
Tartini (17th Century)....Variations

In this programme Kreisler ranged over enough of the expression of the violinist to convince most of his ad-

mirers that in most respects he must be regarded as the world's greatest violinist. He is a profoundly interesting personality at the violin. He is at his prime of virility. He has mastered absolutely all the difficulties of his instrument, which he uses to speak any language he chooses. He is, in fact, almost beyond criticism. Fingers to him are things of magic. His Guarnerius, 200 years old this year, has become part of himself, and he seldom lets it out of his hands.

Kreisler is a commanding figure. He would be interesting as an army general. As a violinist he has all that any man can hope to have, and he is of that sane, manly quality that saves him from any mere freaks of temperament.

EDWARD LANKOW, basso profundo, and Robert Pollak, Hungarian violinist, with the assistance of Mr. Black, a Toronto tenor, and Marcel Hausotte, accompanist, gave a miscellaneous concert in Toronto last week. The audience was



EDWARD LANKOW,  
A Real Basso Profundo.

not large, but highly appreciative. It was small enough to demonstrate that a man may be a very artistic basso profundo without creating a furore.

Mr. Lankow is a man of exceptional endowments. His physique is magnificent. He is thirty years of age, has a superb bass voice, a splendid operatic training and a real intellectual grasp of his work.

But he is not primarily a concert singer. It is not that he lacks the knowledge or the ability to sing a good song, for he sang several that showed him to be the master of his work. But his endowments are so essentially operatic that he seems rather out of place on a miscellaneous programme. His voice is a rich, colossal bass. He has as fine a bass voice as it seems possible for a man to have. If he were a Russian, instead of a German born in the United States, he would have been made into a tremendous contra-bass and perhaps never heard of outside of Russia until he had lived as long as Chaliapine, who made such a sensation in Drury Lane a few months ago.

A BASSO has distinct disadvantages in the matter of concert popularity. An average tenor will get more people talking than a very high-class bass. The tendency nowadays is for a baritone to force his voice into the high register, sometimes into an imitation tenor, and for a basso to reach up into the baritone; because it seems to be an axiom that the higher the voice goes and the more sonorous it is on the upper register, the louder the people will applaud.

Lankow has performed no tricks with his voice. Nature made him a basso profundo and a basso he has remained. He has not even tried to make himself a basso cantante, which

is the concert-stage variety of the bass voice. And he is right. If singing is to be sanely appreciated, why would not low C in a basso be as admirable as high C in a tenor? It takes much more nerve-control and virtuosity to produce a good low C than it does to produce a high C.

Apart from the mere voice which in Lankow's case is incomparably fine, the man who represents cultivation and study and whose temperament and physique are both of the operatic variety can not hope to get the people going like the lyric tenor or the concert baritone. Lankow requires a costume. He needs stage accessories. Superb as he is in evening dress and with gloves, he is only the suggestion of what he would be in a bandit's or an emperor's costume on the stage. Such a voice requires the low lights, the shuddering music from the orchestra, the glamour of stage accessories and the force of a dramatic situation on the concert stage; half its magnificence is wasted on the desert air. Lankow is a natural stage figure. He stalks tremendously, has a sublime part, splendid action and a most excellent speaking voice. But when he sings even such a dramatic song as Schumann's "The Grenadiers," with all his ability to act and all his amazing masculine sonority and fine enunciation, he fails to fetch the climax which can perhaps only be done at its grand height by a Frenchman. It was in this song that the limitations of a basso were most obvious. The top note did not "get across."

Most of his other work was done magnificently. His encore, "Les Rameaux," which has been done by such bassos as Plancon and Journet and de Reszke, was miserably supported by a very bad accompaniment, which in this case was not done by Mr. Hausotte, who is a very capable and clever accompanist.

Lankow is too studious a man to be a concert singer. He has a strong bent towards philosophy, is a perfect simple gentleman without any spot-light methods, and has a fine human sympathy with all sorts and conditions of people. As the nephew by marriage of the great conductor Hans Von Buelow he has an acquaintance with most of the musical talent of Europe. He has observed enough and traveled enough to see that the idle rich are the most dangerous enemies to art. And since he was a lad of twelve watching the sad millionaires go by in their carriages in Central Park, he has convinced himself that money is often the great impediment to musical art.

I should like to hear him in the cast of the Metropolitan Opera House where he will be when this serio-comedy business of the concert stage is over.

ROBERT POLLAK is the kind of violinist that never should be seen in evening dress. He is a Hungarian, and he has a wild, unrestrained look, a mop of pale, spectacular hair, and a real gift of playing the violin. He is not a Kreisler or a Ysaye, but he is the sort of player that expresses a national type. He is always Hungarian. His tone is that of a very refined lyric player, who now and then breaks forth into joy. He has exuberance without extravagance. His rhythmic sense is exceedingly good. He can toss off a concerto or a dainty morceau with equal ease. A very smooth and delightful player is Mr. Pollak. But he should ask some resourceful manager to rig him up in his own national dress, and to have a high-class vaudeville sketch built around the character; advertising him not merely as a violinist playing in competition with the big ones of the earth, but as a musical character expressing weirdly and beautifully the compositions of his native land. I know Mr. Pollak won't like this; but it's part of an attempt to appreciate for its own unique character a style of personality, and of playing that is by no means common.

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The "St. Catharines Well," situated at St. Catharines, Ont., on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System. The waters of the "St. Catharines Well" are possessed of wonderful healing properties, and are spoken of in medical journals as more wonderful in their curative powers than the famous Kreutznach Springs in Germany. These waters are especially valuable in the treatment of such diseases as rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, skin diseases, nervous troubles, or as a tonic for people troubled with the ills of the modern strenuous life.

Connected with these springs is "The Welland," a happy combination of sanitarium and family hotel.

### The Mineral Bath City

Mount Clemens, Mich., "The Mineral Bath City," is famous throughout America as an All-the-year-round - Health - Resort. The waters of the springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, paralysis in lighter forms, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, after effects of la grippe, general debility, protracted convalescence, etc. Rheumatism, probably the most common of all diseases, is treated with unflinching success. Seventy-five per cent. of rheumatics are cured and ninety per cent. benefitted.

The city has many luxurious and modern hotels where prospective visitors can rely upon securing the very best accommodation. All of these have individual springs, with bath house attached. In addition are many boarding houses which furnish good accommodation very moderately.

Mount Clemens is situated on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, 21 miles from the City of Detroit.

For all information, rates, etc., apply to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.



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This does not preclude their selection by investors of large sums, large numbers of whom hold them for many thousands of dollars.

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Established 1855

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of CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

### NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent (7%) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 30th of November, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, 1st December, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, 1913, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,  
JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.  
Toronto, October 23rd, 1913.

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

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is not a matter of luck or good fortune, usually it will be found that the successful man has earned his success by hard work, coupled with foresight and thrifty habits. The successful men of this or any other country are the most heavily insured, their training prompts them to choose the safest of all forms of protection, the soundest of all investments. This is supplied by

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Company  
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## A Municipal Survey

**S**HOULD business men concern themselves with municipal affairs? This question has been answered in the affirmative by one city in the Dominion. Toronto, at the instigation of some of its leading business men, is to have a Municipal Survey. This is the result of the efforts of the Municipal Improvement Association. The scheme passed the Board of Control, and subsequently the City Council, with only one dissentient voice, and within a short time will be in operation.



Mr. John Macdonald, President of the John Macdonald Company, a Big Toronto Dry Goods Concern.

The municipal survey is an American idea. It is an examination of the various civic departments, to see if they are efficient. It has nothing to do with town planning. The aim is to see that a dollar's worth of service is obtained for a dollar's worth of taxes collected. The survey, which is in the hands of competent men who are trained in municipal economics, delves into everything, from the sort of coal the city is using in its offices, to the sort of salary it pays its employees. Where the city administration is wise, the Municipal Survey approves. Where it is prodigal and foolish, the Municipal Survey points out the foolishness and suggests a remedy. In short, the Municipal Survey experts will examine minutely the organization and operation of the city's administration, and impartially will declare it right or wrong, wise or foolish.

The experts are to be paid from a fund raised by a committee of citizens. One hundred firms or individuals were asked to contribute fifty dollars each. In addition, other sums were contributed by the Municipal Improvement Association and other persons, bringing the total amount to \$6,000. The report will be issued in book form about February 1st. The committee in charge is: John Macdonald, Chairman; John I. Sutcliffe, Honorary Secretary; and J. P. Hynes, H. C. Tomlin, W. J. Barr, Frank Wise, Henry F. Gooderham, John Firstbrook, C. S. Blackwell, F. B. Hayes.

## Working Out the New Bank Act

**A**N interesting feature of the September bank statement is the recording, for the first time, of deposits in the new central gold reserves. Up to the end of September, seven banks had deposited, with the Royal Bank contributing the highest figure, \$1,000,000. The lowest deposit was \$100,000. The total deposits amounted to \$3,350,000. It will be remembered that there was an increase in circulation in the bank statement totalling \$5,268,605, and the \$3,350,000 which has been deposited in the central gold reserves tends, in some sort, to offset this. The banks are allowed by the new Act to issue extra notes against the sum deposited to their credit in the central gold reserves.

When these reserve deposits are taken into account, it is seen that there was actually a surplus of \$6,300,000 before the emergency provisions of the Act need be resorted to, for the paid up capital and the gold reserves deposits together totalled \$117,331,909, while the actual note circulation was \$111,051,999.

Despite this surplus of \$6,300,000, nine out of the twenty-four banks in Canada had availed themselves of the emergency circulation clause, and showed circulation in excess of paid up capital. Of these nine, four were depositors in the central gold reserve, and of those four, three more than covered their excess circulation by their gold reserve deposits.

