

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Duck-Shooting.

Drawn by F. Horsman Varley.

Dedicating a Sikh Temple

BY WALTER W. BAER

Principal Peterson of McGill

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

“This is the
Range
I Use--the
**GURNEY
OXFORD**”



When a range is recommended by one woman to another, it has met the final test.

The staunchest friends of the Gurney-Oxford Range are those women who have experience with it day in and day out. They know how dependable it is; they know that no other range gives such constant and unvarying satisfaction, not simply in management and economy, but in cooking results.

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Every woman who has had experience with the Gurney Economizer cannot help telling her friends the satisfaction of being able to regulate the fire by turning up or down one small lever. She tells about the flues that make and keep the oven always evenly heated, but above all she is enthusiastic about the golden brown biscuits, the light delicious bread and pastry, the roasts and fowl done to the queen's taste, that her Gurney-Oxford turns out.

The Gurney-Oxford owes its popularity to the recommendation of those for whom it works.

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(12)



The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

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American Hotel Victoria Co.

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President.

ANGUS GORDON,
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Absolutely free from rubber, sulphur, and poisonous cement. Can be sterilized after use by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. "The Queen of Dress Shields." Best dry goods and notions stores everywhere sell Naiad. If unable to procure pair in your own town remit 25 cents and we will mail you a pair.

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American Plan, \$2-\$3. European Plan,
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Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

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Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial
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Free 'Bus to all trains.
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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
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Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

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(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and
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American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00
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\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

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Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

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American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All
rooms with running hot and cold water, also
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A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath, \$1.50 and \$2.
Room with private bath, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service
acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges
are no higher than other first-class hotels.

**The Canadian
Courier**

A National Weekly

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NO. 22

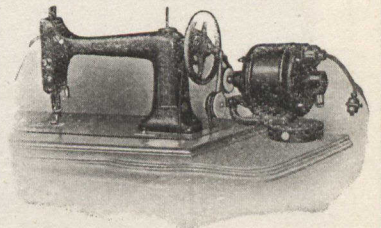
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**Sewing
Machine
Motors**

For Tailoring Shops,
Dressmakers,
The Home.

SAVE TIME
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EASILY MANAGED

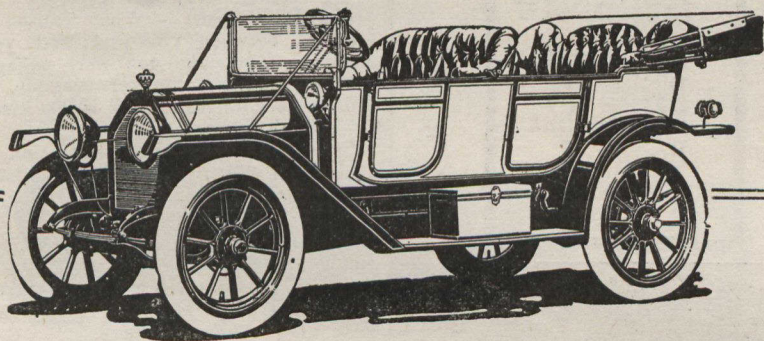


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page Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and
Sporting Goods.
T. W. BOYD & SON, 27 Notre Dame St. West,
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EIGHT New Refinements in the 1913 Russell "30" make it the ideal--the perfect--
type of valve engine car.

No other car has all these refinements, for the simple reason that no other plant in Canada
has the resources or the equipment to build them.

The 1913 Russell "30" alone contains EVERY known improvement and refinement that
makes for the supreme comfort and simplicity of automobiling.

It is the ultimate--the ideal--Canadian car.

If you are interested in it, write to West Toronto for some interesting explanatory literature.

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Russell "30" Model "E" 1913 Touring Model	\$2,500
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All prices f. o. b. Factory.

Briefly, the eight new refinements are

1. Absence of all working parts on the body, allowing unbroken graceful lines to sweep the whole length of the car.
2. New self-starter; electrically operated. Turn the switch, and your car is ready to go.
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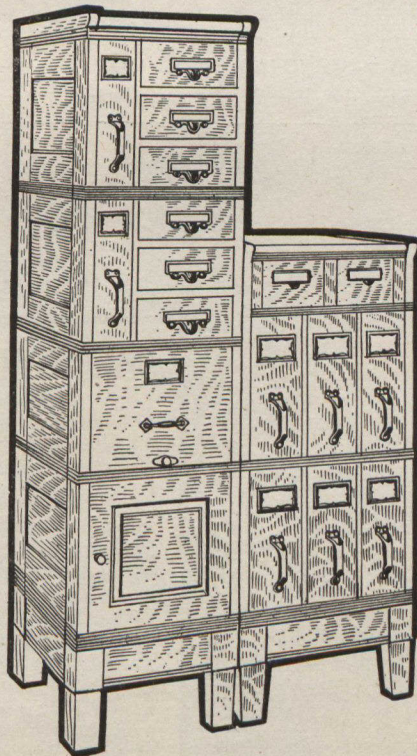
4. 36-in. wheels and 4-in. tires, a combination to absorb all shocks and cause less wear on tires.
5. Demountable rims so that road repairs may be avoided.
6. A spare rim with each car.
7. Motor fresh air pump driven by the car's own power.
8. Electrically lighted speedometer and clock in each car.

Also Makers of the Famous Russell-Knight Car

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The convenience and utility of "Office Specialty" Half Sections have made them exceedingly popular with many office men.

A small stack of Half Sections may be placed beside or close to your desk in which you can keep your private papers and business records to which you make constant reference, thus saving the trouble of going to the "general" file for the papers you require.

Our Half Sections are made to accommodate every size and style of business documents. Ask us to send our folder No. 809, which illustrates and describes our complete line.

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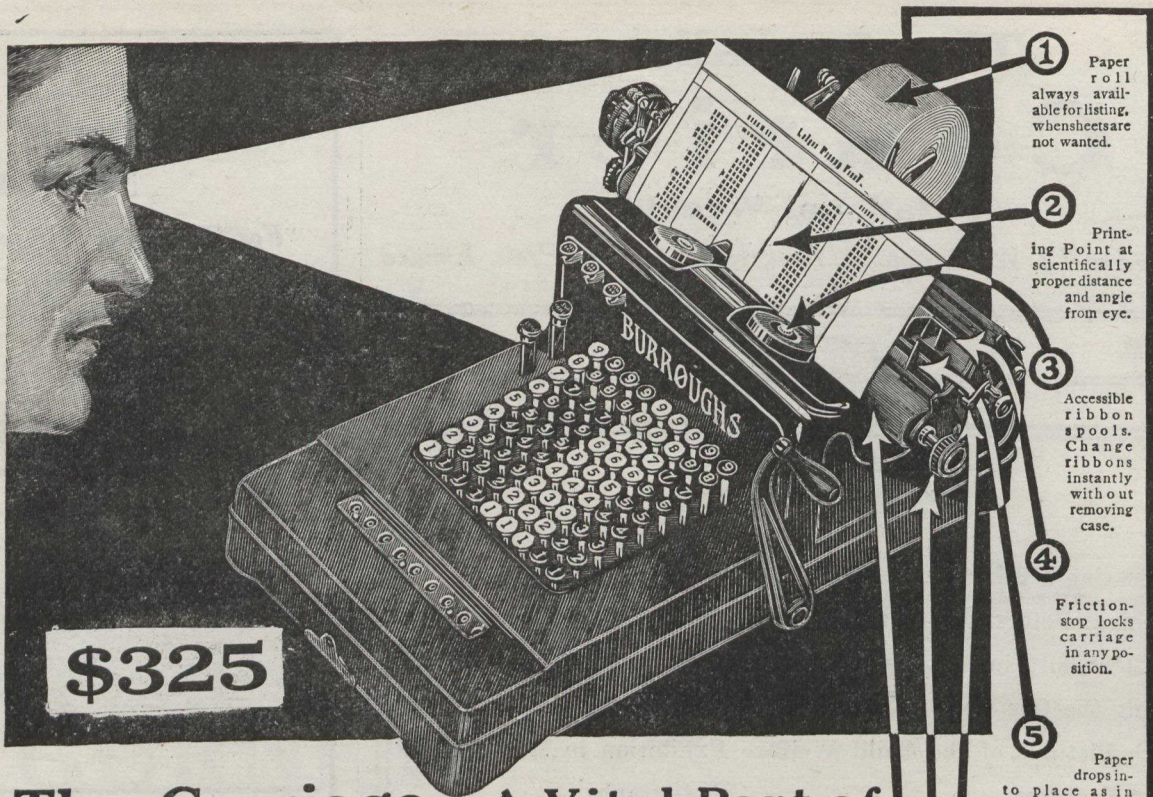
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Branches: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

Representatives: St. John, Quebec, Hamilton and Regina.

Factories: Newmarket, Ontario.





\$325

The Carriage—A Vital Part of the Wonderful Burroughs Visible

Don't be misled by generalities in adding machine advertising or selling. Get specific facts and comparisons on specific points.

Particularly notice the carriage construction, for the carriage makes or mars adding machine convenience and visibility.

The carriage of the Burroughs Visible is so arranged that it gives greater visibility of printing with less effort by operator than any other adding machine in the world.

It brings the printing point at just the proper distance from the eye and at the proper angle.

It is the only adding machine that gives the same convenience of seeing all work at a glance as the most approved visible typewriter.

In the Burroughs Visible carriage every lever and key is arranged for easy and direct manipulation. The carriage is only three inches from the keyboard—no stretching nor shifting necessary.

The paper drops into place in the carriage automatically—like a typewriter. A twirl of the platen knob and you are ready for work!

The carriage leaves the whole sheet exposed to view; no danger of coming to end of paper roll without knowing it. Construction permits interchangeability from 12½" to 20" carriage and vice versa.

Automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of paper without interfering with uniformity of feed. A unique friction-stop locks carriage in any position. The bell counts items listed, warns the operator when end of sheet is neared, and locks the carriage so headings are uniform.

These are exclusively Burroughs points.

Remember that Burroughs Visible machines are built in the Burroughs factory, of the same material, with the same wonderful machine tools, and by the same workmen who have built a reputation for lifetime service into other Burroughs machines.

The Burroughs factory is not a new one, built just to make this one type of machine. It has been running 20 years and even the first adding machines turned out are still in use.

The Burroughs reputation and prestige are being built into every one of these machines and every word of the Burroughs guarantee and of the Burroughs Service pledge goes with it.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.

D. W. Saxe, Sales Mgr., 146 Bay St., Toronto, Ontario.

1 Paper roll always available for listing, when sheets are not wanted.

2 Printing Point at scientifically proper distance and angle from eye.

3 Accessible ribbon spools. Change ribbons instantly without removing case.

4 Friction-stop locks carriage in any position.

5 Paper drops into place as in typewriter. Two rows of rubber friction rollers hold paper to very last line.

6 Easy, handy arrangement of various shifts and levers for spacing, etc.

7 Carriage on top of machine only three inches from keyboard.

8 Carriage automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of paper, or any number of carbons. Carriage removable in one minute—3, 12½ or 20-inch width as desired.

Not merely Points of Merit—but Points of Superiority

In Lighter Vein

Two Shut Up.—Restaurant Patron (caustically)—“I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam.”

Mother—“Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals eat at the Zoo.”—Puck.

Borrowed.—“I see society people at Newport had a baby show.”

“Where did they get the babies?”
“It was a loan exhibition, I believe.”—Washington Herald.

Reason Enough.—“How did you come to bid so extravagantly on so poor a hand?” asked the patient partner.

“Humph!” returned Mrs. Flimgilt. “You didn't suppose I was going to let that woman on my right have the last word, did you?”—Washington Star.

He Knew.—Knicker—“Do you understand mortgages?”

Bocker—“Yes; the first is for the car and the second is for the upkeep.”—New York Sun.

Getting Warm.—“Have they started a new party, pa?”

“Yes, my son.”
“Say, pa, politics will soon be as bad as religion, won't it?”—Judge.

Poetry and Prose.—“A thing of beauty is a joy forever,” remarked the husband as he surveyed her gown.

“You can't jolly me into wearing this dress another season,” responded the wife.—Washington Herald.

Hitting Back.—Richard Harding Davis, at a supper in New York, told a story about a dramatic critic.

“The young man,” Mr. Davis said, “had roasted an actress dreadfully in his dramatic column. He was introduced to her a few days later, and she said: ‘I think it was real mean of you to roast me like that, especially when you know that I have three children and a husband, who is a dramatic critic, to support.’”

Caused a Frost.—“What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged.”

“His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note calling for 10,000 kisses.”

“Well?”
“I thought it was a prescription, and took it to the druggist to be filled.”—Washington Herald.

Ministering to Himself.—“John,” said the minister of a Scotch parish, “I fear you are growing remiss in your religious duties. I have not seen you in the kirk these three Sundays.”

“No,” answered John, “it's no that I'm growin' remiss; I'm just tinkerin' away wi' my soul masel.”—Methodist Recorder.

Suspicious.—Editor—“Have you submitted this poem anywhere else?”

Jokesmith—“No, sir.”
Editor—“Then where did you get that black eye?”—Satire.

Doubtful Voter.—Tom McNeal tells of a candidate for sheriff who was going around among the voters soliciting their votes. He had a little book with him in which he entered the names of the voters he interviewed and their politics. He came to one blunt, heavy-jawed and big-fisted man who evidently did not like him.

“Well, Mr. Jones,” said the candidate, “I suppose that I can count on your support at the election?”

“Naw, you can't count on my support,” said Jones. “I'd rather take poison than vote for a son-of-a-gun like you.”

“From the way you talk,” said the candidate, as he pulled out his book, “I reckon mebbe I had better put you down as somewhat doubtful.”—Kansas City Star.

Discovered.—“There's nothing like the roast beef of old England,” declared the man with the monocle.

“I can go bail for that, old chappie,” responded the Kansas City man. “We ship a good bit of it out of Kansas City.”—Washington Herald.



Have a Case Sent Home

It provides for an ever ready beverage for meals, lunches, etc., or for mere refreshment.

COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

is the best for the home on account of its purity and extra healthfulness.

Family trade supplied by any dealer.

IMPREGNABLE STRENGTH

“Wincarnis” fortifies the body with a wealth of strength and stamina that protects you against the attacks of illness and disease.

Those tens of thousands of people who make a practice of taking a wineglassful of Wincarnis daily, know full well how stimulating, nourishing and sustaining it is, and what a grand restorative when the constitution is below par.

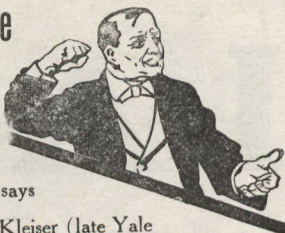
Let “Wincarnis” strengthen you—provide you with a fund of renewed health—tone up your body and brain—give you new vigour and vitality—and fortify your system with an impregnable and lasting strength and stamina.

Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, etc.

TRADE NOTE “Wincarnis” can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.

WINGARNIS

"Give Me
15
Minutes
a Day!" says



Greenville Kleiser (late Yale Instructor) "and I'll teach you

HOW TO

Make Speeches
Propose Toasts
Address Board Meetings
Sell More Goods
Strengthen Memory

Develop Strong Personality
Converse Winingly
Acquire Poise and Distinction

Thousands of business and professional men have become convincing speakers in public and in business by following this Mail Course in their spare time at home or in their office. It has increased their power and influence—put them on the straight road to BIG SUCCESS.

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"If I were never to use an iota of this teaching and knowledge for the purpose of public speaking, still it is worth more than it costs, and is immensely valuable for the correction of an imperfect education—for the assistance it gives me in writing letters, in stating difficult business propositions, in the use of correct language. In addition, it broadens one's knowledge of literature, full import of statement, etc. I am wonderfully pleased."—W. T. WILSON (W. T. Wilson Grain Co.), Nacogdoches, Texas

Without committing yourself in any way, send a post card request at once for full particulars and proof of the value of the Kleiser Course in Public Speaking.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
Dep't. 571, NEW YORK.

Editor's Talk

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS has contributed a number of animal stories to the "Canadian Courier" during the past three years. Judging from the evidence we have no feature of the paper that has been more popular. Next week Professor Roberts will contribute a thrilling timber-wolf tale entitled "The Invaders." It describes two dramatic and aboriginal conflicts among the dwellers in the wild. The one battle was between a bear and eight wolves, and in the other a bull moose and two woodsmen combine to rout the same pack. The story is essentially Canadian and well worthy the space as a leading feature in a Canadian journal.

Next week will be the monthly Country Life supplement, with some interesting features. Mr. Cook, the editor of the supplement, promises a varied and instructive menu. This monthly feature of the "Courier" is growing in popularity and hence in interest. It will not come to its highest stage of efficiency until we secure the co-operation of a large number of our readers who are interested in the home and garden. We solicit the assistance of our friends in each one of the nine provinces in securing photographs and contributions which will make the supplement a live and instructive news feature.

An Ottawa reader writes somewhat originally as follows: "I read the 'Courier' with much interest. It doesn't hurt my nerves. You have a certain way of saying things which must please. Keep yourself independent of all political plots and you will always rise. I send you my best wishes." We thank him for these words and intend to accept and follow the advice.

If the doctor says
"you need a
tonic," you will
find strength and
vigor in

O'Keefe's

Special
Extra
Mild 18 **ALE**



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.

A Boy and His Books

Autumn brings together the boy and his books—a good combination, provided the boy is properly nourished with foods that build brain and muscle in well-balanced proportion.

The food for growing boys and girls to study on, to play on, is

SHREDDED WHEAT

It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. One or two biscuits with sliced peaches, served with milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing, wholesome meal.

Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, a nourishing meal can be prepared with Shredded Wheat in a "jiffy" for children that are in a hurry to get off to school. Try it to-morrow.

MADE IN CANADA

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 40 Wellington Street East

02

The patron saint of business men

Big Ben



ARNOLD Bennett says: "The attitude of the American business man towards his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. He loves his business."

Most American business men know Big Ben. He routs 'em out o' mornings and starts 'em off with a merry and irresistible "Good luck to ye."

Big Ben loves *his* business.

He runs on time—he rings on time—he stays on time. He's clean-cut, cheerful, right on the job—typical of American determination and grit.—The reason he gets so much business is that he *minds* his own so well.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall. He rings just when you want and either way you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, jolly, pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges paid.

COLUMBIA



Double Disc Records

Music on both sides and a different selection on each side
Prices from 85c to \$7.50 each

In no other period in the history of sound-recording and reproduction have advances in the art been so revolutionary, far reaching and conducive to the highest artistic enjoyment of the millions of music-loving people in America as during the past few years.

With increased knowledge of tonal-values, acoustics and the many other vital considerations involved in the delicate science of tone-engraving has come a keener appreciation of what the acme of artistic and technical excellence in a record should mean and a positive determination that no Columbia record shall be issued failing to conform to a standard which eliminates everything but the most desirable. Every Columbia record represents a sympathetic and intelligent study of each and every condition tending to a proper interpretation of the composition or subject recorded.

We guarantee to every purchaser of Columbia Double-Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of Disc Records of any other make regardless of cost. We further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to those of any other Disc Records on the market and that their life is longer than that of any other Disc Record, under any name, at any price.

The complete catalogue of Columbia Double-Disc Records may be had free by asking any Columbia dealer. Have him place your name on his mailing list to receive the supplemental lists of new records issued each month.

When buying
Insist on this



Records
Trade-Mark

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l.

McKinnon Building

Toronto, Ont.

Territory Open to Dealers.

Men of To-Day



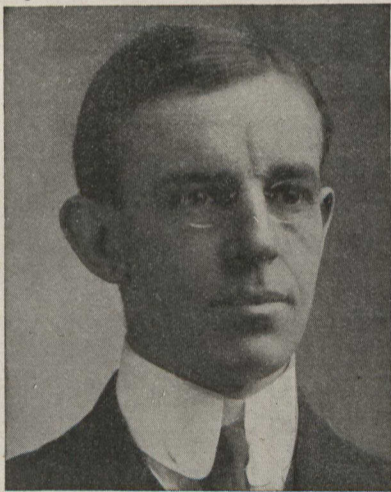
PROF. R. K. GORDON,
Who has Joined the Staff of the University of New Brunswick.

town, Maine, but he was in the nurse's arms when he reached Ottawa, and for all practical purposes he is a real Canadian. Like several other Canadian chieftains he began business life as a telegraph operator, and the careers of Van Horne, Cox, Wood, and Hosmer indicate that telegraph operating develops ability. It was so with Soper. At twenty-eight years of age he went into business for himself and secured from the C. P. R. an order for telegraph instruments to cover the system from the Atlantic to the Pacific. From this time forward the firm of Ahearn and Soper was a leader in the selling of electrical apparatus. To-day Mr. Soper is president of the firm, vice-president of the Ottawa Electric Railway Company, president of the Dunlop Tire Company, director of the Canadian Westinghouse Company, the Imperial Life Assurance Company, the Canadian Locomotive Company, Ottawa Car Company, Ottawa Electric Company, Ottawa Gas Company, and so on.

