

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

**A Crisis in Lacrosse**

By FRED JACOB

**Farewell to Sir Chas. Tupper**

ILLUSTRATED

**From Parliament to Public**

By NORMAN PATTERSON

**A Billion-Dollar Island**

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**The Cousin From Canada**

Story by ROBERT BARR

**Two Pages of News Photos**

*Woman's  
Supplement*





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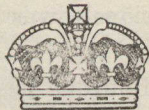
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 24

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Proprietor of Alexandra Hotel,  
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It is not often that prominent people to-day lend their names for use in medicinal advertisements unless the article advertised has proved of wonderful benefit in their personal case, and it was for this reason that Mr. Babin wrote Dr. Tyrrell as follows: "I do not think I could find words explicit enough to express myself as I feel. I have used the J. B. L. Cascade two years and it has made a new man of me. In reality I feel that I would not sell it for all the money in the world if I could not buy another. Through my recommendation I know a number of my friends who have been using it with the same satisfaction. For people troubled with Constipation I think it is a Godsend. (Signed) T. Babin, Proprietor, Alexandra Hotel, Ottawa."

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# One New Subscription Only

*Secured by Each Reader of the Canadian Courier Would Mean Success For Every Candidate in the Contest*

**A**NOTHER change in the leadership in The Canadian Courier contest this week. Miss M. Augusta McLeod, of Goderich and Roxeter, again moves into the top position with a gain of a little over 20,000 votes for the week. Miss McLeod has been among the leaders almost since her first week in the contest, and her record has been a very enviable one. Her friends in the various towns in her district are proving to be extremely loyal, and have given her the best kind of support.

Miss Blanche Bourque, of Sydney, N.S., drops back into second place, but is not very far behind the leader. Miss Bourque has been one of the three highest candidates for several weeks and has every reason to be satisfied with her position, and with the facts that her own town is giving her so much encouragement. Sydney will undoubtedly be found among the leaders at the finish of the contest and will win a high place for her candidate.

Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, shows a splendid gain for the week, having gone ahead some 14,000 votes. The Cobalt candidate is making a splendid campaign and is receiving very loyal support.

Miss Annie Huestis, of Sussex, N.B., is another candidate who is doing remarkable work. Her gain for the week is over 12,000 votes, not a bad showing by any means. The town of Sussex is certainly doing itself proud and is attracting a lot of excellent publicity by the progress shown by its candidate.

Two Nova Scotia candidates, Miss Margaret Campbell, of New Waterford, and Miss Lillian E. Holland, of Halifax, have made splendid progress for the week. Each has a gain of between fourteen and fifteen thousand votes. Miss Holland moves up from tenth to fourth place, and Miss Campbell from ninth to fifth position in the race.

Miss Velma Welch, of Vancouver, and Miss Minnie B. Wenzel, of Denholm, Sask., each show decided gains for the week. Miss Elizabeth Russell, of Parry Sound, is another candidate with a splendid gain, and also Miss Estelle Gow, of Fergus, Ont. Both show material advance in the standing. Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, of Edmonton, has a nice gain, and the same is true of Miss Jean Blakney, of Sunny Brae, N.B. Other candidates show smaller gains, which prove that they are working earnestly and have the support of their friends.

A number of readers of The Canadian Courier have sent in new subscriptions direct to The Canadian Courier office, asking that the votes be credited to some candidate they have selected to encourage. In each case the votes have been credited and the candidate written to that effect. Any reader of The Canadian Courier can help a candidate tremendously by doing this and the notice of the subscription will come as a very pleasant surprise to the candidate.

New candidates can enter at any time and have two or three months as they wish to complete the work. Every candidate who sends in a certain number of new subscriptions will be awarded the college course or the trip to Europe, as they may select, regardless of the time they enter. Miss Muriel Boulton, of Quebec, is a new candidate this week, and should be splendidly supported in Quebec.

Boy candidates can enter to work for the college course, and have the summer vacation season to do the work. Better enter now and get your territory assigned before some one else gets in ahead.

Readers of The Canadian Courier can help the candidates tremendously by saving the ballots for them and suggesting where a new subscription can be secured from some acquaintance. One new subscription from each reader of The Canadian Courier would mean the year in college or the trip to Europe for every candidate in the list.

**The standing follows:**

Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont. ....	117,700	Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B. ....	12,800
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S. ....	100,700	Miss Etheline Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont. ....	12,700
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont. ....	97,200	Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont. ....	12,450
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B. ....	76,900	Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont. ....	11,950
Miss Esther Dewney, Comox P.O., B.C. ....	46,900	Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury ....	11,850
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S. ....	45,900	Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que. ....	11,850
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I. ....	45,350	Miss Olivine Groux, Pembroke, Ont. ....	11,700
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont. ....	43,500	Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B. ....	11,600
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont. ....	41,600	Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C. ....	11,500
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask. ....	40,700	Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont. ....	11,500
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	31,400	Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont. ....	11,350
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C. ....	31,000	Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal ....	11,200
Miss Minnie B. Wenzel, Denholm, Sask. ....	29,150	Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont. ....	11,150
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	28,000	Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S. ....	11,050
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont. ....	23,200	Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont. ....	11,000
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man. ....	20,050	Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont. ....	10,950
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S. ....	19,150	Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont. ....	10,950
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont. ....	19,100	Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta. ....	10,800
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont. ....	17,400	Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	10,800
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que. ....	16,800	Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B. ....	10,800
Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont. ....	16,650	Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont. ....	10,750
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask. ....	16,250	Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont. ....	10,550
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B. ....	15,750	Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal ....	10,450
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	15,300	Miss Alice Guillemont, Ottawa, Ont. ....	10,400
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto ....	14,700	Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont. ....	10,400
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont. ....	14,650	Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S. ....	10,250
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto ....	14,050	Miss Muriel Boulton, Quebec ....	10,100
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask. ....	13,700	Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C. ....	10,000
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto ....	13,400	Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont. ....	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta. ....	13,250	Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man. ....	10,000
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B. ....	13,250	Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont. ....	10,000

## Ballot No. 12

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

For .....

Address .....

if forwarded to The Canadian Courier to be credited in the official standing on or before June 24, 1913.

## NOMINATION BLANK

**I** *Hereby* Nominate .....

Address .....

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

Signed .....

Address .....

Countersigned by .....

Pastor of .....

Church or Parish

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



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## Editor's Talk

TWO weeks from this issue we shall publish our annual tourist number. It is now at least one month since townspeople began to talk about summer holidays. Every year the great but all too brief break-away from office routine gets into the nerves just a little earlier. That's temperament, conditioned somewhat upon weather. The tourist number of The Courier expects to reflect somewhat the vagabondism of the time and the place. It will contain fresh pictures and articles from the by-ways of Canada, presented in a way that will interest a reader without making him feel that he's reading a guide-book.

For the benefit of those who still take politics along with their gardening and May weather, we should like to point out that in this present issue we have paid respects to two great and once rival leaders, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; one as he leaves Canada for good, the other an old man almost a generation younger as he makes a new appeal on the navy question to the people of Canada. When Premier Borden makes a similar move we shall give him just as much space and consideration. For, after all, it's a good thing the navy question has been taken, at least temporarily, out of Parliament.



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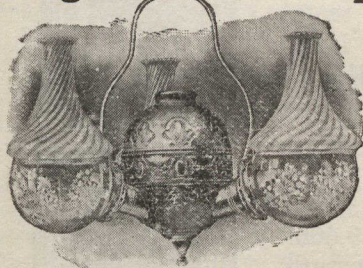
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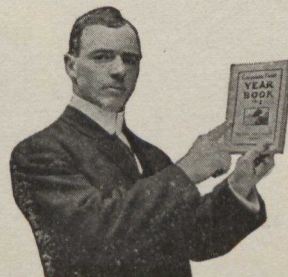
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THE FARM PRESS, Limited, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto



## Some New Songs

MAKING bad songs seems to be the chief business of a large number of people nowadays, and there are always plenty of people who will buy the bad ones. At the same time, it must be remembered that a very large number of really sweet melodies set to respectable words are finding their way into the homes of the people; perhaps a much larger number than when a few great popular songs held the stage—such songs as we have never had equalled from the day of "The Lost Chord" down to that of—

Well, it doesn't matter. It happens that a music publisher has sent to this office for review a number of clean, bright, respectable songs that would make a welcome variation to the everlasting ragtime. The names of these songs are:

"I Hear a Whisper."—Katherine Barry.

"If in Any Little Word."—Bela Laszky.

"Cherry-Blossom Time."—Herbert Oliver.

"The Voice of Home."—H. Lane Wilson.

"Land of Mine."—H. Lane Wilson.

"The Heavenly Anthem."—H. Lane Wilson.

"The Rule of England."—Elgar.

"Take Wing."—Godfrey Nutting.

## Crocuses

By George Cotterell.

Yellow and purple and white,  
Snow-white and lilac and gold,  
Crocuses, my crocuses,  
Peering up from the mould;  
These like fingers of flame,  
These in a raiment of snow,  
And these of the dusky hue of thoughts  
Cherished from long ago.

Last year, last month, last week,  
My patch of garden was bare,  
No glimmer of green or gleam of gold  
Or sign of life was there;  
It was only this morning early  
That Spring came by this way,  
And the gifts she leaves for a token  
Were only mine to-day.

Hark, how the sparrows twitter,  
For joy of the warmer sun!  
They began their mating a month ago,  
And their nesting will soon be done;  
But the thrush has a gladder welcome,  
Which he'll sing in the mellow eves,  
I have heard him trying it over  
In the trees forlorn of leaves.

Forlorn? Not now, nor ever,  
Since Spring is here again,  
And crocuses, my crocuses,  
Herald her happy reign;  
Yellow and white and purple,  
Snow-white, blue veined and gold,  
The signs of a new possession  
That is old as the world is old—

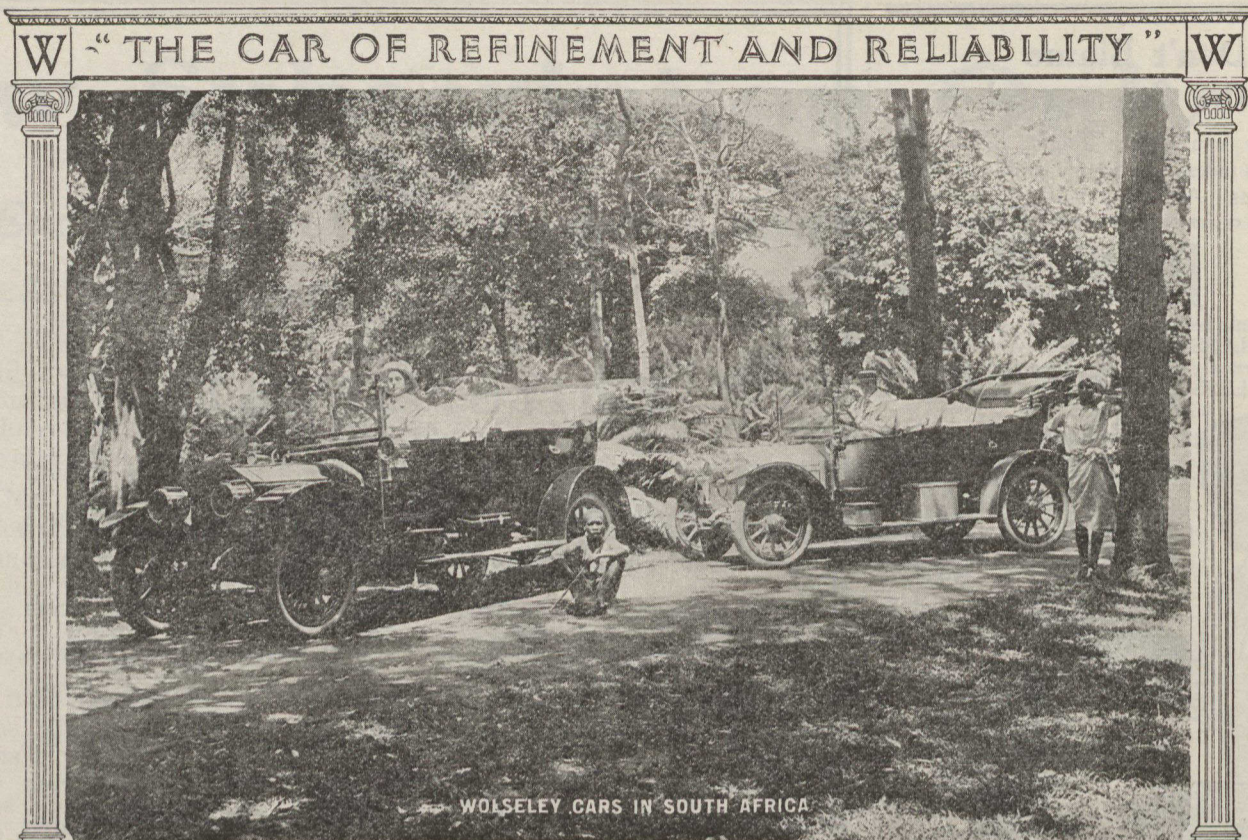
New life, new love, new leafage,  
Forever old and young,  
In all the flowers that open,  
In all the songs that are sung;  
And hers is the beautiful mission  
To blossom and bloom and sing,  
My crocus-bringer, my passion,

## The Season at the Theatre

THE theatrical season is practically at an end. Within a week or two some of the theatres will be closed, while at two of them stock companies will occupy the boards.

Toronto has done excellently well this season in the matter of shows. Notwithstanding its decided penchant for musical comedy the more serious side of the stage has had a more than usually large representation. No less than four companies have presented Shakespeare, and in each case the exposition has been the work of stars. Wm. Faversham's revival of "Julius Caesar" was the most noteworthy offering of the year.

Opera has done better than ever. We had three weeks of the Montreal Opera Company, and one each of the Aborn Company and the Sheehan Company. Other notable offerings have been, for the most part, the work of British playwrights. "Carnival," and "At Versailles—1780" were premieres. Mr. Bennet's "Milestones" and "Kismet," too, stand out as successful efforts.



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MODERN in design and beautifully proportioned, with flush sides, deep scuttle dash and low seats, this model reflects the incomparable quality which is inseparable from the name of "WOLSELEY." The steering column is raked in conformity with the low seats, which are provided with removable leather cushions of highest quality and resiliency. Prices, fully equipped, including spare wheel with tire, bracket and dust excluder, \$3,800, \$5,000, \$8,300. Other types of open cars from \$3,600. We court investigation of the many features which have created WOLSELEY prestige. Trial runs available to anyone interested. A complete stock of spare parts is carried at the Canadian headquarters in Toronto.

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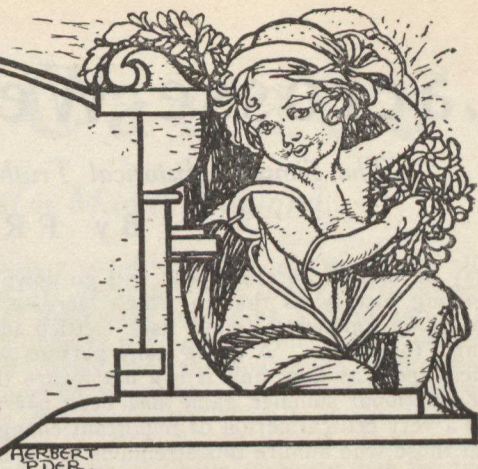
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."





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



HERBERT  
 P. D. R.

Vol. XIII.

May 17, 1913

No. 24

## Back to Old London at Ninety - Two

IN an old school reader you will recall an eloquent extract from a great speech by Joseph Howe, known to be the greatest orator ever born in Nova Scotia. The words came from the misty ages before Confederation. The school-boy grew up, became a modern Canadian and remembered Joseph Howe somewhat as he did D'Arcy McGee and other fabulous characters.

A few days ago in the busy smoke-stack town of Amherst, N. S., there was a public holiday to welcome—on his last journey back to England—a very old man, to whom many a quavering veteran felt like saying:

"Ay, I was a lad of ten, Sir Charles, when you defeated Joseph Howe in 1855. And you had my father's vote, sir."

And the old man in the midst of the crowd, eleven months younger than Strathcona, the Canadian marvel of Englishmen, will be 92 years old this July. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was visiting Amherst, N. S., his native town, for the last time, on his way back from Victoria, B. C., to England, where he will spend his old age. Busy Amherst never had such a holiday. And it is a man's lifetime now since any Bluenose lived so remarkable as Sir Charles Tupper.

There never has been any real Amherst without a Tupper. There never could have been a real Nova Scotia without a Charles Tupper, a Joseph Howe, a Leonard Tilley, a John Thompson, a Robert Laird Borden, a W. S. Fielding, a George Foster and a "Sam Slick." Nova Scotia has been the cradle of great and near-great statesmen. Sir Charles Tupper is the most remarkable of them all.