## Increased Gas Rates

**U**TILITY companies, like every other sort of company, seem to be troubled by the high cost of living bugbear. The President of the Consumers' Gas Company, Mr. A. W. Austen, said at the annual meeting of his company, "The continued advance in the cost of materials used in the manufacture of gas, and the higher labour costs, have given your directors much concern, and but for the very favourable contracts for coal and gas oil made by the company prior to the rise in the market price of these commodities, consumers could not have been supplied with gas at the extremely low rates which at present prevail in Toronto." Once more it looks as if the man in the street is going to feel that he must pay for living in the enlightened twentieth century.

The Gas Company had a good year. A credit balance of \$841,981 is shown. \$445,160 of this was paid out in dividends. A surplus of \$401,457 is transferred to plant and buildings renewal fund. The increase in output of gas during the year amounted to 372,339,000 cubic feet, the annual output now being 3,492,087,000 cubic feet.

## On and Off the Exchange

### The C. N. R.'s Year

**T**HE full annual report of the Canadian Northern Railway is now issued in pamphlet form. Many of the statistics contained therein have already been rehearsed in these columns, but there are others of significance. The report speaks of the early marketing of the western crops, and estimates the yield of grain for the three prairie provinces as follows: Wheat, 220,000,000; oats, 224,000,000; barley, 34,000,000, and flax, 15,000,000, and goes on to point out that the earnings of the C.N.R. would have been greatly increased, so far as crop moving was concerned, if the transcontinental line had been in operation. By the end of this year, Port Arthur and west will be connected with the East, and the then remaining gap, namely, the line through the Rocky Mountains, will be connected early in 1914.

A feature of the report is the drop in land sales. Last year, 55,111 acres were sold for \$836,084, while this year only 19,755 were sold for \$291,193. The report says that the land department has not made any special effort to sell

## The Boy who Made a Rich Man

A boy, now a man, and rich, started out by depositing half his earnings with a certain well known Loan Company. As his savings grew he turned them into Debentures. These accumulated savings enabled him to have enough money at an opportune moment to secure an interest in a business, and from that start has become wealthy. His own words are: "What started me, was my savings in that Loan Company."

### Deposit Your Savings

We pay good interest and compound it twice a year. You can send your savings by Post Office Order, Express Order or Registered Letter, no matter in what part of Canada you live. We allow interest from the day the deposit reaches this office. By those who wish privacy with respect to their finances, our plan is much appreciated. Write us for full explanation of our system of Banking by Mail.

## Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation

Paid-up Capital - \$2,000,000.00  
Assets - - - - \$5,000,000.00

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C.N.R. lands, but has rather spent its efforts in inducing settlers to take up Dominion Government farming lands.

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**New Issues of a Western Province**

PREMIER SIFTON, in a speech in the Alberta Legislature, announced that the Province will be asked to vote one million dollars for the erection of elevators, one million for telephone extensions, and one million six hundred thousand for public works. Of the money to be set aside for elevators, \$300,000 is to be spent in connection with Alberta Co-operative Elevators, by providing fifty elevators this year. Next year, fifty more will be built, and the building of these elevators is to go on till the farmers have proper facilities for the housing and marketing of their grain.

Bonds will be floated to cover these estimates.

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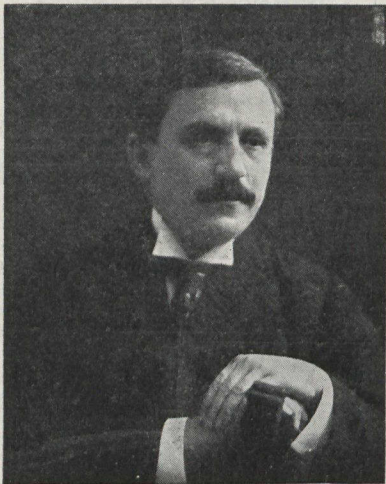
**The Market for Municipals**

ACCORDING to prominent bond houses, the bargain counter in municipals is disappearing. There is a considerable stiffening in prices, particularly in Ontario, and the bargains which were so easily obtained as late as a few weeks ago are now replaced by offerings at more or less normal prices. This is the result, largely, of the continuous and, latterly, increasing demand for the high-yielding municipal. The small investor continues to be very much in evidence. The money tightness has brought hundreds of new buyers into the bond market, while the larger investors dropped out. Now, they are coming back, and it looks as though the municipal debenture was coming into its own.

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**President of Yet Another Company**

MR. CHARLES R. HOSMER, president or director of some twenty companies of all sorts, has been elected president of West Kootenay Light and Power Company. Previously he was on the directorate, while the late Mr. W. M. Doull was president. At the annual meeting of West Kootenay Power, gross receipts amounting to \$415,413 were reported, which is an increase of \$82,549. Operating expenses showed a slight increase, totalling \$115,279. Net profits, therefore, were \$300,134, an increase over last year of \$77,527, or approximately 35 per cent.



Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, Who Has Added One More to His List of Official Positions.

After all reservations had been made, a balance of \$74,919 was carried forward to the credit of profit and loss, or \$54,393 more than last year. This result is all the more gratifying in view of the fact that the company was paying dividends on an additional \$100,000 preferred stock, and that a four per cent. dividend was paid on the common stock, against 2½ per cent. the year before.

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**A Man of Great Activity**

THE place of Mr. James Ross on the directorate of the Bank of Montreal has been filled by the appointment of Mr. William McMaster. This is at once an honour for Mr. McMaster and a benefit to the bank, for his knowledge of the steel trade, born

of his long connection with Dominion Steel and the Canadian Explosives Company, will be valuable to the directorate of which he is now a member. Thirteen out of the fourteen directors of the bank are Montreal men. Lord Strathcona—the exception—is, of course, in London, England.

Mr. McMaster was born in Montreal, and has spent most of his life there. Early he associated himself with the Montreal Rolling Mills Company, where he became successively salesman, secretary-treasurer, superintendent, vice-president and general manager, in which position he has been for some years. He is also associated with the Sherwin Williams Company, the Montreal Telegraph Company, Dominion Steel Corporation, Canadian Explosives Limited, National Trust Company, and many others, either as an active officer or else as a director. He is also a director of the Bank of Commerce.

In 1903 he was president of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, and previous to that he had been president of the Metal and Hardware Association. He also served as a delegate to the Commercial Congress of the Empire, in London. Politically, he is Conservative.

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**Two Millions for Canada?**

A CABLE to the Montreal Star says: The Duke is taking up Lloyd George's challenge in fine style. The Duke of Marlborough's favourite pose in the picture papers just now is as a supervisor ploughing opinions at Blenheim Park, where he is putting under crops one thousand acres granted by a grateful nation to his famous fighting ancestor two hundred years ago.

The young Duke of Sutherland, writing to the Daily Mail, offers Mr. Lloyd George his 200,000 acres of Highland deer forest at £2 per acre, to enable the Government to do what Mr. Lloyd George condemns the Duke for neglecting to do, namely, to grow corn and repopulate the glens.

"This," says the Duke, "is cheaper than land can be bought in any country named by Mr. Lloyd George, and hardly above the price of prairie land in Canada."

Of course, should Mr. Lloyd George accept, as he will not, the Duke will put the resulting £400,000 into six or seven per cent. Canadian investments.

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**Newfoundland's Trade**

THE statistics for Newfoundland's fiscal year show a large surplus of exports over imports. Exports were \$28,680,299 (which is three million dollars more than last year), and imports were \$14,733,490. The largest item on the colony's import list is flour, the value being \$1,825,278. Canada supplied \$1,646,747 of this. The United States took almost complete charge of the meat imports.

Canada's trade with the colony was \$6,620,933. The year before it was \$6,353,109, and in 1910, \$6,014,073.

\*\*\*

**The Milky Way**

"MY friend, it is highly improper to water your milk as you do."

"I guess you're right," whined the milkman.

"Now it might be all right to incorporate your dairy and water the stock; and more profitable, also."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

\*\*\*

**Next Week's Meeting**

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY, of Montreal, will hold its annual meeting next week.

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**INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS**

Municipal Debentures to Yield 4<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> to 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>%

City of Toronto, Ontario.....	.....	Maturing.....	.....	1923
City of Victoria, B.C.....	.....	"	.....	1933
City of St. Catharines, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1942
City of Fort William, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1933
Town of Owen Sound, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1933
Township of Etobicoke, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1914 to 1918
City of St. Boniface, Man.....	.....	"	.....	1942
City of St. Boniface, Man.....	.....	"	.....	1932
City of Berlin, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1914 to 1918
Town of Welland, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1943
Town of Steelton, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1923
Town of Wingham, Ont.....	.....	"	.....	1914 to 1943
City of Lethbridge, Alta.....	.....	"	.....	1943
City of Kamloops, B.C.....	.....	"	.....	1938
City of Vernon, B.C.....	.....	"	.....	1933
Town of Macleod, Alta.....	.....	"	.....	1933
Town of Castor, Alta.....	.....	"	.....	1914 to 1932

Ask for complete information regarding these issues

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS**

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

Head Office : TORONTO

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

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

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

**Remitting Money To Foreign Countries**

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

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

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# THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the Canadian League decided to lift up its voice amid partisan politics, nobody, not even the enthusiastic founders, hoped for the interest and the success which in such a little while have followed their efforts. A very short time ago—five or six weeks—it had its reincarnation. The people of both political parties and of none saw a cloud arise no bigger than a man's hand. In a bound it grew and developed, and it is now big with significance to Canadians from coast to coast.