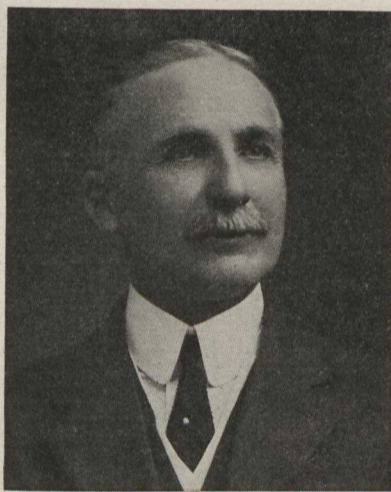
Enough of that. He has another side to his life, in his fondness for art and his ability to write. He knows, as too few rich men know, the value of using intellectual pleasures as a foil for intellectual work. While his wealth has taught him that the successful business man must be systematic and energetic it has never taken possession of all his faculties. He is interested in every phase of domestic and national life—and this is as it should be.

Toronto's Corporation Counsel

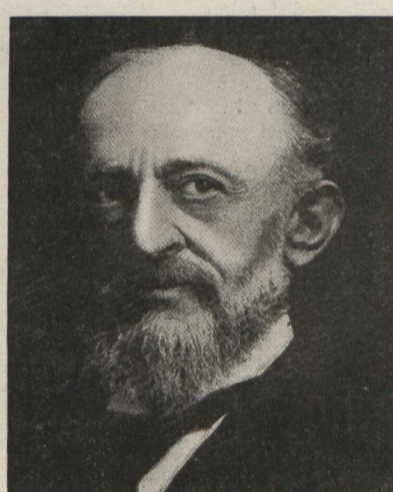
FOR some months Toronto has been discussing the question of a new corporation counsel. It possessed a valuable one in the person of Mr. Harry Drayton, but was robbed by the Dominion Government, which needed a successor to the late Judge Mabee. At first the aldermen decided they wanted a man skilled in studying High Court records and Appeal Reports. They wanted a man who could stand in any court in the British Empire and deliver a learned and technical address. With this in mind they offered the position to one of the famous family of Merediths with a tid-bit of \$15,000 a year attached. He spurned the offer, and when the council sought the explanation they discovered that there were two sides to this question. What they wanted was not a celebrated counsel, but a solicitor counsel, a negotiator, and an administrator. The big counsel could be retained when he was needed, but no big counsel could be bothered with the petty details of an office of this kind. Therefore, Toronto has appointed to this position Mr. George Reginald Geary, who is not a great counsel, but who is a fair solicitor, a good administrator, an excellent negotiator, and a clever politician. He will probably do Toronto's work well.



MR. G. R. GEARY,
Three Times Mayor of Toronto, who becomes its Corporation Counsel.



MR. WARREN Y. SOPER,
An Industrial Leader, with Many Interests Outside of Business.



MR. OSCAR S. STRAUS,
Greatest Figure of the Three Candidates for Governor of New York.

An Industrial Chieftain

SOME men are classed as millionaires and some as leaders or chieftains, but the classification is manifestly unjust. To label a man as a millionaire and refuse him any other title is not always a compliment. After all, money is only the instrument, the result, or the badge. The reason for the millions and the reason for the man are much more important.

Warren Y. Soper may be a millionaire but that does not matter. Mr. Soper is a wonder-worker in the business of electricity and hence is playing an important part in the life of his country. Not his native country, since he was born, less than sixty years ago, in Old-

The only "fly in the ointment" is the fact that Mr. Geary was appointed from the Mayor's chair. This principle is bad. No man serving in a city council and presumably representing the interests of his fellow-citizens has any right to accept a public office in the gift of the body to which he belongs. The rule has been violated twice in Toronto, proving that the civic life of that city is somewhat decrepit. Mr. Geary may have been the best man available for the position, but his acceptance of it while holding the position of Mayor of the city is the one doubtful act of a rather remarkable career.

Mayor Geary was born in Strathroy about forty years ago, educated at Sarnia and Upper Canada College, and graduated in law in 1894. He has taken all rungs of the municipal-political ladder. He first saw public office in 1903, getting elected as school trustee. Only seven years it took him to become Mayor. From 1904 to 1907 he was alderman. In 1908 he was beaten for Mayor. But in 1909 he was elected Controller.

For Governor of New York

NEXT to the presidency of the Republic the position of Governor of New York is one of the most important. When Mr. Roosevelt was President he succeeded in having Mr. Justice Hughes elected as Governor. Hughes was a man who ignored the bosses and attempted to govern the State of New York for the benefit of its citizens. But the bosses always come back. When Governor Hughes retired to the Supreme Court Bench Mr. Dix was elected as his successor by the Democratic party. He did not make good and even the bosses threw him over. The new Democratic candidate is Mr. Sulzer, a New York lawyer.

Opposed to Sulzer is Oscar S. Straus, candidate of the Progressive party, and Mr. Hedges, the Republican candidate. Straus is the greatest figure of the three, though he will probably not be elected. He is a Jew, has a good name and an admirable record. He is a diplomat, merchant, philanthropist and ex-Cabinet Minister. If it is true that the Hebrew race hope some day to dominate the governments of the United States, then Mr. Straus may be counted one of the pioneer leaders. His prominence in United States political and social life is an indication that the question of birth or nationality is small in comparison with ability and integrity.

Mr. Straus' candidacy is based entirely upon the latter qualities.

Civil Servant and Historian

COLONEL PENNINGTON MACPHERSON, who is spoken of as a prospective appointee of the Dominion Government to the Civil Service Commission, is the nephew and biographer of Canada's greatest statesman, the late Sir John A. Macdonald. He is a Master of Arts of Queen's University, Kingston, and graduated with high honours, being first in ancient and modern history and second in both classics and mathematics. He also won the two special prizes offered for the best essay upon the Greek dialects and the best translation of Homer. He then studied law in the office of Sir



COL. PENNINGTON MACPHERSON,
Possible Appointee to the Civil Service Commission.

John A. Macdonald, Kingston, and in the office of Crooks, Kingsmill and Cattanach, Toronto, and after being called to the bar practised his profession in Cobourg and in Ottawa, where he was the head of the firm of Macpherson, Kennedy and Bucke. After a time he entered the Civil Service as assistant census commissioner, and subsequently occupied important positions in the House of Commons and in the Departments of Finance and Public Works.

Colonel Macpherson has always been an enthusiast in military matters and is said to be the only officer in Canada holding first-class certificates in the three branches of artillery, engineering and infantry. He has a high record as a rifle shot and has twice represented Canada on the Wimbledon team, the last time as second in command. When Colonel of the Governor-General's Foot Guards he had the high honour of being complimented by the late General Sir Frederick Middleton as having brought his regiment to a higher state of efficiency than any other corps in Canada. Upon

retirement from the command he was honoured by being appointed A. D. C. to the Governor-General, the late Lord Stanley, and for several years acted as brigade instructor of musketry and divisional D. A. G. at the camps of instruction. He is a Fenian raid veteran and has also been awarded the long service decoration.

Mr. Macpherson has nearly ready for the printer a "History of Canada," on which he has spent much labour and research.

A Professor of English

THE little University of New Brunswick is set on a high hill above the city of Fredericton, and its height is but indicative of its intellectual outlook. Under Chancellor Jones it is a strong influence in the life of that Province. One of its newest professors comes from Ontario—a reversal of the ordinary run of things. Professor Robert K. Gordon was educated at Upper Canada College

and the University of Toronto. For two years he was a student at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated with honours in English.

Another Last-Ditcher

ALPHONSE VERVILLE declared at a political meeting in Montreal last week that so far as reciprocity is concerned he is a last-ditcher. He declared that he would continue to support reciprocity even if every other member of the House of Commons opposed it.

Alphonse Verville, M.P., is one of the greatest of the labour leaders of the Dominion. He was born at Cote St. Paul, in 1864, and learned his trade as plumber and steamfitter in Montreal. For eleven years he lived in Chicago and there developed his ideas and abilities as a labour leader. Though nominally a Liberal he refuses to attend a party caucus. Indeed it may safely be said that he regards himself as the nucleus of a Canadian Labour party.

Madame Aubin's Gramophone

How Politics Made Its Purchase Possible

By JAS. F. B. BELFORD

M. JEAN BAPTISTE AUBIN is a worthy citizen of our village. His professional avocations are various. He will kalsomine, or paper your kitchen, repair the garden fence, plaster a little, paint a little, clean up the back yard, or investigate the internal economy of a dyspeptic sink.

In person, M. Aubin is barely over five feet in height, but what he lacks in longitude, he makes up in rotundity. A scanty, blond moustache forms a halo to a perennial smile that lights up the farthest corners of his expressive face.

In summer M. Aubin's visible attire consists of "bottes sauvages," capacious overalls, shirt and straw hat; in winter a short coat is added, and the straw hat gives place to a black felt, which once, adorned with much cord, crowned the head of our village cure.

Finally M. Aubin is married, and like all good Canayens, has a family. Twelve arrows fill his quiver.

Madame Aubin has soul. She has that longing for the unattainable, that divine discontent with the commonplace which is the true root of the aesthetic flower. This is the story of how M. Aubin, as a true husband, supplied one want.

On the 21st of September, 1911, M. Aubin had the supreme delight of saving his country. As you may remember, on that day a crisis occurred in the history of Canada. Men, wildly excited, sped, here and there, in waggons, buggies, and motor-cars. The Blues assaulted with all the pent-up fury of sixteen years. The Reds defended gallantly, aware that not only principles, but perquisites, were in danger. The Nationals, light-armed pricklers, dashed recklessly about, indifferent as to whom they unhorsed, so long as the gallant deed was performed in full sight of the gallery. It was a stirring time.

M. Aubin, alone, preserved his habitual plomb. But let him tell his own story:

"M. Mullins, who mak' de fight for de Reds, she say to me, 'Aubin, you vote for the great and glorious party Liberal n'est ce pas?' You follow de white plume, eh? You know the party Liberal 'ave preserve, ses droits, la belle langue Francais, hour 'oly religion, hand raise de price of hay? Reciprocity, she will mak' de farmer rich, de workingman rich; hand we buy our flour dollar a bag more cheap. Pour sixteen year hunder de rule of le bon Canayen, Laurier, we 'ave prosper. You vote for me, eh, M. Aubin?"

"M. Casey, she drive de team for M. Mullins. She pull hout big bottle whiskey blanc, hand hall drink to de white plume.

"Den Hi say, 'M. Mullins, Madame, my wife, he go crazy for gramophone. Hevery day he go sit in Pierre Gagner's candy-store, hand listen, while the machine, he mak' sing Hold Kentucky 'Ome, et 'As Hanyone 'Ere Seen Kelly? Me, I want to give, Madame de gramophone hon hour wedding-day. I got dix dollar, but Pierre Gagner, she say fifteen. You like music, M. Mullins?"

"M. Mullins, she smile, and give M. Casey de poke wit de helbow. 'M. Aubin,' she say, 'present

my salutations cordiales to Madame Aubin. I love the music, me, hand de gramophone, hit stir my heart. Au revoir, M. Aubin, vote pour me, et de reciprocity, hand de white plume.'

"We shak' de hand, hand when me, I let go M. Casey, I find one nice, new five-dollar bill in my fist. Tres bien, M. Mullins, ver' fine man, hand she love de music.

"I go fer fix de hen-pen, w'en M. Lamarche, de candidate Conservateur, hand M. Johnny Miller, drive in de yard. 'Salve, salve, M. Aubin. Comment ca va? Ver' fine wedder we 'ave, eh?"



"My wife go crazy for gramophone."

"'Bon jour, Messieurs,' Hi say, 'Il fait bon temps, sure.'

"M. Lamarche, she shak' de 'and, et M. Miller, she shak' de 'and.

"'You vote Bleu dis time, sure, eh, M. Aubin? You no see your country give way to de State? Dis reciprocity, hit mak' us de slave. De Yankee, she tak' our school, she tak' our mill. Laurier, she sell de country to Taft. Vote pour me, M. Aubin, hand Canada for de Canayens, hand we get hour flour dollar a bag more cheap.'

"M. Miller, she put 'and hunder seat hand pull

hout big bottle whiskey blanc, hand hall drink 'a bas la reciprocitee.'

"Den I say, 'M. Lamarche, I go to vote, Bleu. Mais, I ham trouble', me, wit' my wife. Madame Aubin, he go crazy for gramophone. Hevery day he go sit in Pierre Gagner's candy-store, hand listen while de machine she mak' sing Suwanee River et Hold Folks Hat 'Ome. Den he come home hand cry for he no has got. Me, I want to give Madame Aubin de gramophone hon hour wedding-day, but Hi honly got fifteen piastres hand Pierre, she want twenty. You like music, M. Lamarche?"

M. Lamarche, she smile, hand give M. Miller de poke wit' he helbow.

"'M. Aubin,' she say, 'Hi felicitate Madame Aubin on her taste. Hi, too, love de music, hand de sweet strain of de gramophone. Votez pour moi, M. Aubin, hand la belle langue Francais, pour hour schools, hand hour 'oly religion. Canada for les Canayens, et a bas Taft et Laurier.'

"We tak' de drink some more, hand we shak' de 'and. Hi find nice, new, five-dollar bill when Hi let go M. Miller's 'and.

"'Au revoir, au revoir, Messieurs,' hand they drive away. Tres bien, M. Lamarche, ver' fine man, hand she love de music.

"Pretty quick, M. Flavien Demers hand M. Hormidas Blais, dey walk in yard where Hi fix hen-pen.

"'Bon jour, bon jour, M. Aubin,' dey say. 'You vote pour le Nationale? For preserve la belle langue Francais, ses droits, et hour 'oly religion? Pour Bourassa, Laverne, et Gilbert, M. Aubin?'

"I listen, but I no see big bottle whiskey blanc. Hi speak of Madame, my wife, hand the gramophone. Mais, non, dey talk the politique Nationale. Me, Hi am disgust. 'Pardon, Messieurs, Hi mus' fix de hen-pen.' Hand Hi say, but hin Anglais, good-bye."

I may add that every fine evening Madame Aubin is at home to a delighted crowd of villagers, who throng the porch, the yard, and the sidewalk, listening to the strains of the gramophone, over which she presides with dignity and grace.

Pierre Gagner tells me he sold it to Aubin for ten dollars. Dirt cheap!

The Cement Duties

IN June last the Dominion Government announced that the duty of fifty-three cents a barrel on imported cement should be cut in two in order to relieve an alleged shortage. It was intended at the time that

this remission of duties should cease on the first of October. Later on it was decided to extend the time to October thirty-first. It is now announced that on November first the full duty will be exacted.

During the past five months a good deal of United States cement has been brought into this country and Canadian prices have been reduced about ten cents a barrel. It is hardly likely that the Canadian price will return to the former level. These prices are made by the cement merger and it is generally expected that it will keep prices down to the present level. Some people forecast even lower prices.

Personalities and Problems

15--Principal Peterson of McGill

Who Thinks that a Great British University Should be a Microcosm of Empire

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE learned Principal of McGill University reduced to a mere definition is William Peterson, M.A., LL.D., C.M.G. These abbreviations are but a more or less colloquial formula for a scholar who got his B.A. from Edinburgh University, the town he was born in; M.A. from Gottingen—classical and English literature; M.A. from Corpus Christi College, Oxford; LL.D. from more universities than he has fingers and thumbs, including Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Toronto; assistant professor of Humanities in Edinburgh University; principal of University College, Dundee, from 1892 to 1895, when he came to McGill; C.M.G. in 1901; a vice-president the Archaeological Society of America and president of the Montreal Society of Archaeological Research; president Playgrounds Association of Montreal 1902; editor of classical works originally spoken or written by Cicero, Quintilian and Tacitus.

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

The very genial and humanistic Principal of McGill does not, like some other distinguished personages, wear a battery of medals to identify him with the past. He is no museum specimen to be read by labels. In fact he is a very much alive as well as learned man. Here and there an irreverent collegian calls him "Pete." But that's only colloquial respect. In this country—including the United States—the college president who doesn't get a nickname may be regarded as a dead one.

Just at present if a stranger in a smoking-car should ask about McGill he would be told,

"Oh, yes, that's the college down in Montreal with the big football team that's giving 'Varsity a run for its money."

Or—"Oh, that's the university owned and operated by Sir William Macdonald, the big tobacco man."

Another—"Yes, McGill is the best practical science university in America and one of the best in the world. Ever hear of their engineering equipment?"

And the informant proceeds to tell what a tremendous outfit McGill has for the teaching of modern practical science; the splendid buildings put up by the money of Sir William Macdonald and the brains of a very live faculty. He probably remembers, too, that when the Titanic was sunk last spring there was a good deal of newspaper talk about Prof. Howard Barnes, the rather distinguished inventor of apparatus for the detection of icebergs; the man who thinks he can solve the problem of earlier and later navigation on the St. Lawrence; who camped out one winter on the ice for the purpose of studying ice—because in McGill the spirit of the age finds expression and there are men in McGill who keep up with the trend of the times in science, industry, politics and religion.

IT'S just possible that a man in the same smoker might be inclined to remember the man who made McGill somewhat famous in the scientific world before Principal Peterson came to it from Dundee. He would hark back to the name of Sir William Dawson, the renowned geologist, who did more to explore the Laurentian system and the rocks of the north and to relate them to the world's evolution than any other man; who was an authority on religion as well as rocks; quoted respectfully by preachers who from the same pulpits criticized the agnosticism of Goldwin Smith and knew little or nothing about the ethnology of Sir Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, the learned contemporary of both in the world of thought.

For old McGill is right under the mountain, whose structure the former Principal of McGill knew in its relation to the past ages of the earth. And at the present time—note the picture on the next page—a transcontinental railway company is boring a tunnel through the mountain not very far from McGill so as to let modern Montreal through to the other side instead of going around. Almost any day you may see round the works conducted by chief engineer Brown some keen-eyed member of faculty from the university studying this modern marvel of engineering. In the day of Sir William Dawson it was more the fashion to study the age of the rocks in the name of religion. In the day of William Peterson it's more to the point to rip a subterranean roadway through the rocks to get trains through for the sake of more room for the people that want to live in Montreal.

Of course this has nothing directly to do with

the personality of Principal Peterson. But a great university is bound to affect, perhaps profoundly—depending on the man—the life and the character of the man at its head. This Scotch president from Dundee is not the same man he was when he came to succeed Sir William Dawson at McGill. Like many another Scotchman in Canada he has learned that the new world outside of the United States has a new way of thinking for the man who keeps up with the times. And although it used to be the fashion for university men to live in the past, it is the necessity now for the acute academic intellect to live very much in the present and the future. Perhaps this is the American way. At any rate many American college presidents have taken hold of public problems. And at the present time one is running for the Presidency of the United States. In Canada, thanks to the publicity achieved by the late Goldwin Smith, the college professor has had a much better incentive to study public problems and to get his name into the newspapers than he ever would have got in England.

AND Principal Peterson is no cloisterite. He probably knows little about the rocks. When he came to McGill in 1895, the choice of Lord Strathcona, the big university was a very demure and almost monastic pile of mediaeval architecture snuggled under the bulge of the mountain at Sherbrooke St. West.

The day I found Principal Peterson at his beloved McGill, the old college was but a sort of architectural nexus in a bewildering city of stone structures extending round a classic campus heavy with fine maples and elms. The change from rocks and religion and pure thought to the city of the tunnel

through the mountain was all prefigured in that array of buildings. Of course everybody in Montreal and millions elsewhere in Canada know that the mere extension of thought never made this miraculous change in McGill. Like most other obvious expansions of modern times the transformation of McGill is a matter of money—millions of it! And most of the money came from one man, of whom more in another issue of this paper; also a Scotchman and as Scotch as William James Peterson; an old white-headed man—whose monument is modern McGill and one of whose best friends is the President. Just a few weeks before I saw Principal Peterson another million and a quarter had been spent by this same patron of learning on the acquisition of more territory for the further expansion of McGill.

IT was the middle of May. Exams were over. Students were gone—home to all parts of Canada. Most of the faculty were packing up for vacation. A few were busy in the engineering building. And Principal Peterson, with some leisure to be sociable, was still in his office at the old pile that used to be all of McGill.

After a mysterious while he came unpompously into the anteroom of his inner office; a broadish, brown-tweed man with no particular style, somewhat of a bespectacled manner, and he sat a bit sleepily sidewise on a chair, quite inclined to have a very brief interview. Just to get him linked up to the outer world I mentioned the peculiar interest of McGill in the Empire.

"Yes," somewhat drawlily, "we are much concerned in the Empire."

He recalled the visits of their Royal Highnesses; of other Governors-General to the University. But he veered away to discuss more academic matters.

"Does the University interpret modern life?" I asked him.

"Decidedly—yes."

"Students or faculty, do you think?"

He smiled foggily.

"Well, the average student has enough to do with his arts course without bewildering him over interpretation. Still there is such a thing as adjustment. Hmm—yes, there has been a great change in McGill since 1895."

This was the year that Principal Peterson came to McGill.

"The students differ. They are younger; more restless; less inclined to the humanities—"

Catch a graduate of Edinburgh University being a mere utilitarian, even though Scotch. The Principal had dragged the poetic past to McGill along with him; probably at that time thinking that Canada had no past except a few battles and treaties and Indian camps.

"Latin I am afraid is being neglected," he said.

He omitted to remark that there are ten foreign languages in Canada to one in Edinburgh; and that Canada has a bilingual problem as old as the hills—without complicating it with Latin at the root. However, he was highly reasonable.

The decadence of linguistics—was his next genial lament.