As a young man, graduated from Horton Academy and Edinburgh University, he was a busy doctor in Amherst with a large country practice. In fact, he is the only doctor that ever became historically famous in a Canadian Parliament. Dr. Tupper was 34 years old when he first became a celebrity. In 1855 he defeated the eloquent statesman, Joseph Howe, leader of the Liberal party in Nova Scotia, and became member for Cumberland, including Amherst, in the Nova Scotia Assembly. That was twelve years before Confederation. The young doctor had a very strong opponent in Howe, and he had the grip of a master hand on the disrupted Conservatives whom in one year he changed from a mere camp into a real party. In 1856 Howe and his Liberals were put out of power by Tupper and his reconstructed Tories. The young doctor became Provincial Secretary. In 1864 he was Premier.

CONFEDERATION was now the great issue. Howe opposed it. Tupper was a member of the conference in Charlottetown in 1864, and of the Quebec Conference in 1865 that made Confederation a possibility. With Sir John Macdonald he was at the Westminster Palace Hotel conference when Confederation was no longer a dream but a reality. He became a C.B., the first of a long line of titles of which the full list in the working out of a great life became Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., C.B., G.C.M.G., P.C., F.R.S.G.S. And he could have worn a hundred more.

In the first Canadian Cabinet he was



Sir Charles Tupper, Guest of Honour at a Meeting of 3,000 People in Amherst, N.S., His Native Town, on April 23; Mr. H. J. Logan, Ex-M.P., Presiding.



Reception Committee to Sir Charles Waiting at the Station, April 23.



Sir Charles Getting off the Train at Amherst, His Old Home Town.

offered a portfolio which, with great modesty, he declined. In 1873 he became Minister of Customs. Then came the Pacific Scandal and the defeat of the Conservatives. For five years Dr. Tupper was the great consolidating worker and eminent counsel to John A. Macdonald behind the scenes, developing the National Policy as once he had reconstructed the Conservative party in Nova Scotia and helped to achieve a united Canada. When the N. P. became a Government policy Dr. Tupper was made Minister of Public Works, out of which he created the department of Railways and Canals, of which he was the first Minister. He enlarged the Welland Canal, deepened the St. Lawrence waterway, improved the Intercolonial to a point of getting a four-years surplus, and was a prime mover in the creation of the private company that built the C. P. R., which was completed to the Pacific a year after Dr. Tupper became the first Canadian High Commissioner to England.

In 1887, when Commercial Union was being tampered with by the Liberals, Dr. Tupper saw that he would be needed in Canada again. He helped to defeat the Commercial Unionists, just as in 1911 he threw the weight of his long life against Reciprocity. For a year he was Minister of Finance. He returned to the High Commissionership in London. He was made a Baronet. Three years later his chief, Macdonald, died. Then came the panorama of Premiers: Sir John Thompson, who in 1893 died in London; Sir John Abbott and Sir Mackenzie Bowell—and to help him Sir Charles Tupper came back again to Canada as Secretary of State.

IN all this lifetime of superb creative effort the "young doctor" of Amherst had never reached the pinnacle of political ambition in Canada. But in 1896 he was for a few months Premier—up to the time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier led his solid Opposition against him and the Liberals into power. Did he retire to his comfortable High Commissionership in London, beaten and disheartened? Not yet. He stayed in the Canadian Parliament, and as able leader of the Opposition, a man of 75, faced the music, till 1900, when, at the age of 79, he retired from public life. He was never again seen in Parliament. But whenever an election came round—somehow the great Bluenose veteran had the knack of always being in the front of battle where the smoke was thickest. At 90 years of age he had fire enough left to go against Reciprocity in any way, shape or manner whatsoever. That was his last public concern. The old antagonist of Joseph Howe, never too old to keep pace with a swift young country, had done his work. After a year in Victoria, B. C., he now goes back to London and to that other near-centenarian youth Lord Strathcona. And it will be set down by the historian that in all the annals of Canadian politics there never was such a long life well spent as that of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

He never was an orator and never a politician. He can lay claim to being as nearly as possible what people understand in a constructive statesman. He has seen and taken part in more changes in Canadian public life than any other man alive.



# Lacrosse Weathers a Crisis

*The Simple, Historical Truth About Canada's "National Game"*

By FRED JACOB

IT may be that the present year will go down to sporting history as that in which lacrosse, as played by amateurs, found itself settled upon a firm foundation. A great many persons who take their sport as they find it are not aware that Canada's national summer game has been passing through a very critical period of important changes, and that those who admire this strenuous but manly sport have watched the various moves with considerable anxiety. They knew right well that a vigorous northern people would never forsake such a glorious pastime, but altered conditions demanded attention. It could not be expected that the game would flourish in 1913 on exactly the same basis that suited the world of sport a quarter of a century ago.

The commercial spirit was bound to creep into lacrosse as it did into every other important game, with the exception so far of rugby. Strangely enough, the Canadian sport suffered more keenly than any other game from the arrival of the paid player. This was doubtless due in a very large extent to the inadequacy of the existing organizations to meet the new situation. The amateur leagues had no clear-cut policy as to how they intended to deal with the coming of the professional, and their chief fear seemed to be that lacrosse interests would be torn asunder. They made their initial mistake when they tried to conduct both varieties of the game side by side, shutting their eyes to the dangers ahead.

Of course it was a severe blow to the amateur game to have the best players in all parts of the country suddenly desert, and the men in charge of the leagues doubtless feared that without the newly declared professionals, their associations would lose all importance. Looking back now it is easy to see what should have been done. That was the proper moment to have organized a series of strong, self-contained associations in different parts of the Dominion, all working together to foster interest in the science of the gutted stick. Then there would have been no talk to-day about the weakness of amateur lacrosse.

THE compromise which caused amateur associations to take professional series under their protecting wings had a number of results. The paid teams found themselves facing a great deal of prejudice, and many old enthusiasts can still be heard to assert that the professionals play neither interesting nor good lacrosse. That opinion will pass away in time, for it is so contrary to fact, but there was no reason why the badly disorganized amateurs should have chosen to bear part of the brunt of it.

In Ontario a more serious trouble arose from the dual associations. A man could join the professionals without going into another league, so players were bound to come to the front with the notion that they would be allowed to walk back and forth between the ranks of the paid and the unpaid. Then "whitewashing" became too common an occupation in lacrosse. Men played for money until they could not find anyone anxious to pay their salaries, and immediately turned to the association for per-

mission to join the amateurs again. Some of the lacrosse organizers winked at these proceedings "for the good of the game" and others protested mildly, but such conditions could not last, and when two factions finally got into a dispute the whitewash became an issue.

It would require a very judicial mind to decide the merits of the quarrel which caused a number of men to break from the Canadian Lacrosse Association and form the Ontario Lacrosse Association. At the bottom of it, however, was the whitewash pail. Friends of the C. L. A. will declare that the Young Torontos refused to abide by the league discipline and insisted upon playing for the Mann Cup, the chief amateur trophy, after being told that they were not to do so. This led to their suspension and the formation by the malcontents of a league for their special benefit. The supporters of the O. L. A. offer a different version. They represent the C. L. A. as being angry because the whitewash would not stick to certain players, and assert that the persecution of simon pure Young Torontos brought the new league into existence. They describe this team as an organization of genuine amateurs who were allowed to play for the Mann Cup because they had no ex-professionals on their line-up.

FAIR-MINDED men will admit that the historic lacrosse war might have been averted by a little tact and good sportsmanship. On the whole, the Young Torontos have no complaint to offer as their adventures proved a better advertisement than their playing. The struggle between the leagues did accomplish one good result that was not foreseen at the start. It made the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada notice that the national game would have to be placed on a really sound basis—organization was needed to save the day.

The undertaking was by no means a small one, but the governing body in the Canadian world of sport showed unexpected strength and tact. When the announcement came that the C. L. A. and the O. L. A. would consent to merge themselves in the newly-formed Ontario Amateur Lacrosse Association, so little was said about it that only those who happened to be watching closely realized how many hatchets had been buried. For the good of the future of lacrosse, the men in control of the C. L. A. were willing to forget that they had been the most influential lacrosse body for a quarter of a century, while the fighters in the O. L. A. agreed to forget their grievances, real and imaginary. The new body is starting free; it is vigorous and unhampered by past mistakes; and the splendid promise of a healthy and progressive career will make men who were tired of the squabbles of the past few years take down their sticks again.

The new organization in Ontario is only a section of the Canadian Amateur Lacrosse Association which will in future control the affairs of the whole country. It is too soon as yet to outline the possible developments of the amateur game, but only the blackest pessimist can maintain that the series of leagues in all parts of Canada working together and giving new life to the game will produce no

results. In Vancouver, they boast the finest amateur team in Canada, which is said to equal many of the professionals, and it will surely be the centre of a strong organization. Winnipeg had a team last year that aspired to win the Mann Cup, and there is no reason why lacrosse should not flourish in the Prairie Provinces, even though some time may elapse before they can defeat the men of the east or even those of the far west. In the Ottawa Valley and in the Province of Quebec, the game has never languished, and with the remainder of Canada interested it may even awaken to vigorous life in the towns near the Atlantic Ocean. At last it looks as though amateur lacrosse will soon boast a complete and comprehensive organization.

In spite of this systematic attempt to meet changed conditions, some people will insist that lacrosse cannot compete with the other popular hot-weather sports of the day. Give it a fair chance and we shall see. It has to contend against more difficulties than even its friends appear to realize. Many sporting editors are tied up hand and foot by the baseball magnates and the men behind the horse-racing interests. When a man has a reason, financial as well as sporting, for making the heroes of the diamond look large to the public, he will soon let other games show signs of neglect or occasionally give them a back-hand blow. This must not be misconstrued to mean that there is a deep-laid plot against the national game, but it is nevertheless true that the private connections of many editors have caused numerous sporting pages in Canada to adopt an unfriendly attitude towards lacrosse.

All lacrosse enthusiasts have the same complaint. They are always reading exaggerated items which leave the impression that the national game is gasping in its death struggle. They cannot get accurate descriptions of the games. Some of the writers give the impression that they have witnessed nothing but a number of aggravated assaults, while others make it evident that they care little and know less about the fine points of the game. In spite of considerable publicity of this nature, lacrosse has managed to hold its friends. But those who are most anxious about the success of the game will have to learn the value of skilful advertising, like that which has given baseball such a hold on the men who always follow the horn that toots loudest.

Time was when the lacrosse team in almost any town in Ontario contained the pick of the town's athletes whose exploits on the fair ground or the village commons caused no end of talk among the local historians. In fact no runner or high jumper or vaulting expert or stone-putter was considered altogether at his best unless he took his share of the work on the lacrosse team. When amateur lacrosse was at its height in the towns of Ontario, baseball was unknown, except as a very occasional diversion in the school-yard—almost without rules or traditions. There is no reason why amateur lacrosse should not flourish to-day as it did then.

Why does lacrosse make its supporters feel so sanguine about its ultimate victory over all obstacles? Simply because it is a game of which Canadians may well feel proud. It draws out all that is best in the players. They must be in the pink of condition, with great powers of endurance and self-control; they have to think quickly and act like a flash, with every muscle taut and every nerve alert. The sloven, the milk-sop and the second-rate athlete are wise to keep away from lacrosse, for it will show their deficiencies too plainly, but it is the ideal sport for the sons of a young and vigorous nation.

## HOW A SMALL MUNICIPALITY WORKS OUT THE POWER PROBLEM



Intake and Dam of the Minnedosa Power Company at Minnedosa, Man.



Spillway of the Power Dam Now Almost Completed.



# The Cousin From Canada

*A Skilful Story of Canadian Life Written from the Standpoint of a Man in England*

By ROBERT BARR

THE Earl of Dunfor sat in a deep, leathern chair in that huge apartment which was comfortable rather than luxurious—the smoking-room of the Cadenabian Club. He had slipped forward until his neck rested on the back of the armchair; his hat was negligently tipped over his nose, so that an observer could not be sure whether he was asleep or awake; his legs were stretched out to their fullest extent, and looked unnecessarily long; his hands were thrust deep in his trousers pockets—so deep that they seemed to be reaching for unattainable knees. The whole tense yet slouch attitude of his youthful lordship might have appeared to an onlooker the result of being awake during the small hours of the night before, while another might have said that Dunfor had been looking upon the wine when it was red, or, more probably, when it sparkled in the goblet.

As a matter of fact, this negligent posture indicated a deep and withering despair over a situation from which there was but one way out, so far as Cassalis, seventeenth Earl of Dunfor, could discover. He must marry the girl, and it was useless to flinch from the inevitable. Even Cassalis's cold-hearted solicitor admitted the drastic nature of the action, he, having seen the woman, describing her as a middle-aged female who, even in her youth, could not have been beautiful, and on whose appearance the hardening influence of pioneer life had left an extremely unprepossessing result.

Cassalis had suggested that some compromise might be arrived at.

"Tell her," cried the young man, suddenly becoming as bold as a lion—"tell her that we'll fight!"

The grave legal gentleman slowly shook his head.

"We haven't a leg to stand upon," he said.

"Of course," agreed the young man, "we haven't a leg to stand upon, and she has two, therefore she can beat us if it comes to a knock-out. Still, I don't propose that we shall let it come to that. Can't we bluff her? Here is an unsophisticated creature from the wilds of Canada—she cannot be up to snuff, don't you know—and if we seemed fierce and uncompromising, just yearning for a struggle, don't you think she might propose a settlement? If she made me an allowance of only five thousand a year, I could rub along on that."

Again the lawyer shook his head.

"Your suggestion of a simple-minded peasant from the wilds of Canada is quite beside the mark, my lord. Miss Jane Braddock strikes me as a woman of the shrewdest common-sense."

Cassalis groaned.

"She knows exactly what her rights are under the will of the late Earl, and I am quite sure that nothing is to be expected from her generosity. When I ventured to point out to her the grievous position in which you found yourself, she said rather curtly that it served you right. She added that if you had accepted your uncle's advice of ten years ago—going to Canada, as he counselled, and endeavouring to carve out a career for yourself—you would not now be reduced to the humiliating quest, as she put it, of searching for an heiress."

"OH, she knows I have been on the outlook, then?"

"Yes. I rather suspect that she has been in England much longer than she cares to have it appear. I think she has been living in the neighbourhood of the Dunfor estates, learning everything and forming her own opinions. Indeed, besides inheriting what for the last five years we have all thought was your own property, she seems to have inherited something of the hard practical disposition of your uncle, the late Earl of Dunfor—a disposition which, I suppose, he himself acquired during his early years as a pioneer in that country. It is extraordinary, but Miss Jane Braddock appears actually to believe that for a young man, life in Canada is infinitely superior to life in England. I thought

at first this was merely affectation on her part, but I have come to the conclusion that she is quite sincere in her illusion."

Again his lordship sighed deeply, and said, in a tone of plaintive despair—

"I suppose, then, there is nothing for me to do but marry this dreadful person?"

The solicitor coughed slightly and discreetly behind his open palm.



There was a little air of eagerness in her manner as she held out her hand to him.

Drawn by A. Clark.

"I quite agree with you, my lord," he said. "But if I may venture a word of caution, I should advise you to approach Miss Braddock quite as you would a lady of your own class, for there seems to be an odd stratum of independence in her nature which puts it quite on the cards that she may refuse you."

"How old do you say she is?" asked his lordship.

"I think she must be nearing forty."

"Well, as I am thirty-four myself, the discrepancy of age need not trouble us. You regard her as rather a hard-favoured individual?"

"She is businesslike, but scarcely beautiful," was the noncommittal reply of the lawyer.

"Well, anyhow, I'll make the plunge," said his lordship, with something like a groan.

This conversation had taken place in the town house of the Earl of Dunfor. His legal representative had lunched with him, discussing the situation as well as the viands. When the solicitor had taken his departure, the young Earl set out on his quest of the Golden Fleece; but his courage being somewhat in need of bracing up, his course deflected to the club, where tonics are dispensed in the smoke-room, and so we find him ruminating on his hard luck, with a large, empty glass and a half-consumed syphon of soda on the table at his elbow, to which more power, say all sympathetic persons.

Cassalis, seventeenth Earl of Dunfor, was indeed to be pitied. Others in years past enjoyed the fun, and now he was called upon to pay for it. The Earls of Dunfor had been, for the most part, a

betting and drinking lot, and in spite of all that the earlier members of the family did to preserve intact the estates by means of a rigid entail, the legal difficulties were gotten over by their descendants so effectively that the fourteenth Earl, who lived a short but vividly expensive existence, had succeeded in disencumbering himself of the last vestige of property which remained to the Dunfors, and nothing descended to his successor but the title.

His successor possessed three brothers, the eldest of whom emigrated to Canada some time before the fifteenth Earl's death; and shortly after that event, the two younger brothers followed the example of their senior, leaving the eldest brother to enjoy the title and whatever pickings his legal representative could squeeze out from the remnant of what had once been a fine property.

The fifteenth Earl died without children, and it was thought for a time that the father of young Cassalis would inherit, he belonging to a distant branch of the Dunfor family; but the only son of the eldest of the three Canadian brothers proved his right to the title, and came over, a millionaire, to enjoy it. Mineral lands were the making of the elder emigrant. His only son had quietly, through agents, purchased the Dunfor estates before putting forward his claim to the title. The estates, therefore, he could leave to whom he pleased—a fact that he rather gruffly impressed upon George Cassalis, the presumptive seventeenth Earl, for the sixteenth Earl was a bachelor. He urged the young man, who was then twenty-four and just out of college, to visit Canada, look about him and accept one of the many opportunities that country afforded to youth and energy; but Cassalis said that London amply supplied all his frugal needs, and he chose to remain in the metropolis.