Newmarket and September 23rd are place and date of worthy memory. With the Hon. E. J. Davis as chairman, and four hundred people as audience the Canadian League presented itself for adoption as a means to the desirable end of lifting Canada out of the ridiculous into the creditable. Mr. John A. Cooper and Mr. Arthur Hawkes, in two splendid speeches, made plain the why and wherefore of the Canadian League's entrance into active politics. Neither of these sponsors of the League offered apologies for appealing to the country to acquit itself honourably. What was the position? Mr. Borden's naval measure, which was supposed to be temporary, after being kicked from pillar to post in the Commons, received the sanction of the House, and went to the Senate. The Senate, after more pillar to post football, turned it down. Months had been spent in discussion, and nothing of value had been done. Nothing has yet been done. It is not to be questioned that, apart from the respective merits of the policies of the Premier and the Opposition Leader, the whole business earned the regret and sorrow of the Mother Country. Canada, said the thinking Britisher, cannot make up her mind either one way or the other. Both parties find flirtation with delay an entertaining pastime, and though the question of Canada's defence policy has been on the tapis for months, Canada is as far off deciding as ever. What slow people those Canadians are, and how little-minded! Such was and is the verdict.

AND not without reason. There was something to be said for both naval policies, but it could all have been said long ago. It is the old trouble. Up at Ottawa the two parties are holding each other fast, merely because they imagine that that is what they are there for. The naval question formed a football for Mr. Borden to kick this way, and Sir Wilfrid to kick the other. And it never got near either goal.

But the Canadian League wanted to join in. At Newmarket, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hawkes sounded the clarion call "To Business." The burden of their message was in the vernacular of the continent, "Cut out the cackle and get to the horses."

The call to get down to business was to Liberals and Conservatives alike.

NEWMARKET was a success. After it, many people subscribed to the objects of the League. The press took the matter up. Some papers acclaimed the League. Some papers lambasted it. All were agreed—whether they said it or not—that the League meant business.

Brockville was the next place chosen. On October the 8th, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hawkes spoke to a critical audience. The audience wasn't large, for Conservatives had been told to keep away, and like good children they did as they were told, thus sticking to the rules of the party game. Nevertheless, Brockville was a good meeting. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hawkes once more sounded the call to arms against the ogre, "Partisanship," and his faithful following. More applications for membership followed, and more and more attention by the press.

Subsequently, meetings were held at Waterford on October 22nd, Swansea on the 24th, Brantford on the 25th, Wallaceburg on the 28th, and Lindsay on the 30th. All were well attended. All were rousing meetings, and all produced a thinking interest which is the basis of reform. Conservatives, who a few weeks ago either damned the League or politely ignored it, are joining now. Public feeling is being stirred. Canadians are feeling ashamed of their dilatory conduct, and are waking up to the fact that it is time that partisanship ceased to block important national measures.

AND the future? It is bright with promise. The League, having set its hand to the plough, will not turn back. It will go on and make its own furrow. No longer is it crying in the wilderness where there is none to hear. It speaks to those whose latent patriotism is awakened, whose sympathy is stirred, whose enthusiasm is experiencing a strong, quick regeneration. Its message is good. The results will be of national significance.

**The Objects Are:**

1. To explain to the newcomers who are pouring into Canada the nature of our government and our traditions and to inspire in them an intelligent devotion to the country and its institutions.
  2. To bring the people of Eastern and Western Canada into a closer understanding of each other, so that they may unite in a common Canadianism.
  3. To unite all citizens in non-partisan support of national undertakings, particularly those pertaining to national defence.
  4. To maintain Canada as a self-governing nation within the Empire.
- If you are in sympathy sign and mail the following form:

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To the Honorary Secretary of

### THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

I desire to be enrolled as a member of "THE CANADIAN LEAGUE," and I agree to advocate and support the objects as laid down.

Signature.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

Sign and mail to the Honorary Secretary of "THE CANADIAN LEAGUE," 12-14 Wellington East, Toronto.

## Send a Box of Delicious Canadian Apples to the Old Country for Christmas

The folks and friends at home will be delighted with such a gift. Each apple is hand selected from the choicest of Ontario's crop. Particular care has been taken to insure every single apple being absolutely right as to size, color, freedom from blemishes and ripeness. They all possess the famous "Ontario flavor." Each apple is separately wrapped in paper, and all are packed in a paper-lined and lace-faced box that holds about one bushel. The Davies guarantee is on each box and on each apple wrapper.

We will ship these apples, all charges prepaid direct to your friend's door, delivery guaranteed during the week before Christmas, to any address in Great Britain at the following prices:

**Spy, King and Snow Apples - \$3.25 per box.**  
**All Other Standard Varieties \$3.00 " "**

(For boxes sent to Ireland, Shetland, and the Orkney Islands, add 25c a box extra.)

Think how friends in the Old Country will prize and enjoy these delicious apples. There is no gift that would please them more or reflect in any greater degree the kind feelings and good will of the sender. The terms are cash with order. Send in your order today, so that we may have plenty of time to take care of it. Address us as follows:

FRUIT DEPT.

The **DAVIES** Company Limited  
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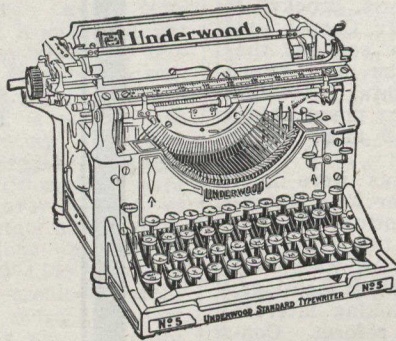
# FAST TYPEWRITING

*New champions, but the same machine*

At the annual typewriting contest for the World's Championship, held in New York on October 22, Margaret B. Owen, using the Underwood Typewriter, wrote 7,925 words in one hour—a net speed, after deducting 5 words for every error, of

**125 words a minute**

The Underwood has won *all* the International contests since their inception; as well as *every other* typewriting contest of any importance since the advent of scientific typewriter oper-



ation. And speed is the *one* thing which makes a typewriter valuable. The Underwood leads in every essential—legibility, accuracy, stability, durability, and *speed*.

THE World's Amateur Championship was won on the Underwood by Thomas J. Ehrich, at a net speed of 112 words a minute. The figures of the winning operators in the two events are as follows:

## World's Championship

### ONE HOUR

NAME	Words	Net Words	Words Per Min.	Machine
Margaret B. Owen . . . . .	7,925	7,495	125	Underwood
Emil A. Trefzger . . . . .	7,606	7,181	120	Underwood
Gus R. Trefzger . . . . .	7,554	7,049	117	Underwood
Rose L. Fritz . . . . .	7,937	6,902	115	Underwood
Fred Jarrett . . . . .	6,566	6,116	102	Underwood

## World's Amateur Championship

### HALF HOUR

Thomas J. Ehrich . . . . .	3,626	3,356	112	Underwood
Bessie Friedman . . . . .	3,713	3,328	111	Underwood
Rose Bloom . . . . .	3,680	3,315	111	Underwood
Bessie Linsitz . . . . .	3,516	3,311	110	Underwood
Wm. F. Oswald . . . . .	3,647	3,272	109	Underwood
Martha Dunn . . . . .	3,320	3,160	105	Underwood

THERE were 23 contestants in this event. The first 17 used Underwoods. The School Contest and New York City Championship were also won on the Underwood.

### International Records for 8 Years

Year.	Winner.	Words Per Minute.	Machine.
1906	Rose L. Fritz . . . . .	82	Underwood
1907	Rose L. Fritz . . . . .	87	Underwood
1908	Rose L. Fritz . . . . .	87	Underwood
1909	Rose L. Fritz . . . . .	95	Underwood
1910	H. O. Blaisdell . . . . .	109	Underwood
1911	H. O. Blaisdell . . . . .	112	Underwood
1912	Florence E. Wilson . . . . .	117	Underwood
1913	Margaret B. Owen . . . . .	125	Underwood

THIS marvelous development in speed has been possible only on the Underwood. No operator has been able to even approach such speeds on any other typewriter. And the end is not in sight. The Underwood possesses speed possibilities which are not determined even by the marvelous speed of 125 words a minute. Note that every one of the operators whose names are given above wrote considerably over 100 words a minute.

# United Typewriter Company, Limited

Selling the Underwood

## EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



# LONDON LETTER

London, Oct. 22, 1913.

**A**MID all the pomp and ceremony of royal etiquette I had the pleasure of looking upon the bridal procession of Prince Arthur and his bride, the Duchess of Fife, whose wedding furnished an autumn pageant for thousands of admiring Londoners.

It was ladies' day in the West End, and, round about the Mall, where M. P.'s are specially wont to stroll before and after tiring hours in Westminster nearby; there must have been assembled a very considerable proportion of the leisured female population of London. Everyone admits that, among the most undoubted of woman's rights is that of taking a sentimental and heartfelt interest in other people's weddings, particularly so in the case of a gallant and popular young Prince, making what everybody believes a true love match with a charming Princess.

The miniature Chapel Royal, the scene of the ceremony, looked more like a Queen's boudoir than a place of worship, so rich in colour, so snug and elegant, with its crimson carpeting, its red-cushioned benches, and similar appointments of beauty and comfort. The young couple knelt at the steps where some seventy years gone, Queen Victoria once knelt as a bonnie bride, and where other Sovereigns of England as far back as William of Orange and Princess Mary plighted their troth in marriage.