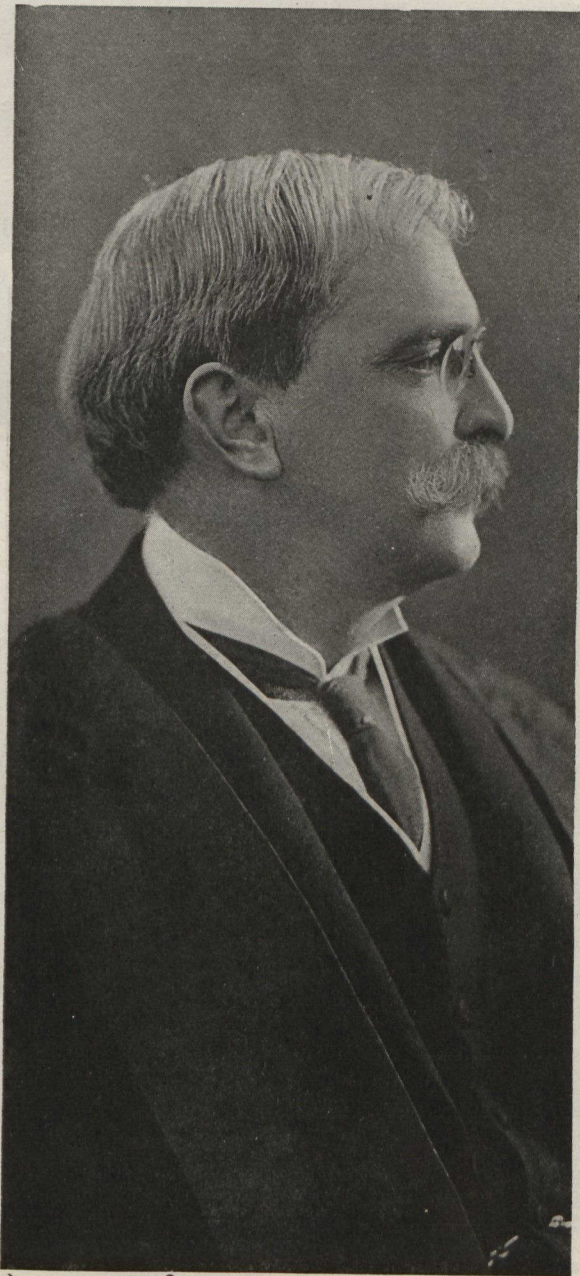
"Language study is basic," he insisted. "Things first, signs second, may be very well in elementary schools. But the languages are the great conservatories. America—I know it—poohpoohs linguistics. Well, we needn't restrict it to Latin—though to be sure without that it's hard to define a student's progress. But in heaven's name let us have men about us able to use their own tongue efficiently and as far as possible elegantly. Too many college graduates are—no, I won't say illiterate—but unlettered. They don't study language enough."

"What—of English poetry?"

"Ah!" He was touched. This is almost a fighting point with the Principal. "I have been trying to foster the study of English poetry in the schools of Canada. It is a treasure-house of culture."

Now without a doubt he could have rhymed off yards of great poetry that most of us have forgotten. Surely he had read and re-read Paradise Lost.

"Oh, we have something yet in academics to learn from the old land," he went on. "For instance, Scotland began to abolish the college freshman, the first-year man, twenty years ago. I see Ontario is trying to do it now. I suppose that in some departments of college work America has set us the



"The very genial and humanistic Principal of McGill."

pace. But not in the humanities. No!"

"And you think Canada needs more hum—?"

"The age is too materialistic. Pshaw! Young men leave college imbued with mergerism, desire for consolidations, sudden wealth—all partial development."

Trouble is—I didn't dare say so—that the modern McGill man gets his degree largely because of the sudden expenditure of great wealth by one man; and I know very well that Principal Peterson enrols Sir William Macdonald among the immortals—and well he may!

Then just to show that he was not as one crying in the wilderness against the materialistic tendencies of this young country, he reverted to one Harold Begbie, who a few years ago from the *London Chronicle* took a scud across Canada, and amid his complimentary writings took occasion to rebuke us because we had no "golden-winged angel of the dawn" chanting the glorious future of this country over the clinkety-clank of box-cars, etc.

"I have memorized most of that splendid article," said he.

(And many there be who have heard it in the extra-mural addresses of the Principal.)

"However," he said, humorishly, "I usually manage to square my Canadianism by advising Begbie to give us time. I tell him it took three hundred years after Shakespeare to produce a Begbie. What?"

THE point was obvious. Besides—is not McGill with us; now and then reaching out like a young giant—almost as eager as the tunnel worrying its noisy track through the hard bowels of the mountain?

"We have much to learn in this country. But we have good colleges and schools. Canadian youth need never lack the right turn to the mind."

He almost turned one degree in his chair. His time was up. But clearly he had not embarked upon the real sea of his absorbing, perennial theme to which he had made allusion when he began to talk.

"The Empire," he repeated, almost raising his voice. "Ah! We think of that at McGill."

I waited. This was no time for fools to rush in.

"Remember," he went on, "that McGill is somewhat a microcosm of empire. In 1895 how was she? Dislocated, incoherent—more than parochial to be sure, but less than consolidated—"

Here he was belauding consolidation.

"We have done our best to unify in our progress. But we have marched ahead so fast along with the country that we have not always found it easy to make a community of interests in the University. Yes, we have made McGill a microcosm of the material world of progress and science—but we have developed men as well."

Canada

By WILLIAM W. GLEASON

A POWERFUL destiny thou wilt attain,
Thy name will echo changing ages long.
Hail Canada! Land with bright promise strong.

Thy fertile fields replete with golden grain,
And mines that untold riches do contain,
Thy cities with an ever growing throng,
And mountains grand, inspire a glorious song
Of gladness that resounds with proud refrain.
For Fate has written thou wilt claim thine own,

Thy name will e'er be held a theme for praise,
Nurtured on Fame's own breast was thy renown,

She shaped thy steps so through the earlier days

Thy growth was not with bloody conquest sown,

Ambition did not blur thy steadfast gaze.
NEW YORK.

The Principal is proud of his faculty.

"And, sir—you are an ardent Imperialist: I see that."

He glanced at me as furtively as a moose through the underbrush.

"I am."

"Militant or commercial—or sentimental?"

"I am a member of all the peace societies in America—"

"And a constant reader of the *Montreal Star*," I added, under my breath.

"But I believe in being prepared for war. I believe Canada should do her share to maintain both the army and the navy. What is the use in trying to bamboozle ourselves into a belief that German warships never could get up the St. Lawrence?"

At this time Premier Borden had not even sailed for England.

"Then you do not endorse Mr. Bourassa?"

"He blinds himself to the real facts. 'No contribution without representation' is a mere slogan. Why don't we pay our debts? For a hundred and fifty years we have had better than representation—"

Here he was on the verge of enough argument to precipitate a civil war. Was he—reactionary?

"We have had defence," he argued. "By the British navy we have been enabled to work out our own destinies in peace."

Our own destinies—consider it. Is that independence?

"We have had confidence. Minister Haldane told

Sir Wilfrid Laurier some things last year which I hope will be handed on to Premier Borden this year—if that is a rule of the game. We shall get representation. Meanwhile we must have the desire to get together in Canada."

Was he anticipating the non-partisan settlement of the navy question?

"Ha-ha!" he laughed in a chuckling way. "I was speaking in a small Ontario town recently—on Imperial questions. Of the two newspapers, one Grit the other Tory, one commended my speech; the other condemned it. Oh, the futility of importing Canadian party politics into Imperial problems! We have been saved the little Englander. Let us pray to be saved from the parochial Canadian!"

He was more emphatic about this than about the study of Latin. He spoke of Taft and Roosevelt; Wilson the college president then being merely an indistinct figure on the horizon.

"Yes, I saw Taft only the other day at Princeton. He is a jolly man. He said to me—'Dr. Peterson, what a fuss you people kicked up over that adjunct phrase!'"

"I said—'Mr. Taft, the phrase was no worse than the real thing might have been.'"

"What do you think of Roosevelt's chances?"

"I don't believe he has the ghost of a show. I hope not. He is a somewhat burlesque and dangerous figure."

"Did you ever meet Grover Cleveland?"

"Oh, yes. I remember him very well. I met him at a Princeton reunion with Goldwin Smith. That was a very amusing episode. Cleveland shook hands with Goldwin Smith and said, 'I have wanted to see you for a long time, sir, out of curiosity.'"

"I saw Goldwin Smith wince. He turned to me and said, 'Tell me—did he say—curiosity?'"

"Afterwards Goldwin Smith wrote something about Cleveland in the *Farmer's Sun*; alluding to him as a genial but quite blunt sort of person—though he hugely admired Cleveland, who, of course, did not understand Goldwin Smith as I did."

There seemed to be no necessary end to the interesting reminiscences of Principal Peterson; who, as may easily be surmised, does not live in a cloister any more than does President Falconer. In all that he said there was no attempt to impress the visitor with superior knowledge; no lofty manners; no notion that his opinions on any known subject should be taken heed to by governments and peoples. He merely talked with a genial, leisurely style; giving the impression of a man whose views were well matured and easy of utterance; a man who really thinks politics and instinctively relates a great university to the affairs of nation and Empire without the necessity of proving it.

And I am sure that by this time he has sized up the McGill football team and has paid a visit to the tunnel.

The Great Montreal Tunnel

BORING the great passenger and freight tunnel through Montreal mountain is now proceeding at the rate of a hundred feet a week from one heading back of the mountain as shown in the accompanying picture. This tremendous work of engineering, under the direction of managing engineer S. P. Brown, has been progressing now for several weeks. The distance from the entrance behind the mountain to the south terminus at Montreal Harbour is three and a half miles. For nearly three miles of the distance the new transurban track of the Canadian Northern will be underground. The passenger terminal will be at Dorchester St., where already another heading has been started working at 90 feet a week towards the mountain. Near the south side of the mountain a shaft has been sunk 240 feet, from which in both directions new headings will be started to meet that from the rear and the other from Dorchester St. When these four headings are under way at once the progress of the great tunnel will be at the rate of more than 300 feet a week. Up to the present about 1,800 feet of the tunnel has been driven from the west portal behind the mountain. During the early weeks of operation much trouble was experienced from clay which necessitated heavy and slow crib-work, as shown in last week's *CANADIAN COURIER*. The probabilities are that from now on the work will be solid rock. With the present rate of progress maintained the entire bore should be finished within the two years schedule time. When the tunnel is completed the freight transit from the terminal at Dorchester St. will be across the low levels by over-head tracks to the Harbour.

This is the most impressive engineering work ever carried on in Canada, except, perhaps, the C. P. R. route through the Rockies. In all America there is no other instance of a mountain having to be bored in order to get room for a city's population.



Heading from the West in the Great Railway Tunnel Through Montreal Mountain.

Such a picture as this was never dreamed of by Sir William Dawson, the great Geologist President of McGill.

Saving the One Baby in Four

The Child Welfare Exhibition in Montreal--- By Margaret Lillis Hart



The Model Nursery at Montreal's Child Welfare Exhibition, Shown by Miss Marjory Hall, of New York.

DR. HASTINGS H. HART, of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York, credited with being the most authoritative source of knowledge in America on the things affecting the modern Child Welfare movement, stated in his address at Montreal that the Exhibition now in progress is better than its predecessors, held in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. It is, he said, logically arranged, illustrated by objects easily understood, and the cogency of the legends on its charts is easily comprehended.

The Exhibition is a revelation of wonderful things being done and proposed in the interests of the little ones and ultimately for the cause of the nation. Thousands of Montreal children are taking part in the daily and nightly drills and demonstrations, and other thousands of adults are watching them, with, in the majority of cases, a new awakening.

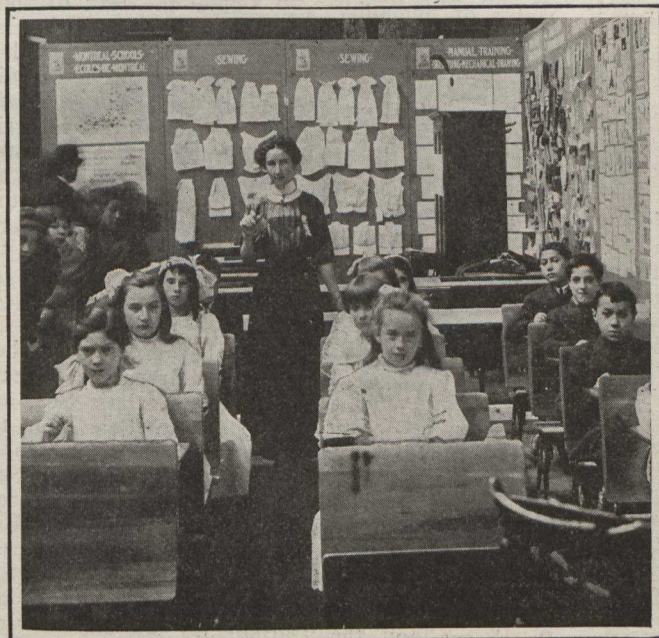
It took over a year of preparation to evolve the Exhibition in its present complete and illuminating stage. The leading men of Canada, and particularly those of the Province of



A General View of the Interior of the Armouries During the Exhibition. In the Centre the Raised Platform for the School Children's Choruses, and the Flat Platform for Their Drills and Exercises. On the Sides the Demonstration Booths.

Quebec, are its sponsors. Everything in connection with the exhibits is perfectly free. All may enter and see everything absolutely without charge. Classes for mothers, where men eminent in the medical profession talk to them in earnest, heart-to-heart talks, take place daily. The teeth of hundreds of children are examined and treated in the presence of all who care to witness. Uniformed nurses in French and in English give object lessons in their special line. Particular attention is given to all that concerns the infant, and the present appalling mortality of the big city is shown most graphically by a continuous procession of doll babies who walk out before the spectators, every fourth one being ruthlessly struck down by the Scythe of Death.

Amongst the special departments of Child Welfare treated were those of Health, Homes, Education, Recreation and Social Life, City Environment, Moral and Religious Training, Philanthropy, Industrial Conditions, and the Law. For the first time the truly great work of the institutions of Montreal has been publicly tabulated and brought before the public. The screens show the attention and training given the deaf and dumb, the orphan and the normal child. Other screens illustrate the miserable homes, slums in the making, the countless little ones who die from malnutrition and ignorant nursing and the remedies to be applied. The governments have not been backward in giving support. The Dominion, Province and city gave \$5,000 each, and the people of Montreal contributed \$10,000. A result already achieved is that the varying racial and religious elements, the Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, and the rest, are working together in the movement as never before, the schools from every section taking part. The meeting of the Conference of Charities and Correction, the greater number of whose delegates were from Toronto, has also done a good deal in opening up new avenues of intercourse between the two provinces and enlightening each upon the movements and needs of the other.

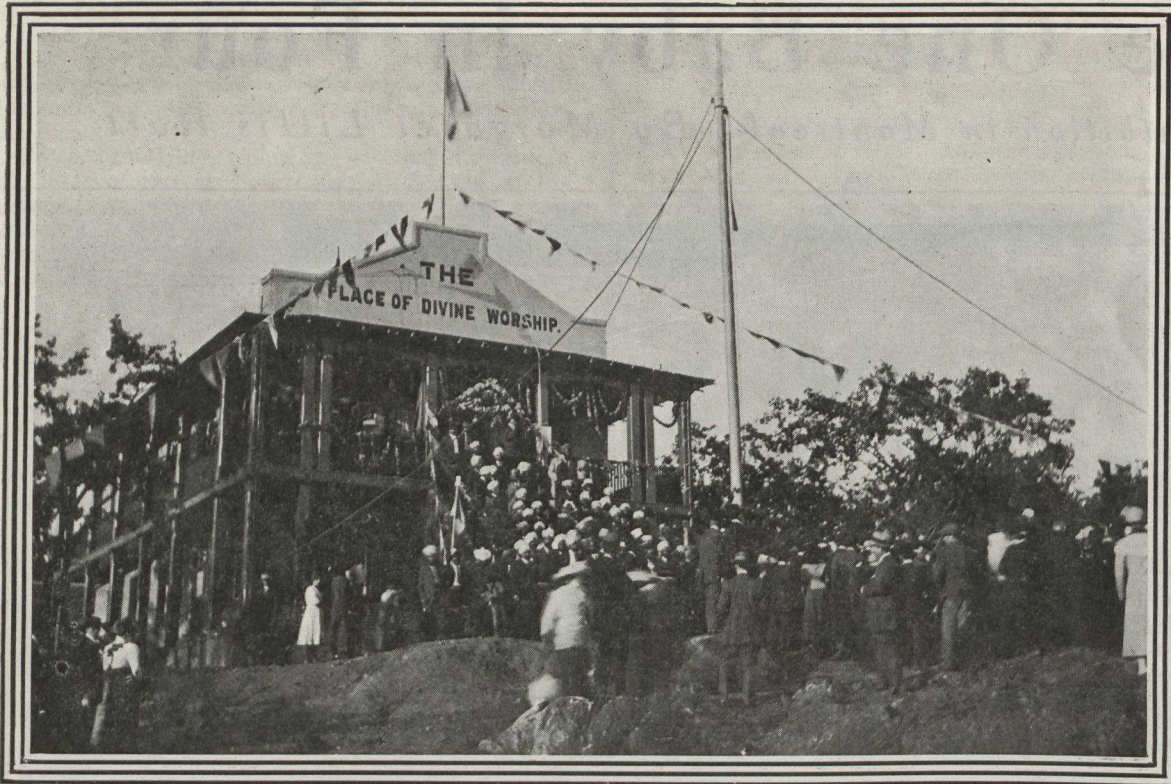


A Demonstration Booth for Domestic Science.

Amongst the special departments of Child Welfare treated were those of Health, Homes, Education, Recreation and Social Life, City Environment, Moral and Religious Training, Philanthropy, Industrial Conditions, and the Law. For the first time the truly great



Demonstration of Dressmaking by School Children. —Photographs by courtesy of La Presse.



This Sikh Temple was Dedicated at Victoria Recently. It is the Second of its Kind in Canada.

Dedicating a Sikh Temple

Fourteen Hundred Hindus Attend Services at Victoria

By WALTER W. BAER

SUNDAY, October 6, witnessed in Victoria an event which was to Anglo-Saxon people an occurrence of much interest. It was the dedication of a Hindu, or more properly speaking, a Sikh, temple for divine worship. By many persons the occasion would have been designated as the dedication of a "heathen" temple for, to many people in the Christian church fellowships of Canada, the consecration of a place of worship other than a distinctively "Christian" place of worship could mean only the consecration of a building to the perpetuation of some form of idolatry entirely at variance with the orthodox method of saving the soul and to be condemned as a work of darkness rather than light. Those who witnessed and took part in the dedicatory services at the Khalsa Diwan (literally "The Place of Divine Worship") on the day named must have been deeply impressed with the conviction that "In any nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." It is about this and the methods by which God manifests His acceptance of various peoples that I shall write.

THE TEMPLE ITSELF.

The Khalsa Diwan of Victoria is an institutional structure built after Hindu architecture, and though in no sense pretentious, is a most creditable sanctuary. The main building is 40 x 50 feet, built of red brick with a commodious basement room for recreation purposes, the whole established upon cement foundations. The "Upper Room" is the sanctuary, the part of the building specifically dedicated as an holy place. No partitions divide either basement or temple, though stout, square pillars of wood support the interior and roof. Around it all runs a verandah some 10 feet in width, supported on square columns with ornamental capitals. In the rear of the building, but detached from it, is another structure, in which are living rooms for the Priest or Minister, and a kitchen furnished throughout for the preparation of food. The sanitary arrangements comply with the civic by-laws. There are no chairs, pews or seats in the Temple or Worship room, as the worshipping Sikh sits on the bare floor, only the Ministers standing. They also sit when not ministering. The Temple cost nearly \$10,000, and is a monument to the religious zeal and faith of a people far from home, in a strange land which has not treated them justly and among a people to whom they are united by but two bonds. The first of these is their attachment to the throne and empire of the British people who delivered India, and the second is their unconquerable conviction that "God hath made of one flesh all the nations of the earth." It is the last rather than the first which makes the Sikh tolerant of the abuse and misrepresentation to which he has been subjected

by the people who send missionaries to show him the way of salvation.

THE SIKH RELIGION.

The Sikh religion is distinguished from Buddhism, Brahmanism, the classical religions of India, by its abolition of caste. This fact alone constitutes it the "heretical" religion of Hindu peoples. It is to the classical religions what Protestantism is to Roman Catholicism and the "tolerance" of the one by the other is exemplified about equally as in European countries.

In the definitions of belief or articles of faith the Sikh religion approximates more nearly to the Unitarian bodies of America than to any other. There is no such thing in their credo as vicarious sacrifice. They assert—as do Unitarians—that salvation must be by character, and they believe in the progress of the human race onward and upward—to higher planes of development—forever. Like Unitarians, the Sikhs do not bind grievous burdens of religious creed upon their members. I think they abjure the dogma of "the forgiveness of sins," maintaining that every sin produces its inevitable consequences from which there is no escape. They believe in the personal relationship of the devout with the Divine Being and they believe in the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God directing and instructing them how to live. Next to this acknowledged impulse to right living they place reason and intelligence in a supreme place respecting matters of personal belief.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Unlike most Oriental peoples, they assemble on given days for worship. In Canada they observe the Christian Sabbath as their day for worship. They "forget not the assembling of themselves together as the manner of some is." Though they recognize a priesthood the priest exercises no authority over belief or conduct. He is a chosen officiating minister for the reading and expounding of the Sacred Books, the administration of sacraments, the conducting of obsequies and performing of those services to his fellows which are functional in their character. He volunteers his services and receives no official stipend or salary.