A SMALL patrimony of not quite five hundred a year had been left to George Cassalis, and, with an earldom in prospect, there seemed to him little doubt that, being a good-looking fellow, he might secure a satisfactory heiress. But five years elapsed without this desirable event taking place. There were too many certainties in the market, so far as noblemen were concerned, for heiresses of value to invest good money on what was merely a prospect. By the time Cassalis was verging upon thirty, the sixteenth Earl died unexpectedly, and on his will being read, it was found that his extensive property and fortune were left to the eldest representative of his father's two younger brothers, whoever he or she might be, for the noble Earl had not taken the trouble to look up his Canadian relatives during his lifetime. These relatives were advertised for, but not discovered, and Cassalis became seventeenth Earl of Dunfor and heir to the estates as well, should this Canadian claimant not put in an appearance.

After three or four years Cassalis looked upon himself as safe, and, with the help of money-lenders, acted accordingly. He even, upon application to the courts, had his claim to the estates partially acknowledged by an order which, after due lapse of time, would become permanent. But now, in the fifth year since the reading of the will, there calmly entered upon the scene the missing heiress, and the Earl found himself deeply in debt, possessing an empty title and a small income, while confronted with the necessity of accounting for every penny that the estates had produced during the five years.

Muttering something that sounded profane, the young man drew in his long legs, removed his hands from the depths of his pockets, adjusted his hat properly on his head, raised his glass, but, finding it empty, placed it on the table again, walked out of the club, hailed a hansom, and drove to Grosvenor Square, to make what was, after all, his first proposal of marriage to a hard-featured woman of forty.

Notwithstanding his promise to the lawyer, he



evidently did not intend to waste much time on sentiment, for he retained the hansom.

Miss Braddock seemed bent on doing things in style. The house in Grosvenor Square proved to be an expensive one, and a dignified man-in-waiting opened the door for his lordship and recognized him.

"I am sorry, my lord," said the man, "but Miss Braddock is not at home. She went out about twenty minutes ago, and said she would return within the hour, and as she always does exactly what she says, perhaps your lordship will wait."

The Earl of Dunfor heaved a gentle sigh of relief on learning of the lady's absence; but, after all, though a crisis may be postponed, it must ultimately be met, and so, with another sigh, which was not one of relief, his lordship said he would wait. Possessing, after all, some of the slight common sense of his race, he thought it best to get the ordeal over, and as soon as possible learn his fate one way or another.

HE expected to be shown into an empty room, but the servant, throwing open the door, announced, in an impressive voice—

"The Earl of Dunfor!"

A refined-looking, beautiful girl, who might be anywhere from twenty to twenty-four years of age, rose to greet him from a table where she had been writing. There was a little air of eagerness in her manner and a welcoming smile on her pretty lips as she held out her hand to him.

"How do you do, sir?" she said, in a charming voice, with something, Cassalis suspected, of the American accent in it. "I have often heard of you, and am very glad to make your acquaintance. I suppose you have come to see Miss Braddock?"

His lordship stammered that such had been his intention, then trailed off into compliment, which he was too embarrassed to make effective, intimating haltingly that the presence in which he found himself more than compensated for the absence, and so forth and so forth. When he came to a halt, the girl laughed in a most friendly manner, while her clear, dancing eyes seemed to find something very amusing in the young man's abashed attitude.

"Oh, dear, no!" she said. "My presence could never atone for the absence of one who is such good company as Miss Jane Braddock. I am quite sure you will be delighted when you meet her."

His lordship murmured that he was sure he would. "She is such a straightforward person," continued the girl, after requesting his lordship to be seated, sitting down herself on the corner of the sofa. "For several years I have been her secretary, and probably know her better than anyone else, and no one admires her more than I do, although I hope that you will come to the same opinion."

"That is very good of you, Miss—Miss—Miss—"

"My name is Hilda Winterbourn," explained the girl, "and Miss Braddock is a distant relative of mine. I call her my aunt, but she is not an aunt in reality. We are both just revelling in our first visit to England."

"Ah, you are from Canada, too?" suggested Cassalis.

"Oh, yes," replied Hilda. "I am a Canadian, as Miss Braddock is. We have both read so much of England—about its history and its associations and its grand record of literary achievement. I am an ardent admirer of the heroes and heroines it has sent out to India and to the furthest corners of the earth, as, indeed, my own ancestors came, to meet difficulties and to baffle them, to overcome obstacles, to conquer and to prosper, each doing something for the furtherance of the great Empire to which he or she belongs. I often think of my own grandmother—for, after all, it is hardest on the women—who died broken-hearted in exile—broken-hearted that there was no prospect of her ever seeing her own land again. But though they may die, they never flinch. Thus, finally, their descendants and the Empire reap the reward of their devotion. I think, Lord Dunfor, you must be proud to belong to such a race, doing your duty here in the heart of the Empire, as they have done theirs on the outskirts, to uphold its great traditions."

THE girl's eyes glowed with the enthusiasm of the sentiments she uttered. His lordship, with downcast eyes, fumbled with his hat. His face slowly turned a dull, red-brick colour.

"We—we do what we can," he said, in a voice that was scarcely audible, remembering that his duty had been done in the clubs, in the gambling-rooms, and on the racecourses, with some foreign relaxation thrown in.

The girl sprang suddenly to her feet, with a little laugh that had nevertheless the suggestion of a sob in it.

"You must excuse me, Lord Dunfor," she said. "I am merely trying to explain to you how deeply

Miss Braddock and I feel what you might call the sentimental side of Empire. I think that we at the remote four corners cherish all this more deeply than perhaps you do here at the centre, for I have not yet met anyone on this side of the Atlantic who seems as enthusiastic on the subject as I. They all take it in such a matter-of-fact, undemonstrative sort of way. Why, I believe I'm embarrassing you at this moment with my fervour!"

"Indeed, you are not, Miss Winterbourn," replied his lordship, speaking without restraint for the first time since his entrance into the room. "I am delighted to have heard what you said, and I am sorry if you think our people over here unresponsive. I shouldn't wonder if our school system has something to do with it. We are taught to repress ourselves, and anything approaching enthusiasm is frowned upon. Now, in the Canadian schools, perhaps that is not the case."

"Indeed it is not!" cried Hilda. "We fly the British flag from every schoolhouse, and I read with amazement the other day that here in London, on some occasion or other, you were afraid to hoist your flag, in case it would offend somebody. The children of Canada are wildly patriotic, and in that they resemble the young people in the United States rather than those of this country. But here I am chattering to you as if you were one of my oldest friends, instead of being a complete stranger who has come to see someone else."

"Well, I hope," said his lordship, "it will not be long before you come to regard me as one of your oldest friends, and if that happens, I shall like it very much. I think you are a girl who has a great many friends."

This was a longish speech for the reticent nobleman to make, and Hilda looked up at him approvingly. It occurred to her that, under proper training, this young man might ultimately become a conversationalist. At first he had seemed quite boyishly shy, which amazed her, for in most of the books she had read, and in many of the plays she had seen, a titled young man was rather apt to be the villain—a bold-speaking, evil-staring sort of person whom it was well to avoid. Cassalis, seventeenth Earl of Dunfor, was the first member of the aristocracy she had met, and in her capacity of secretary she consequently heard a good deal about this person whom the heiress was to dispossess.

ORDINARILY, her sympathy would have gone out towards him; but Dunfor was accounted a fool, who had so thoroughly played ducks and drakes with his opportunities, that she came to regard him with something like contempt. This contempt was augmented by the fact that the Earl's legal representative had actually proposed to Miss Braddock that she should make the young man a handsome allowance with which to keep up the dignity of the title. As this suggestion must have been made with the consent, if not the connivance, of Dunfor himself, Miss Winterbourn found her contempt growing into scorn. All the young men she knew in Western Canada were eager enough for money, but they would have disdained taking it from a woman, especially when they made no sort of return for value received.

Hilda, who knew the Earl's age—that information coming with other particulars pertaining to the transfer of the estates—had pictured his lordship as a rather broken-down, leering, oldish-looking man, already wrinkled, with pasty face and the hair getting thin on the top of his head. She expected to see a person to whom the term "well-preserved" could be applied, and was therefore amazed to meet a fresh-looking, young fellow, who gave little evidence of having attained his majority. He even blushed like a schoolgirl and stammered like a schoolboy, while the patrician ease of manner which she had looked forward to, was non-existent in his case, for any farm-lad of her acquaintance would have seemed Chesterfieldian compared with him. She found herself readjusting her ideas concerning the nobleman, and the readjustment was not at all to his disadvantage.

"Yes," she answered at last. He had grown visibly uneasy during the long pause. "Yes, I am so fortunate as to possess many friends; but I suppose my list would look meagre compared with that of a London man like yourself."

"Well," said his lordship, "if you were talking of acquaintances, a London man certainly possesses a great many; but speaking of friends, do you know, I don't believe I've got a friend in the world."

She leaned forward eagerly. "Then *that's* the reason of it," she said, breathlessly.

"The reason of what?" asked Cassalis.

"Your playing ducks and drakes."

The young man at first seemed inclined to resent this remark; then he laughed quite genially, and she

joined him, saying—

"I am afraid that was a very rude remark of mine."

"Oh, not at all, and it contains the merit of truthfulness. I have played ducks and drakes with a fortune which it now turns out is not my own."

"Ah! And you have come to beg clemency from the owner?"

CASSALIS suddenly remembered the real object of his visit, which, since he entered that room, had been entirely forgotten; and, to his amazement, he found that the project which earlier in the day appeared, to say the least, distasteful, was now actually abhorrent.

"My legal adviser," he explained, "thought I should call upon Miss Braddock and talk over the situation with her. You see, after all, we are by way of being relatives."

"So you are. But doesn't it occur to you that, having allowed all these years to pass without any effort on your part to make the acquaintance of Miss Braddock, it is rather late in the day to pretend an interest in her now?"

"Miss Winterbourn, I think you are inclined to be a little unfair. I come to visit Miss Braddock because she is living in Grosvenor Square, and all I have to do is to jump into a hansom— Oh, by Jove!" his lordship interrupted himself, "I told the hansom to wait, and am paying two-and-six an hour for it! I suppose that's what you'd call playing ducks and drakes."

"Yes," said the girl, quietly, touching the bell. And when the servant appeared, "Pay Lord Dunfor's cabman," she said, "and dismiss him." Then turning to Cassalis with a smile, she added: "You must economize, you know, for I warn you that any appeal to Miss Braddock will be in vain. She cares nothing about the title or its support, and has become rather prejudiced against your lordship—the ducks and drakes, you know."

"Ah! Is she more prejudiced against me than you are?"

"I am not prejudiced against you."

"You were."

The girl laughed.

"You think, then, that your personal appearance is so much better than your reputation that it has won me over?"

"Oh, I know I'm not much on personal appearance, but, then, hang it all, the devil's never quite so black as he is painted, and I shouldn't like you to think I'm done in yet! I fancy both you and Miss Braddock see only one side of the case. You must remember that even so stubborn a thing as a fact has two or three sides. For instance, you spoke just now about the laggard fashion in which I sought out Miss Braddock, but you quite ignore the fact that for five years I have been advertising everywhere for her, or, at least, for the invisible legatee who has since materialized into Miss Braddock. Dash it all, Miss Winterbourn, do be reasonably fair! What more could I have done? Not till this morning did I know Miss Braddock's address, when my solicitor gave it to me, and you must admit I haven't lost any time in availing myself of the information."

Hilda Winterbourn was sitting on the end of the sofa, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

"Why, Lord Dunfor, you can talk like a streak when you get started!"

"Like a what?" asked his lordship.

"It's a phrase we use out West—like a streak. I suppose it means a streak of lightning, but I don't know. Now, why did you not go to Canada when your uncle asked you to do so? It would have made a man of you."

"Oh, thanks, Miss Winterbourn!" He stiffened perceptibly in his chair.

"YOU mustn't get offended at anything I say. I am merely a secretary, you know, and it's my duty to say what I think without fear or favour—at least, that is the condition on which Miss Braddock has engaged me. If she found me hedging, evading facts, or trying to be unnecessarily polite, she wouldn't stand it."

"I am rather sorry you dismissed that cab, Miss Winterbourn."

"Regrets are useless, Lord Dunfor. You couldn't escape in a hansom, because we could overtake you in our motor. Miss Braddock has become an expert chauffeur since we have been in England, and often drives the car herself, although she keeps an excellent man for that purpose. I hope I have convinced you that you cannot get away without our permission. However, do not be frightened. My intentions are laudable, although I sometimes express myself clumsily. What I should have said

(Concluded on page 28.)



# From Parliament to the Public

*Sir Wilfrid Laurier Seeks a New Jury*

By NORMAN PATTERSON

First: "It is the part of Canada to come forward and take her share of the defence."

Second: "Years ago Toronto had her garrison. Quebec had her garrison. Montreal had her garrison. These garrisons have been withdrawn and Canada has filled the gap with our own militia. Should not we young nations of the Empire strengthen the motherland by replacing her over-



"I regret nothing."

seas fleets by squadrons built and manned by the young nations?"

Third: "The boats shall be built, so far as it may be done by Canadian labour, equipped and maintained by Canadian labour as well, manned by Canadian sailors under the control of the Canadian Government, of the Canadian Parliament and of the Canadian people."

Postscript: "I go back to Ottawa this evening to take my share in the good fight, which, whatever may be the conclusion of the Canadian Parliament, shall never be finished until it is fought before the Canadian people."

As usual, the postscript was the most interesting. Most of us knew what Sir Wilfrid's naval policy was, but we were not sure whether he would submit, compromise or fight. Mr. Murphy didn't explain. Only the last paragraph of Sir Wilfrid's own utterance told the story. He will appeal—some day—to the jury of the whole people.

Then came the Hon. George P. Graham. The postscript message had been delivered and it was the duty of the two big lieutenants to drive it home. Graham caught the crowd at once with his bright sallies. The intellectual treat was over, therefore a little humour was not amiss. The laugh should follow the deep-seated, intellectual sigh. But Graham not only made them laugh; he drove home

that message. He wanted Canadians to show pluck, not merely contribute money. They must not be purchasers of substitutes, nor coat-holders. No manless, moneyless navy for him. With sarcasm, sally, wit and satire, he hammered the hot iron on the anvil. And he did it as he had never done it before. He made one of the best speeches of his career. He triumphed.

And then followed a few hard blows from the sledge-hammer of Dr. Clark, of Red Deer. Again wit, satire and sally, but driving the message home. The man of the North-British birth and with the North-British face and accent spoke to the British-born like himself. And if so, why not Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who talks English as no other Canadian, and thinks British as well as any? He was determined to fight—and here he came closer to the message—against an enemy that stopped the game in the middle in order to alter the rules.

Such was the message and such the men and the manner of making it. There was some talk of the tyranny of the Government, but that talk meant little. In contrast, Dr. Clark referred to Sir Wilfrid Laurier as "steeped and saturated with the best traditions of British statesmanship." That was the higher appeal—strangely overlooked in the *Globe* report. The cry against "tyranny" and "insult to our beloved leader" are trumpery and infantile. There must be a higher and a broader appeal. The thumping of the enemy may be necessary in political warfare, but it is not constructively effective.

Sir Wilfrid recognized that. He rose in higher flights than his lieutenants and thus proved his leadership. To him this is neither a Quebec matter nor an Ontario matter. It is a question for Nova Scotia and British Columbia as well. Australia and New Zealand are also interested. "Whatever concerns British subjects here, concerns British subjects everywhere." He denounced the alliance with the Nationalists; he regretted that the Government had fallen back on the closure; but he also made a constructive argument, addressed to the great jury who, in their own good time, will decide whether Sir Wilfrid or Right Hon. Mr. Borden has the proper view of one of the greatest questions which Canada has been called upon to decide.

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THERE could not be a finer audience than the one which greeted the Liberal speakers on this occasion. They represented the best in Toronto and also the best in the cities and towns round about. For this was not merely a local meeting. Prominent Liberals from all over the province were invited and many of them came. Again, there were a few Conservatives, men and women, in the audience, and of course this added materially to its appearance.

The audience was responsive. It responded quickly and adequately to every carefully-prepared, impromptu witticism or argumentative point. It was especially responsive when an appeal was made to its manhood or its Canadianism. When the band struck up "God Save the King" the audience rose as promptly as an audience of the most loyal Tories. If some Liberals are disloyal, as their enemies claim, there was no evidence of it in the singing of the National Anthem or in the squareness of the shoulders of the men and women who sang. Every reference to the Empire was equally well received. Nevertheless, the appeals to their Canadian feelings evoked most enthusiasm. That audience was certainly in favour of a Canadian navy. They may have been divided as to whether a Canadian navy should be prefaced by a contribution. They may not have been all agreed that Canada should attempt to build the larger ships on this side of the water. But I am firmly convinced that they were nearly all in favour of Canadians taking a personal and active part in the defence of the Empire.