What a strange hush fell on the august assembly as the Duchess of Fife, the spirit of a white flower, was led forward by the King and the Princess Royal to her Prince and future life's partner. The Duchess, a slim, graceful girl, who moved forward as though her little white slippers scarce touched the crimson carpet, might have been likened to some fairy thing in her dainty gown of snowy charmeuse with a lace train in which pearls and diamonds clustered in sparkling array. From the moment of entering the chapel the Duchess did not raise her eyes, but walked with little self-consciousness to the spot where the Prince was standing in front of the altar. Then she looked up and the Prince greeted her with a bright, happy smile.

Apart from the greater Royalties present, two beautiful girl figures received homage of all eyes. They were the Crown Princess of Sweden and Princess Patricia, the latter charming beyond words in a dress of china blue velvet draped with a tunic of moonlight blue tulle embroidered with silver thread. The Duchess of Connaught looking remarkably well after her serious illness, was a handsome and dignified figure in grey and gold. For the Duchess every Englishman wishes renewed vigor on returning to sojourn among the Canadian people whom she holds in something akin to affectionate regard.

**U**PON the bride and groom returning from the Chapel Royal the crush on Constitutional Hill and in Hyde Park was very great, but the people were rewarded by the sight of as pretty a bridal procession as has been seen for many years past. An escort of Scots Greys on grey horses surrounded the open State landau, drawn by four greys, in which were seated Prince Arthur in uniform, and his bride, wearing her wedding dress and veil. The crowd appreciating this recognition of their hours of patient waiting burst into enthusiastic cheering. Acclamations were renewed about ten minutes afterwards when the Royal pair came out on the balcony hand-in-hand and bowed and smiled their acknowledgment of the cheers.

There were a few human touches in connection with the event which bind royalty and people in the common ties of humanity. For example, when the Duchess of Fife left the Princess Royal's house for the Chapel Royal she found that some unknown well-wisher had thrown a spray of white heather into the carriage as an

emblem of good luck. Carefully gathering it up she carried it with her as she drove to the ceremony. As kindly was the pleasant little surprise in store for the driver, fireman and guard in charge of the honeymoon special train, the Prince and Princess sending an equerry along the train with golden gifts as a memento of the occasion. It was a happy thought of the Prince and Princess to allow their presents, which collectively number about 1,400, to be on view to the public this week, the price for admission being devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the terrible mining disaster in South Wales.

If London people, above all others, are in unpardonable ignorance of historic treasures and ancient buildings, full of objects of the great antiquarian interest that are to be found on all hands in that crowded square mile—the City of London—reported to be the most historic span of soil in the world, unceasing endeavours are being made to dispel it. The latest organization, known as "The Cult of the City Society," has for one of its chief objects, encouragement of personal knowledge of old churches, monuments, buildings and historical sites, and the study of the traditions of the city, and making these known to oversea visitors to the Empire's metropolis.

**O**NE of our gifted aristocrats, the Duchess of Somerset, widely known for her energy and versatility, is receiving many compliments upon her charming volume "The Impressions of a Tenderfoot." The Duke and Duchess had to wait some time before coming into their own, but probably they were just as happy then as now, especially as their "poverty" was of that relative order which enabled them at least to indulge in such delights as those of big-game shooting in Canada, where, however, they often had to rough it considerably, sleeping under canvas, cooking their own meals, etc. It was her experiences at this period which provided her Grace with material for the volume above named. At the time of the South African war, the Duchess wrote a patriotic song and gave the profits to a fund for the war. To her accomplishments, which are exceptionally numerous, the Duchess of Somerset is also admired in artistic circles as a clever painter.

There is a widespread regret at the announcement of Mr. S. R. Crockett's serious illness in the South of France. The former Free Church minister in the Scottish Lowlands is not the only man of the day who has found a wider fame from his writings as a novelist than from his work in the pulpit. Most members of the cloth who take to the weaving of novels have a prolific output, and Mr. Crockett is no exception to the rule. Between 1893, when he published "The Stickit Minister," and 1912, the date of "The Moss Troopers," he turned out something like fifty volumes.

Among other ministers, by the way, who are fecund novelists is Mr. Silas K. Hocking, while among clergymen of the Church of England there is the Rev. J. Jessop Teague ("Morice Gerard"), vicar of St. Stephen. Coleman street; but the best known is, perhaps, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, rector of Lew-Trenchard, a living which is in his own gift. The Church of Ireland contributes Canon Hanney ("George A. Birmingham"), famous now as dramatist as well as novelist; and in the Church of Rome is the Rev. William Bary, who has several romantic novels to his name.

I note, too, that a representative gathering of leading gentlemen from the burgh and district of Selkirk has been held in Selkirk Town Hall, when it was resolved to erect in the burgh a permanent memorial to the late Andrew Lang, who was born in the burgh and retained the warmest interest in its affairs throughout his life.

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## The Courier Among the New Books

PROMINENT in the excellent fall list of Hodder & Stoughton's offerings is "A Bookman's Letters." This is a collection of the letters of the Reverend Sir William Robertson Nicoll, M.A., D.D., written from week to week in the "British Weekly," under the nom-de-plume of Claudius Clear. There is probably no man in England who is so essentially a book-man as Sir Robertson, and those of us who have read his letters from week to week have a high enthusiasm and a great regard for the writer.

There are essays on "The Best Six Biographies," "The Troubles of an Essayist," "Seven Ways of Reviewing," "On Literary Gossip and the Eighth Way of Reviewing," "Why did Shakespeare retire to Stratford-on-Avon?" "Learning to Read," "The Pleasures and Advantages of Re-reading," "To Persons proposing to Write their Reminiscences," "Thinking and Talking," "That the Best Letters are written by the Mortally Wounded"; and those concerning famous writers include essays on Meredith, Carlyle, Emerson, Swinburne, Gissing, Mark Rutherford, Jane Austen, Lamb, Besant, Holmes, Ruskin, Shirley Brooks, Lever and Borrow.

Sir Robertson is the litterateur wonderful to thousands of people. His political writings gained for him his knighthood. Incidentally he is the only Nonconformist minister thus honoured.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new book, "The Poison Belt"; "Eldorado," the latest Pimpernel story; "Dodo the Second," and a host of other good books, are named in Hodder & Stoughton's list.

With the Canadian Northwest for his locale, Hulbert Footner has given us "Jack Chanty." (Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.25 net.) It is an intensely interesting book with a plot much upon well-worn lines, but treated so freshly and brightly that the reader is sorry to see the last page come so quickly. It should have a good sale among all who love the out-of-doors.

Among the miscellaneous works of importance in the fall list of Cassel & Company is a book "What of the Navy?" by Alan Burgoyne. Mr. Burgoyne is a British member of Parliament, who has long been recognized as an authority upon naval matters, and who for some years has tried to put the plain case for naval defence before the British public. Grits, Tories and Canadian Leaguers alike would find it instructive. Another "big" book is Sir Herbert Tree's "Thoughts and Afterthoughts." Since Irving, Tree has been the acknowledged leader of the drama in England, and those who are familiar with his public utterances, are sure of a good time with "Thoughts and Afterthoughts."

Cassels cater for Canadians in their new list. "Two Shall be Born," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts (reviewed in the Courier for August 2); "Candlelight Days," by Adeline Teskey, and "Prairie Fires," by that popular British writer, Annie S. Swan, are all novels about Canada and Canadians. It would not be a platitude to say that everybody seems to be writing about Canada these days, though one hears that now and then Canadian publishers get cold feet. For instance, in a letter Mrs. G. Alec Tweedie says she had intended writing a book about Canada, but finding that the publishers regarded many books on this country as more or less waste paper, she decided to write on America instead.

"All About Engineering," by Gordon Knox; "The Boy's Book of Battles," by Eric Wood, and "The Air King's Treasure," by Grahame White, are the more important books for young people. They are all well written, and should have a good Christmas sale.

When Compton Mackenzie gave to the world, through the medium of a Toronto theatre, a dramatization of

his own novel, "Carnival," it was said, and rightly, that nothing but the acting of Grace George made the play at all tolerable. Nor was the book a very attractive effort. But "Youth's Encounter," by the same author, is at once a clever and interesting and original story. Mr. Mackenzie is the son of that fine English actor Edward Compton, and he seems to have an appreciation of the way to hold the attention of his audience.

"Youth's Encounter" sets the new fashion in school tales. It is the detailed and comprehensive history of Michael Fane, from the period of swaddling clothes to the time when he goes to Oxford. Rarely, if ever, has such an original work found its way to the bookseller's counter. There is no plot. The story is just a collection of all sorts of incidents and all sorts of ideas. Its peculiar pleasure to the reader is that he may find his own experiences expressed for him, and depicted so faithfully that often he wonders if he is reading his own life story. It must have taken a good deal of daring, as well as a long time, to write so truthfully of the things that are, but whose existence we tacitly deny.

Parts of the book are better than others. The description of the troops leaving for South Africa is consummately graphic, and is a picture the reader will remember. On the other hand, Mr. Mackenzie occasionally gets hold of the unsuitable word. To describe the feeling of pleasure which the boy feels when he plays rugby as "divine" seems a little far-fetched. Now and then it might be said that the author "indulges in slips of prolixity, and crosses the plain highway of talk." But these are only minor faults. The book is splendid reading. It is a book that ought to be a best seller—though it probably won't be. (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn. \$1.35 net.)

Kate Douglas Wiggin, the authoress of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," has added one more to her list of books. In some ways Kate Douglas Wiggin has been to America what L. M. Montgomery is to Canada, for their writings have something in common. They both stand for the quiet delineating narration of everyday circumstances and happenings rather than the often unimaginable society novel.