There are adaptations of Methodist procedure in some of the acts of worship. The Methodist "Love-feast" is nearly approximated in one of the sacraments as the distribution of the parts of huge baked wafers is symbolical of the equality of all who partake the sacrament. They have, also, an order or service much resembling the Methodist "fellowship meeting," in which—as in the case of the Friends or Quakers—those "whom the spirit moves" exhort, testify or pray.

OLDER THAN MISSIONS.

These practices are not traceable to the evangelistic work of Christian missionaries among the Hindus. They date from the "reformation" in India corresponding almost, as to both time and revolt from orthodox religion, to that of Martin Luther in Europe. There can be no doubt that "God hath revealed Himself in divers manners" to the nations of the world.

It is for the perpetuation of their reformed religion that the Sikhs have erected temples in British Columbia. The one dedicated on Sunday was the third in the province, the Sikhs evidently being determined to keep their faith unspotted from the world. They do not intend to hang their harps upon the willows and remorsefully ask, "How can we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?"

THE DEDICATION.

The morning of the festal day brought 800 Hindus from Vancouver and the Lower Mainland to share with their brethren in Victoria the glad event. The whole company, some 1,400 strong, formed in procession, six abreast, and marched the three miles to the hill upon which the new Temple stands. I cannot better describe the scene than by quoting an admirable passage from the *Daily Times* of the next day, which paper said:

"The commanding feature of the procession was the canopied arch, decorated and beflagged for the occasion, containing the Guru Granth Sahib, the Sikh scriptures, covered with a crimson embroidered pall, over which a watcher kept guard with a whisk, and on either side of the car were mounted horsemen bearing the baptismal banners of the faith, yellow with inscription in black lettering. They were Bhag, Hakam, Harnam, Lable and Juvan Singh. Behind the carriage bearing the leaders came the men in files of six, tall, manly looking fellows, providing a sharp contrast with the unhappy immigrants who landed here some few years ago. The halt and the maimed were there too, sad witnesses to the tragedies of life. But on the whole there was the stately carriage and bearing of the men who are the backbone of the native Indian army. A few were in uniform of regiments in which they had seen service in warmer climes."

There were two dedicatory services at the Temple, both prolonged so that the worshippers who kept quietly coming and going could all share in the ceremonies. There were no mystical rites, no strange or weird incantations, but eminently practical addresses first in Hindu and afterward in English. Europeans and Sikhs alike removed their shoes from their feet before entering the Temple. For the Anglo-Saxons convenient checking arrangements were made in the lower room for shoes, sandals being supplied to the White visitors, these being removed before admittance to the Temple proper was vouchsafed. The place being once consecrated was "Holy Ground."

Three Hindu women were present; the sole remnant of the domestic memories of a numerous people who had been denied the right to bring their wives into Canada. There was also an English woman, the wife of a prominent Hindu of Vancouver, who had married the swarthy son of India, who adoringly called himself her husband. It was her second marriage, and, though it is a childless marriage, she declares it to be—save for this—a happy one.

This is but the forerunner of what will come to this Western country in view of the iniquitous interpretation placed upon the immigration laws excluding the "women-folk" of these sturdy sons of Empire. There will be many white women who will marry Hindus and these, denied the ordinary rights of humanity, will follow the lead of those who break the ice. The legislation—or rather the interpretation falsely placed upon it—designed to exclude Orientals, will people the province with half-caste children, and no one will venture to predict that this is better than to maintain the integrity and purity of the Hindu and White races separately and distinct. I speak from long observation of the trend of events and I do not hesitate to predict that Canada is preparing a scourge with which the fates will yet beat her into submission.

Turkey Surrounded by Foes

THE European part of Turkey is surrounded by her enemies and the seas. Greece lies directly at her south. Due west is the Adriatic Sea, and due east are the Black and Aegean Seas. On the northern frontier of Turkey and stretching in an unbroken line from the Adriatic to the Black Seas are Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria. The forces of these four independent powers of Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro occupy practically every inch of Turkey's land frontiers, although it is to be remembered that at the two points of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles she has narrow water access to her Asiatic territories.

Will There be a General Election?

By A POLITICIAN

THE air is full of political rumours and there are those who predict a general election within a year. Whether this will occur or not it is interesting to examine the political situation in the light of current talk.

The Borden Government is in a rather peculiar position with regard to the naval question. The English-speaking Conservatives are anxious to make an emergency contribution to the British navy. Some are in favour of cash and some of ships, but all are in favour of a contribution of some kind. The French-Canadian section of the party are on record in favour of a reference to the country before any such action is taken. Mr. Borden could not very well announce his contribution policy until he had secured the approval of Messrs. Monk, Pelletier and Nantel, the three French-Canadian members of his Cabinet. At least one of these, Mr. Monk, has definitely refused his assent. It is also reported that an attempt has been made to find leaders from the Province of Quebec who would be willing to support the contribution policy, but without any great success.

Here is the impasse. If Mr. Borden cannot carry the judgment of his French-Canadian following he may be under the necessity of asking the Governor-General for a dissolution of the House. He cannot carry on his Government with any degree of success without a full representation of the French-Canadian portion of his party in the Cabinet, nor can he mark time indefinitely on the naval question.

Of course the crisis may be delayed and probably will be delayed until January or February. It is possible, however, that the crisis may arise about December 1st, or shortly after the House meets. Whenever the crucial point arrives it may happen something like this. Mr. Monk will announce his resignation and his intention to vote against any motion which does not include a referendum. Some of the other French-Canadians will declare themselves in the same manner. The debate on the naval question will then go on with these French-Canadian representatives free of all responsibility, such as attaches to members of a party in good standing. There will be resolutions and counter-resolutions and amendments. There will be jockeying for position. In the end the Government will probably carry its contribution resolutions with a small majority.

When this happens Mr. Borden may appeal to the Governor-General for permission to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country for approval of his policy.

LET us suppose that the Governor-General decides that Mr. Borden's reasons for an appeal are sound and convincing and that an appeal is granted. What will be the situation? The Liberals will probably be in the position of favouring some sort of contribution to the British navy coupled with a permanent Canadian naval policy such as was laid down in the Laurier naval act of 1910. But they will have the disadvantage of having voted against a bald resolution in favour of an immediate contribution because it was not coupled with any policy in regard to a permanent Canadian naval policy. They will also be saddled with the responsibility of working in harmony with such of the Nationalists and French-Canadian Conservatives who are in favour of neither a British contribution nor a Canadian navy. It is difficult to see just how the Liberals could reconcile their present platform with that of the anti-naval element in the Province of Quebec to such an extent as to work out a harmonious and united Opposition. These French-Canadian anti-naval men fought the Liberal party in the election of 1910 and are still pledged to oppose Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Moreover, there are a great many Liberal members in the House who would be loath to take the Nationalists and anti-militarists into their arms as comrades. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that a truce might be arranged so that these two forces would work against Mr. Borden in the same way as a truce was made in 1910 so that the Nationalists and the Conservatives worked together in the Province of Quebec against Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

If the situation would be difficult for the Liberals it would be equally difficult for the Conservatives. In an appeal to the country without influential French-Canadian representatives in his Cabinet, Mr. Borden could expect very little support from the Province of Quebec or from those constituencies in the other provinces in which the French-Canadians

form a considerable portion of the voters. He might thus lose about 20 of the 28 seats which he holds in the Province of Quebec and 3 or 4 seats in the Province of Ontario. To off-set these losses he might gain 10 seats in the Maritime Provinces. He could hardly gain in the West which would probably divide on the same basis as it did in 1911. He would probably lose some English-speaking seats in Ontario. He might thus be face to face with a net loss of 14 to 20 seats, which would reduce his majority to, say, 10. It is difficult to see how he could carry on a government with such a small majority. It would have the advantage of being united and having satisfied its conscience in regard to its promise of a reference to the country. It would be a strong united party but it would be numerically weak.

There is an additional rumour that in the event of a general election at an early date the Canadian manufacturers will not be so enthusiastic in their opposition to Sir Wilfrid Laurier as they were a year ago. The manufacturers are not anxious for increased duties, as they recognize that in the present temper of the country any increase in the tariff would be suicidal. But they are in favour of a

stable tariff. The cement manufacturers are angry with the Government's handling of the question of the duty on cement, and they have created quite a feeling on their behalf. Moreover, reciprocity having been safely killed, such manufacturers as are Liberal would not feel called upon to fight against the party to which they are politically allied under ordinary circumstances. The same may be said with regard to the financial interests. If a general election occurs the Liberal bankers and financiers might take the same quiescent attitude as the Liberal manufacturers.

OF course all this is speculation. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that the Liberal party is preparing for an early general election. The various Liberal organizations throughout the country from coast to coast are being placed on the strongest possible footing. New candidates are being sought in every province. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is going about stirring up enthusiasm, smoothing out disagreements, and patching up political difficulties. His enthusiasm is tremendous and he is successfully inoculating his party with the idea that he will soon be back in power.

On the other hand the Conservatives are quiet and almost dumb. Mr. Borden is not able to speak and his followers must needs keep silent. Any activity on the part of the Conservative party in the direction of organization would be but confirmation of Sir Wilfrid's prediction that an appeal to the country is in sight.

The Duke on the Prairie Again



One of the features of the Duke's visit to Moose Jaw was an exhibit by the farmers of the district. This was arranged along one side of the main street. The photo graph shows the Duke leaving after his inspection.



The Duke and Duchess being received by the Mayor of Regina.



Lieut.-Governor Brown arriving at the reception of the Duke at Regina.



ACTORS BAD JUDGES OF PLAYS.

I AM more and more convinced that actors and theatrical people generally do not know a good play when they see it. (No—cynical reader! I have never written a play which was rejected.) Indeed, they do not know a bad play when they see it—which is a more important fact, so far as the admission-paying public is concerned. For while we are all losers when a good play is allowed to die a-borning, and is never seen by the public at all—and there are so few good plays—we are more definitely and annoyingly and knowingly the losers when we pay our good dollars to see a bad play—to say nothing of wasting the evening. I am moved to these reflections by just having seen Mrs. Fiske—probably the greatest emotional actress on this continent of native birth—tied hand and foot by the impossible conditions of a terrifically bad play. Everybody knows that Mrs. Fiske is an artist. Her reputation is too well established for one, or for five, bad plays to disturb it. But when a play is so bad that Mrs. Fiske cannot get her personality over the foot-lights because of its badness, then we run a danger of spraining our adjectives in talking about it.

WHICH leads me back to my first proposition—that theatrical people do not know a bad play when they see it. For it must be presumed that the Fiskes picked out this play. If the Fiskes stand for anything, it is theatrical independence. They are not creatures of the Trust. They do not have to go when told to do so, nor to play what they do not approve. They are artists of a high class; and, when we go to see their selection of a drama, we are not asked to put up with what some money-making, art-scorning Trust manager fondly imagines will please “the tired business man.” We are invited to enjoy the pick of the season’s dramas, chosen by the pick of the Continent’s artists, who are unhampered by soulless and uncultured box-office despots. The play, as well as the playing, should be superlatively good.

IN the case in point, however, it was superlatively bad. The story was a good one. The theme of the play was most promising. You would have thought that no man could spoil such a story and such a theme. And there is exactly, I fancy, where the Fiskes went wrong. They knew that the idea was good; but they have lost by long usage their sense of judging whether the play itself effectively presents the idea. They are precisely like the professional “readers” of a publishing house. Take a man whose business it is to read the manuscripts of novels all day long. Or even to read two or three a week—to read them, however, not for pleasure, but for pay. He must very soon cease to have any pleasure in reading even the best of them. It is his “work.” He reads critically. He dare not “skip.” Thus the consequence must be that he himself never enjoys a novel in manuscript. If he only recommended the novels which he actually enjoyed, he would recommend very few—and, after a time, none.

SO what does he do? He must set up certain standards, and more or less mechanically judge his manuscripts by these standards. He knows, for instance, that such-and-such a novel was very successful. The great mass of the uncultured people liked it. So he tears it to pieces to see why they liked it. He finds that it had certain situations—certain varieties of character—certain dramatic “thrills”—certain tender passages—certain glimpses of humour. He picks up the latest manuscript sent him for examination. Has it similar situations and “thrills” and characters? If it has, he is very apt to say—“This is a novel which the hydra-headed populace will devour.” He himself does not like it—he likes nothing type-written. But it will give the people just about what they smacked their mental lips over in that last “best seller”; and so he recommends it. But it falls flat. The people do not like it. They are caught for the moment by its resemblance to a piece of real work; but they soon find that the spirit is not there. And we all wonder why publishing houses sometimes publish such poor stories.

IF I were running a publishing house, I should not trust to professional “readers.” I would try to get my manuscripts read by common folk who would enjoy a good story should they find one. And I would do the same if I were a theatrical manager. The constant reading of plays must blunt the sense of appreciation precisely as the constant reading of novels does. I referred last year to the case of Francis Wilson—perhaps, the finest humorous actor on the American stage—and the similar case of Richard Carle, another undoubtedly “funny man”; both of whom appeared in plays of their own composition. They were “rotten” plays. They were full of trite and hackneyed situations and stale jokes. Only the “business” of the actors made them at all palatable. These two men evidently did not know a good joke from a bad one. And now we have the artistic Fiskes giving us an inartistic play.

THIS Fiske play might be fixed up. I think I could improve it myself if they would let me leave out a few of the acts and most of the characters and get some of the real “story” on the stage.

The story is magnificent. It is the story of a young girl on a poverty-stricken farm, with a penurious father, who has the soul of an artist. She runs away with a young artist and lives with him in a passionate pilgrimage after beauty for seven years. Then she begins to take an interest in “social problem” questions, reads Karl Marx and espouses the cause of working women. This change of heart is the greatest incident in the first part of the play. Do we see it on the stage? We do not. At the end of the first act, the young girl walks off down the country road with her artist lover. When the curtain goes up on the second act, she has packed her trunk to leave her luxurious home to go to work in a factory. It is like getting the date of the declaration of war, and the date of the signing of peace, as a full account of the war.

AND so it goes all through. You never see the woman struggling with her environment. Consequently you have no sympathy with her. You do not care two straws what happens to her. You do sympathize with her unfortunate husband, who is a good deal of a fool—and about-to-be President of the United States. You ought to sympathize with the United States. Then there is an absolutely impossible “cad” as the villain who would have been killed several times over in real life. Yet the theme is a good one—the life pilgrimage of a woman who uses every means to raise herself from intolerable conditions and comes out unsoiled. Theatrical people should try their plays “on the dog”—in private—before spending a lot of money on their production.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Man Who Began the War on Turkey



King Nicholas of Montenegro has ruled that little Kingdom since 1860. Under his leadership every man is a warrior. The total population is about half a million, and the annual revenue about three-quarters of a million dollars. He is here seen addressing the troops from the Balcony of his Palace.



Nicholas inspecting the Veterans. The King is embracing one of his soldiers, depicting the loving relations that exist between the Army and its Leader.

The Richelieu Election

MR. E. A. D. MORGAN, a Conservative lawyer in the Province of Quebec, insisted that the federal election in Richelieu County should be a subject of inquiry before the courts. He succeeded in having his way against the advice and desires of the politicians, and the Liberal member, Mr. Arthur Gardin, was unseated. The former Conservative candidate, Mr. Vannasse, refused to run in the bye-election because certain of the party had agreed not to contest the previous election. However, Mr. Morgan is running as a Conservative and is opposed by Mr. Cardin, the unseated Liberal member. The election takes place on the 24th. No matter which side wins little significance can be attached to the result.

Inter-Collegiate Games

PROBABLY the best athletic games of the season are those held under inter-collegiate auspices. Being college games they are, of course, late in the season, and the cool weather is presumably adverse to record making. Nevertheless, at this year's games, which were held in Toronto, three new records were made:

POLE VAULT—Made by J. S. Bricker, Toronto. Height, 11 feet 4 inches. Old record held by same athlete, 11 feet.

SIXTEEN-POUND HAMMER—Made by J. J. Phillips, Toronto. Distance, 129 feet. Old record, made by R. W. Frank, Toronto, 119 feet 7 inches, in 1907.

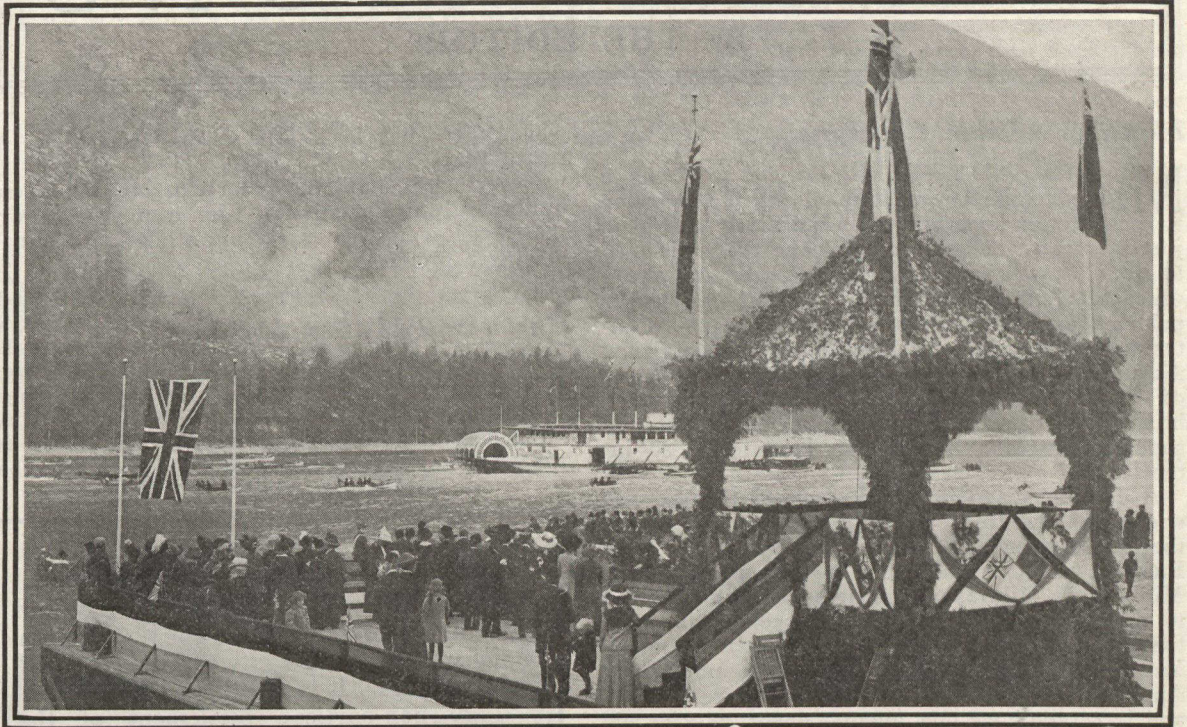
ONE-MILE RUN—Made by E. H. Campbell, Toronto. Time, 4.31 2-5. Old record, made by J. C. Kemp, McGill, in 1906, 4.36.

In the general scoring the University of Toronto had eighty points; McGill University thirty-two; Queen's University five; and the Royal Military College four. The Hundred Yards was won by W. E. Brown, Toronto; the Half Mile by G. M. Brock, Toronto; the High Jump by Twidale, Toronto; the 16-pound shot by McDougall, McGill; the 220-Yards by Brown, Toronto; the Broad Jump by Bricker, Toronto; the Discus by McDougall, McGill; 120-Yard Hurdle by Brown, Toronto; 440-Yards by Brock, Toronto; and the 3-Mile by Campbell, Toronto.

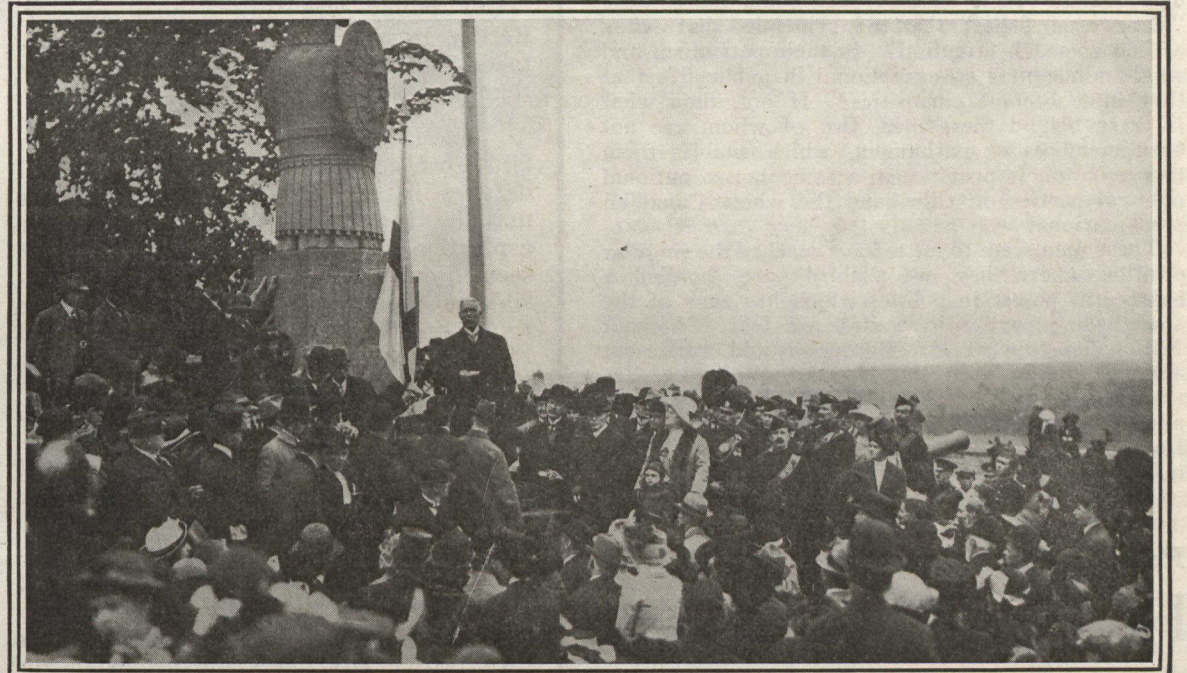
Campbell's running of the mile race was a splendid performance. At the 220-yard mark he started a terrific sprint that brought the crowd to its feet. He finished six feet in front of A. H. Russell, of McGill.