With regard to the closure I am not sure that the audience was so responsive. There has been a general feeling for years that Parliament wasted time in useless discussions and that sessions were too long. There has been a feeling that the professional politicians were crowding business men out of Parliament by needless prolongation of debate. Moreover, the Liberal advocacy of closure in 1911 must have been effective and the elapsed time has not been sufficient to eradicate that effect.

On May 19th Premier Borden, Hon. Mr. Hazen and Hon. Mr. Pelletier will hold a Conservative rally in Toronto. A complete sketch of this will appear in the CANADIAN COURIER of May 31st.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has at last made an appeal to the public. For months his friends have been advising him to seek a new jury and to transfer his activities, in part, from the House of Commons to the political hustings. In response to these appeals, he and three of his lieutenants visited Toronto last week, and met the people face to face. They presented their arguments against the contribution policy, told their story of the tyranny of the majority, and explained why they objected to the closure.

It was a great meeting, not alone because of the bigness of the issue, not alone because of the tremendous nature of the appeal, but also because every Liberal and every Conservative, every man and every woman, felt that it was one of the few remaining opportunities to hear a man who fought his way, unaided by birth and fortune, up the ladder of political fame to the highest pinnacle which a Canadian may attain. Here was a man who had been prime minister for fifteen years, had mixed on equal terms with the statesmen of all parts of the Empire, had been received as a prince in the greatest court in the world, and had in short received all the honours which may come to a citizen of His Majesty's Dominions over the seas. Here was this man, at seventy-two years of age, daringly leading a forlorn hope against an entrenched and triumphant foe. The action was heroic and the world loves a hero.

And what came ye out to see? A man dressed as faultlessly as ever, with shoulders sloping a little and frame shrunken slightly, yet holding himself erect, with white plume nodding bravely, and breathing defiance in the same old graceful and masterful way as he has done for two decades. A man who unrolls the history of the British Empire and exhibits an intimate acquaintance with all that has been recorded during recent centuries. A man who thinks not in constituencies or provinces, but in Dominions and Empires. A man with all the weaknesses of mortal flesh (he had a toothache that morning) and yet walking as a chieftain among men. Such a man may be wrong, but he must always be interesting.

And when he followed the chairman up the aisle, with his aides keeping step behind him, ascended the platform and looked out over the vast assembly, those who were gathered there cheered him to the echo. He had come into the stronghold of the enemy, into a city which only once or twice during his long years of power sent him a supporter, among men who regularly voted against him and his policies and will do so again—but they cheered. And when he spoke in his liquid, French-accented English, they listened with almost bated breath. The manner of his speech, more than what he said, charmed them and moved them. He did not make them laugh. He had not a bundle of carefully-prepared impromptu phrases to startle them and to stir them. He had only plain argument, couched in the simplest of words, decorated round and about with an art so gentle and so refined that it was invisible.

"I regret nothing."

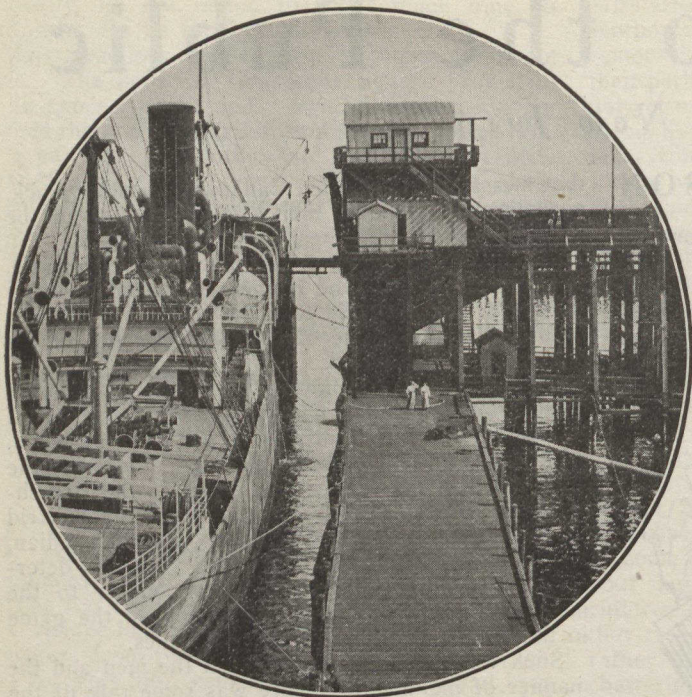
And yet methinks Sir Wilfrid regrets much. And his lieutenants and supporters regret more. The election of two years ago tore them from their high exalted state as victors and rulers and plunged them into outer darkness as oppositionists. Sir Wilfrid may say, they all may say, "We regret nothing," but they do regret. There was an undercurrent in all the speeches that seemed to express a disappointment that they found themselves where they now are, that a snap verdict and "an unholy alliance" had deprived them of their hereditary places and privileges. They exhibited, well covered and well designed, yet visible, the feelings of a ruling house deprived of their possessions by usurpers and revolutionists. It was so with the Conservative leaders after 1896; why should it not be so with the Liberal leaders after 1911?

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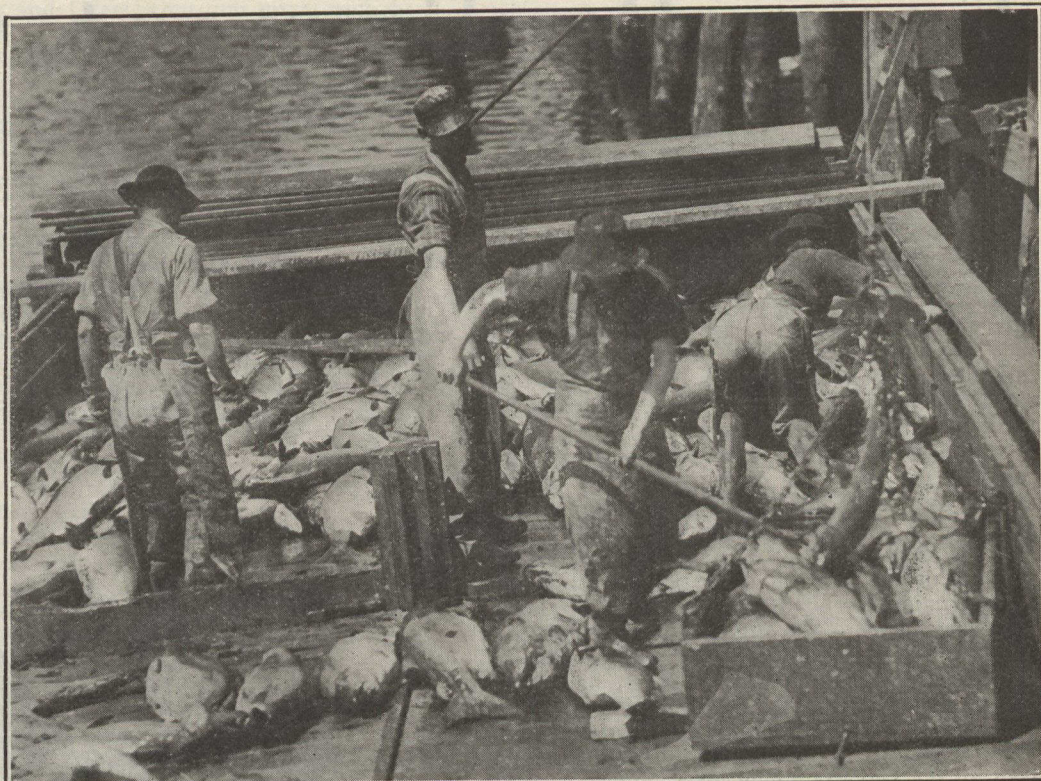
THEN there was the message. There were four men to deliver it—four big men—so it must be important. The Hon. Charles Murphy began with an attack on the Borden administration. He had only denunciation. When he referred to Mr. Borden as "a weakling" he was hissed. When he attempted argument he simply proved that the navy question was an issue at the general election of 1911—a most destructive line, since the Liberal opposition is based on the ground that the Government has no mandate.

Sir Wilfrid himself had the message.

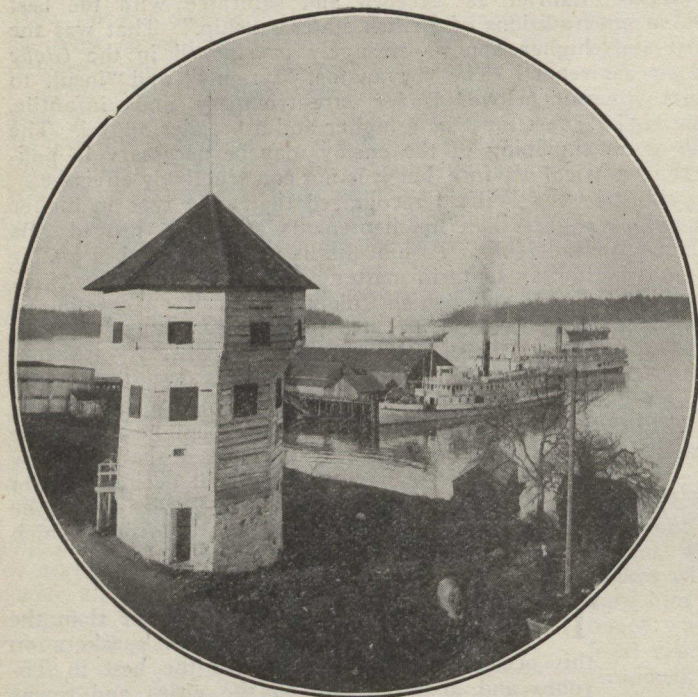




Foreign Vessel Coaling at Nanaimo, the Pacific Newcastle.



THESE MEN COULD SUPPLY FISH STORIES TO SUIT ANY OCCASION.  
Unloading Salmon from a Scow at Victoria, on Vancouver Island.



In 1853, and for Many Years Afterwards This Bastion, Built by the Hudson's Bay Co., Was the Only Defence of Nanaimo.



Look Closely and You'll Find the Man—a Mere Circumstance Among the Douglas Firs on Vancouver Island.  
Copyright Photo by Leonard Frank, Alberni, B.C.

# A Billion-Dollar Island

*A Few Facts, Figures and Pictures Explaining the Value and Importance of Vancouver Island*

By JAMES ARMSTRONG

VANCOUVER ISLAND is the commercial and naval bulwark of the Province of British Columbia. It is a billion dollar island—a thousand million dollar paradise. Perhaps not capitalized at that amount to-day, but in the future it could be bonded for that amount. It is one of the largest non-continent islands in the world. It comprises 16,400 square miles of territory, or ten million acres. As agricultural land, it should be worth ten dollars an acre, or a total of one hundred millions. But to this must be added the value of the coal, iron, forests, fisheries, harbours, railways, cities and towns. Perhaps a billion is too high an estimate—but not extravagantly high.

Would Canada sell Vancouver Island to Japan for a thousand million? Vancouver Island is one-half the size of Scotland and a little more. If it had half the population of Scotland, it would be inhabited by 2,350,000 people. It is one-third the size of England. If it had one-third the population of England it would be teeming with ten million people. Basing an estimate on its present population of less than a hundred thousand people, on its climate which corresponds to that of the south and west of England, and the south of France, on its vast natural resources and its commanding commercial position, Vancouver Island should have a million people in twenty years.

The chief centres of population on the Island now are Victoria, Nanaimo, Ladysmith, Esquimalt and Port Alberni. Victoria is the seat of government for the province, and has a population of about 35,000. In 1846, it was known as Camosum, an H. B. Co.'s trading post. It did not enlarge until the gold excitement of 1855. Since then it has been growing quietly, waiting for the tide of immigration to cross the Rockies. Nanaimo, 73 miles away on the east coast of the Island, has about 10,000 people and is coming fast. The other places are small and undeveloped.

The chief railway of the Island is the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, operated by the Canadian Pacific. They have been building a cross-island road from Nanaimo to Port Alberni, a distance of fifty miles. This was completed recently, and there will soon be a daily service from Port Alberni to Victoria. Other branches are being built, one to Cowichan Lake and one to Courtenay. The Canadian Northern has recently commenced

operations and will touch Victoria, Port Alberni, and Patricia Bay. From the latter place there will be a ferry across to the mainland terminus of that railway. There is also a short line projected between Victoria and Sidney, to be operated in connection with the Great Northern. To all these must be added the B. C. Electric, which is opening up the district around Victoria.

The first coal mine opened in British Columbia was on the north-east coast of the Island. In 1850, a discovery was made at Nanaimo and in 1853 some 2,000 tons were shipped to California and sold at \$28 per ton. The Island deposits and Crow's Nest deposits are the chief coal areas in the province, worth nearly twenty-five million dollars a year.

The principal iron deposits of the province also occur on Vancouver Island. They are of high grade and almost wholly free of sulphur and phosphorus. With coal and iron in close proximity, Vancouver Island must ultimately become a great steel centre and the home of a steel shipbuilding industry.

On this point, the Victoria Board of Trade has recently spoken as follows:

"THE historical and geographical position of Victoria suggests that every effort should be made in the general interests to increase the shipbuilding and shipping facilities. There are already important ship repairing plants at Victoria and Esquimalt, but under present conditions it is not possible for these plants to undertake shipbuilding on an extensive scale because ships built in Great Britain or Ireland are admitted to Canadian Register without the payment of any duty either on the ship or on her outfit. The Board has urged upon the Dominion Government that to meet the situation a bonus should be given on ships built in Canada, such bonus to be on a combined tonnage and *ad valorem* basis, and the representations of your Board have been promised favourable consideration.

"In 1909 the foreign tonnage entering and clearing at Victoria was greater than any other Canadian port, and in 1912 the tonnage entering and clearing at Victoria amounted to 3,622,851 tons, as compared with 2,769,373 tons in 1909, an increase of 31 per cent. To maintain Victoria's pre-eminence more harbour accommodation is essential, and if this is provided there is every reason to anticipate that the import and transshipment trade of Victoria will be greatly increased, giving steady and remunerative employment to a large portion of our people.

"Upon representations by the Board, the Do-

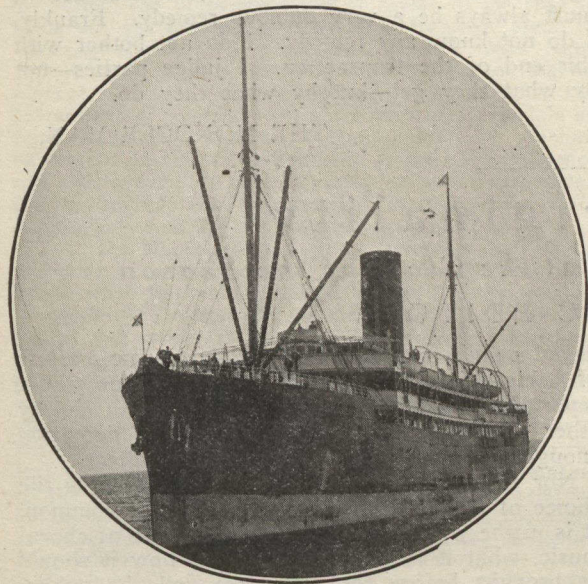


minion Government sent Mr. Louis Coste, C.E., to make a full report, and this gentleman recommended the construction of a breakwater and piers giving accommodation for about 24 large ocean steamers at one time. The initial contract for the breakwater has been let to the firm of Sir John Jackson, Ltd., and the work has been commenced. The Dominion Government is now being urged by the Board to undertake without further delay the additional development necessary if the port is to be ready to take care of the increased number of vessels certain to come here within the next two years."

## The Island and Nanaimo

By H. G. COLEMAN

**A**FTER leaving the city of Vancouver, one will sail across the Straits of Georgia, and pass into Nanaimo Harbour, which, at the present time, holds second or third place in the Dominion of Canada, so far as the amount of shipping



CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN VESSEL AT VICTORIA.

"In 1909 the foreign tonnage entering and clearing at Victoria was greater than at any other Canadian port."

in and out of the Harbour is concerned. The city of Nanaimo, which slopes gradually from this excellent harbour to the foot of Mount Benson, holds a strategic position, both as a distributing and manufacturing point and as a place to live.

Excepting the natives, the Island was first occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843, who, in 1852, built a bastion where Nanaimo is now located, and which still stands on the shores of Commercial

Bay, one of the most historic land-marks on the whole of the Pacific Coast. The settlement gradually grew, until in 1874 the city of Nanaimo was incorporated, but while this was the most important port on the inland passage to Northern Pacific Coast points, the city for years did not show any perceptible growth. However, as the inland distribution and manufacturing interests gradually increased, the city eventually attained its present enviable position as one of the most prosperous and, at the same time, one of the most conservative centres in British Columbia.

At Nanaimo are situated the largest and best-equipped coal mines west of the Rocky Mountains. The four mines now in operation have an annual capacity of one and a half millions of tons, which will be further increased by an expenditure of nearly \$1,000,000 now being made by the Western Fuel Company in opening up a new shaft, to be known as "The Reserve Mine," and which will call for the services of from one thousand to twelve hundred additional wage-earners. It is hoped to have this new mine in operation by the end of July next.