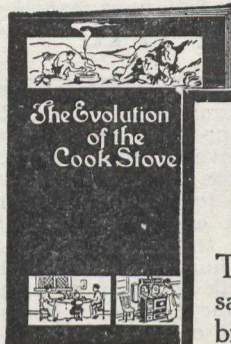
"The Story of Waitstill Baxter" is a charming story of a New Hampshire village. Waitstill Baxter, the heroine, is a lovable girl, and stands out in marked contrast to her father, who is the villain of the piece. The story concerns itself partially with the course of Waitstill's love, which, though it doesn't run altogether smoothly, arrives at the desired harbour. The book is sweet and fresh, and is a good tonic for the gray days of November that are with us now. (Toronto: Williams Briggs. \$1.25 net.)

If a capacity for saying a few clever things in a clever way, and for painting pen pictures in bold colours, be all that is needed to make a successful novel, Mr. Schiff in "Concessions" is successful. But something else is wanted, which the author lacks. The book deals with the entanglements of four people, all of whom are married. (Incidentally, this idea has been worked to death.) They get entangled, and then they get out of the entanglement and that is all.

"Concessions" has two faults. First of all, it is written in a heavy, ponderous, serious vein, which does not become the plot. The reader feels inclined to tell his writer to get on or get out. Secondly, the characters are much overdrawn. The only place you could ever meet them is between the covers of a very insipid book. Still "Concessions" is readable. (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn. \$1.25 net.)

"T. Tembarom," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, has just been published by William Briggs. The publisher tells me this is THE book of the year. The author's name backs him up.

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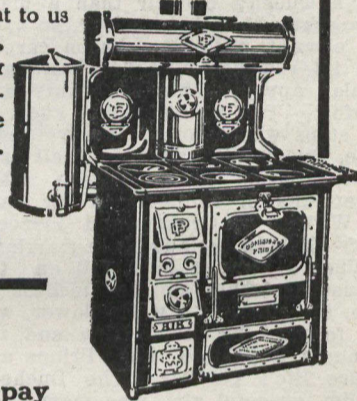
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Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size.

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### An International Park

(Concluded from page 8.)

which can be seen for many miles—until the distance makes the snow appear to be of beautiful blue shades—an inspiring sight worthy of a long journey.

Our Park would then cross the backbone of the Rockies, down and across the Kootenay Valley, over the second range of mountains, again across the Kootenay Valley—over the hills again—down across the great Columbia River, and so on over mountains and streams galore. Making in all about 400 miles to be taken from British Columbia—the states to the south, of course, being Montana and Washington—passing over the Selkirks, Gold and Coast ranges of mountains, to the straits of San Juan de Fuca—a majestic Park, indeed.

The variations in elevation, as we have seen, vary from 600 feet on Lake Superior, up gradually over the flat prairies, over the Rockies, some of whose peaks rise over 13,000 feet; and abruptly down to the sea level on the Pacific coast—covering an equally wide range of climate, soil, etc.

To give a list of the different kinds of animals, birds, fish, etc., that could be bred to advantage on this 30,000 square miles of Park, forest, lake and stream—would take more space than you have allotted me in asking for this article.

But the Park could be divided up in vast areas, suitable for the different kinds of animals—separating the kinds that would injure each other, and arranging wide boulevards through the same, so that tourists could safely see the wildest grizzly and other animals, a few feet away through iron fences, from the top of viaducts or other safe positions.

By making these boulevards free to the world, enormous crowds would be continually going to see the greatest park in the world—affording much revenue to the railroads, hotels, etc., all over America, as well as the steam ship lines. And the sale of furs and animals, fish and feathers alone—to the sight-seer—would pay the governments a big interest on their investment, apart entirely from the incalculable benefits to the entire country, east or west of the Rockies.

Would not this afford an opportunity to give congenial employment to many Indians, as game wardens, etc.?

I trust, Sir, that you will do your utmost to aid this beneficial project, which can easily be carried out now—but would be impossible a few years hence.

### Dr. Torrington's Annual

THE interest which Toronto takes in the work of Doctor Torrington in connection with the Toronto College of Music was abundantly evident at the annual concert of the faculty given in Massey Hall last week. The hall was well filled with a representative audience. Miss Dora Stutchbury played superbly in the "Allegro Maestoso" of Chopin's E Minor Concerto. Her execution was flawless, and her interpretation, while original, contained nothing of exaggeration or forcing of tone. Miss Grace Porter gave the Andante and the final Allegro of the Heller Concerto, playing from memory. Her playing was just a little metallic, possibly a little listless, in the first part, but in the second she made up for any deficiency and played spiritedly and with a good deal of effective light and shade.

The number of the evening was the aria from "Traviata," "Ah fors e lui," exquisitely sung by Miss Olive Lloyd Casey. Miss Casey has a voice of remarkable range, as well as a clear sweet tone, which so far as volume is concerned she has completely under control. Not the least pleasing feature of her singing is her crisp and clear enunciation, a quality which seems to have become either unfashionable, or, more likely, an object very often impossible of attainment. Miss Casey's execution, altogether, was surprisingly excellent.



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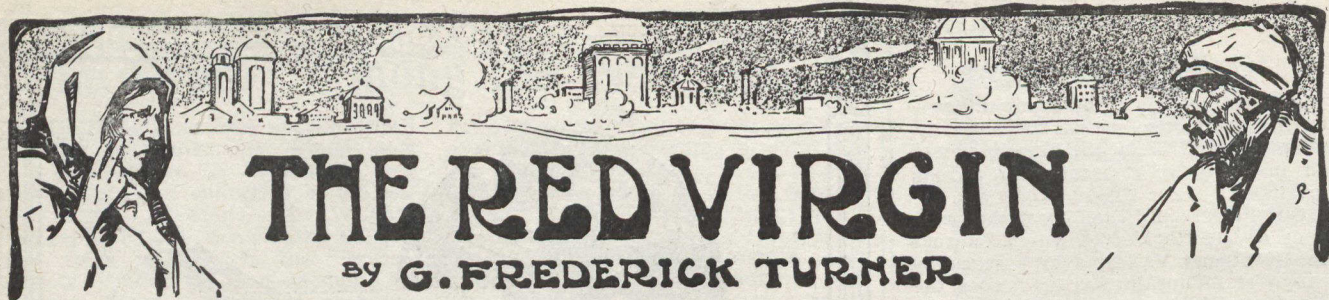
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## DIGEST.

Weidenbruck is the capital city of Grimland and the residence of Karl XXII., who is ill unto death. Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, the finest monarchist in the realm, is wasting his time with "women and wine." When the young king comes to the throne, Fritz joins with Max Stein, General Meyer, and Herr Saunders to maintain the succession. About this time Mrs. Perowne and her daughter, Phoebe, arrive in Weidenbruck and meet Fritz, who describes himself as Herr Lugner. Saunders intercepts a letter to the Ex-Queen of Grimland which reveals a plot.

The plot is the conception of Cyril of Wolfsnaden, who aspires to the Regency, and by probably violent methods. Stein, Meyer and Saunders plan to circumvent this by working to have Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, promoted to the Regency. Fritz consents to the plot. Under the leadership of the Freiherr of Kragg, the "blue blood" declare in favour of Cyril as Regent, despite deputations from the people urging them to proclaim Fritz. Saunders buys the support of the mayor. Fritz secretes himself in a barrel in the Council Chamber and hears the choice of the Council fall on the Regent. He also was secreted in another barrel. Fritz escapes from the council chamber and ultimately comes face to face with Phoebe Perowne, with whom he is in love, who thinks he is drunk. Cyril and the Ex-Queen shake hands on a bargain to keep the young son of the late King in the care of Cyril himself, whose desire is to see that his enemies get no chance to run the little heir as a rival candidate for the throne. Cyril pretends to be in love with the Ex-Queen.

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"As loyal as you were to Fritz of Friedrichsheim, whose death you now demand?" he asked.

"He was never anything to me. No man has ever been anything to me but Cyril of Wolfsnaden."

She was acting admirably and he knew she was acting; but he was well enough pleased. For one thing, she was a beautiful woman; for another her assistance was essential. He knew that she clung so feverishly to him because his strength and ambition might set her on a high rung of the ladder of power, but also he knew that her passionate femininity grappled him with soft violence because he was a man and an admirer. She felt some tenderness for him, and if she professed more than she really felt, he was content. He was a man of lost illusions, and such fantasies as "love for love's sake" had no place in his scheme of existence. Nevertheless he was human and he desired to test the strength of her devotion.

"How am I to know that you care for me—more than those?" and he waved a hand towards her photograph album.

She gently disengaged herself from him.

"Do I not carry your letter here?" she asked, placing a hand on her bosom.

"Indeed?" he demanded, not without incredulity.

For answer she drew forth a letter addressed to Frau Weber, 19 Hahn-gasse, Weidenbruck.

He took it from her, and scrutinized it closely. And as he looked his brow clouded and his jaw fell. He tore the letter from its covering and glanced at the contents.

"The letter is mine," he said, "but the envelope is someone else's."

"It is in your writing."

"Pardon me, it is in a writing exceedingly like mine. There is treachery here. Someone has tampered with this, and the forgery is a clever one. Ah! I have not stupid foes to deal with, but the cleverest men in the country. I smell Meyer's handiwork here."

"Now you are sad again," she complained. "Surely there is nothing here that can be used against you."

"Meyer can read between the lines. The fact that the thing has passed through his fingers proves that every movement of ours is watched, every action shadowed."

"We must be prudent."

"No," he cried with sudden energy. "Prudence is of no avail against a Jew. He can play that game a thou-

sand times better than we can. We must be bold. They know the relations that subsist between you and me. They know my ambitions. They know, thanks to Fritz's spying, that I have been elected to the Regency. In the week that intervenes before my appointment is officially announced they will move heaven and earth to overthrow me. But by the blood of all the devils it will be I who strike the first blow!"