The spectators were treated to an unusual incident in connection with the high jump. Up, little by little, went the bar, till E. A. Twidale, of Toronto, won first place by clearing it at 5 feet 7 inches. G. Cadenhead, of Queen's, took second place. Then in the contest for third place McKenzie, of McGill, jumped 5 feet 8 inches.

Activities of the Leaders



The City of Nelson on Kootenay Lake is almost surrounded by high, rocky shores. Here is seen H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught leaving the City after his recent visit, his steamers escorted by seventy launches of the Kootenay Launch Club.



When General Brock called out the York Volunteers in 1812, there were four Denisons in line. In 1912, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison addressed those gathered at Queenston Heights to honour Brock's memory. The Canadian Militia has never been without a Denison during this hundred years.



E. H. Campbell, University of Toronto, who won the mile race and made a new record, 4 min. 31 2-5 secs., at the Intercollegiate games last week.



On Monday, October 14th, the pupils of the Brockville Schools assembled on Court House Green to decorate the Brock Monument and celebrate the hero's centenary. The Daughters of the Empire presented the wreath which was placed by the four little girls in the foreground.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Monsieur Armand Lavergne.

M. ARMAND LAVERGNE seems to occupy a place in the public mind out of proportion to his importance. It is difficult to explain just why this young man should be the subject of so many newspaper despatches. There are plenty of cabinet ministers, financial magnates and other public figures who might well envy the public interest in every move made by this young politician. As an intimate of Mr. Henri Bourassa, and leader of the Nationalist movement in the Quebec district, he might be of some importance at home. But why should Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto be so interested?

A few days ago it was announced that he was one of the first to greet Mr. Borden as he came up the St. Lawrence to Quebec on his return from England. Next we hear that he has applied to the Minister of Militia to be sent as a military envoy to the war in the Balkans. Now comes the news that he has given up the Balkan trip to stand by Mr. Monk in his "fight for Canadian autonomy." Apparently he suddenly realizes that Bourassa, Monk and Lavergne have now another opportunity to add to their reputations during the approaching session of parliament.

Do these men really stand for something in Canadian life which the regular party politicians have overlooked? Is it because they think less of the "loaves and fishes" than of principle that they attract so much attention? Is their patriotism and single-mindedness so exceptional in public life that they have become curiosities? If not, then what is there behind these men, two of whom are not even members of parliament, which enables them to keep a whole province in a ferment, two national political parties on edge, and the whole Canadian press curious?

These men seem to me to have reached the singular position where they are a third party holding a balance of power in politics which has each of the straight-line parties in a state of fear. Without Nationalist support Mr. Borden would have but a small majority in the House. With the Nationalists on his side, Sir Wilfrid Laurier could almost force another general election. Are Monk, Bourassa and Lavergne aiming at being King-makers?

Railway Rates in the West.

H. ON. ROBERT ROGERS, in an address to the electors of Macdonald, promised flatly that western railway rates would be reduced. He declared that "the government of the day are going to see that the freight rates of this country are reduced." He admitted that the western farmer is suffering, claimed that the Borden administration was the first to make a definite move in the way of bringing the whole subject before the Railway Commission, and practically said, "We shall force the Railway Commission to order a reduction."

Personally, I must admit that this gives me a new idea of the situation. I had thought that the Railway Commission was an institution which was absolute in this matter and that it would order a reduction in rates only if it thought the rates excessive. From this declaration of Mr. Rogers, I gather that the rates will be reduced no matter what the Railway Commission thinks. If the railways justify their rates, and if the Commission thinks that the rates are justifiable, it will make apparently no difference to the Borden Government who are determined that the rates shall come down.

But what will happen if the Railway Commission refuses to order a reduction in rates? Does Hon. Mr. Rogers intend to abolish the Commission and take over their work himself? These and other questions suggest themselves to one's mind.

Whatever the circumstances it will be pleasant news for the west that the railway rates are to be reduced. In 1886, the cost of transporting a hundred pounds of wheat from Calgary to Fort William was 63 cents, and from Winnipeg to Fort William it was 28 cents. Now the rates are 24 cents and 10 cents. A further reduction would be marvellous, but if it can be done by all means let the west have it. Perhaps it was not wheat rates which Mr. Rogers had in mind. It may be he was thinking of the rates on cement and certain other lines of merchandise in

which there has been little or no reduction in recent years.

Nevertheless, until the reductions are announced by the Railway Commission, I am content to believe that Mr. Rogers was expressing a hope rather than making a promise.

Christianity Takes the Sword.

H. AS Christianity any right to take up the sword against the Turk? This is a question which the Greeks, the Serbs, the Bulgars and the Montenegrins have answered in the affirmative. In the words of the President of the Greek Chamber

The Courier's Naval Policy.

J.UST now it seems necessary to nail our colours to the mast. The "Canadian Courier" stands to-day where it has stood for six years. It is in favour of,

1. A non-partisan settlement of the naval policy.

2. A Canadian navy, built as far as possible in Canada, and manned as far as practicable by Canadians.

Our policy was well defined by Mr. Borden in his address at Halifax on October 14th, 1909, and we cannot do better than reproduce his remarks:

"The House of Commons last session laid down a certain policy touching naval defence in which both political parties united. It may not have satisfied the aspirations of all Conservatives, but it seemed our bounden duty to place, if possible, above the limits of partisan strife a question so vital and far-reaching, and to attain the standard which has for many years governed both political parties in Great Britain with respect to foreign nations.

"How the present Administration will work out the policy which was outlined by a resolution to which I have alluded, remains to be seen. One governing principle at least should control, namely, that out of our own materials, by our own labour and by the instructed skill of our own people any necessary provision for our naval defences should be made so far as may be reasonably possible. In this connection may we not hope that there shall be given a stimulus and encouragement to the shipbuilding industry of Canada which has long been lacking.

"To-day should be Nova Scotia's opportunity in that regard. Providence has endowed this Province with the material, with the men, and with the maritime situation which are essential not only for developing a scheme of naval defence and protection, but also for the resuscitation of that shipbuilding industry which once made Nova Scotia famous throughout the world."

of Deputies, "the cannon are roaring in the name of civilization and Christianity is at war against barbarism." In the phrases of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, "the tears of the Balkan slave and the groaning of millions of Christians could not but stir our hearts and the hearts of our co-religionists"; "our work is a just, a great and sacred one"; "this is a war for human rights."

But has Christianity any right to go to war? Are we not taught by all Christian teachers that war is unholy and wicked, and utterly opposed to Christian principles even as Isaiah prophesied would be the case? Yet here are four Christian nations going to war to protect other Christians.

If this is a just and righteous war, how is it that

Germany and France and Britain, the three great Christian nations, have allowed, according to King Ferdinand, the Macedonian Christians to be persecuted, persecuted and massacred for twenty-five years? If this is a just and necessary war then the Christian nations, the big Christian nations, stand convicted as un-Christian. Turkey has maintained her present peculiar position among the nations because supported by the big powers of Europe. If King Ferdinand is right, then the Christianity of Europe is a farce. Perhaps the powers were too busy planting colonies, building battleships, encouraging commerce and providing for farcical old-age insurance, to be able to give a thought to the suffering Christians under the aegis of the Sultan. We send foreign missionaries to make Christians out of Mohammedans, Buddhists and other happy if ignorant people, and then allow them to be plundered and slaughtered.

This world is certainly one sad old mystery.

Warring Against Things as They Are.

I.F the Anglo-Saxon world is able to celebrate a hundred years of peace it is still afflicted with warring elements. Down in Lawrence, Mass., they are trying two men for disturbing the peace during the Textile Strike of 1911. These men, Ettor and Giovannitti, are accused of advising the strikers to "keep the gun shops busy" and not to fear the police nor the "tin soldiers with their sharp bayonets." One witness said that Ettor described how the lamp-posts of Paris had "been hung with the heads of the masters" after they had told the working people "to go and eat grass." Similarly the revelations which have come from the trial of industrial leaders in the West proves conclusively that the social reformers of the lower classes are fully determined to use violence if it is necessary in their struggles against employers and capitalists.

In England the Pankhurst element among the suffragettes seems to have gained the upper hand, and a few days ago Mrs. Pankhurst went so far as to say, "I incite this meeting to rebellion. . . . those who can break windows, break them. . . . the only limit we set is that human life shall be respected." These words indicate that the Pankhurst suffragettes have learned no lesson from the events of the past two years and are determined to use force in support of their agitation.

Happily Canada has been free from these warring elements. The labour unions have carried on their work in a quiet and orderly manner, and such strikes as we have had have seldom been accompanied by rioting or bloodshed. The Canadians are an orderly people with an exceptional respect for law and order. This does not mean that we are making less progress. It simply indicates that in the body politic there is more intelligence and more common sense than in the body politic in the United States or in Great Britain.

Our Costly Amusements.

A.LL the clever people are making a profit out of those of us who are less clever—and chief among these shrewd exploiters of the public are the Amusement Kings. They may not be as clever as Rockefeller and Carnegie and Morgan, but they are equally adroit and resourceful.

Take for example that World's Series of Baseball matches. It is one of the greatest annual amusement "stunts" that has yet been devised to part the people and their money. Every one of these games took from fifty-eight to seventy-six thousand dollars out of the public for gate receipts alone. That was in Boston and New York. But to that must be added the vast sums spent by the telegraph companies and newspapers in spreading the news—all of which must be paid for by the people.

Toronto had another sample recently of clever work on the part of its amusement kings. Five or six men induced the people of Toronto to part with more than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in one week; made up as follows:

Musical Festival at Arena	\$40,000
Royal Alexandra Theatre	15,000
Princess Theatre	12,000
Hillcrest Race Track	75,000
Other amusements	25,000

\$167,000

We complain of the high cost of living, but Toronto's income must be large when its citizens can afford to spend this huge amount in one week for mere amusements. Talk about the extravagance of Imperial Rome, those people were amateurs in this amusement game compared with the people of the cities of North America in the year 1913. Our easily gained wealth seems to be the mainspring of our selfish pleasures as it was with the Romans.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Interesting Gifts Received by H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught

By A. M. Ross

FEW of the gifts presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught during her western tour could have been more appropriate or could have embodied more kindly thought and delicate consideration than that chosen by the Women's Canadian Club, of Vancouver. In casting about for some souvenir for the Royal visitor which would be as typically western as possible, and at the same time be in some way characteristic of the city, it occurred to them that nothing could be more suitable than a copy of the legends of Vancouver. Now it may not be generally known that Vancouver has a folk lore of its own, but it is true, nevertheless, that there is scarcely a prominent feature in the neighbourhood—rock or tree, towering mountain or rushing stream—about which the native tribes have not woven some exquisite myth. Many of these have been collected and crystalized into literary form by the Indian poetess, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, whose work is so well known from end to end of Canada, and who for the past three years has made her home and expects to end her days in that city. In choosing this volume of legends as their gift the club felt that they would not only be giving Her Royal Highness something which she would undoubtedly find interesting, but would, by so doing, be able to confer, while as yet it was not too late, a well-deserved honour on one of their townswomen who, while health was spared her, had done much for Canadian literature.

The volume, an original edition, was beautifully bound in suede of a rich shade of blue. On the outside front cover is a silver plate headed with the title, "Legends of Vancouver," the whole piece having the general outline of a totem pole, and being engraved in characteristic Indian designs. The book marker is a strip of blue leather weighted with a silver mount which takes the form of a rare old Haide Indian coin, the original of which now rests in the museum at Victoria. The authorship, design and execution all being the work of local talent nothing could have been more characteristic.

To H. R. H. the Princess Patricia the club presented a portfolio of local views, the portfolio, which was very artistic, being the work of one of the members of the club.

By a strange coincidence, during the time that the presentation of Miss Johnson's book to Her Royal Highness the Duchess was being made, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was at the hospital where for the past six months she has been a patient, visiting the gifted authoress, and recalling memories of the day, when, on the occasion of his first visit to Canada as Prince Arthur of Connaught, her grandfather, father, another chief and some three hundred braves and warriors assisted at the ceremony of making him a "Blood brother"

and rightful chief of the Six Nations Indians, the old grandfather chanting the ceremonial part of the ceremony while the young prince stood on a scarlet blanket, the same which is thrown over the chair upon which he sits as he talks of that memorable day forty-three years ago.

Not many Canadians, perhaps, are aware that



Victoria Elizabeth Anette Kaiulani Atcherley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Atcherley, who Presented, on Behalf of the Victorian Order of Nurses a Purse to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught; in the Arms of her Godmother Mrs. C. S. Douglas.

Arthur, Duke of Connaught, is the only living white man who is by right an Indian chief, or can claim a sort of kinship with the sweet singer of the Molawks. This kindly act of remembrance and consideration on the part of her Royal chief adds a gleam of brightness to the declining days of the dying poetess; and is but one more of the royal acts of courtesy for which the British Royal family is distinguished.

During her visit to the Florence Nightingale Home at Vancouver a unique contribution to the funds of the Victorian Order of Nurses, in which Her Royal Highness is so deeply interested, was made by the friends and sponsors of the first Hawaiian baby born in the city, and whose baptism, according to the rites of the Church of England, took place a few weeks before. Hugged tight in her tiny baby arms little Victoria Elizabeth Anette Kaiulani, grand-daughter of a former Major-General of the Hawaiian army, and daughter of the adopted daughter of the late King Kalakua, who had been named Victoria in honour of the order, presented to Her Royal Highness a Hawaiian coconut bowl in which were a number of tiny envelopes each containing a handsome cheque.

Recent Events

THE title, Canada's Champion Woman Golfer, became common knowledge, by a third proof, this season, in relation to Miss Dorothy Campbell, of Hamilton. It has been less generally bruited that Miss Campbell will not defend her hard-won title, next year, as she intends to assume the easier title of wife. A Pittsburg man is the other principal in this match and the wedding is announced to take place next month.

Recently Lady Askwith, accompanied by Mrs. T. W. Crothers, wife of the Minister of Labour, and Mr. Gerald Brown, made a tour of the various factories, in Ottawa, in which large numbers of

women are employed. Among the inspected houses were the Bank Note Company, Eddy's mills, Booth's factories and the Mica Works. We are still awaiting the account of the party's impressions.

An enthusiastic meeting in the Armouries, Hamilton, was the tribute of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, to the memory of General Brock. The chair was occupied by Mr. Adam Brown, and patriotic music and addresses provided a programme. The singer of the evening was Miss Gladys Robinson; the principal speakers, Inspector James L. Hughes, of Toronto, and Mr. Kelly Evans, also of Toronto.

Miss Eva Hart, singer, Miss Maude Scruby, cellist, also Miss Long, an accomplished musician, were among favourite performers at the first concert of the season given by the Ladies' Musical Club, of Victoria. The concert gave the musical public much pleasure to expect from the forthcoming series of entertainments.

A municipal chapter of the I. O. D. E. has recently been formed in Winnipeg. At a meeting held at the house of Mrs. Colin H. Campbell and attended by the executive of the seven primary chapters in Winnipeg, Mrs. S. P. Matheson was elected regent. The other officers of the new municipal chapter are: Vice-presidents, Miss Wright and Miss Sutherland; secretary, Mrs. L. Mitchell; assistant secretary, Miss A. Crowe; treasurer, Mrs. W. J. Arnott; standard bearer, Mrs. H. Murdoff; councillors, Mrs. C. H. Campbell, Mrs. G. Hughes, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Turner and Miss L. White.

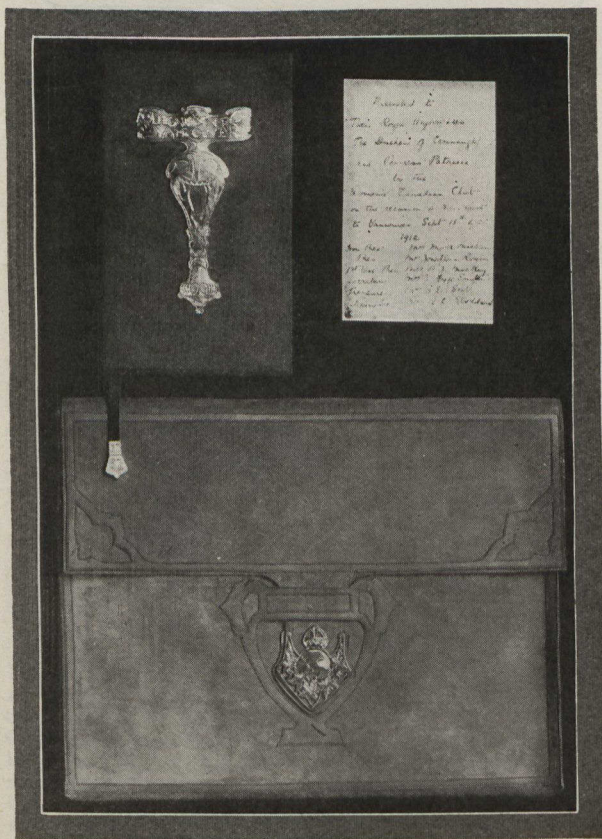
The Woman's Art Association of Canada recently held its twenty-fifth annual meeting in Toronto. Reports showed a progressive and interesting year. Mrs. Dignam was re-elected to the office of president, and the other offices were admirably filled as follows: Vice-presidents, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. W. B. Hanna, Mrs. Parkyn, of London, Eng., and Lady Falconbridge; honorary recording secretary, Miss Florence Deeks; honorary corresponding secretary, Miss Emily C. Cooper; and honorary treasurer, Miss Fanny S. Lindsay.

Canada has a new golf star in Mrs. Howard Blight. This is her first season here, but she is not new to the game. In 1907, when she was Miss Julia R. Mix, and a member of the Englewood Golf Club, in New Jersey, she was runner-up in the Metropolitan championships. These include all the New York district. In 1909, she was Metropolitan champion. In the same year she played a friendly match at Englewood with Miss Campbell, then British champion, and carried her to the nineteenth hole.

In 1909, she married and came to Toronto to live. A fifteen-months' old little girl explains her absence from the links until this year, when she



H.R.H. the Duchess and the Princess Patricia Listening to the Address of Mayor Robinson, at Kamloops, B.C.



Gifts Presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia by the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver.

won the Rosedale Club championship, and was runner-up to Miss Campbell in the Canadian championship.

Mrs. Blight is a small, lithe woman, whose playing is extremely graceful as well as accurate. With luck, she should be the leading figure in the ladies' golf games of 1913.

Making the "Popular" Song.

HERE'S the way many popular songs are written (declares Thomas E. Parker, in *Town and Farm*). Two fellows, one a piano player and the other a lyric writer, get together at a piano. The piano player runs his fingers over the keys, strikes a chord, leans back and looks up at the ceiling. With rag-time ecstasy in his eyes, he murmurs: "Listen to that, bo. Some bear, huh!"

"You baby!" ejaculates the lyric writer. "It's a bear cat rag."

"What's the matter with that for a title?" suggests the piano player.

"Go to it," says his partner.

"Bang! Bang!" goes the piano, and the piano player leans over the keys, humming softly to the tune he grinds out.

"It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear." Bang! Bang!

"It's a bear cat rag, you ba-by, it's a bear cat rag."

"Great kid, kill it," shouts the lyric writer above the din, and the piano player plays it three ways across the board, and winds up with a hot finish that sends the lyric writer into a state of coma until he emerges with words that fit the fine frenzy of the musician's efforts.

That's all except the publishing and the reaping of royalties. Sometimes these royalties run into



Mrs. Howard Blight, Runner-up in the Ladies' Canadian Golf Championship.

thousands, when the song is a good one and the plugging is easy. Again the effusion is a flat failure, but the publisher suffers when this occurs, and the lyric writer and piano player can almost always repeat.

Probably the most famous of the popular song writers is Irving Berlin, who has made over \$100,000 in the last three years from his work. He writes both words and music for his songs, and is guilty of "Alexander's Rag Time Band," "Everybody's Doin' It," "Sweet Italian Love," and "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune."

Think of the blind Milton who laboured for seven

years on "Paradise Lost" and sold it for £15; of Poe, half insane, hungry, hawking "The Raven" about the streets, and finally parting with it for \$10. Think of Bliss Carman, Richard Le Gallienne, or Edwin Markham labouring for days and weeks over a gem which is to be sold practically for nothing. The syncopated king labours for ten minutes and reaps royalties from a half-million to two million copes. Shades of Homer, what have we come to!

The Bathing Boy

I saw him standing idly on the brim
Of the quick river, in his beauty clad,
So fair he was that Nature looked at him
And touched him with her sunbeams here and there,
So that his cool flesh sparkled, and his hair
Blazed like a crown above the naked lad.