The extensive fisheries are also an important factor in the prosperity of the city, especially the herring fisheries, which are furnishing employment to over nine hundred men, and annually produce a catch valued at half a million dollars. In addition to herring, salmon, cod, halibut, flounders, oysters, clams and mixed fish are caught in large quantities. The bulk of the herring catch is put up in dry salt and shipped to the Orient, especially to Kobe and Nagasaki, the balance practically being sold as bait to the halibut fishing fleets in northern waters.

In the immediate vicinity of Nanaimo the highest quality of brick clay and shale lies in large quantities, and at the present time three brick-yards are working to their full capacity, and negotiations are being carried on with a large American concern for the establishment of a million dollar plant to manufacture the finest grade of pressed brick, tile and glazed pottery.

As the best timber in British Columbia is found on Vancouver Island, lumber mills and factories using wood as a raw material naturally play a large part in the industrial life of the city. Lumber mills, sash and door factories, and a box factory employing a large number of men are at the present time working overtime to keep up with the demand from the surrounding district.

With the mines, lumber mills, fisheries, sash and door factories, canning factories, breweries, brick yards, powder works, cigar factories and other smaller industries, Nanaimo reaps the benefit of a monthly pay-roll of considerably over \$350,000.

To the distributor, Nanaimo is really the heart of Vancouver Island, and justly claims to be the gateway to one of the richest districts in Western Canada. Being only 33 miles from and directly west of Vancouver, and 60 miles from and directly north of Victoria, it is the natural distributing point for the tourist, the manufacturer, the business man, the prospector and the home-seeker, each of whom, whether locating permanently or to be classed as a transient, leaves a proportionate amount of ready cash to swell the bank balance of the local merchant.

As a residential centre, Nanaimo is as nearly ideal as is possible to imagine a city of its size, with wide, well-paved streets and miles of pavements and sidewalks, thoroughly modern waterworks and sewage systems, electric light, gas and other conveniences which are usually enjoyed only



In Victoria, B.C., They Go in for a Great Deal of Scenic Landscape Like This Beautiful Gorge Park.

in cities of a far greater population. The city is well policed and the fire department is a most efficient organization, arrangements having been made to install, in the near future, the very latest models of motor-driven fire-fighting apparatus. The climate is the most agreeable on the coast, and from the residential section, which is built up with beautiful homes with spacious grounds, well-kept lawns and flower beds which are a mass of colour almost the year round, one may view the beautiful harbour and islands stretching for miles into the Gulf.

The building permits for the month of March, when compared with the figures of the same month of 1912, show an increase of over 200 per cent.; the customs collections of the fiscal year ending March 31st, at the Port of Nanaimo, show an increase over the previous year of 20 per cent.; the coast-wise shipping is also showing large increases, the number of vessels entering the harbour during the past year being 2,528, showing an increase of over 26 per cent.; the outgoing coast-wise vessels numbered 2,424, showing an increase of over 25 per cent.; the foreign shipping both in and out also showed large increases.

When one takes into consideration the fact that Nanaimo, as a city, has never been boomed; that no attempt has been made by either real estate brokers or others to unduly inflate realty prices, and that Nanaimo is directly connected with all northern and southern Pacific ports and with the different points in British Columbia, Nanaimo will soon enter upon an era of expansion.



This is a Fruit Ranch at Westholm, on Vancouver Island, Where Luscious Peaches and Splendid Strawberries Ripen in the Balmy Sea Breezes Among the Douglas Firs.





## Through A Monocle

### CAMPAIGN FUNDS

**I** NOTICE that the Montreal *Witness* has a very pessimistic editorial on the relation of campaign funds to corruption. It says that, as long as elections cost money, candidates will run who cannot or will not themselves provide the necessary dollars, and who must therefore be provided with them by some one else. This "some one else" will, however, expect to be recouped in some fashion by the candidates they finance when and if they are elected. This has become so common a proceeding in our politics that we hardly regard it as wrong; and the *Witness* is frankly of the opinion that it will continue as long as "elections are not made with prayers." Sir Richard Cartwright dealt very faithfully with this point in the first volume of his "Reminiscences." He severely chided the professing Christian, who was quite ready to subscribe out of his private purse for missions in China or the evangelization of the Indian, but who would not "come across" with a dollar to finance the legitimate and necessary operations of his political party.

**O**F course, he won't. What do we gain by talking inflated nonsense on these points? The average citizen goes down into his "dip" for money to send missionaries to the Chinese for several reasons, all based upon the fact that it is a moral and religious enterprise. Moreover, he has been trained to do this. It is the standard way of compounding with your conscience. Your actions may be a little "off colour" during the week; but when you drop a "five spot" on the plate for the Heathen—provided always that the Heathen stay at home—you feel that you have fixed things up pretty well with Eternal Justice, and that you are a very moral and useful citizen. But how, in the name of High Morality, can a man get this comfortable sense of having "sawed off" a variety of dubious dealings, by chipping into the campaign funds of either political party? Why, the very name—"campaign funds"—has an ill-savor. Everybody knows that there are "legitimate expenses"; but campaign funds have been so much like charity, in their ability to cover a multitude of sins, that it would be a moral miracle for a man to regard himself as having put something to his credit on the books of Eternal Justice when he slipped a little contribution to the cynical and probably profane "compeller of victory" who was collecting for "the party."

**I**T is no use. Drop into the next party committee-room you pass, and see if you can get that fine, uplifting religious feeling you absorb at a meeting to interest laymen in "slum work." The atmosphere is all wrong. Ardent missionaries do not ask you if you "have any eatin' tobacco on you." The average citizen has had it thoroughly rubbed into his mental "make-up" that politics is a wicked thing—not a religious movement—and it will take seven generations of successful and yet pious party campaigns to eradicate the heresy. You will notice the combination. They must be both pious and successful, and they must persist for a number of decades. They must be no mere "wave" that is lost in the sands of tomorrow, while the wicked return to office and flourish visibly like a green bay tree. Should that happen, it might possibly serve to lift a contribution to a party campaign fund up to the level of a religious duty.

**N**O; parties will continue to be financed by people who have "the dough," and who know too much about politics and politicians to mistake the "party hat" for a church contribution-box. And financing will continue to count. The Roosevelt campaign last year would have been utterly impossible if it had not been for Perkins' and Munsey's money. What we want to do, is to get rid of our hypocrisy, and take off our "blinkers," and see exactly where we are at. We need not assume that any government gets along without contributions from "friends." Even an Opposition could not make a serious fight—unless it were lucky enough to find itself embarked on a great popular movement—if it were not provided with "the sinews of war." The cost of hiring halls, looking after voters' lists, getting out campaign literature, organ-

izing speaking campaigns, and performing all the various tasks which go to a political contest, is not small, and—like the cost of living—is constantly going up.

**I**T is my opinion, however, that we need not look for sinister purposes in every "angel" who "chips in" to the campaign fund. There are a lot of men with what might be called "a sporting interest" in politics. I myself have known men who suddenly became rich—say, in mines—and who immediately decided to go into politics either personally or by proxy, and proceeded to put their wealth at the disposal of the party they favoured. They were not looking for anything. They were simply satisfying an instinct of partizanship which they had got when boys and never sloughed off. Any diagnosis of our various party failings which does not take full note of this instinct of partizan-

ship, which we all have, more or less, in our blood, will fail to meet the case. No matter how wisely our reason may reason or how calmly our judgment may judge, there is an underlying force in all of us which wickedly wants "our party" to win, right or wrong. Now that half-savage fealty, which all have to the political "clan," comes out in men whose money makes them reckless of ordinary restraints, and induces them to go into battle for their "faction" with quite the old lust of conflict.

**S**TILL, there frequently are subscriptions which the parties had better not have. Is there any way of cutting them off? Some propose the financing of all elections by the Government. I fear that that would only mean adding a Government dole to the usual campaign funds. Each party would take his "dole," and then proceed to collect as much more as possible. In the States, they are trying publicity. If publicity were complete, that might help some. But no one imagines that it even approaches completeness. Attempts to legislate against what is in its nature a secret transaction, must always be a very dubious remedy. Frankly, I do not know any remedy. I do not bother with this end of the transaction. I judge parties—not by what they get—but by what they do.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Musical Originality

*A Subject Worth Considering at the Close of the Season*

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

**O**N the principle that only now and then is a man able to originate a good thing, most other people do as well as they can by imitating. This is true of every art; and especially of music. Carlyle and Kipling have had imitators; Millet and Manet and Brangwyn in paint; and in music everyone knows how slavishly Wagner and Handel and Beethoven have been copied by more modern writers.

But it's not only in composition that great originators are imitated; and if it were, Canadian music would suffer very little because as yet we have very little composition.

It is in interpretation and style that Canadian music suffers by imitation. Blessed is the orchestra conductor who cannot be imitated; and among this class of public musician Emil Paur has been most affected by some Canadian conductors. Bandmaster Williams of the Grenadier Guards escaped this sort of flattery largely because he was too hard to imitate. So did Nikisch.

In choral music the flattery of imitation has re-

lieved a good many of our Canadian music masters of being original. There is one conductor whose repertoire has been ransacked from end to end by other choral conductors who hadn't gumption enough to dig up new things for themselves.

Nor is it only in the manner of singing or the choice of the piece that imitation is most common. It is in the whole conception of the value of choral music, what it is and why it is and how it should be brought before the choristers and the public. It is in the manner of getting a fortissimo, a crescendo or a pianissimo or a diminuendo; balancing the voices just so, finickily finding fault with tone production, spoke-shaving the edges, experimenting with head tones and mezzo vices and nuances of tone colour and rhythm and what not—all done in just about the precise way somebody else did it when he started the fashion and done without an ounce of colour, because the personality of the imitator is different from that of the man who originated the style.

It would be much better for a choirmaster to do

## ROYAL REVIEW OF THE GUARDS



The King Riding to Hyde Park to Review the Brigade of Guards on April 25, with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught All in Guards' Uniform.



# First Cadet Tournament in Canada

Held in Toronto on May 5th and 6th

a thing wrong in an interesting original way than to do it right according to the way somebody else first produced it. If only choirmasters would forget that anybody else in the world ever did a given piece and would study the thing from the inside out because it means something in itself—there might be some chance for any man to be more or less original.

## Eugenics and the Monocle Man

Hanover, May 6th.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

As an officer of health I am glad the Monocle Man has introduced the subject of eugenics, sister science to preventive medicine; though sorry he seems rather to discourage the propaganda, for it seems to me that it holds out the promise of a decided forward step in Christian civilization. Would the Monocle Man then permit me to offer a few observations based on his remarks? Is not Eugenics a science which aims at the betterment of humanity on much the same principle as Luther Burbank produces better plums and peaches, namely by intelligent adjustment of pre-natal influence and environment? Could anything be more reasonable? Or, in the vegetable kingdom has anything been more successful? And are not Nature's laws uniform?

Now, the Monocle Man says he "proposes to help on Eugenics by getting out of Nature's way." But that is not what Burbank does, and besides it is impossible, for society is essentially artificial, and therefore the logical and proper thing to do is to regulate and systemize pre-natal conditions so as to harmonize with post-natal requirements. This, he says, is "to interfere with natural selection." Well, Burbank interferes with the law of natural selection, and the result justifies the interference. The M. M. has not adverted to the fact that Nature herself does not favour the mating of the unfit, but rather uses the expedient of trial by battle to exclude them. Society has conceded too much of Nature's law and left chaos in its place. Eugenics is an effort to bring order out of this chaos.

The law of love is, of course, a perfect guide as far as it goes; but it operates alike in the fit and the unfit. Nature provides a system of checks and balances to insure the survival of the fittest, but society destroys these checks. Eugenics would replace them by something more in harmony with the laws of society.

Again it is said "In Eugenics, bank accounts are no more regarded by Nature than last year's leaves." Possibly so, but natural selection is conditioned by means of subsistence, and for practical purposes a bank account is a means of subsistence.

The Man with the Monocle is so often right that he can afford to give a second thought to Eugenics.

M. O. H.

## Cadet Tournament

IN Australia Cadet training is compulsory; in Canada it is voluntary. Nevertheless, the movement is spreading rapidly in Canada with official recognition from the Department of Militia and Defence. Since the Boy Scout movement was inaugurated the cadet movement seems to have received a new impetus, although it would be hard to say just what the relation is between the two. It may be that the enthusiasm of the present Minister of Militia has had most to do with the rapid progress in the past two years.

The first cadet tournament to be held in Canada took place in the Armouries, Toronto, on Monday and Tuesday of last week. The inspecting officers were Colonel, Sir John Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor; Colonel, Sir Henry Pellatt, and General Lessard. The officer in charge was Major R. K. Barker. The honours were carried off by the Harbord Collegiate Cadets with Upper Canada College and the De la Salle Institute only a point or so behind.

The following is the prize list:

The George H. Gooderham silver cup—Physical training, senior cadets—1st. Harbord Collegiate; 2nd, De La Salle Institute.

The Lieut.-Col. J. T. Thompson silver cup—Physical training and general appearance, junior cadets—1st. Howard Park School; 2nd. De La Salle Institute.

The Canadian National Exhibition silver cup—Military drill and general appearance, senior cadets—1st. Harbord Collegiate; 2nd. Upper Canada College.

The Hamilton Board of Education silver cup—Physical training, junior cadets—1st. Sackville Street School; 2nd. Bolton Avenue School.

Officers of the 36th Peel Regiment silver cup—Signalling—1st. Harbord Collegiate Institute; 2nd. Brantford Collegiate Institute.

The "Old Cadet" cup—Shooting, senior cadets—1st. Harbord Collegiate Institute; 2nd. Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute.

The R. S. Williams silver bugle—Shooting, junior cadets—1st. Brantford Collegiate Institute; 2nd. Bolton Avenue School.

Daughters of the Empire gold medal Best individual shot—1st. Cadet L. Kyles, Harbord Collegiate Institute.

Major C. H. Riches' silver cups—Tug-of-war—1st. Parkdale Collegiate Institute.



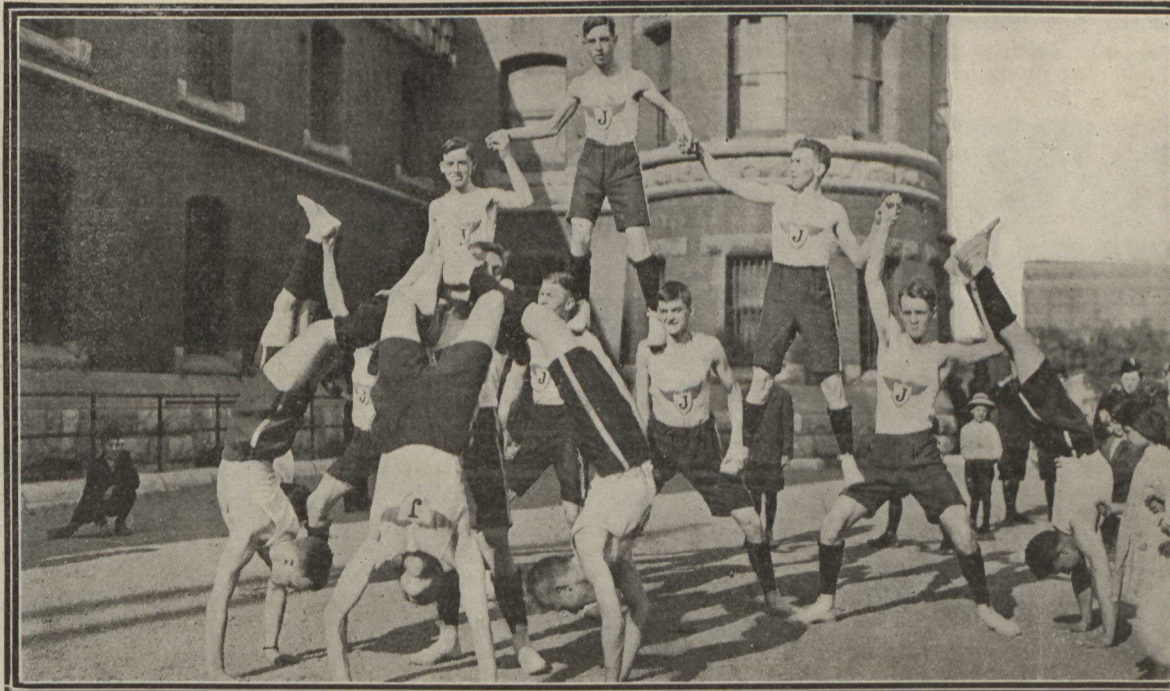
At the Armouries—Bugle Band and Cadets of the De La Salle Institute.



A Squad of Cadets from Upper Canada College, Khaki Uniform and Cap.



Only Squad of Mounted Cadets at the Tournament Were from the Mississauga Horse.



Physical Culture Squad of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute Cadets Making a Human Pyramid.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Sir Charles Tupper

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has landed in England after his sixty-fourth and last trip across the Atlantic. Canada's grand old man, the last of the makers of confederation, has left us to spend his last days in the central portion of the Empire which he has served so faithfully.