"How?"

"The condition of affairs demands the instant proclamation of my Regency. There are plots afoot which demand a strong man in authority to quell them. There is a conspiracy against the young Karl; he must be removed for safety to Wolfsnaden."

"Will the Rathsherren consent?" she asked.

"Circumstances will compel them to consent. We must have a riot in Weidenbruck. Lacherberg must stir up the scum first against Fritz, and then against me. There will be no difficulty, for the people hate me already. Then will come the tug-of-war. The Rathsherren will feel that my cause is their own. It will be aristocrats and grapeshot against scum and paving-stones. Providence, as usual, will be on the side of arms of precision. Blood will flow in the Morast and the slums of the Goose Market. There will be a few anarchists the less, a few socialists with holes in their hot skulls, a few dirty blackguards of republicans stiffening in the snow. Then the people will have learned their lesson: the dogs will know their master; they will lick the hand that has beaten them. Cyril of Wolfsnaden will rule in Weidenbruck; Grimland will pay him homage!"

"And my boy, Karl?"

"Will occupy the position of ease, indolence, and insignificance at Wolfsnaden which I have enjoyed for the last fifteen years."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## Saunders at Home.

A WOMAN'S tears are sacred things. The most brutal of husbands ceases to bully his wife from the moment that sobs supplant argument, and a flow of briny dewdrops supersedes the outpouring of petulant words. The moment she weeps a woman puts herself beyond the pale of combat, even in the most trivial matters. But if her weeping is in secrecy and solitude, if its cause is unselfish and deep, if it takes place from no tactical motive, but out of pure womanliness, how much more sacred is it, how much more worthy of reticent treatment from the pen of the most cold-blooded chronicler!

When she reached the Hotel Concordia after her visit to the public galleries of the Strafeburg, Phoebe Perowne retired to her bedroom and had what women call "a good cry." She was disappointed in herself, in the comely Herr Lugner, in life itself. Here was a youth, handsome, charming, fascinating, despite his admitted defects, the victim to the great curse of alcoholism. That was what she believed, and what she wept for. With her, life was all black and white, and no half-tones. Occasional lapses from rectitude, from sobriety, from chastity, were things that she had no cognizance of in her theories of existence. Men were "respectable"—to use the characteristic English phrase that had so amused Mrs. Saunders—or they were sinners. A man who was intoxicated early in the afternoon was essentially "not respectable," essentially a sinner. She neither doubted the hard fact of his intoxication, nor did she give him the benefit of imagining his lapse to be a rare one. And at the thought of a young life doomed to the

slow, heart-breaking humiliation of a drunkard's fate she wept bitter tears. She could forgive him being a coward—he was young and delicately fashioned. She could forgive him being an idler—he had extraordinary personal charm and skated divinely. But this horror—the slurred speech, the flushed cheek, the partially controlled limbs—what an abyss of degeneration and misery it opened to the prophetic vision of the mind! And yet, even in this hateful episode he had shown for a moment a strange natural dignity that had broken through the ice of her contempt and released the warm waters of pity from her lachrymal glands. She had not wept in the Strafeburg—not more than a tear or two, for pride was as religion with her—but in her bedroom at the Concordia she wept nearly all the tears in her body. By dinner-time, perhaps because there were no more tears to flow, she had composed herself. Soap and water, and the pride that was entrenched in her nature, obliterated the stains of sorrow, and it was a pale but tranquil Phoebe who faced her mother at the table d'hote that evening.

"You look tired, Phoebe," said Mrs. Perowne. "I hope you did not find the Strafeburg too fatiguing."

"I am glad I went," replied Phoebe; "not because I saw some beautiful pictures, which bored me, or some ugly instruments of torture, which horrified me, but because I met Mrs. Saunders, whom I found most fascinating."

"She is certainly an attractive person," consented the elder woman, "and I believe, like most people who stay long enough in Grimland, has had some stirring experiences."

"I admire her," said Phoebe. "There is a calm strength in her face which suggests a fine mind behind the cool grey eyes. She is a 'superior person'—not in the odious and conventional meaning of the phrase, but because she possesses, I feel sure, a superior intellect and superior moral qualities."

"I am glad you like her," said Mrs. Perowne, "because she has invited us round to her rooms in the Neptunburg to-night. She suggested a visit to the slums of Weidenbruck."

"I should love it above all things," said Phoebe, with enthusiasm. "I adore slumming. Also I have to thank her—"

"For what?"

"For portraying a hero to me. I have never met a hero off the stage. I have never heard one described except in books. But Fritz of Friedrichsheim, young, handsome, patriotic and fearless—there is a man to captivate the imagination and restore one's faith in the present degenerate days!"

"He seems a little—a little wild," suggested the mother.

"He has been a little wild," corrected Phoebe. "All saints and heroes are wild till their call comes. You know my motto: 'Du zummat; du gude if you can; anyway du zummat.' Fritz is evidently a person of fierce activities. Till the need of his country called him his activities were commonplace. He spent his youth and money, as Mrs. Saunders put it, royally. He was more of a man, even in his revelling, than his fellows. Now he is a hero; he has put aside the follies of youth. The hour has made him a man."

MRS. PEROWNE smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Perhaps the real Fritz, if we chance to meet him, will prove less inspiring than the ideal," she suggested.

"Perhaps. I am used to disillusion. But, anyway, whatever his faults, he



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is not a coward, an idler, a sot like—

"Like whom?"

"Like someone I met not very long ago."

Mrs. Perowne asked no further questions.

Between mother and daughter there existed strong affection, but no confidences. Phoebe was a girl who, since she was seventeen, had lived in a world by herself, and so far no one had been permitted to enter it.

After dinner they put on their furs and passed through the hall on their way to the entrance doors. The foyer was fuller even than usual, and the people who filled it seemed to be under the influence of considerable agitation and excitement. A crowd pressed round the green baize board over the mantelpiece, whereon the "tape" was conveying type-written intelligence to all and sundry. Mrs. Perowne and her daughter made no attempt to read the messages, but the exclamations of those who did read made it plain enough that something had happened to move profoundly the minds of the citizens.

The hall-porter put them into a covered sleigh and directed the driver to the north entrance of the Strafeburg.

The excitement that had manifested itself in the hall of the Concordia was reflected in the streets. Despite the intense cold of nightfall the thoroughfares were full of well-wrapped mortals scanning the latest editions of the Abendpost, whose vendors rushed shrilling and raucous through the trampled snows of the Bahnhofstrasse.

"Something had evidently happened," said Mrs. Perowne.

Phoebe was silent. She had a terrible dread lest something evil might have befallen her unknown hero, who was also the hero of the people of Weidenbruck.

The sleigh pulled up at the north entrance of the Neptunburg, a very ordinary portal situated in a very ordinary side street. An official with one arm and a grotesque tendency to embonpoint conducted them to Saunders' apartments on the first floor.

Saunders himself was taking coffee with his wife in a moderate-sized room garnished with antique Grimland furniture and modern English draperies—the latter from the house of James Saunders & Co. of Oxford Street.

"I am so glad you decided to come," said Mrs. Saunders, rising. "Let me introduce my husband. He will accompany us to-night."

"**WE** are honoured in having so distinguished a cicerone," said Mrs. Perowne. "When I told the hall-porter of the Concordia whom we were visiting to-night, he asked if I meant 'the redoubtable Herr Saunders.' Of course I said 'Yes.'"

"I like the epithet 'redoubtable,'" said Saunders, smiling. "It is so delightfully indefinite. It does not imply courage, or brains, or even common honesty. It merely denotes a 'personage,' as distinct from a 'person.' However, I am content. A hall-porter has called me 'redoubtable,' and History will accord me the traditional half-page of condensed inaccuracy."

Phoebe was studying Saunders with the intense and perspicacious scrutiny she sometimes bestowed on her fellow-creatures. She admired his strong profile, his easy manners, his imposing demeanour, and his complacent calm. Slumming in a turbulent city is rather an exciting pastime, and it was comforting to have such a monument of British reliability at their side.

"Where are you going to take us?" she asked.

"To the Morast," he replied. "That is where the murderers come from."


"Real murderers?"

"Real enough to kill poor, honest, timid citizens with gold watches in their fobs. Don't be alarmed. They are afraid of me. In their crazy, starved brains there is one instinct that flourishes abundantly—the instinct of fear. You will be as safe with me to-night as with a policeman crossing the streets of London."

Phoebe nodded approvingly. She liked courage, even when it displayed itself in aggressive self-confidence.

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"Herr Drechsler, General Meyer and the Baron of Friedrichsheim," muttered Saunders, reading aloud, and then tossing the cards back on to the tray. "Where are they, Grabel?"

"I showed them into the smoking-room, Excellency."

"Good. Give them cigarettes and liqueurs, and tell them I will be with them in a minute."

When the butler had gone Phoebe turned to Saunders, a flush on her cheeks and a strange sparkle in her great eyes.

"Baron Fritz is here?" she asked. "Then no harm has befallen him."

Saunders regarded her in some surprise.

"He is here, and no harm has befallen him," he affirmed. "Why do you ask?"

"I had an idea something terrible had happened. There was much excitement in the hotel and the streets. I don't know why, but I connected it in my mind with Fritz of Friedrichsheim."

"You are not far wrong," said Saunders. "It is owing to an extraordinary piece of courage on Fritz's part that we are enabled to convey to the citizens of Weidenbruck the piece of news which has so perturbed their minds."

"He spied successfully on the Rathsherren?" said Phoebe. "Mrs. Saunders was telling us something about it."