And so I wept; I have seen lovely things,
Maidens and stars and roses all a-nod
In moonlit seas, but Love without his wings,
Set in the azure of an August sky,
Was all too fair for my mortality.
And so I wept to see the little god.

Till with a sudden grace of silver skin
And golden lock he dived, his song of joy
Broke with bubbles as he bore them in;
And lo, the fear of night was on that place,
Till decked with new-found gems and flushed
of face,
He rose again, a laughing, choking boy.

—Poems and Songs, by Richard Middleton.

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



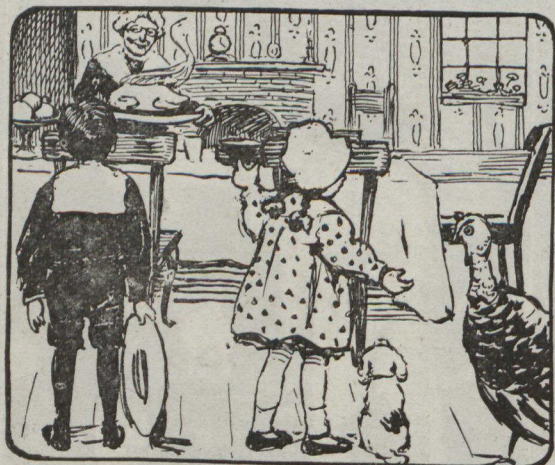
See Will and Lillie starting out so gaily on their way,
They're going to dine at Grandmama's this fine Thanksgiving day.
And walking on ahead of them, with nervous steps and jerky,
And dropping tears along the road, there is a monstrous turkey.



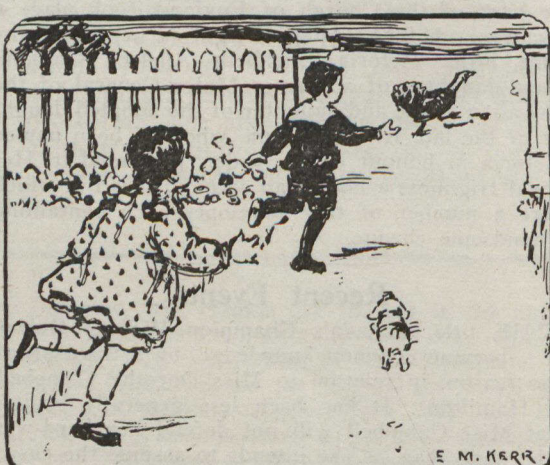
And Lillie said: "Oh, tell us please the troubles that distress you!"
The turkey sighed, and wiped an eye, and said: "My dear, God bless you!
The people are complaining of the awful cost of living
And say they can't afford to ask me out to dine Thanksgiving.



"That's what they say, but well I know that I am deeply slighted,
For nearly every goose around this year has been invited!"
Then Willie said: "You come with us, my Grandmama's got a goose,
But she will love to have you! Come, come now and no excuse!"



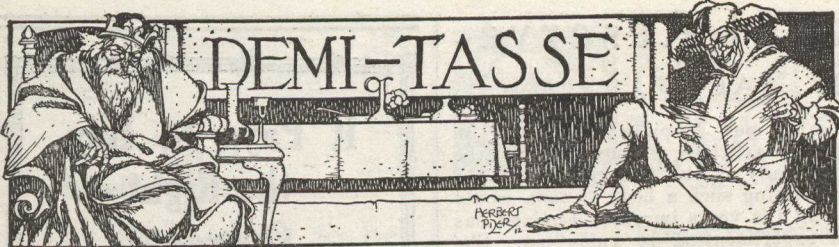
"We'll get an extra dish," said Lill, "and make an extra fire."
"With goose and turkey both," said Will, "what more could we desire?"
And when they got to Grandmama's, how fine the table looked!
"Why, where's the goose?" the turkey said; "good gracious, he is cooked!"



"Is that the way you treat your guests?" he cried, and off he flew.
He was in a most awful rage—I don't blame him, do you?
He ran so hard, he ran so fast, it made him thin and thinner,
To think in what capacity they wanted him for dinner!



The children both ran after him and caught him by the wing,
"We wouldn't hurt you, dear," they cried, "you great, big, silly thing!"
They got an extra knife and fork and laid an extra plate,
And all enjoyed their dinner—only twenty minutes late.



Courierettes.

ONCE more there's a play on in "the theatre of war," and—more's the pity—it's not a comic opera one like the South American revolutions.

King Alfonso of Spain has been quarreling with his mother-in-law. He is losing his reputation for doing things out of the ordinary.

Students entering McGill University are to be given a physical examination. Looks as if McGill wants a real football team.

Toronto libraries now feature a "story hour" when a woman tells stories to children. Few women could confine theirs to one hour.

"Those who can break windows, break them!" is Mrs. Pankhurst's order to her followers. Now if a mere man had insinuated that some women can't hit a window with half a brick—

War has been declared on storage egg men. To make a really picturesque war, the ammunition should be cold storage eggs.

Prehistoric cave paintings recently discovered in Britain are said to belong to the aurignacian stage of the upper palaeolithic epoch. All right, we won't argue about it.

Right Up to the Throne.—Now that Hon. F. D. Monk is leaving the Borden Cabinet, interesting stories concerning him and his work are being told. Here is one that indicates a line of worry faced by members with portfolios:

One day on the Minister of Public Works' door came a bold rap. Without looking up the Minister called out "Come in." When he turned round he gazed upon a youth of sixteen or seventeen in plain working attire and with a determined glint in his eye.

"When am I going to get that raise you promised me, Mr. Monk?" came the request from the Printing Bureau employee, without the least shade of embarrassment. "You know," he said, "I've been waiting on it for a long time and I need the money now."

It is said that he got it.

Majesty of the Law.—A good story is told of a judge who resides in the Ottawa district. Not long ago the judge's auto needed repairs and was promptly turned over to a garage mechanic.

It appears that in the course of testing the machine, after the repairs had been made, a young lady relative of the judge found the machine quite convenient, in fact so convenient that the auto was reported by an official of the law—who was unaware of its ownership—for speeding. Forthwith the judge summoned himself to court, mentally arraigned himself, exacted a fine of \$20 and promptly paid it. Oddly enough the car was found next morning to no longer need testing.

Hard to Break Away.—A certain Canadian miss of eighteen summers announced to a friend a few evenings ago that she was making an earnest, serious effort to cease using slang.

"My big sister told me very plainly," she said, "that I use too much slang, so I'm trying to cut—to avoid using it."

"Did your sister really call you down for using slang?" asked the friend.

"She spoke to me very seriously," answered the young lady. "Oh, I certainly got mine."

A Good Retort.—The Hon. Duncan Marshall, the fat, genial Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, and Mr. Michener, the thin, scholarly leader of the Opposition in the same province, were billed to speak on the same evening in a small town in one of the southern ridings. There were not enough people to make it worth while holding separate meetings, so it was decided to meet jointly.

Mr. Michener spoke first. He delivered

a real, old-style Opposition speech, just like those heard in Ontario. Among other things he accused the government of recklessness in the use of the people's money. It was an eloquent effort, and his friends were delighted.

"The present administration believes in giving every man a chance," said Mr. Marshall, in the heat of a vigorous reply. "That's how you got your 'beef,' is it?" piped an excited Tory in the back of the room.

"Yes, sir," quickly returned the clever Minister; "and even your trusted leader, Mr. Michener, is secretly hoping the government will be returned for that very reason."

Lamb's Little Joke.—S. L. Bensusan, the eminent London journalist, has just handed out a new joke by Charles Lamb. It occurs in the brief biography of the gentle Elia by Mr. Bensusan, published in the Pilgrim series.

It seems that the forbears of the writer were at one time merchants doing business with the East India House, now remembered because it was the scene of the business career of Lamb. It was Lamb's custom when writing to these people to address them, as follows: Bensusan & Co: Sir, and Madam.

An Up-to-date Version.

First Boy.

When I'm a man, I'll be a politician if I can.

I'll give out great interviews every day, I'll tell party "organs" the right tune to play,

And if I don't like what the other men say

I'll form a new party to get my own way—

When I'm a man.

Second Boy.

When I'm a man I'll be a chauffeur if I can.

Like a king on his throne I'll sit on my seat,

I'll drive a machine that's weighty but fleet,

I'll rush past the ponderous cop on the beat

And scare all the people right off the main street—

When I'm a man.

Third Boy.

When I'm a man I'll be a capitalist if I can.

I'll make corners in cotton, eggs, butter and grain

And get to be known as a man of great brain,

And at last I may give away part of my gain,

To better the lot of the people called plain—

When I'm a man.

Sunday School Slang.—Here is an instance of slang having made its way into a Sunday school.

Last Sunday a Bible class teacher asked a Toronto young woman a rather puzzling question.

She looked frankly into his eyes and answered, "You've got my number."

Timid.—"The last suit I got from my tailor is one I will never wear out."

"How's that?"

"I haven't the nerve."

Born Single.—The Toronto Mail and Empire made a rather peculiar announcement on its front page the other day in summarizing the career of Mayor Geary. Its first item was:

"Born at Strathroy, 1873, unmarried."

Art Versus the \$ Sign.—Nahan Franko, the noted orchestra conductor, who made such a hit at the recent Musical Festival in the Toronto Arena, described in rather humorous fashion to some friends how the cost of living interferes with art.

Though he has held many position of

musical importance, and was for a time conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, he found that he was not putting any money away for the proverbial "rainy day."

"I thought it over, and it struck me that I had for years been playing the music that I myself liked," he said. "I was making no provision for my old age. Then I decided to begin playing the music that other people liked, and I have since provided pretty well for my declining years."

Mr. Franko is the leader of a large orchestra which plays at certain hours in one of New York's palace hotels, and his salary is said to be a magnificent one.

Terse.—A Canadian daily is offering prizes for the best answers to the query—"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

Answers must be limited to one hundred words. We could limit ours to two words, to wit, "Wake up."

Noisy.—"In the spring the young man's fancy—you get he is," says some wag, and in his new overcoat many a young man again looks quite a swell.

A certain young man arrived at his office the other day in an overcoat of a striking colour. His friends praised him and teased him concerning his choice.

"Is it water-proof?" asked one. "It may be," said another before the owner could answer, "but you can bet your life it isn't sound-proof."

Reputation to Keep Up.—Lionel Belmore, who plays the cobbler in the Faversham star company now putting on Julius Caesar, has had many years' experience training "supers," and he tells some interesting stories connected with that work.

For one of the plays in which he appeared he had to get a "super" in each city to take the part of a wrestler. In one of the smaller places he hired a big, strapping fellow, who gave promise of filling the part well.

Mr. Belmore explained in detail the wrestling, which was to end with him getting the "super" down.

"You get me down?" was the reply. "Not me."

"But that's how it happens in the play," Mr. Belmore explained. "I'm just telling you the part you are to take."

The big fellow shook his head and said: "To-night that gallery will be full of friends of mine. Now, I'm considered some wrestler in these parts, and you say you're going to—no, not me."

Startling Coincidence.—"Anything further about Roosevelt?" was the question asked by hosts of people both here and in the United States one day last week shortly after the flashing over the wires of the startling news that the leader of the Bull Moose party had been shot and might die as a result of blood poisoning. And it was in its last week's number that New York "Life," in announcing a "Bull Moose" number, said: "We come to bury Teddy, not to praise him."

Poor Drawing Card.—Many a good, catchy, seasonable advertisement looks foolish if allowed to meet the public gaze after its season is over.

In front of a moving picture theatre in a big Canadian city there has been hanging during chilly October days a huge sign, which is hardly appropriate to this season. It reads: "If we couldn't keep our theatre cool we wouldn't keep it open."

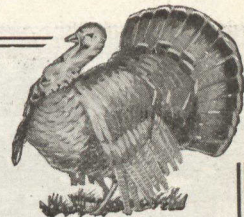
She Was Strong for Boston.—Interest in the world's championship baseball games was about as strong in many Canadian cities, as it was in the centres of population in the United States.

On the day of the deciding struggle the interest in an office in a big city on this side of the line became quite intense. One young lady was quite distressed on being told that the New York Giants had beaten the Boston team. A few minutes later she was correspondingly jubilant on hearing the correct news.

As the lady left the office that evening, one of the men glanced at the big red feather in her hat and said, "Little Red-Riding-Hood?"

"I don't know about that," she answered, joyfully, "but—little Red Sox."

After the Turkey



and other good things are eaten at the Thanksgiving dinner, why not top off that dinner with one of those delicious

Knox Gelatine Desserts

and have some pleasant surprise for your family that day, making everybody thankful and happy?

Thanksgiving Dessert

1-4 box Knox Gelatine; 1-2 doz. rolled stale macarons; 1 dozen marshmallows, cut in small pieces; 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries; 1-4 lb. blanched and chopped almonds; 1 cup sugar; 1 pint heavy cream; vanilla or sherry; 1-4 cup cold water; 1-4 cup boiling water. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream beaten till stiff, almonds, macarons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla or sherry. Turn into mould first dipped into cold water; chill. Remove from mould; serve with angel cake.

If the dessert given above does not happen to please you, send your grocer's name for our

Free Recipe Book

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," telling of other good things to eat in desserts, ice creams, sherbets, salads, candies, etc.

Pint sample for 2c. stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.,



Either package makes 2 full quarts of Jelly



Benger's Food, prepared with fresh new milk forms a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the necessary food elements.

If half Benger's Food so prepared, is mixed with half freshly made tea or coffee, cocoa or chocolate, its highly nourishing and digestive advantages are added with great success to the refreshing qualities of the beverage.



also mixes agreeably with stimulants when the same be medically recommended.

"Benger's Food and how to use it, for Infants, Invalids and the Aged" - a handsome 48 page booklet, post free from

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc. everywhere.

Canada and a Naval Reserve

By ARTHUR M. SAUL

NOW that it is practically decided that Canada is to have a navy she will probably set about it in the same businesslike manner she does other things, doing in five years that which has taken the Old Country fifty to accomplish; in other words, we shall go ahead from where she leaves off.

This being the case, it will follow as a matter of course that Canada will soon want a naval reserve, and few countries are so well geographically and climatically suited to maintain a large and efficient naval reserve of all branches.

A naval reserve is naturally recruited from the pick of the mercantile marine, and must not be confused with that civilian body, the naval volunteer reserve. The officers are the best class of officers, the majority of them serving in one or other of the big mail lines, joining either as midshipman after one year's sea service as an apprentice or cadet, or as a sub-lieutenant, when, having served as a watch-keeping officer of a ship of a certain size for twelve months they obtain a master's or provisional master's certificate. The rank and file join at any time, and are always received with open arms.

Now in Canada, in lake and coastal service, we have over forty thousand men of all ranks, seventy-five per cent. of whom are idle from the beginning of December to the beginning of April. Now it stands to reason that these men would eagerly avail themselves of an opportunity of earning another month's pay, especially at such interesting and congenial work as gunnery, torpedo, signalling, etc. Three or four old out-of-date cruisers on each coast could handle them all if properly organized and put under an officer commanding the royal naval reserve of Canada. The men would learn more in that month's drill than they learn in the whole season where their only employment is handling baggage and freight and cleaning and painting ship. They would be taught to handle boats, to signal by Morse and semaphore, at present almost unknown on the lakes; they would be smartened up and taught self-respect and self-reliance, and above all would be forming a body of perhaps thirty

thousand men (rapidly increasing in efficiency as they warmed up to the work) ready at the Empire's call.

In forming such a body Canada would have all the years in which England has been experimenting to guide her. She will be able to pick out the bad from the good methods and avoid her mistakes. About fifteen years ago England, what, with a change of naval policy and a large number of new ships being commissioned about the same time, found herself alarmingly short of naval officers. The cadets at Dartmouth, Devonport and H.M.S. Britannia were hurried along and sent afloat. Still the shortage was too grave to be overlooked in usual admiralty fashion, and they advertised for one hundred naval reserve officers to volunteer for regular commissions in the navy. They got the one hundred without any difficulty. The hungry hundred they were known as, then, in both services, and the name has stuck, although there are few left, probably not ten.

The whole thing was a failure—why? Because these men were warned that they would never get above lieutenant with retiring rank of commander.

All the best of them backed out immediately, preferring to stay with their respective companies where they had an active command in prospect, the hungry hundred who accepted on these conditions were mostly wasters anyhow, plausible blackguards who had been drifting about from one line to another and who took this up for a spree.

The trouble was that the admiralty and the naval officers proper judged the mercantile marine officer from this view of him, and a contemptuous indifference has existed between these two fine services ever since. It is slowly disappearing, but the nasty taste of the hungry hundred still remains. This is one mistake Canada will have to avoid. Having given your naval reserve officer his commission, treat him as an officer, and remember he's not more fond of being made a tool of than the rest of us.

Canada has the makings of a very fine naval reserve in her lake men, only she wants to get a move on and start to work on them right away.



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Having Fun With Canada

AT various times and by various statesmen, says London "Punch," our various Colonies have all been described as the brightest gem in the British crown or diadem, as the case may be; but from sheer weight of repetition Canada may definitely be said to merit this appellation. It is a very big country, and quite a lot of it is so unknown as to be largely a matter of guesswork. It extends from the United States in the south, to as far north as you like to travel; and in a lateral direction it is only the mighty oceans which limit it. Its expansion in the matter of trade is, of course, largely determined by the fact that it is a British Colony. But then every country has some drawback with which to contend.

Canada is a land of extremes. In summer the weather is so hot that the asbestos lining to the fireproof buildings has been known to melt; and in winter the snow is so deep that special elevators have to be instituted to convey the residents down to the roofs of their dwellings. Of course, this only refers to certain parts of Canada. In many districts the climate is one long dream of delicious delight. For further particulars see the letter-press so kindly supplied by the Immigration Department.

But it must be admitted that the extraordinary variations in temperature—in some parts—are not without effect on the inhabitants. They have to cram a year's work into six months, because it is far too cold during the winter to do anything except sit with their feet on the stove, talking politics. The true-born British workman hates Canada during the summer; but when the peaceful spell of winter is over the land he flocks there in his thousands, convinced that it is the one country in the world that is really suited to his ideas of what constitutes a hard day's work. And when he is set the task of doing chores round the house and splitting firewood he

returns to the land of his birth and writes letters to the papers about it.

The scenery in Canada is immense. The Great Plains stretch right across the country till they meet the Rocky Mountains. The Rocky Mountains are also very wonderful, and are principally famous on account of the difficulty experienced in getting the Canadian Pacific Railway across them.

CANADA is a wonderful country for sport. It is a veritable hunter's paradise. For further particulars see the letter-press so kindly furnished by the Immigration Department. You can shoot almost anything, from a moose bull to a rapid; and, if you care to venture into the Western districts, you may even bag a man or two. The most exclusive prize, however, is the grizzly bear. A unique advantage about shooting in Canada is that business can be combined with pleasure, most of the animals there being covered with a very expensive kind of fur, which finds a ready market throughout the world.

The principal pastimes in the country are log-rolling, broncho-busting, and exploring. The first consists in letting loose a large number of tree-trunks on a swift river, and then jumping from one to the other; the second is the art of remaining on a horse which is convinced that you belong somewhere else; and the third is indulged in because otherwise so much of the country would go to waste.

Canada is famous for its maple sugar, its Northwestern Police, the siege of Quebec, Sir Gilbert Parker, and the North Magnetic Pole. Next to the police, the most remarkable feature is the Magnetic Pole, there being only one other specimen in the world, and that a very inferior article.

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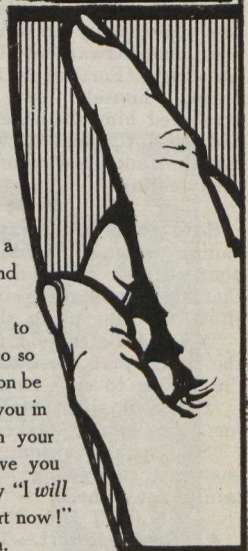
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Promotion of Mr. A. E. Holt.

SOME changes took place in the executive staff of the Royal Trust Company at Montreal recently. Mr. H. Robertson, thirteen years manager, gave up his desk to Mr. A. E. Holt, whose picture appears on this page. Mr. Holt has been with the Royal Trust ever since it began to do business in 1899. Before that he had some excellent training under veteran tutors.



MR. A. E. HOLT,
Who Succeeds Mr. H. Robertson as Manager
of the Royal Trust Company.

Mr. Holt, like Mr. A. R. Doble, who succeeded Sir Max Aitken as president of Royal Securities, is a Bank of Montreal product. He learned the principles of finance as a bank clerk. Some say that the bank boys of eighteen and twenty, who get stenographers' salaries and have to finance a social position on them, could show some of our accredited financiers a thing or two—if economy is a financial virtue. Mr. Holt had an unique experience in his banking career. He became the first occupant of the position of secretary to the general manager of the Bank of Montreal. This gave him an opportunity to see the inside of the banking system, and it brought him under the tutorial eye of the man who is now Sir Edward Clouston.

In 1899, the Royal Trust Company was formed by men who were closely allied with the Bank of Montreal. They thought Holt looked like a suitable man and they borrowed him from the Bank for the new corporation, of which he

was first secretary and then assistant manager.

Mr. Holt is a man in the prime of life—forty-four. He comes of a U. E. Loyalist family of strong traditions. He was born in Quebec City, the son of the late Mr. Justice Holt, and educated there. He finished his academic career by winning the gold medal at Quebec High School in 1883. The next year he began his business career in the Bank of Montreal.