In an interview, he stated that "The foundation of the Dominion saved Canada for the Empire," a declaration which paraphrases a remark made in a recent contribution to the CANADIAN COURIER by a distinguished Liberal journalist. In spite of the similarity in sentiment between these two politicians, the expression meets with our entire approval. Without the autonomous Dominions there had been and could be no Empire. Without a continuance of that measure of self-government, the Empire cannot be maintained.

Another remark is worthy of note. Sir Charles says "Canada's climate is one of her great advantages. It makes men." This we also approve, as it is the basis of our belief that ultimately Canada will be able to do all those higher deeds and works of constructive skill now performed so well by Britain's greatest citizens—even to the building of ocean liners, warships, airships and the manning and management of these triumphs of engineering skill.

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## Sir Edward Grey

CABLES tell us that all Europe is ringing with the praise of Sir Edward Grey, who is carrying out the policy inaugurated by Edward the Peacemaker of lamented memory. His diplomacy and political skill have kept the peace of Europe when this seemed impossible. This is a tremendous tribute to Britain's foreign minister and to the pacific attitude of the British people.

There is no doubt also that the Kaiser has been for peace. The makers of guns and gunboats may paint him as a war lord and as dreaming night and day of a victory over Great Britain, but only the foolish are disturbed by these impressionist pictures. There is no more danger of Germany fighting with Great Britain than there is of the United States trying to conquer Canada.

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## Canadian Art Club

LAST week the Canadian Art Club opened an exhibition in Toronto. While this body is younger than the Royal Canadian Academy and much younger than the Ontario Society of Artists, it has an air of distinction all its own. This year's exhibition, though small, is one of the finest ever held in Canada. Indeed, the standard of quality probably is at the highest point in Canadian art history.

The dinner given by the honorary president, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, on Saturday evening, was somewhat unique. The presence of Mr. Brymner, president of the Royal Canadian or National Academy; Mr. Jeffery, president of the O. S. A.; Mr. Pratt, of Brooklyn; Mr. Montross and Mr. Phimister Proctor, of New York; Mr. A. Suzor Cote, of Montreal; the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and a number of prominent laymen, gave a new impression of the importance now attached to the development of Canadian art. A few years ago, the artists would have dined themselves in a side-street restaurant. To-day leading citizens pay homage to their genius and accomplishments.

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## The Political Pots

LAST week there was much doing in political circles. The Ontario Legislature held its final meeting of this year's session, and the Conservative majority entirely exonerated Sir James Whitney and the Hon. W. J. Hanna in regard to the charges which have been made against them in connection with the now-famous contribution of five hundred dollars to campaign funds which was made by a government contractor by the name of Taylor. The Legislature also passed a vote of censure on Mr. William Proudfoot, member for West Huron, who made the formal charges in the House. Of course, there was a minority report and the Opposition claimed that their charges were sufficiently proven to justify their action in demanding an investigation. However, the incident is closed for the time being and it is not likely that

much more will be heard about it except in the editorial columns of the political newspapers.

On Friday night last the Borden Government applied the Closure to the discussion of the Bill to appropriate thirty-five million dollars for three Dreadnoughts and the Bill was sent to the House for its third reading. The closing scenes in this long parliamentary fight were fairly dramatic. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his final speech, objected to the Closure and said that Premier Borden's excuse that the Bill had been in the committee stage for eighteen or twenty days was not a valid one. He quoted British precedents. Judging from his remarks the chief point of objection to the Bill was the fact that money is to be spent by the Governor-in-Council instead of by Parliament and annual appropriations. The point is somewhat technical, but the Opposition thought that there would be less chance to inspect the spending of the money if it were appropriated under the authority of the Cabinet alone. Mr. Borden met this by an amendment which provides that the expenditures shall be reported to the House once a year within fifteen days after the opening of Parliament. He refused to go so far as to agree to submit contracts with the British Government for the approval of the House, as he did not think this was necessary.

The Bill will come up for its final reading on Tuesday of this week and the debate should be concluded during the week. The measure will then go to the Senate for ratification or rejection.

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## Public Meetings

BRITISH statesmen meet the electors face to face oftener than Canadian political leaders.

When the larger questions are up in the British House, there is usually about one big meeting a week in the country addressed by a leader on one or other side of the debate. In this way, the leaders have a better idea of what the people think, because every big meeting educates the speaker as well as the audience. Moreover, this practice enables the leaders to get "big" speeches before the public at a time when it might be inconvenient to take up the time of the House. Other advantages are apparent.

In connection with the Naval Debate, there have been few public meetings. Consequently the people have been kept in ignorance of some of the best arguments. The reports sent out from Ottawa are usually partisan. Each side suppresses or deliberately mis-states the best arguments of its opponents. The press gallery is as partisan as the editors who choose the press gallery representatives. Consequently such public meetings as that held in Toronto by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and that to be held by Premier Borden are doubly welcome. The Tory who was anxious to hear the arguments at first hand went to hear Sir Wilfrid; the Liberal with a similar desire will go to hear Premier Borden.

There is just this criticism. It should not be necessary to have four "big guns" on one evening. One or two leaders should be sufficient for any meeting. If Premier Borden were to come to Toronto with one lieutenant and to send two to Montreal for a similar meeting on the same night, more people would have a chance to hear the arguments. The same criticism applies to the Laurier meeting.

Further, one meeting or demonstration by each party is not enough. There should have been or should be two or three such meetings every month.

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## What of the Senate?

WHAT will the Senate do with the navy bill?

This is the question of the hour. The general opinion seems to be that the Senate will refuse to pass the bill without amendment. The Liberal party has declared that it is fighting for a principle, not for party advantage. The Liberal Senators are, in a way, a part of the Liberal party. Can forty or fifty Liberal Senators afford to declare that all the Liberal leaders in the Commons and the bulk of the Liberal party have gone wrong on this question? Such is the common argument among those who have given thought to the situation.

The Toronto *Mail and Empire* takes a curious view. In an editorial last week it states:

"Quite evidently Sir Wilfrid thought such action in regard to the Naval Aid Bill to be too much to ask or expect of his majority in the Senate. Had it not seemed

to him hopeless that that chamber would meddle in that high matter of Government and Imperial Policy, he would hardly have made so stubborn a struggle to block the bill in the House."

The editor who wrote those sentences has not the benefit of acquaintance with many Liberal members, or he would have discovered that these gentlemen have been making a strong fight in the House mainly to justify the Liberals in the Senate should they desire to kill the Bill. In other words, the Liberal members have been actuated by just the motive which the arch-Conservative editor seems to think is an impossible motive.

If our information is correct, and that of the Toronto organ is wrong, then there is a new situation to-day which all well-informed citizens must ponder and consider. Should the Senate throw out the Bill? What will be the effect of such action on each party? What will be the effect upon Imperial relations?

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## A Dangerous Situation

SENATES have been more or less as subject to public opinion as Houses of Commons. If there is a body of opinion which could make itself felt, the Senate would be affected by it, either for or against the Bill. This point must not be overlooked. It justifies serious and prolonged discussion of the situation.

The Liberal party would no doubt rejoice if the Senate decided to strangle the emergency contribution. Whether their joy would be long-lived is another matter. There are people who would have been glad to see the Bill killed in the House who would not desire to see it killed in the Senate. These are the regular opponents and adversaries of a second chamber. The Liberal party might in the long run be weakened in its fight for a Canadian navy by such action on the part of the Senate.

It is quite manifest, therefore, that the interests of both Liberals and Conservatives might conceivably demand that the Senate pass the Bill without amendments. The Liberal party might be in a better position with the country. A general election must occur within two years and the question of a Canadian navy will probably be one of the chief subjects of debate. If the Liberals win then, they can recall one or two of the Dreadnoughts ordered now and proceed to man and maintain them.

The Conservatives, of course, would rather see the Bill pass the Senate. While it might be advantageous to them to have it killed, because it would enable them to enter upon a strong tirade against the upper house, yet there are other and weightier considerations. The Conservatives desire most of all to make progress—progress with their domestic policy and progress with their Imperial policy. Hence they desire all their legislation to go through promptly and finally. They are pledged to the world, as it were, to show that the Dominions are keen to contribute quickly and promptly to the defence of the North Sea. The pledge may have been unnecessary and foolish, but it exists. Hence they would be glad to have the Senate act moderately.

These brief arguments cannot be conclusive, but we believe them to be supremely important. The Senate may do an injury to each of the parties and to Canada as a whole by defeating a Bill even though they may be quite convinced that it is not wholly satisfactory.

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## What the Senate Could Do

WOULD it not be possible for the Senate and the Government to come to an understanding? The CANADIAN COURIER has continuously taken the position of the "non-partisan" memorialists in favour of a settlement of this question on a non-partisan basis. The memorialists were also in favour of (1) a Canadian navy, and (2) an emergency contribution if such seemed necessary. These are also parts of the COURIER's platform, though some of our friends have tried to count us as supporters of the Laurier policy. Surely there is room within these lines for the Senate and the Borden administration to agree.

There are two Liberal objections to the Borden policy. First, it may be the first of a series of contributions. This has been fairly well, though not conclusively, disposed of. Second, the money should be spent subject to Parliament instead of subject to the Governor-in-Council. This is the most serious point, according to Liberal opinion. A conference between the Senate leaders and Premier Borden might possibly disclose common ground. A little give and take might settle the attitude of the Senate and save the Bill.

Here is a chance for some leading citizens to try their hands at securing the passage of the Bill and yet leaving each party in possession of its political honour. There is still an opportunity for the mediator.



# International League Opens—Likewise Target Season

*Baseball with 16,000 on One Grand Stand; Target Practice in the Quiet of the Open Country*

LAST week the International Baseball League opened in Toronto and Montreal, although previous games had been played in the United States cities. At the opening game in Montreal there was a record crowd, although the crowds there never equal those in Toronto. Providence won easily by a score of eight to two, mainly because of Montreal errors.

Montreal started the season fairly, but is hardly holding its own. On Saturday last it was sixth on the list. It is probable that the team will require strengthening if it is to make a better showing than it did last season.

The Toronto season opened a day later, and sixteen thousand people saw the Toronto Leafs defeat Newark, which for a time was the leading team in the League. The crowd was rather remarkable for its size considering that Toronto was at the bottom of the list. For a team that won the pennant last year the Leafs are making a rather poor showing. They certainly have got away to a bad start, and like Montreal, there will be much strengthening required if the team is to finish in the first division. Their showing last week was fairly good, as they won three out of the four matches with Newark, the only loss occurring when Wyatt Lee, Toronto's hoodoo, pitched for Newark. The score on that occasion was one to nothing in favour of Newark. For Toronto Hearne and Lush are doing well in the box, and Northen, the new right-fielder, has been showing well at the bat.

## Canadian League

LAST week the Canadian Professional League, which is composed entirely of Ontario teams, opened its season. The standing on May 10th was as follows:

Clubs—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Hamilton .....	3	1	.750
St. Thomas .....	3	1	.750
Brantford .....	3	1	.750
Ottawa .....	3	1	.750
Berlin .....	2	2	.500
Guelph .....	1	3	.250
London .....	1	3	.250
Peterboro .....	0	4	.000

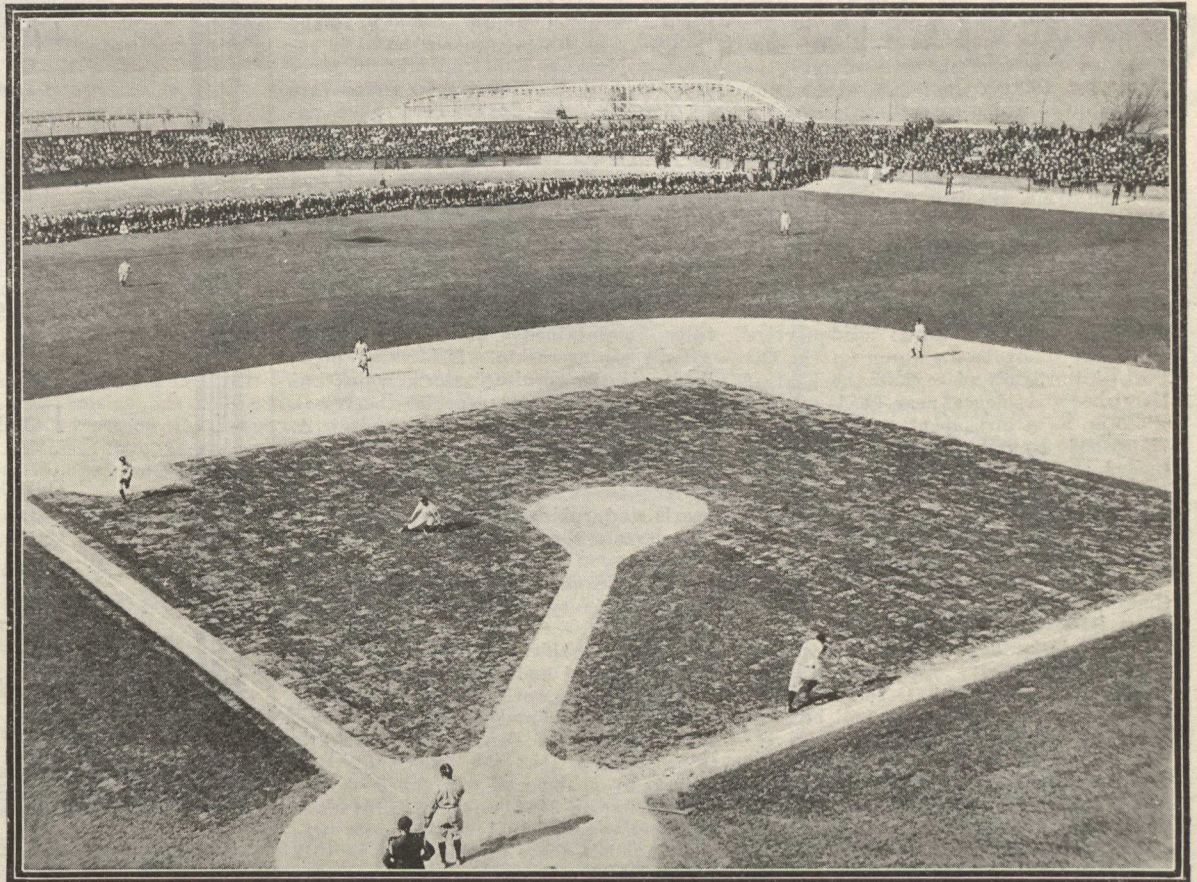
## Western Canada League

OPENING games in the Western Canada League were played in Edmonton, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat on Monday, May 5th. Calgary defeated Edmonton, Saskatoon defeated Moose Jaw and Regina slaughtered Medicine Hat, thus proving that the Western League is not proceeding on the principle that the home team should win at home. In this case every home team lost. The crowd at Edmonton is said to have been a record for that city—nearly three thousand.

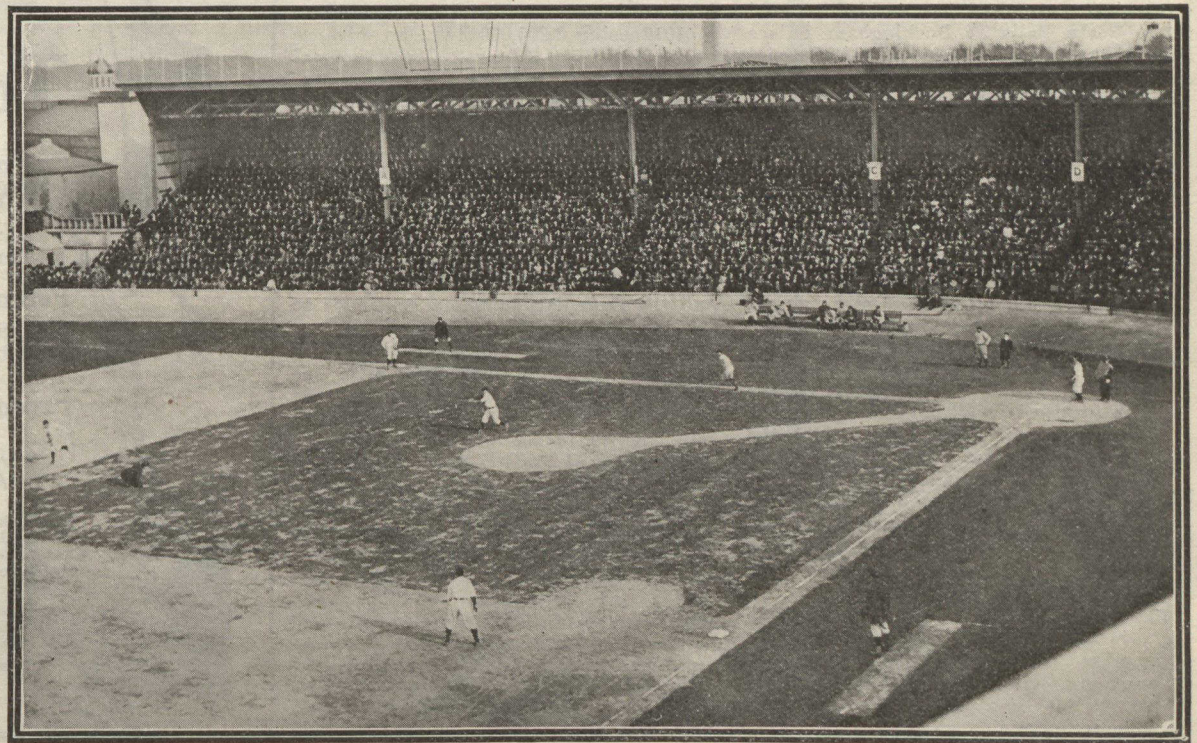
Later in the week 4,395 people attended the opening game at Regina, which, compared to population, is probably the biggest crowd that ever got together on a grandstand anywhere. The weather was decidedly chilly, yet hundreds paid for the privilege of standing room only. The West has taken to baseball even more keenly than the East, though at one time lacrosse was popular. It is gradually being superseded, however, by "ball." Indeed, the game from over the line bids fair to take a permanent first place in the sporting scheme of the Dominion.