"She did not tell you the denouement," said Saunders.

"And what was the denouement?" demanded Phoebe eagerly.

"Simply this. The Arch-duke also was playing spy. After the Council's withdrawal the two spies were left, literally, face to face. One of the spies was armed with a revolver. The other spy was unarmed. The armed spy demanded certain vital questions of the unarmed spy. Do you see the tragedy of the situation?"

The tersely told narrative checked Phoebe's power of breath. The crisp, slipped sentences had revealed a nightmare. A man, a hero, had to slay his honour, or himself be slain.

"I see," said Phoebe. "How awful! He had to betray his friends."

"Had to, yes, but did not do it. For the moment Cyril was too astonished to shoot. In that moment Fritz's brain worked double time. He put out the light—then he put out Cyril of Wolfshaden."

Phoebe clapped her hands with pure relief and delight.

"How splendid!" she cried.

"'Splendid' is a good word, but not too good for the actual occasion," said Saunders. "I've told you the story without any trimmings. Fritz told it modestly enough—far more modestly than I should have under similar circumstances—but it was impossible to disguise the fact that he acted not only cleverly, but with an intense devotion to his standard of honour. He stands very high in my regard."

THE concluding words, the sentences which formed the eulogium, seemed almost ludicrous in their inadequacy. They implied that a high position in Saunders' regard was the ne plus ultra of human dignity. Nevertheless Phoebe Perowne was wise enough to know what the brief, complacent expression of approval was the tribute of a man who never praised without good reason, and even then praised with difficulty. Her heart was dancing in her breast. Her hero had done a magnificent and noble thing, and the good angel who watches over the choicest things of earth had brought him unscathed and triumphant through the valley of the great shadows. Her enthusiasm was no longer to be suppressed.

"Mr. Saunders," she cried, "this man is in your smoking-room. I must beg of you to introduce him to me."

Saunders regarded her with a quiet smile. For the first time he was conscious of her exceptional beauty. He recalled Fritz's poetic description of her charms, which at the time had seemed the sickly hyperbole of an impressionable gallant, but which he now recognized as no more than a fair statement of actual fact. Phoebe Perowne was as beautiful as a flower, or a bird of Paradise, or a star, or any



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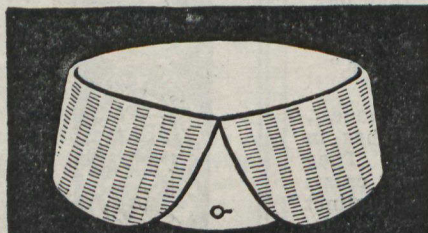


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other animate or inanimate object with which Fritz's ready metaphors had associated her. But he also recollected that Fritz had a very definite objection to his personality being revealed to her. He neither approved nor disapproved of that objection, but he could not in decency act counter to it.

"I fear it is quite impossible," he said decisively. "These gentlemen are here on urgent business. I have kept them waiting too long. I must beg of you to excuse me for a few minutes. I will rejoin you shortly, and we will then start on our expedition to the slums of the Morast."

Saunders found his visitors seated and smoking in his study.

"I apologize for keeping you waiting," he began. "I have been entertaining two English ladies—Mrs. Perowne and her daughter."

Fritz rose hurriedly, as if to seek concealment.

"It's all right," laughed Saunders. "She knows that the Baron of Friedrichsheim is here, but she does not suspect the presence of Herr Lugner."

"We came here to tell you what we have decided to do," said Herr Drechsler in his decisive tones.

"And what is that?" asked Saunders.

"Annihilate the Mayor, apparently," drawled General Meyer. "Fritz is feeling vindictive, and our amiable Premier is also out for blood."

Saunders nodded thoughtfully.

"Neumann had certainly been guilty of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds," he said. "At the same time, I doubt if he is constitutionally capable of doing anything else. The poor wretch found himself between the upper and the nether millstone, and his puny spirit was ground to powder."

"I don't think you'd be so sympathetic if you'd spent five eternal minutes looking down Cyril's revolver barrel," said Fritz. "The pig of a brewer took our money and he took the Arch-duke's. He played us both false and paid both cheques into his banking account."

"Why not leave his retribution to Cyril?" asked Saunders. "After all, he was the one who came out worst from the episode, and his temper isn't likely to be over-sweet just now."

"Especially as the secret of his election to the Regency is now common property in Weidenbruck," said Meyer, "thanks to a few pencil lines I sent to the editor of the Abendpost this afternoon."

"That will annoy the Rathsherren," said Drechsler with evident satisfaction. "The Freiherr of Kraag will be furious; but I doubt if it will upset the Arch-duke. I am inclined to think he wants the pace forced as much as we do."

"A NYWAY," demanded Saunders, "what are you going to do to Neumann?"

"Smash his brewery," said Fritz. "I'm sworn off wine, as you know, and for reasons of my own I've conceived a violent dislike to beer."

"We propose rousing the submerged tenth," said Meyer la illy. "I am a Jew, and therefore my rousing efforts take place in the Ghetto. I dislike the proceeding intensely. Violence is abhorrent to my nature, and I have a wholesome terror of the submerged tenth, especially when they are of the same historic race as myself. But these gentlemen consider I am especially fitted for rousing the Ghetto, and to the Ghetto I go."

"And I am going to the eastern suburbs," said Fritz. "There are plenty of gentlemen there who won't say 'no' to the idea of sacking a brewery."

"And where does Herr Drechsler go?" asked Saunders.

"I go to the Ministry of Public Order," said the Prime Minister, "and see that the police are kept out of the way."

"Admirable!" said Saunders, with a laugh. "But what a vast amount of preparation for the discomfiture of a craven little brewer!"

"It is the beginning of the end," said Drechsler sternly. "To-night it is Herr Neumann, the traitor to the people's cause. To-morrow it is the Freiherr of Kraag and the Rathsher-

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ren. The day after to-morrow it will be the Butcher of Wolfsnaden."

"We contemplate the entire elimination of the unfit," said Meyer in his blandest tones.

"We inaugurate a revolution," said Drechsler. "The people cry out for liberty and good government. There is no liberty while the Rathsherren retain their powers; no good government while Cyril of Wolfsnaden is Regent-elect of Grimland."

"I am a Radical and the son of a Radical," said Saunders thoughtfully, "but I don't much believe in mob-rule, either in theory or practice. Also being the offspring of a successful business man, I have a sneaking respect for hereditary prerogatives. Nevertheless, whether our motives are vengeance, as in Fritz's case, or social progress, as in Drechsler's, I suspect the only chance of young Karl coming to the throne—which, frankly, is all I care about—is to let you wild men work your wicked way."

"And what do you propose to do?" asked Drechsler bluntly.

"I propose to escort two charming ladies round the slums of the Morast. It is possible, nay probable, that I may see my way to combining a little business with my pleasure."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### The "Three Cats."

SAUNDERS waited for Fritz and his party to leave, and then descended to the street with his wife and the Perownes. His motor-sleigh was waiting for them outside the north entrance of the Palace, and Saunders, entrusting the driving to the chauffeur, took his seat with the three ladies in the body of the sleigh. The streets were even fuller of people than before, and the atmosphere of excitement which the Perownes noticed on arriving had increased, if anything, during the last half-hour.

A troop of Dragoons, heavily cloaked and with drawn swords "at the carry" trotted past them in the Konigstrasse. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders exchanged glances.

"Nolda taking his men to guard the Neptunburg," said the former. "An unnecessary precaution, but Meyer never leaves anything to chance."

Some of the crowd cheered the soldiers, and some jeered at them. Cheers and jeers were alike meaningless, but the atmosphere was charged with electricity, and noise of some kind was necessary to relieve the surcharged feelings of the populace.

Presently, gathering speed, they overtook a rapidly driven sleigh, wherein sat an elderly man, whose imperious features were set in the grimest lines, and whose face was almost as white as his bleached hair and imperial.

"The Freiherr of Kraag," said Saunders. "His temper appears ruffled, but his control is admirable. He knows me well enough, but his blood is too blue to take cognizance of a tradesman's son."

"Where is he going?" asked Mrs. Perowne.

"I should say to his club," Saunders replied, "an exclusive affair in the Topaz-strasse, where the Rathsherren foregather and dream dreams of bygone grandeur. He will want to find out who has given their secret decision away, and judging from his expression he will make himself thoroughly objectionable to his colleagues."

The Freiherr's progress was accompanied by hootings and cries of hostility, unmixed with any greetings of a favourable character.

The Rathsherren's choice of Regent was bitterly resented by all classes, and the sight of the President inflamed their wrath to an alarming pitch. The cries in fact became so powerful in volume and so threatening in character that Saunders rose from his seat and gazed back. A wedge of people had blocked the Freiherr's progress, and his handsome conveyance was surrounded by a swarm of dangerously angry citizens.

"Stop, Adolf," cried Saunders suddenly. The sleigh stopped and Saunders got out.

"Get inside," he said brusquely to the chauffeur, and as the man obeyed, he himself mounted the driver's seat. Turning the car he drove straight back

towards the Freiherr's blocked conveyance. The Freiherr himself was seated bolt upright in his sleigh, looking neither to right nor left. His pale face expressed anger and contempt, but not a shade of fear. His ears were assailed by a flood of insults, but his lips were compressed in a frozen silence that scorned retort. Fists and sticks were brandished before his face, but the expressionless eyes never blinked or faltered in their glassy fixity. By his side sat a gigantic wolf-hound, a splendid animal for whom the Freiherr had a very genuine affection. The beast, comprehending dimly that danger threatened his beloved master, occasionally bared his teeth in a low growl, but the Freiherr's hand restrained him from overt action.