The Royal Trust Company, of which Mr. Holt is now commander-in-chief, has thirteen branches in leading Canadian cities. Its officers include such men as Lord Strathcona, president; Sir Edward Clouston, vice-president; Sir Montagu Allan, R. B. Angus, James Ross, Sir W. C. Macdonald, Sir Wm. C. Van Horne, H. V. Meredith, C. R. Hosmer, and E. B. Greenshields, directors.

A Broader Source for Canadian Capital.

“WITH Paris and London linked to our chariot, we could drive in close indeed.” So spoke Hon. Senator Dandurand on his return from Europe to Montreal the other day.

Most Canadian public men who spend a few weeks in the financial centres of the old world merely refer to conditions in London affecting Canada. They rarely have anything to say to the reporters about French rentes when they step off the boat on to home soil. Now Senator Dandurand hardly mentioned London in his interview the other day. He discussed Paris and the attitude of French financiers to investments in this country. Because of his ancestry?—perhaps. But the Senator expressed a cosmopolitan view of Canada's money needs when he said:

“Canada will need, more and more for the full development of its latent resources, all the foreign capital it can command.”

So far this country has chiefly depended on the money kings of London for financial support. A great proportion of the stock and bonds of our railways are held in Great Britain. When our municipalities need money it is to London that they send the town treasurer. Since 1905, we have borrowed the enormous sum of \$199,485,908 from old London.

There is a certain Imperial satisfaction in the fact that Canada is being largely financed within the Empire. But sometimes this sentiment has its inconveniences. For instance, this summer, the supply of money for Canadian account in London ran out and some of our leading cities and industries were put to considerable straits. If the Dominion continues to prosper at such a record rate as at present how long can London, with so many world demands besides Canada's, be in a position to supply the cash. Well-meaning Imperialists like Dr. Vrooman urge Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotsmen to keep their money under the British flag. But if the Dominions should find their contributions insufficient, what then?

We shall have to look in such a case more to Paris, Berlin and other financial capitals of the world. Our relations with these cities differ from our financial connection with London in that there does not exist the same concentrated interest in our affairs. The Forget projects, a few weeks ago, in the limelight, were an effort to crystallize French investments in Canada. The unfortunate differences with the French directors of Sir Rodolphe's institutions have led to an impression that Canadian investments have been prejudiced somewhat in France. Senator Dandurand is reassuring when he says that at no time in ten years has Canada been so much discussed in France as now. The visit of Prime Minister Borden to Paris and the tour of such delegations of publicists and writers as the Honotaux through the Dominion have assisted in awakening France to the opportunities Canada affords for surplus capital.

No country in the world is so thrifty as France. “French capital will come our way if we treat it fairly.” And the ethics of what must be our attitude

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not only to French but to all investors, Senator Dandurand summed up in the striking phrase, "We cannot gold-brick them with impunity."

Big Business.

WITH the passing of the holiday season and the consequent revival of interest in the market, the financial world of Canada has its eye on the home stretch for 1912. Three months from these days of yellowing leaves and it will be time to balance our accounts.

At this distance men on the exchange are saying that this is to be a record year in Canadian finance. Spectacular market transactions, and generous distribution of profits are the usual earmarks of an exceptional year. But when the story of 1912 is written, it will be shown that while these features are present, others are particularly noticeable.

The tendency of Canadian finance is more clearly defined this year than ever before. That tendency is the remarkable growth of domestic securities and the increasing approval of them abroad. Three times these last few weeks—on the occasions of the Brazilian merger, the Forget episodes and the movement in C. P. R.—London, New York, Paris and Berlin hung on to Toronto, Montreal and Quebec for advice on the situations which arose.

Perhaps in no previous year has there been such a general advance in the mere "mathematical" prestige of Canadian stocks. On the phenomenal rise in the prices of our securities since January the Montreal *Star* published some interesting figures the other day. It referred to C. P. R. and remarked that its advance from 227 to 283, a gain of 56 points, meant, on outstanding common stock of 198 millions, an appreciation of values from \$449,460,000 to \$560,340,000. Montreal Power, not so much an international stock, has advanced from 187 to 242 or 55 points. The common stock is 17 millions. The value of it has been increased from \$31,790,000 to \$41,140,000, putting nearly ten extra millions in the shareholders' pockets. So all the way down the line. The *Star* might have spoken of the performances of Rio and Sao Paulo before the merger, and of other securities less sensational in their ascents. But the above serve as outstanding examples of the upward movement. The great changes in the afore mentioned gilt edged securities are not ephemeral fluctuations. With the alteration of but a few points, these stocks have kept a constant high level; they reflect Canada's prosperous condition.

On and Off the Exchange.

The Discount Rate.

ON October 17th the Bank of England advanced its discount rate to 5 per cent., which is very high for that market. This shows that money is in great demand in Europe due to the Balkan war and the gold export. Curiously enough the Bank of France rate is much lower. On the same day it was raised from 3 to 3½ per cent. In Canada the call money rate has been averaging about 6 per cent.

Earnings of Dominion Cannery.

THOSE on the inside say that Dominion Cannery is earning its bond interest and dividend on the preferred stock, and has been actually earning a higher percentage on the Common than some companies which are paying dividends. The policy of the company has been to build up a strong reserve so that when the payments of dividends on the Common has been begun a poor season would not affect the payments. Some time ago the stock went up to 74, but the movement was decidedly premature. On account of the poor vegetable and fruit season there will be no dividend on the Common this year. The surplus in 1910 was \$167,436, and in 1911 \$166,020. Therefore the Company must now have on hand enough surplus to pay a 5 per cent. dividend for a couple of years.

Stock Market Prices for C.P.R.

THE highest price touched by C. P. R. in 1902 was 145 3-8; in 1903, 138 1-2; in 1904, 135 1-8 (dividend raised from 5 1-2 to 6); in 1905, 176 3-8; in 1906, 199 1-4; in 1907, 193 (bonus of 1 per cent.); in 1908, 180; in 1909, 188 3-8; in 1910, 199 1-4; in 1911, 245 1-2. In 1911 the dividend was 7 per cent. with a 3 per cent. bonus. During the present year the highest price in January was 236 1-4; in February, 231; in March, 239 1-4; in April, 254 1-2; in May, 270 1-2; in June, 267; in July, 264 3-4; in August, 281 3-4; in September, 281 1-2; in October, 279 1-2.

All this is interesting in view of the rumour that a pool of shareholders in London, Paris, and Berlin intends to boost the price to 300 on the strength of the new stock issue. In view of the presidential election in the United States and the war in the Balkans it is hardly likely that the pool would get to work at an early date. However, the stock seems to have quite got over the slump which occurred a fortnight ago.

The B.C. Packers' Episode.

A RECENT feature of the stock market was the sudden advance in B. C. Packers. Early in the week this stock reached the high level of 161, a gain of eight points. Trading was very brisk. Towards the end of the week excitement subsided, the British Columbia Security being probably affected by the general depression which set in over the Balkan troubles.

However, B. C. Packers held its new price pretty well at the close, though trading was not very aggressive. The stir in B. C. Packers was the outcome of "Bull talk" which was thoroughly responsible. Salmon are said to be running well this year. Every fourth year the market looks to the fish to perform up to traditional expectations, and this being the fourth year, there is exceptional interest in the great B. C. industry. If prospects are not discounted when the season closes, the earnings of B. C. Packers should show considerable increase. In 1911 there was a balance of \$449,599; in the year ending June 30, 1912, the balance was \$645,530. Further market improvement may mean a higher dividend being declared than the present 6 per cent.

Besides the optimistic outlook of the market upon the season's prospects of the company, another factor in the upward price movement last week was the growing definiteness in the mind of the Street as to the financial intentions of B. C. Packers. It is now thought certain that Series B will be redeemed in a short time, and Series A converted into common. This would give opportunity for the issue of new Common stock up to the authorized amount of \$250,000.

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A British Broker's Daring

A Story of the Recent "Independent" Chinese Loan

By NORMAN PATTERSON

ONE of the most interesting chapters in international finance has just been written in the city of London, in connection with the recent "Independent" Chinese loan. It is the story of how one broker successfully fought the Foreign Office of Great Britain to a standstill, although the officials of that Department were backed up by the Foreign Departments of five other great nations. The story runs somewhat as follows:

China has been re-organized as a Republic and needs considerable cash to carry out the national schemes which its re-organizers have in mind. The Chinese authorities arranged with the financiers and diplomats in London and Paris to float a loan of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. When this came to the ears of the governments of the other great powers, they feared that this would give Great Britain an advantage in Chinese affairs. The United States, Germany, Russia, and Japan, all took exception to this loan being handled exclusively by Great Britain and France. The British diplomats pointed out that almost the only two lending countries in the world were France and Great Britain. The other four great powers are borrowers rather than lenders, and therefore it was not reasonable that they should be included in the loan. If any portion of this large amount of bonds were floated in the other four great countries, those bonds would gradually find their way back to France and Great Britain, and thus the bulk of the loan would, in the end, fall upon those two countries. However, the four powers could not see it that way, and they insisted on having their share. It was then agreed that the loan should be increased from two hundred and fifty million dollars to three hundred million and divided equally among the six countries, and that China should be obliged to accept this amount of money and guarantee the interest on it, whether or not that amount was needed.

Apparently the Chinese authorities did not take kindly to this new arrangement. It meant that all their expenditures in the near future would have to be sanctioned by the six governments involved, and the accounts inspected by representatives of the six governments. China seemed to think that this system was too complex and too comprehensive to be workable, and they sought a way out of their difficulties. They came in contact with a London broker named Mr. Crisp, who offered to help them. He agreed to raise fifty million dollars for them, one-half immediately and one-half in the near future. He took the matter up successfully with the members of the London Stock Exchange, and was also supported by Lloyd's Bank, the London and South-western Bank, the Capital and Counties Bank, and the Chartered Bank of India. It was arranged to issue one-half of the loan at once in bonds selling at ninety-five and paying five per cent.

The British Foreign Office, acting presumably for the foreign offices of all the powers, at once began to raise objections. It took steps to halt Mr. Crisp and his associates. It warned these gentlemen that the Government was opposed to this "independent" loan and that the six governments were already pledged to raise a Chinese loan of larger proportions. Mr. Crisp asked the Foreign Office officials to put their objections in writing, but this they refused to do. He then declared that he would go ahead with his scheme in spite of these tremendous protests. On Tuesday, September 25th, he arranged for the underwriting. On Thursday afternoon the prospectus was issued and on Saturday the lists were closed. The twenty-five million dollars had been raised. Mr. Crisp and the London Stock Exchange had triumphed over the six great powers.

Further details of this matter are given in the London *Economist* of Sept. 28th, as follows:

"It would be rash to speculate on the details of the scheme which was worked up in secret by the Foreign Offices of the world, and has been a subject of all the diplomatic intrigue that revolved around the great Six-Power loan. Exactly what stipulations were made when the loan was pressed on China; how far they were genuinely financial, and how far they were in theory political we do not know. But one thing is certain, three or four of the six Governments concerned wanted no financial profit, but political power. The countries involved were Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Russia and Japan, and it is roughly true that their eagerness to lend varied in inverse proportion to their capacity. London and Paris are both big lending centres, and the natural market for a loan of this kind. Neither Germany—which wants all her spare capital—nor America—which is a big borrower for her own need—would naturally lend to a foreign power; while the presence of Japan and Russia in this list of capitalistic countries turns the comedy at one stroke into a farce. Both Governments are up to their necks in debt; both live from year to year on outside capital; every penny that they might lend must first be borrowed in London or Paris, and the fact that in these circumstances they claimed a right to press money on China was in itself an insult which the Chinese Government had every right to resent. Russia's designs on China are obvious enough, and Japan is notoriously anxious to increase her territorial influence on the mainland. The power which they demanded of vetoing or controlling the expenditure of good English money would give them a hold of incalculable importance over the Republic, and enable them perhaps to cut slices off the Chinese melon. All this was to be expected, but it is a grievous thing that the British Government should employ its influence to back up the scheme and play the part of sponge-holder to two of the greediest Powers in the world. Whatever may be the failings of the Chinese Republic, the country is at least groping its way along the path to constitutional Government and a common patriotism, and it was not for Great Britain to block the path and hinder the growing liberties of China. The action, we are glad to believe, has not been taken with the knowledge or approval of the whole Cabinet, but it is surely a disturbing thought that a vital step of this kind—a step which commits the country to a meddling, un-English foreign policy—can be taken by a few permanent officials in the absence of their own chief."

This exploit of C. Birch Crisp has more than a personal significance. As one Wall Street financial journal says, there is a manliness and sincerity about the transaction which is in keeping with Britain's great and enduring reputation for being a free market for everything. London is a free market for capital. All the world exchanges on the British sovereign. The London exchange offices take a toll on the financial transactions of the world as its ship-owners take a toll on the merchandise passing from one nation to another. The British investor makes mistakes and suffers losses, but he knows investments better than any other capitalist in the world. Hence the world is interested in the freedom of the London money market. Mr. C. Birch Crisp has vindicated that freedom, and the world will have the benefit of the battle which he has fought and won.

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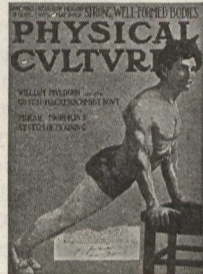
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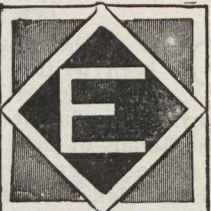
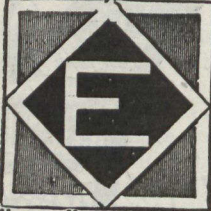
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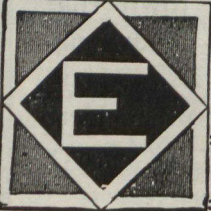
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His Little Girl

By L. G. MOBERLY

CHAPTER XXI.

It was at the county gathering of the summer, Lady Ferndale's garden party, that Giles Tredman again came face to face with the woman who, nearly eight years before, had broken his heart. He was bringing Sylvia from the tea tent, and they were walking slowly together across the lawn, talking in disjointed sentences, when a tall figure in black emerged from a side walk, and met them face to face.

For a flash of a second Giles looked silently into the fair face of the woman he had once loved so passionately, then he lifted his hat, and greeted her quietly, surprised at himself because his pulses did not quicken, nor did his heart beat by the fraction of a beat more quickly.

"I wondered if I should meet you here to-day," Grace said, and Giles noticed how level and monotonous were the tones of her voice. "I—hoped I should," she paused, then glanced at the girl by Giles' side.

"Is this your ward?" she asked, a quiver passing over her face that had hitherto been very impassive and cold. "I—she—" her voice trailed into silence, and Giles, all the pity of his chivalrous nature aroused, said gently—

"Yes, this is my ward Sylvia" (he refrained from mentioning the girl's surname), "I feel most incompetent to perform my duties towards her as I ought, though I do my best." He spoke at random, feeling the embarrassment of the position, and wishing that this chance meeting could have been avoided. But Grace brushed aside his lightly spoken words, and went straight to the head of the matter, as a woman will who has known the depths of sorrow.

"I have only lately come back to England," she said, "I—have been away—since," her voice broke and again died into silence, a wave of emotion again swept over her face. "I went for a time into a convent, not as a nun, I could never bear the existence," she shuddered, "but—I wanted the peace of it, the rest of it for a little while. And now I want to try and begin—some sort of life in the world again." Giles, looking into her face, wondered what the real woman was like beneath the marble mask she wore, for, saving those two waves of feeling that had stirred her features, they had remained impassive, rigid, still, with a kind of frozen stillness. Her eyes were like blue ice, her mouth was set in a straight line, there was a curious lack of expression in her whole face, and although its outlines could not fail to be still beautiful, it was as if there were no soul to the beauty.

"I am glad to have seen you, and—your ward to-day," the monotonous voice went on, "I—wronged you. He—wronged—the child. I have tried to set the wrong which he did right. She—is called by his name?" The words were a question, and Giles, with one swift glance at Sylvia's lovely, troubled face, answered—

"Yes, directly I knew who Sylvia was, I said she was to be called by her father's name. She is Miss Damansky now."

"She is not like—him," Grace's eyes were fixed almost hungrily on the girl, for one moment a flash of feeling lighted up their coldness, "I—wish—I—should like—her to come and talk to me—just for a few minutes, if she might—if you can spare her." For an instant Sylvia shrank back a little, then the sight of the other woman's frozen face awakened her pity, and she put out her hands to Grace with some of her natural impetuosity.

"Of course I will come," she said, "monsieur can spare me. He had only just been giving me tea, and he was taking me to find Miss Stansdale. I can find her presently for myself, monsieur," she added, with a shy, upward glance at him.

"I will not hurt her, or disturb her," Grace turned to Giles, and spoke in low tones, inaudible to Sylvia, "I am only here for one night. I shall not see either of you again. At least it is not likely that I should ever see you again,

and I—want to tell you—that I am sorry for all that happened—six years ago. I treated you abominably. I—am sorry."

She put out her hand to him, and Giles held it for a moment in his strong grasp, marvelling, as he did so, that the touch of her hand produced in him no emotion whatever: dimly aware that his glances turned almost involuntarily from the still face of the woman, to the pitiful face of the girl, who stood a little apart, Grace did not give him time to answer her words. Having spoken them, and shaken him by the hand, she turned back to Sylvia, and putting her arm through the girl's, drew her towards a summer-house along the side path by which she had just come.

"I am glad I have seen you to-day," she said, when they stood alone in the little rose-covered place. "I have wanted to meet you, and dreaded meeting you. Do you know it was he—your father—who made me know what love means. I never knew what it meant until I knew him. When he died—something in me froze and died, too. But some day, perhaps, it will awake and live again," she looked out across the garden framed by the doorway and its tangle of crimson roses. "But I want to tell you, that there is nothing else in the world so great as love." Sylvia looked at her wonderingly. To the girl's natural reticence, this strange woman's lack of it, seemed most curious, but she faintly realized that Grace's nerves were at high tension, that she was speaking as undoubtedly she would not have done under quite normal conditions.

"Never let anything or anybody come between you and love," Grace went on, "but—" she put her hands on the girl's shoulders, and looked deep into her eyes, "never do, as I did, promise to marry it you do not love, for the sake of any lesser thing. I—never loved Giles."

"Oh!" the word slipped from Sylvia's lips, and the indignation, the amazement that were embodied in that one exclamation, brought a faint smile to Grace's lips.

"I was pleased and flattered when he asked me to marry him. I liked his position, his title, all that he could give me. But—I did not know what love meant—until your father came, and swept me off my feet. It was wrong—all wrong—to have hurt Giles as I did. But—the first wrong was in ever promising to be his wife, when I did not love him. Remember that!"

Sylvia tried to answer, but the elder woman silenced her before she could utter a syllable.

"I think it is so unlikely that we shall ever meet again, that I am going to say something very strange to you," she said, and Sylvia, swallowing down an inclination to reply that the whole conversation seemed strange to her, answered—

"Why should you think we shall never meet again?"

"Because I am only here to see my mother, and to arrange some business, and then I shall go away again out of England—to travel—to see new lands, and—to begin a new life."

"I am sorry for you," Sylvia exclaimed impulsively, leaning forward and kissing the white impressive face. A tinge of colour ran over it at the touch of the girlish lips, and Grace's voice was less steady, less monotonous, as she resumed—

"Your happiness—is here—within your grasp—you will not let it go?"

"I don't understand," Sylvia faltered, embarrassed, she scarcely knew why, by the keen glance of those blue eyes.

"I—should like—to help Giles to happiness," the slow voice continued. "I hurt him so much, I should like to be sure he is happy at last. And—you know, his happiness lies in your hands,"

"In—my—hands?" A tide of crimson flowed over Sylvia's face, her eyes dropped beneath the other's searching gaze.

"You, poor blind little girl," Grace laughed, a strangely mirthless little laugh, "I saw in five minutes, what I believe you have not yet discovered—

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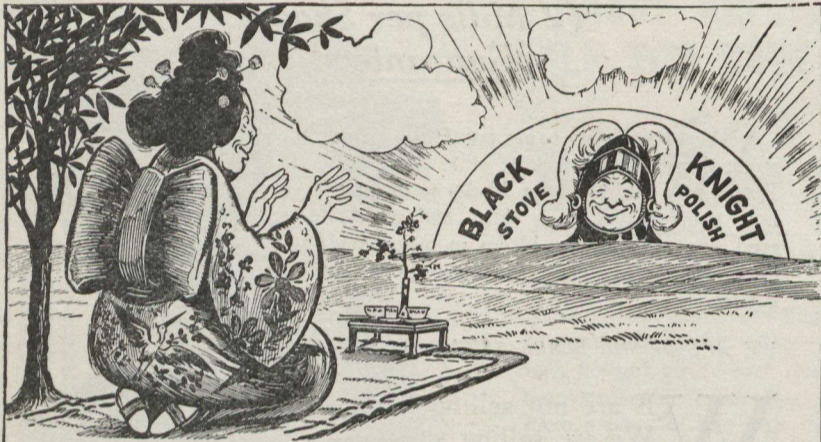
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that Giles is hopelessly in love with you."