## A Correction

A PICTURE of the Sarnia waterfront appeared in the Canadian Courier of April 19th. We omitted to mention that this photograph is copyrighted by H. C. Denkelberg, of Sarnia.



General View of the Diamond at Hanlan's Point, Toronto, on the Day of the Opening Game Between Toronto and Newark.



A Section of the 16,000 People Who, on May 6, Saw Mayor Hocken Pitch First Ball in the Opening Game at Toronto. The Weather Was Propitious and the Fans Enthusiastic.



Opening Day at Long Branch Rifle Ranges, Toronto. The Cleaning Tables.



The Old-timers Got Down to Work at 600 and 800 Yards With Great Relish.



# A London Letter

London, April 28, 1913.

SO delighted, I hear, has the King been with his experiences in the Potteries that he is entering with considerable zest and enthusiasm into the plans for further tours of exploration in the industrial centres of England.

In addition to the Lancashire tour in July, his Majesty hopes to visit the great shipbuilding yards of the Tyne and the Weir, the iron foundries in the Middlesbrough and Stockton districts, and the "heavy woollen" localities of the West Riding of Yorkshire. These newly-contemplated itineraries will probably be arranged for the early part of next year, and the Royal headquarters will most likely be Lambton Castle, the Earl of Durham's place, and the Earl of Harewood's residence, near Leeds. Queen Victoria, as a girl, spent a week-end at Harewood House, after she had attended the York musical festival in the year 1835. Similarly, King Edward and Queen Alexandra stayed there after opening the new University buildings at Leeds; and King George and Queen Mary have been to Harewood several times. A Tzar of Russia was also a guest there early last century.

His Majesty begins to-day, a period of unusual activity by reviewing the Guards in Hyde Park. Other events of the next few months which will be honoured by the King's presence are a review of Territorials on Windledon Common, the Derby and the Oaks at Epsom, Ascot Races, Henley Regatta, and the Royal Agricultural Show at Bristol. Of state functions proper, I am informed on high authority that his Majesty will give a garden party again, at Windsor in June; an outdoor function connected with the Court which was so huge a success last year; and has decided to hold two State Balls at Buckingham Palace in the following month. Additional events include three Courts—one in May and two in June—and his Majesty is arranging for two more levees to be held at St. James' Palace. These ceremonies, with the visit to Germany, the ten days' visit to Knowsley, Lancashire, and the stay at Aldershot form a heavy, if not a record, season for the Court.

There is no doubt that His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught is employing fine enthusiasm on our side of the water for the development of the Dominion and in rousing aspiring people in the old land to consider the call of Canada as a new country of boundless virgin pastures and possibilities. "My advice to every Englishman," said the Governor-General of Canada, speaking at the Canada Club's dinner at Prince's, "is that if they are prepared to work, and prepared to wait for the result of their labours, in Canada they will get on splendidly."

PASSING York House, near the Mall, in the West End, very recently, one's thoughts reverted to the Duchess of Connaught lying there making a brave struggle for life. A number of lighted windows, a soldier on guard, forbidden traffic in the immediate vicinity, and posted bulletin near the entrance gates were the only outward indications of a royal patient passing through the ordeal common to frail mortality the world o'er. In a garden nearby, a thrush trilled at intervals sweet notes, which imagination could not refuse to regard as a symbol of hope. The utmost sympathy is felt for His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Princess Patricia, and her royal brother.

The launching of the "Calgarian," the latest addition to the large fleet of the Allan Line, has been made the occasion of a noteworthy demonstration by the celebrated firm of Glasgow shipbuilders.

Of course, the "Calgarian" takes her name from Calgary, your wonderful and rapidly growing prairie-city of the West, of which we English folk hear with interest and good wishes. The "Calgarian" is sister ship to the "Alsation," launched recently on the Clyde, and will share with that vessel the distinction of being the largest and most magnificently appointed liner in the Canadian trade. It is peculiarly fitting that this should be the case, for the Allans pioneered this trade, having sailed the first craft, the

brigantine "Jean," 169 tons, from Glasgow to Quebec as far back as June, 1819. Since the introduction of the "Canadian" in 1853, the first steamship built to engage in the Canadian trade and to carry out the first mail contract entered into by Canada, the Government have entrusted this contract to the Allan Line continuously. The total fleet now registers materially over 200,000 tons, and with the present control the spirit of enterprise and the far-sightedness which have characterized the Allans, and which caused the introduction of steel for ship construction, bilge keels, turbine machinery, etc., in their steamers, will be fully maintained under Sir Hugh Allan's chairmanship. A striking peculiarity is the "cruiser" stern, which imparts a warlike appearance to the vessel. The liner was named by Mrs. Andrew A. Allan, of Montreal, wife of the vice-chairman, who was presented with an ancient Greek ornament, jewelled with pearls and rubies, and also a beautiful brooch, as a souvenir of the launch.

CITIZENS of Manchester expect that in the very near future their city will be a close rival to Liverpool in the grain trade, which will mean for Canada the second and third largest milling districts in the world within forty miles of one another, and on the one direct trade route from Canada to Great Britain. I learn that the total import of wheat to the ports of Liverpool and Manchester in 1912 was 33,785,188 cwt., an increase over 1911 of 4,079,288 cwt., and Canada's share of this trade in 1912 was 8,099,200 cwt., an increase over 1911 of 2,594,700 cwt. Manchester received in 1912 its first shipment of barley for several years. Another grain showing progress is oats, the total for Lancashire in 1912 being 2,205,000 cwt., an advance over 1911 of 586,462 cwt. Canada's total consignment of oats to the two Lancashire ports was 551,200 cwt., valued at 993,875 dollars, and Manchester's proportion of this was 658,875 dollars.

It would appear that Manchester's demand for Canadian grain has practically no limit, owing to the standard of grading and recognized superior quality. The milling trade continues to increase in Trafford Park at the Manchester docks, and the Canadian company continues to increase its shipping facilities.

Yorkshiresmen in the city of Bradford are congratulating themselves upon one of the largest and boldest things that have ever been projected by an English municipality in the way of re-planning. The scheme of the Bradford Corporation for the improvement of the centre of the wool city, which has just been passed by a House of Lords Private Bill Committee means an outlay of something approaching 5,500,000 dollars. Over against this outlay the Corporation however anticipate a substantial set-off in rents and increased rateable value.

Your intending Canadian tourist parties, some of which I had the pleasure of conversing with in Chester last summer, will be interested in the itinerary of a large party of Australians from Sydney, who have just arrived in London to take a run round the British Isles, a trip to Switzerland, and a voyage back to Sydney. The cost is 500 dollars, of which 50 dollars are refunded to the tripper for incidental expenses. The tour to and fro will occupy five months. These Australian pilgrims will cover a good deal of ground in the time, and, after they have been received at Fulham Palace, the real business of the tour will begin.

From London they will go to Sheffield, Chatsworth, Haddon, and from Liverpool they will cross to Dublin and visit Killarney, Glengariff and Cork. Returning from Dublin they will proceed to Manchester, thence to Stratford-on-Avon, and back to London. Next they will discover Scotland, visiting Edinburgh, the Trosachs, Oban, Glasgow, and return to London, whence they set forth this time for Lucerne and the Bernese Oberland. Finally, they tarry in London until it is time for them to start homeward. They will leave on June 22 and reach Sydney on August 9, without ever having been out of touch with German waiters.

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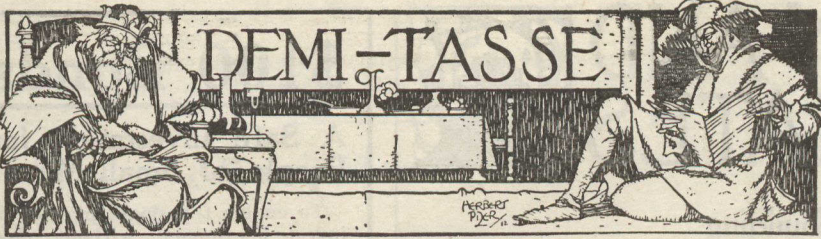
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Courierettes.

Toronto seems to be always in trouble. A few weeks ago it was the fear of a water famine. Now the water in the lake is high and a flood is feared.

Sir James Whitney referred to Wm. Proudfoot, M.P.P., as "that man with a face of triple brass." Hard, hard-wurruds, my hearties.

A Boston preacher has been accused of hugging a girl in his church choir. They are awfully particular in Boston.

Toronto gave a great reception to Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Arena a week or so ago. It will, however, stick to its usual custom of giving its votes to Tories.

New York city has at last got rid of its last lot of horse cars. Civilization seems to be making remarkable progress in the metropolis of America.

The German Crown Prince asserts that war can never be abolished. Incidentally he isn't working overtime in an effort to abolish it, either.

Toronto is planning to have a Winter Fair—one of those things that even frosty weather can't turn into a frost.

The Yankees are after Canadian nurses for their hospitals, and it might not be a bad idea for Canada to immediately put an embargo on her maidens.

There is to be a wireless station on Toronto Island, but there is a bare possibility that somebody may have pulled a few wires to get it there.

About this time of the year many a supposedly sane man worries more about the muscle of his favourite ball player than the mental growth of his son.

**Answered.**—"Are we growing taller?" is a query dismissed most learnedly by a leading paper.

It might be answered briefly. Some of us are—those of us who have not ceased to grow.

**Defined.**—Hush money, my son, is the considerable amount of coin that thy father hath spent to buy thee soothing syrup in thy infancy.

**Mayor Hocken's Hebrew Story.**—Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, led the City Council of that city on a recent trip to Montreal, and while there the party was lavishly entertained by the Montrealers. At the luncheon the Mayor of Toronto tried to pass a few compliments around to his hosts, and noting that there were a couple of Hebrew members on the Montreal City Council, he was at a loss for some neat thing to say about them.

Then he thought of a story concerning Rufus Choate, late American Ambassador to Britain, and one of the greatest lawyers the United States has produced.

It was at the time that Choate was at the height of his fame as a lawyer that he was engaged as chief counsel in a big legal battle—a most complicated and bitterly fought action. He had as junior counsel a bright young Hebrew lawyer.

They fought the action and won. After the victory, the two lawyers discuss-

ed the matter of fees.

"Well, what do you think would be a fair fee for us?" said Choate to his junior.

"Oh, about \$10,000 for you and \$5,000 for me," said the young lawyer.

"Better let me look after the fees," smiled Choate.

A few days later he sent for his junior counsel and informed him that the fees had been arranged for—\$100,000 for himself and \$50,000 for the youthful legal light.

The young Jew looked at him in amazement, and raising his hands in eloquent gesture, repeated the historic words once addressed to the Apostle Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

That story made Mayor Hocken solid with the Montrealers.

**Force of Habit.**—The dramatic critic went to church. The pastor in the course of the service, announced that he would read two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

The critic shocked his wife and surprised the congregation by rising and walking out after the first Act.

So much for force of habit.

**Sure to Make a Hit.**—"The Destruction of Rome" is the spectacle to be staged at the Toronto Exhibition this fall.

Considering the strength of the Orange Order in Toronto that show should play to capacity at every performance. Might be a good idea to have Mayor Hocken accompany Nero as he does his little fiddling stunt.

**Before and After.**—"Darling," he sighed, "I could listen to your sweet voice hour after hour."

She took him at his word and married him.

Now he has to listen to that voice—hour after hour.

**The "Nose for News."**—Among newspaper men there is no phrase so fraught with meaning in describing one of the craft as those four little words—"the nose for news." It is singularly lacking in some people who are commonly

supposed to possess ordinary good sense in every other respect.

A reporter on a big Canadian daily tells of a prominent lawyer who rather fails to realize the value of a news item—or rather fails to recognize a "story" when he hears one. This legal light handles some big real estate deals, and the reporter went one day to call on him in search of a real estate story.

"Anything doing in real estate these days?" he queried.

"Oh, no, I don't think there is," said the lawyer, in rather lazy tones. "Nothing you would be interested in, I fancy. All I have on hand just now is a deal to get a corner down here where some capitalists are planning to build a twelve-story hotel to cost \$2,000,000. The site will cost us about \$530,000, I expect."

The scribe almost gasped in astonishment at the "scoop" he had landed. It was good for a slash on the front page of his paper, and the lawyer was the most surprised man in town when he saw it.

**Wit and Theology.**—Rev. Daniel Strachan, of Toronto, an eminent Presbyterian divine, was given an honorary degree at Queen's University recently. Though Dr. Strachan is not noted for his sprightliness in the pulpit, he "brought down the house" at convocation by one remark.

"I am deeply grateful for this honour," he said. "I am personally grateful, because it is one of the few things which a man gets in this life which he is not compelled to take home and turn over to his wife."

Dr. Strachan also told a good story of examinations, referring to "those subjects which we could write most about because we knew least." He said he was one day talking to a distinguished professor and examiner at Queen's about a certain student. The professor said that this student had written a very voluminous paper on a certain subject. "But," he added, "if he had had another half hour to write he would certainly have plucked himself."

**A May Day Jest.**—"The passing of the month of May," remarked the philosopher, "reminds us of the first moving day."

"When was that?" asked the inquisitive person.

"When Adam and Eve moved out of Eden."

**The Difference.**—Some people like music with their meals.

And there are others who seem to prefer meals with their music.

**A Close Race.**—Philosophers tell us that love is the greatest thing in the world, but money gives it a mighty close finish at the wire in the sweepstakes of modern life.

**Taking Him at His Word.**—"Gentlemen," said the eloquent candidate, "I am willing to trust the people of this city."

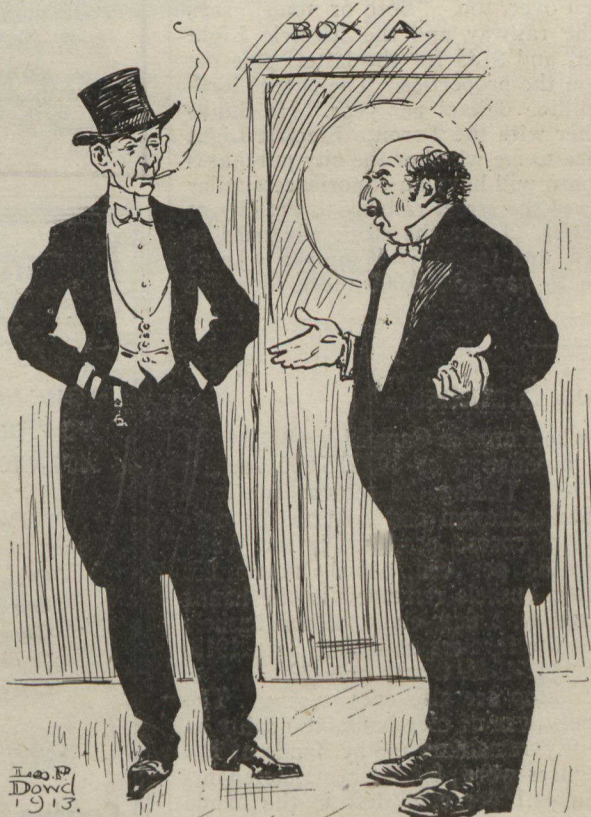
"Gee whiz," interrupted one of the "free and independent," "I'd like to see you open a butcher shop and grocery store near our corner."

**Theatrical Gossip.**—If "She Stoops to Conquer" had been written in the 20th century as a modern farce comedy it would have made the author rich. But Oliver Goldsmith was the man who had to stay in bed on wash-day—because his shirt was in the tub.

Fuller Mellish, lately in the title role with Faversham's superb production of "Julius Caesar," is now in vaudeville. He will doubtless appreciate those apt lines:

"Great Caesar dead and turned to clay May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Lewis Waller has gone back to England without playing "Monsieur Beaucaire," which he intended doing at the close of his western Canada season. The scenery for Beaucaire is still at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto. Waller had a good season in the West, but is reported to have said that he made more money in one night in Regina than in Chicago for a week. He will come back next season with "Monsieur Beaucaire."