Saunders sounded his horn vigorously, and drove at his top speed into the press of humanity. By a miracle he hurt nobody and found himself alongside of the Freiherr conveyance.

The crowd held back. Someone raised a cry of "Saunders," and there was a brief-lived burst of cheering.

The President scarcely noticed the opportune arrival, but took off his hat to the ladies with a gesture of constrained politeness.

"Where do you wish to go to, sir?" asked Saunders.

"I am intending to visit my club," replied the Freiherr stiffly.

"Is it absolutely necessary for you to make this visit?" Saunders demanded.

"If it were not important I should scarcely have turned out on such a night," was the ungracious retort.

"So I supposed. Unfortunately one man's will is not much use against a hundred."

"A gentleman's will, sir, is more important than the squealing and grunting of a herd of swine."

"More important perhaps, but under the circumstances quite ineffectual. Do you wish for my assistance?"

The Freiherr's frown deepened in perplexity.

"I do not much care about accepting assistance," he said, "though I recognize that your offer is well meant. Are there no police about?"

"So far as I can observe," said Saunders dryly, "there are not."

"Then as these people appear to be friends of yours, you might suggest to them that their proximity is exceedingly offensive to me."

"If I put it as tactfully as that," said Saunders, "the Rathsherren would have to elect a new President at their next meeting."

"I am not afraid."

"SO I perceive. But you are, nevertheless, in danger." Saunders bent down and lowered his voice to a whisper. "At the moment the Freiherr of Kraag is one of the three most unpopular men in Weidenbruck," he said. "It is possible for him in a few seconds to become one of the most beloved."

"How?"

"By rising in his sleigh, and saying these words: 'We have provisionally elected Cyril of Wolfsnaden to the Regency. We see that our choice is unpopular, and we shall not confirm it.'"

For the first time the Freiherr smiled, and the smile transformed his face from a mask of impassivity to a mould of bitterness.

"I understand you are connected with the millinery business, Herr Saunders," he said. "If my ancestors had been tradesmen instead of soldiers the town from which I derive my title would have been a Turkish outpost, and Grimland would now be a province of the Ottoman Empire."

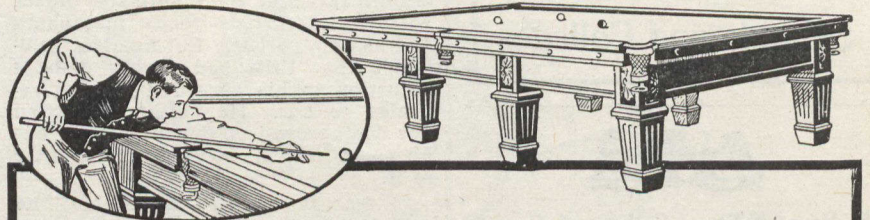
Any other man but Saunders would have flushed at these words. The Englishman laughed lightly.

"In my country," he said, "the millinery spirit and the military spirit are not mutually incompatible. I gather that you refuse to adopt my suggestion."

(To be continued.)

#### Why He Refused.

A YOUNG theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree, "For," said he "tis enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle, D. D." —Philadelphia Public Ledger.



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**ANNOUNCEMENTS OF AWARDS IN  
COMPETITION NO. 2.**

Following are the awards in the Junior Competition, No. 2, which closed Oct. 15th:

**First Prize** (Folding Brownie Camera).—Won by Velma Welch (aged 17), 842 7th Avenue W., Vancouver, B. C.

**Second Prize** (Year's subscription to Canadian Courier).—Won by Clarence C. Landry (aged 16), Collingwood, Ont.

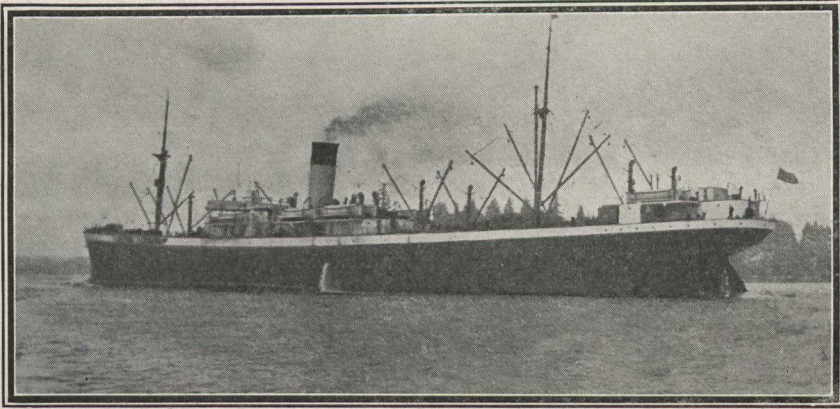
**Third Prize** (De Luxe Edition of "Canada").—Won by Violet Sullivan (aged 16), Chapleau, Quebec.

**Fourth Prize** (Cloth Edition "Canada").—Won by May Reeves (aged 14), Aurora, Ont.

**Fifth Prize** (Cloth Edition of "Can-

ada").—Won by Douglas Macbeth (aged 10), 288½ Elgin St., Ottawa, Ont.

chance to make good in a new and prosperous country. Let us look again at the "funnel" and find out what is poured into it. The vast grain-growing areas of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the cattle-raising lands of Alberta, the immense timber, agricultural and mineral wealth of British Columbia fill it to overflowing with wheat, flour, meat, lumber, fruit and coal. These are emptied at the Vancouver wharf and from thence are shipped to their various destinations. England requires a great deal of lumber on account of her large population, the Oriental and Australasian countries can make use of, and obtain some of practically all our exports, while much of our coal is shipped to San Francisco. Canned salmon is shipped from Vancouver to nearly all parts of the world. In return mammoth liners are plow-



A typical freighter entering the harbour at Vancouver.

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**SHIPPING AT VANCOUVER.**

By Velma Welch (aged 17).

ONE does not have to go back very far in the history of British Columbia to recollect the time when the red man reigned supreme over the fair western province. Now it is all changed and the white settlers have taken the place of the Indians, the steamboats and sailing vessels are plying our harbours instead of the war canoes of the savages, the whistles of the trains and steamboats are heard instead of the howl of the wild animals, and the saws of the great lumber mills sing forth a merry, busy noise instead of the sullen silence of years ago.

Vancouver is rightly termed "The Liverpool of the Pacific." Our vast Dominion, but more particularly the western provinces from Manitoba to British Columbia, might well be compared to a large funnel into which the products of the different provinces are pouring and finally finding an emptying place on the docks at Vancouver. At the same time, like a magnet, the harbour city has attracted the attention of the trans-Pacific and trans-Atlantic trade.

One has to see to really comprehend the appearance of the busy wharves of the western terminus. Boats are continually lying peacefully anchored that have weathered the storms of the waters surrounding practically all the known countries of the world. The Canadian Pacific Railway "Empresses," the Australian Liners, or the large lumber boats, have become so common along the waterfront that they seem almost as unnoticed as the once stared-at members of the different races. Here, Hindoos, Chinese, Japs, Poles, Italians, Chilians and men of almost every nationality and walk in life may be seen on the dock or coming off the boats, but in almost every case earnestly looking for a

ing their way to the western terminus bringing us the rich silks, spices and tea from the Orient, frozen mutton and rabbits from Australia, while boats from South America and the West Indies bring us rubber, sugar and molasses.

Vancouver's trade will not deteriorate when the Panama Canal is opened up, for now that Canada is awaking from her long sleep and rousing herself to the commercial advantages of the world, the fair western city with its prominent locality and splendid harbour will continue to claim the monopoly of the trade.

If Vancouver continues to forge ahead in the future as she has done in the past she will not fail to hold the most prominent position among the cities of the Dominion of Canada and it is my wish that all those who have not seen the prosperous western city and the bountiful Province of British Columbia may have the opportunity of doing so in the near future.

**COMPETITION NO. 3. CHRISTMAS  
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A story of not more than seven hundred words in length, under the following titles:

(a) **The Happiest Christmas I ever Spent.** (For young people of twelve years or over.)

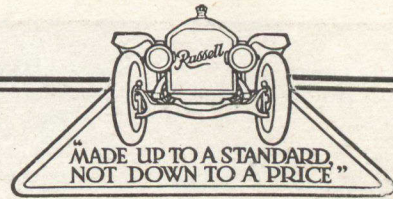
(b) **Where Santa Claus Lives.** (For children under twelve years of age.)

**Awards.**

Three awards will be made in each case, but no announcement as to their character will appear. They will reach the prize-winners in the form of the Surprise Christmas Gift on Christmas Day. The names of the winners will appear in our Christmas issue.

**Rules.**

Stories should be neatly written on one side of the paper only, should bear the full name and address of the sender, should be endorsed by a parent or guardian, and should be addressed: Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto. The Competition closes on Dec. 1st.



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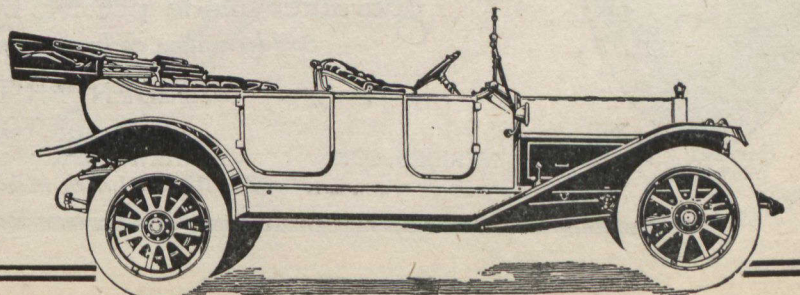
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