"Oh!" Sylvia exclaimed, drawing herself away from the hands on her shoulders, and flushing yet more vividly, "indeed you are making a mistake. Monsieur did not like my growing up. He was not pleased when he came back from India, and found a grown-up girl here instead of a little child. He"—her voice quivered—"he is quite different to me now, quite cold and changed, and there is a great wall between us, and—"

"Silly little girl," Grace's voice softened oddly, "can't you understand it all? It is as plain to me as if Giles had put it into words for my enlightenment. He has fallen in love with his ward, but he will never let her know! He thinks he is far too old to ask you to marry him, he thinks you look upon him as a sort of father, he thinks it would be unfair to you to bind you to him, when young men—nearer your own age—would make you happier."

"But they wouldn't," she exclaimed hotly, "nobody could make me happier, nobody could make me a quarter so happy as monsieur. There isn't anybody like him in the world."

"Then, my dear little girl, tell him so. He will believe nobody but you yourself. He is breaking his heart for you, and he will never tell you. But if you love him, tell him the truth. He would laugh it to scorn if anybody else told him, but—"

"I could never do that," Sylvia exclaimed, with a proud lift of her head, "you don't know what you are asking me to do. I could never—"

"You must not let love go,"—a sudden vehemence came into Grace's voice, as she interrupted Sylvia's speech—"love is too great a thing to lose for the sake of any false pride. Don't throw away your happiness and his, because you are afraid of being unwomanly. Be true to yourself—and him—and you will be true to your womanhood. Love—is the greatest thing in the world. For God's sake do not throw it away!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"BUT of course it is impossible, quite impossible. I could never tell monsieur the truth—never!" Sylvia said the words under her breath, as she stood before the long glass in her bedroom that evening, surveying her own reflection, before she went downstairs to dinner.

During the whole course of the drive home from the garden party, Grace's words had danced before her eyes, written over fields and woods and uplands in letters of fire.

"He is breaking his heart for you, and he will never tell you. But if you love him—tell him the truth." Her answers to Miss Stansdale's placid little remarks were absent and somewhat perfunctory, and more than once she was conscious of Giles' curious glances at her across the carriage. But though she roused herself, and made an effort to bear her part in the conversation, those words still filled her brain, and now, in the privacy of her own room, she had been going over again all that Grace had said to her, coming to the final resolution that to act upon the other's advice was a total impossibility. It was a very fair vision that her glass reflected, but Sylvia was too absorbed by the thoughts in her mind, too free from all personal vanity, to take into consideration the loveliness of her own mirrored face and form. Tall, slight, graceful, she looked like some stately young princess in her flowing white draperies, relieved only by one huge red rose at her waist. Her face was faintly flushed, because of the thoughts with which her mind was filled; there was a strange brightness in her eyes, and the crown of her dusky hair emphasized the delicacy of the colouring which someone had once compared to the dainty tints of a white rose.

"I couldn't ever do it," she repeated, her fingers softly adjusting the great crimson rose at her belt. "Supposing she has made a mistake—supposing monsieur doesn't really care—as she thinks—I should die of shame, and oh! I could not do it anyhow. I have not the courage, even though—even though I know he is all the world to me." She dropped her voice to a whisper, and a rosy colour swept over her face, as she

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turned away from the glass, and looked out over the twilight garden before leaving her room. Warm fragrances of summer drifted into her upon the soft air, birds called and twittered softly in the bushes by the lawn, and from somewhere very far away came the melodious sounds of chiming bells.

"He is breaking his heart for you, but he will never tell you," the words came back to her mind, and with them the remembrance of Giles' face, quiet, cold, almost stern. Could it be true, what she had heard that afternoon? Could it be true that Giles was cold, not because he loved her too little, but because he loved her too much? That he would not tell her of his love, lest he should bind her unfairly to himself, when he fancied she ought only to be bound to someone of her own age?

"If you love him, tell him the truth . . . he will believe nobody but you . . . don't throw away your happiness and his . . . be true to yourself and to him . . . and you will be true to your own womanhood."

Scattered fragments of all that Grace had said to her, repeated themselves over and over again in her mind, but she tried to thrust them aside, when at last she went slowly down the great staircase into the hall where Giles stood reading the evening paper. He had been too absorbed in what he read, to hear her soft footfalls on the stairs, and it was only when she had nearly reached his side, that he lifted his eyes suddenly and saw her. And then—taken off his guard—something flashed into his eyes that Sylvia had never seen there before, something which set her heart beating like a sledge hammer, and sent strange little thrills all along her pulses. The flash was gone almost as soon as it came; Giles was a past master in the art of self-control, and before a minute had ticked by on the grandfather clock in the corner, he had resumed his customary expression of quiet fatherly interest. But Sylvia had seen that flash of something so different—so very different—in his eyes, and Grace's words came back to her mind with a new and overpowering force.

"He is breaking his heart for you . . . if you love him, tell him the truth . . . he will never tell you."

Throughout the course of dinner, though she joined in the talk of her elders, Sylvia's heart was still thrilling with the remembrance of that flashing glance she had caught in Giles' eyes, and directly the meal was over, she stole out into the garden, to commune with herself in the starry stillness of the night. The roses were all in bloom; and tall white lilies gleamed whitely against the dark background of a holly hedge. The air was intoxicatingly sweet, the girl's senses stirred with a realization of the glory of life: the light that never was on sea or land shone about her way, and she viewed the world with newly awakened eyes. She felt like a person who walked in a heavenly dream from which she half dreaded, half longed to awake; and when presently she stole back to the house again, past the gleaming lilies and the fragrant roses, she moved softly like one afraid to break some wonderful spell. Her way led her past the library window, and there for a second her footsteps paused, whilst her eyes looked into the familiar room.

It was in semi-darkness, excepting for the circle of lamp-light surrounding Giles' table, and looking in from the velvety darkness of the July night, Sylvia could see Giles himself seated at his table, his arms upon it, his head buried in his hands. There was such an air of dejection about the whole man, that the heart of the girl ached intolerably, and when presently he lifted his head, and she saw the look of yearning on his face, she involuntarily put out her hands towards the window, and her lips parted as though to call his name. But no sound came from those parted lips, and even as she watched him silently, Giles dropped his head upon his arms again, with a gesture of such weariness, that the girl forgot everything but the one overwhelming desire to comfort him at all costs. Every scrap of mother in her soul came to the surface at sight of the man she loved with that look of heart-break on his face, and without another moment of delay, she

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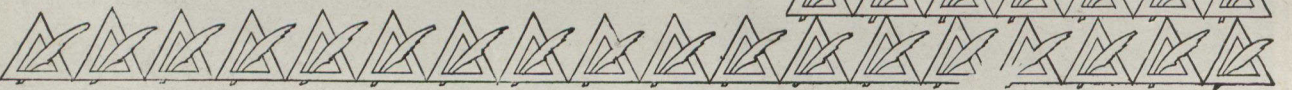
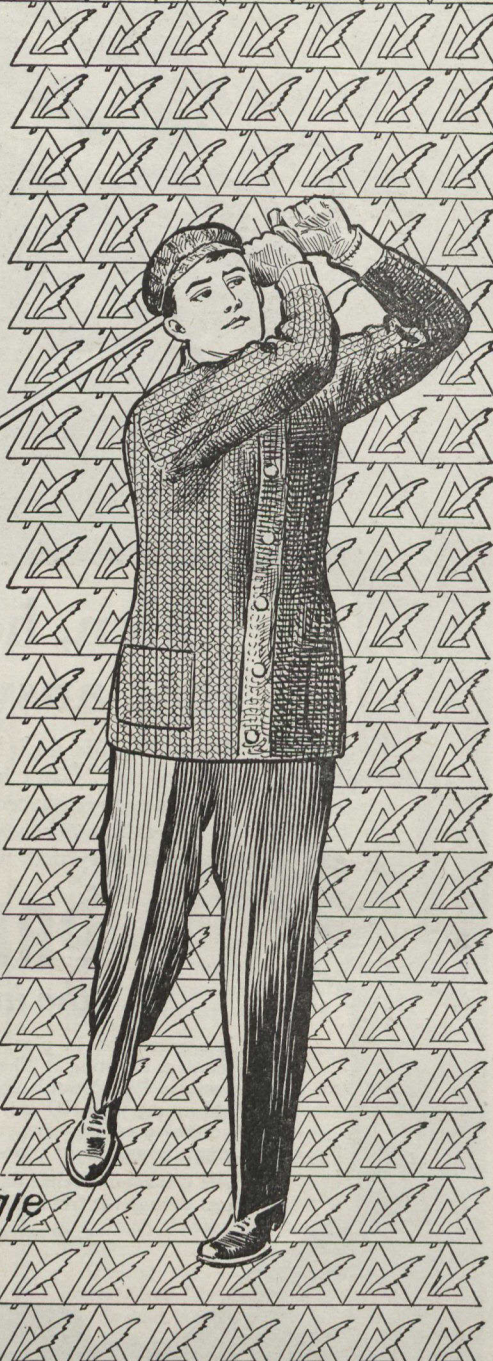
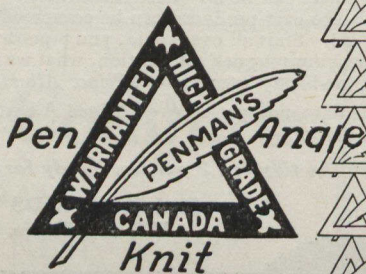
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passed noiselessly through the window and into the room. The man by the table did not hear her soft tread, and all self-consciousness, all scruples, dropped from her as she reached his side.

"If you love him, tell him the truth . . . love is the greatest thing in the world."

The words echoed and re-echoed in her brain, and she put her hand gently on Giles' arm.

"Monsieur," she said, "I—want to tell you—something." At her touch he started violently, and looked up at her, the haggard misery of his face stabbing her afresh with pain.

"Sylvia!" he stammered, that was all, and his eyes looked hungrily up into her face, with a mute appeal in their depths which at last she understood.

"I—I've got to come and tell you—because you—won't—tell me," she faltered, her eyes falling before his.

"Won't tell you what?" he asked, hoarsely.

"What—what—I've got to tell you," she answered, "only—it is so—hard to say it, and—I—am afraid."

"Afraid of me, little girl." A great tenderness rang in his voice, his hands all at once caught and held her hands. "You are not afraid of me. Can't you look on me as—your father, and tell me—"

"I can't look on you as my father," she answered, mischievously, a whimsical smile flashing out over her face, "because—you see—I don't want you for a father any more. I want—I mean—I've come to tell you—I—oh! monsieur, I can't say it—it is too hard, but—can't you understand—oh! can't you understand."

With the childish impulse of her younger days, she flung her arms about his neck, and laid her soft face against his, and in a lightning flash Giles understood.

Gathering her closely into his arms, he held her to him as if he would never let her go, kissing her cheeks, her brow, her lips, with tender, lingering kisses.

"Did you mean to tell me you loved me like this?" he whispered.

"Like this," she answered, softly, her lips touching his in their turn, "you wouldn't ever tell me—and I had to tell you—because love is the greatest thing in the world, and I could not let it go."

"We cannot either of us let it go, dear heart," he said. "We will keep it—always and always—my little girl—my queen—my wife!"

THE END.

Arbroath Defined

Arbroath, 25th September, 1912.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—In your issue of 3rd August, 1912, Mr. Augustus Bridle in discussing the personality of Mr. David McNicoll, states "Fourteen years of that time he put in around home and at school in Arbroath—some undefined little burg in Scotland as mysterious as Craigenputtock."

Your correspondent is apparently not a student of Scottish history or he would know that Arbroath was well known to ancient Scottish kings and King Robert the Bruce summoned his first Scottish Parliament to meet in the Arbroath Abbey on 4th April, 1320, and from that assembly transmitted to the Pope a document which Sir Walter Scott describes as worthy of being written in letters of gold and which declared the independence of Scotland.

Around such historical surroundings as are to be found in Arbroath, David McNicoll could not otherwise than be imbued with liberty and independence which has enabled him to rise as so ably put in your correspondent's article.

Arbroath was also a pioneer in railway work in this country, as the Arbroath and Dundee line was one of the first to be opened. By the year Mr. David McNicoll opened his eyes in Arbroath the third station for the town was in course of erection, and railways and railway work were booming in and around Arbroath. Fourteen years amid such surroundings no doubt developed the talent which has been instrumental in building up the Canadian line.

Arbroath still forges ahead and two years ago a large new station was

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erected. The town is being well patronized as a health resort and I have pleasure in enclosing booklet published by the Town Improvement Association. Her industries are booming.

All over the world Arbroath canvas is known. Page 17 of your issue of 3rd August bears the words "For immediate use: Shanks' Lawn Mowers, Alex. Shanks & Son, Arbroath, Scotland," another proof that Arbroath is not so undefined as Mr. Bridle would make out. While many of Arbroath's sons are, like Mr. McNicoll, doing good pioneer work in Canada, there are still plenty at home of strong vitality to keep the good old town going.

Yours truly,
ROLLO S. BLACK,
 Sec. Town Improvement Association.

Music While You Eat

By ROSAMOND CARWOOD

I HAVE a grievance, and nothing will prevent me from airing it. I have discovered a new nuisance to the metropolis far more annoying than barrel organs, suffragettes, or muffin men, and if anyone will be so kind as to lend me a couple of sympathetic ears I will try to describe the suffering which was inflicted on me yesterday. As it happened yesterday was one of my heavy days. I had to lunch a maiden aunt at the Savoy, take two country cousins to the theatre and give them tea afterwards, dine a friend at my particular pet restaurant, and attend the Duchess of Dusabitt's dance in the evening.

My aunt met me at the Savoy very affectionately—why will aunts never realize that one has left Eton?—and she made an excellent lunch. The orchestra played appropriate music with the various courses. We had "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix" from Samson et Dalila with the oysters and "Remembrance" after the ice.

"Delightful air that," murmured my aunt as she lapped up the last of the second half-dozen. "I seem to have heard it before."

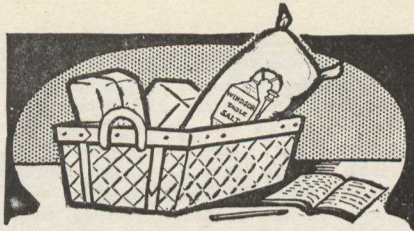
"I believe you're right," said I in the manner of a dutiful nephew, and we fell to discussing the merits of music with meals.

After the final cigarette I received my aunt's blessing and hurried off to the theatre. The cousins were waiting in the foyer and positively champed because I was a bit late. Yet I do not think we missed more than the first act because as we struggled across the knees of half the fifth row the orchestra was just beginning the musical interlude. The air seemed familiar, and with the help of the programme I marked it down. It was "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix" from Samson et Dalila.

Somehow I did not enjoy that play. The cousins sat stiff with excitement, and made grabs at my knee when the villain left the heroine in her party frock to perish in the snow, but I sat unmoved, only wondering how on earth Samson could have made such an ass of himself. However, the cousins seemed to enjoy it all right, and I took them on—still in floods of tears—to the Ritz.

As we emerged from the turning door the first violin rose, and the orchestra as one man struck up the opening bars of "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix" from Samson et Dalila. I turned pale and murmured something about the joys of tea at home, but the cousins were a mass of indignation, and I had to face the music in a disgustingly literal sense. Tea was impossible for me; the very smell of hot buttered toast made me ill, and muffins reminded me of Samson. It was with huge relief that I packed my cousins off to catch their excursion train and strolled home to change for dinner.

Now I had been looking forward to this dinner for some time, and I was determined not to be annoyed by any of Dalila's monkey tricks at this meal, so while we still dabbled in the hors d'œuvres I beckoned the waiter and said very firmly, "Please ask the orchestra not to play that thing from Samson and Dalila, 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix.'" My language, therefore, may be excused when, just as we were being introduced to the duck, the well-known bars assailed my outraged ears, and my horror increased when the first violin, leaving his place in the orchestra, worked his way across to our table and with a fatuous smile at my friend planted himself behind my chair and spared me not



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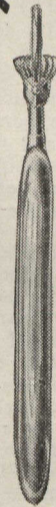
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a semiquaver of that abominable tune. As the last notes died away I muttered something which might have been a prayer of thanksgiving, and my friend whispered across the table, "What is that lovely air? You really must give the man a tip, dear, he played it too beautifully."

The wretched creature cringed over my half-sovereign and said, "It was monsieur vat prayed me to play 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix,' zat so charmant air de Samson et Dalila, vas it not, hein?"

The rest of the dinner was a blank as far as I am concerned; nothing seemed to rouse me. My friend looked charming—she always does look charming—and my pet savoury was on the menu, but I could only play with the toast and hum that tune and wonder how Samson managed to escape the lunatic asylum if Dalila sang it often. She must have thought me appallingly dull, but she might have refrained from saying as we parted, "I believe I am nearly as fond of that song as you seem to be. Will you come and play the accompaniment if I practice it up a bit?" After that I was almost afraid to go on to the Duchess of Dusabitt's until it struck me that of course they could play nothing but dance music there, so it was with quite a feeling of relief that I scaled the ducal stairs and sorted out my hostess at the top. She introduced me at once to a perfectly lovely girl—such a sensible woman the duchess—and I claimed the next dance in that manly tone which they never can resist. She smiled adorably and glanced at the programme. She murmured, "Yes," and then her eyes lit up with joy. "Oh, how too adorable!" she cried. "Monsieur Iffnotte is going to play his wonderful arrangement of 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix,' from Samson et Dalila. They say it is quite too beautiful."

I don't know what I did, for all I know I may have fainted, but those of my friends who were present say that I turned and bolted down the ballroom like a madman. My best friend, Bertie Bullion, swears that the duchess met me in the doorway and said, "Oh, but you mustn't go yet. Why they're just going to play that delightful waltz from Samson et Dalila, 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix.' Everyone's raving about it," and that I answered, "That's what I've been doing all day."

I do not know whether my friends have been strictly accurate, but I do know that ever since that frightful day my life has been a burden to me. I dare not lunch at the Ritz, I dare not have tea at the Carlton, I dare not dine anywhere. The very sight of a barrel organ sets me all of a tremble, and the fear that haunts me is that even if I can shake off that dreadful tune some other air will rise up and pursue me in the same way through town.

What is to be done? Cannot someone get up a petition? "Meat without music" would look very well on a banner, and I would gladly help to carry it. Cannot the orchestras be forced to sign a paper promising not to play the same thing more than once a day? There must be plenty of tunes knocking about. If they should happen to run short I would be quite willing to write a few myself for a consideration.—The Tatler.

Naming a Canyon.

THERE'S a story behind the naming of many places in Canada. Here is the one behind the picking of the name "White Horse" for a canyon in Alberta. An Edinburgh mining engineer went to Alberta two years ago to inspect and report upon a coalfield. He and his party travelled west from Edmonton on horseback, accompanied by guides and with pack horses to carry their belongings. One day a pack horse blundered against a tree with its pack, was knocked off its legs, rolled down a steep slope, and was only stopped from falling over the precipice into the canyon below by a tree on the edge of the precipice.

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The packs had been very securely fastened, and, strange to say, no damage had been done. The horse carried their whole stock of whiskey, the "White Horse" blend. In that region whiskey is very precious, so, out of gratitude for its safe recovery, they named the canyon "The White Horse Canyon," and that name has stuck to it.

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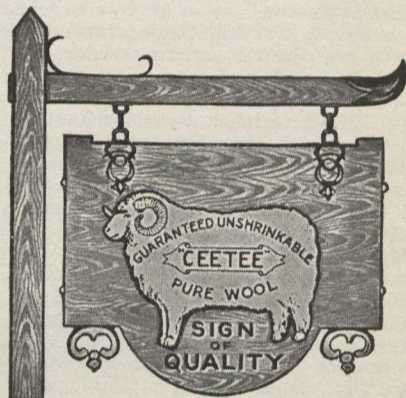


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Yuletide in the Old Land

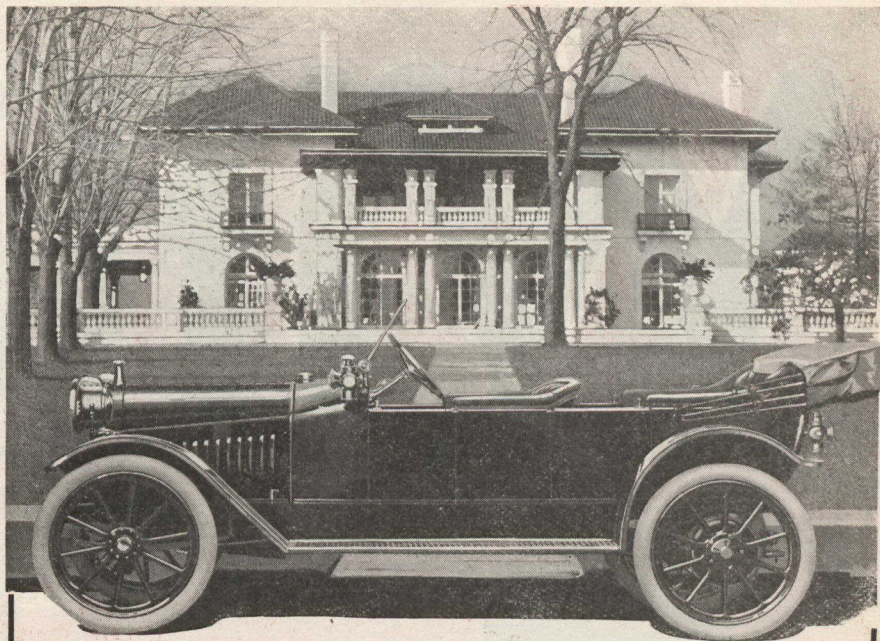
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