L. P. Dowd 1913.

Friend—(to man at the theatre who has lost his overcoat at the end of the third act)—"Have you had it long?" "Only since the second act."

# Ask me for "A Colorado Summer"

A book-folder, illustrated with views of the Colorado Rockies.

It tells all about the vacation delights of that Land of Many Mountains—about trout in the brooks, camps in the pines, snow on the peaks, turquoise in the sky.

Read, and you will wish to go there, taking advantage of the low-fare

## Summer Excursions

After seeing Colorado, there's the quaint old city of Santa Fe, the Grand Canyon of Arizona and the California Sierras or seashore; booklets about them on request; also full information about round-trip fares.

You can't afford to miss these "See America" outings in the Far West.

Santa Fe train service is in a class by itself. The Colorado Flyer and California Limited provide every travel comfort. Block-signal safeguards, double track and Fred Harvey meals are other advantages.



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## Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Tables

are built in various sizes, each size correctly proportioned. There's a table suitable for YOUR home. For instance, there's the Billiardner, a convertible dining and billiard table. Then there are tables for small, medium and large size billiard rooms. Burroughes and Watts' English Billiard Tables are acknowledged to be the world's finest—the choice of Royalty. Write for full particulars and prices.

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By Royal Warrant to H. M. The King.



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GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BONDS

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Write for information. Head Office: TORONTO, Canada



# MONEY AND MAGNATES



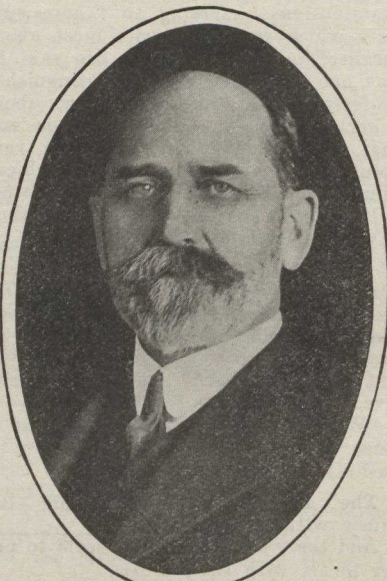
## Wholesale Building

JUDGED by statistics relating to building permits, Canada is progressing in spite of tight money markets. But it is not the largest cities which show the most pronounced increases. For the first four months of 1913, Peterboro heads the list. It shows an increase of three hundred and sixty-seven per cent., as compared with the same period of 1912. London follows with one hundred and twenty; then comes Kingston, ninety-two, and Toronto, forty-two.

So that building is going on, and that very extensively. You cannot go down any leading street in the cities of Canada without seeing scaffolding, and preparation for construction. And the building permits of a city are a reliable test of its prosperity. But there is one class of building that is being neglected. Most of our cities are crying out for houses. Land is continually changing hands, but the people who buy neglect to build. Several of our rapidly-growing cities are finding this lack of homes a really serious question. From Port Arthur there comes the report that so pressing is the need for homes for the incoming population that the city council is discussing a bonus to intending builders to relieve the pressure. It is estimated that five hundred houses could be let or sold immediately. It is good to keep on building manufacturing, warehouses and offices, but what about the housing of the workmen?

## Sir William is Back

SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE returned last week from Europe. And of course he didn't come back empty-handed. It didn't matter that war was raging in Europe or that England and the English were in daily fear of labour running riot. Sir William went for money to finance the construction of the C. N. R., and Sir William returned with the money—"ample funds for some time to come," as he put it.



SIR WM. MACKENZIE President C.N.R.

Just how much money he did get isn't known. Sir William won't say, but since the C. N. R. doesn't dabble in small amounts, the funds secured doubtless total several million dollars.

Several announcements are made. For obvious reasons the consolidation of the various subsidiary companies controlled by the C. N. R. people will be an established fact very soon. Such a move will simplify financing and systematize the operating of a railroad whose mileage is practically seven thousand.

There is to be a fleet on the Pacific. Already the C. N. boats are plying the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. In the recent negotiations with Vancouver for the False Creek proposed terminals, the Company promised to establish a fleet on the Pacific within eight years.

Sir William defines his attitude anent the proposal that Toronto take over the street railway. The T. E. L. must be taken over, too. "Both or none!" says Sir William. His offer is the sale of the railway and the Electric Light Company at \$160 per share for the former, and \$135 for the latter, plus the extra amount expended by the companies on the properties. The Street Railway, Sir William points out, makes six million dollars per year. He thinks it would pay Toronto to take it over together with the Toronto Electric Light Co. He says: "It is a matter of indifference to me whether the city purchases the properties or not. It may be that Toronto will have an experience similar to that of Winnipeg. In that case we offered the street railway to the city at \$250 per share. They turned down the offer. Later the stock advanced to \$280. The capitalization was then doubled, and to-day if Winnipeg wanted to purchase the property she would have to pay \$3,000,000 more than the price at which it was first offered."

## Encouraging Grain Statistics

NINETY-TWO per cent. of last year's wheat crop in Canada or 183,611,000 bushels out of the total estimated production of 199,236,000 bushels proved to be of merchantable quality. Taking the returns for each province, it is found that in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the percentage was 93. The bulk of the wheat is, of course, produced in the West. The Maritime Provinces average about 85 per cent. and Ontario 83. It is estimated that about forty-four million bushels remained in the hands of the farmers on March 31st, as compared with fifty-eight million bushels of the 1911 crop remaining in the hands of the farmers on March 31st, 1912. The percentage for 1911-1912 was 27; for 1912-1913, it was only 22.

The returns in connection with the oats crop are also encouraging. The crop, which yielded in all 361,733,000 bushels, was of merchantable quality to the extent of 91 per cent., while the quantity remaining in the hands of the farmers was 44.2 per cent. Last year's figures were: 89 per cent. merchantable, representing 310,074,000 bushels, and 44.1 per cent. left in the hands of the farmers.

Barley shows a very slight decrease in the percentage of merchantable produce. This year, of 44,014,000 bushels, the total crop, 38,299,000 bushels, or 87 per cent., were merchantable. Thirty-five per cent. remained in the hands

## \$100 Bonds

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To enable the small investor to invest his money without risk, this Corporation's Bonds are issued in sums as low as One Hundred Dollars. They furnish absolute security, and are a

Legal Investment for Trust Funds

Write at once for copy of Annual Report and all particulars.

**Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation**

Toronto St. - Toronto

Established 1855.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited, Chief Toronto Agents

## The Merchants Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan. Vice-President, K. W. Blackwell. General Manager, E. F. Hebden. Paid-up Capital ..... \$6,747,680 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits ..... 6,559,478

194 BRANCHES IN CANADA. General Banking Business Transacted. SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901 TORONTO MONTREAL LONDON ENG

SOME HIGH-GRADE BONDS NOW OBTAINABLE AT ATTRACTIVE YIELDS

Province of Ontario (Tax Exempt)

City of Toronto, Ont. City of Ottawa, Ont. City of Victoria, B.C. City of Brandon, Man. City of St. Boniface, Man.

Quotations sent upon request.

Canadian Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds



of the farmers on March 31st. The bulk of the barley crop is produced in Ontario and Manitoba.

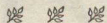
These statistics are distinctly encouraging. It is predicted by those who know the West that, on March 31st, 1914, even better results will be shown.

**On and Off the Exchange**

**The Bond Market**

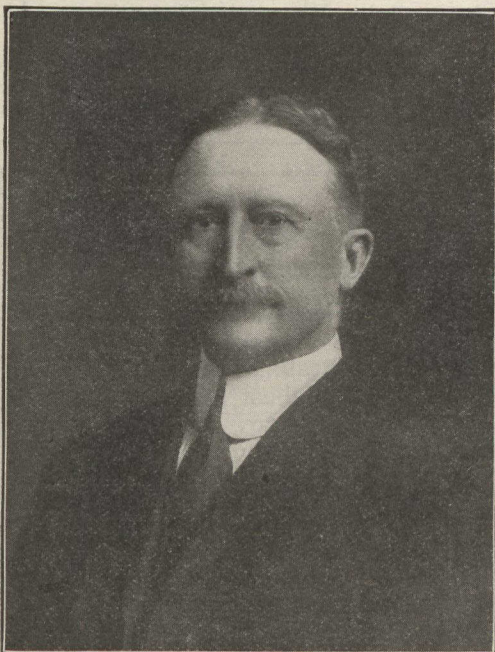
THE outstanding feature of the bond market continues to be the absence of the large investor, who formerly was the standby of the market. In his place there is the small investor, the man who, with little money to invest, seizes upon this opportunity to secure really good security at a low price. Undoubtedly, the bond market is a happy hunting ground for the bargain hunter, just now. Never since the compilation of bond averages was started in 1906 has there been so long and so steady a decline in the price of bonds as in the last three months. And this decline has run through all classes of issues. High grade bonds are now at an average price below the 1907 low level, and second grade and speculative issues show the same declines. And so the man with a small capital can make good use of it, for very soon prices will increase materially. The European war is virtually ended, and as a consequence, money hoarded in Germany, France and Great Britain will be re-invested. Activity will be gradual, but it will come nevertheless.

There is a demand from some investors for the class of bonds carrying a bonus of common stock. The practice of giving away common stock as an inducement to the investor to put his money into high-class bonds issued by the same concern is comparatively recent. Many of these common stocks given as a bonus have within two or three years become dividend-paying. We are likely to have more issues of bonds accompanied with this valuable form of bonus. The demand for preferred stocks of conservatively managed corporations continues and grows. Many investors are looking with favour upon those of a high yield.



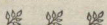
**A New Appointment**

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Manufacturers' Life Assurance Company, Mr. G. A. Somerville was elected to the directorate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. W. B. Strachan,



MR. G. A. SOMERVILLE, Who, in Addition to Being General Manager, is now on the Directorate of the Manufacturers' Life Assurance Association.

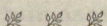
of Montreal. Mr. Somerville's career has been characterized by marked success. He began as manager for the Guelph and Ontario Loan and Savings Company, and signally advanced the progress of the concern. He was then invited to be manager of the Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company, of London, Ontario, and occupied this position for eighteen years. In 1907 he came to the Manufacturers' Life as general manager, and under his guidance the business has grown from somewhat under \$50,000,000 to an amount in excess of \$75,000,000, with assets of over \$16,000,000, thus placing the company amongst the very foremost in the insurance world. Mr. Somerville still retains the managership of the company, despite his election to the board. He is a man still in the prime of life, fit and active. With regard to the outlook of the Manufacturers' Life he says the "best is yet to be."



**Bank Clearings**

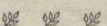
FOR the third time within the past month Toronto bank clearings show a decrease, when compared with the corresponding week of last year. Ottawa is in the same case. Montreal reports an increase in the week just past, though for the two weeks previous the clearings showed a decrease. Winnipeg also shows a very marked increase, no less a sum than three and a half million dollars. Slow collection and other incidents of a tight money period are probable factors. The returns for the week, this year and last, are:

	1913.	1912.
Toronto .....	\$45,540,794	\$46,366,401
Montreal .....	58,431,203	56,404,041
Winnipeg .....	34,618,756	30,076,054
Ottawa .....	4,520,415	4,621,203



**An Insurance Merger**

THE Sun Life Assurance Company, of Montreal, is negotiating for the acquisition of the Home Life Assurance Association, of Toronto. The latter is a comparatively small concern, with a paid-up capital of \$219,200. The policy-holders will, of course, be entirely protected. The Home Life Association have a fine building in Toronto, which the Sun Life Company would find useful and valuable.



**Annuals Next Week**

THE Sterling Bank and the Banque Nationale will hold their annual meetings during the coming week.

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

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ALEXANDER LAIRD ..... General Manager.  
JOHN AIRD ..... Assistant General Manager.

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**Travellers' Cheques**

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

\$10      \$20      \$50      \$100      \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President      Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-  
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager      E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

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THE selection of an executor is a matter of very serious import, as it involves the proper handling of your entire estate. Expert and technical knowledge, together with experience, such as no individual could possibly acquire, make this company the logical selection as executor of your will.

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**"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"**

IT is a funny thing about some people. Particular about other things, they will use any brand of soap that's put before them. To them, soap is merely soap.

Now Fairy Soap is more than soap — it's pure soap — it's extraordinary soap.

**FAIRY SOAP**

is purity itself; it is white and stays white. Fairy Soap comes in a handy oval cake which floats.

Why buy mere soap when you can get Fairy Soap? For toilet and bath there's no other soap so good as Fairy.

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—stands for elegance and refinement in Perfumes and Toilet accessories.

The high quality and general excellence of the Corson Toilet Waters, Talcs and Creams make them the choice of dainty women.

The Corson quality is the result of:

- the most expensive materials.
- highly skilled chemists.
- the experience and ability of the only house in Canada exclusively manufacturing perfumes.

Sold by the best druggists throughout Canada.

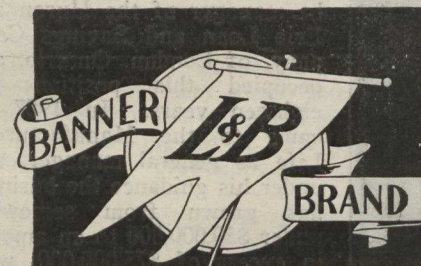
**Corson's Perfumes**

—made famous by the fragrant "ORCHID" and the delightful "POMANDER" lines of Perfumes, Toilet Waters and Talcs.

Your druggist has dainty 10c. samples of Orchid Perfume.

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**Bitter Oranges and Cane Sugar.**

It is the best Marmalade made anywhere in the world. Try it, and your verdict will accord with our statement. If your dealer cannot supply you, kindly send us his name and address.

Put up in 8-oz and 12-oz glass jars, and 2-lb and 5-lb gold-lacquered (non-corrosive) tins.

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**The Secret of Beauty**

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. Beetham's La-rola is unequalled for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin. Before and after exposure to the weather, out-door exercise, etc., it is extremely beneficial and soothing. La-rola possesses a delicate rose perfume and is quite greaseless; get a bottle from your chemist to-day and ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion. . . . .

BEETHAM'S

**La-rola**

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**Furniture at Factory Prices**

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Furniture Co., Limited TORONTO, ONT.

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Interest payable (by coupons) half-yearly.

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**Security to Debenture Holders**

Paid-up Capital and Reserve \$2,848,103. Total Assets \$6,106,686.

**To Trustees and Executors**

The deposits and debentures of this Company are especially authorized by an Order-in-Council, Province of Ontario, as an investment for trust funds.

**The Great West Permanent Loan Company**  
(Incorporated by Dominion Charter)

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# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### A Mist of Green

THERE are two months of the year when work of any kind seems to be an unwise waste of human effort. Of course, some readers may hasten to add that there are ten other months of the year in which it is foolish to toil. May and October are the halcyon time for the vagabond, and it is well in the days of green orchard or the days of brown woodland to have afternoons to devote to "just trifling." This continent is filled with impertinent advisers who put up bits of advice in vulgar "Americanese"—to the effect: "Get Busy" or "Do It Now." These are the utterances of cheap and fussy persons, who confuse hurry with progress, and who are nervous wrecks before they are forty years of age. The English poet who lamented that "we lay waste our powers" and that much of Nature's most intimate loveliness escapes us, would be horrified, indeed, at our modern world, in which gasoline plays so malevolent and malodorous a part.

But in these hours of May's first fortnight, when the summer fabrics bestrew the counters, and the blue bay waters invite the fancy to sail across lakes and rivers to St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, even the business man forgets the cash register and goes a-fishing. Then the girl, whose lot it is to spend the shining hours in an office, escapes in the evening to one of the city's open spaces, where the flowers and the foliage are in the gladdest of spring's adorning. It is a comfort to forget all the fashions which have bewildered us during the last few months, to ignore the vagaries, which warring Balkan States and lunatic Cubists and Futurists have thrust upon us, and consider only the raiment of the trees, which is now a veritable symphony in green. So, we forget the evening paper and the popular magazine and settle down in a corner of the garden to read an old-fashioned poem which has two lines with the best description of this blossom month:

"Such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green."

\*\*\*

### The Browning Love Letters

"ISN'T it hopelessly vulgar?" said a girl graduate to me, as she indicated the headline in the morning paper on the first Saturday of May: "Browning Letters Realized Big Sum."

Tears of vexation were in the girl's voice and almost in the girl's eyes and I knew just how she felt about it, although I have learned that crying over anything is briny foolishness.

"How could they do it?" she continued. "That son of Browning's must have been hateful. Those letters should have been burned and the ashes buried in Italy with Elizabeth Browning."

Certainly, it was with distaste that most of us read: "The whole collection of the love letters of the two poets brought £6,550." Over thirty thousand dollars for these letters may seem a "considerable sum" to the person with the soul of the auctioneer—but those letters should never, never have been handled by the "going-going-gone" public. Someone may say that the world will now learn more of the love-story of these two great souls and will profit thereby. All that the world had any right to know is written in the rose-hued "Sonnets From The Portuguese," by the woman poet, and in the invocation "O Lyric Love," "One Word More," and the passionate triumph of "Prospice," by Robert Browning. That inspiration which each found in the brain and the heart of the other is given to the world in those perfect poems, but the intimate tenderness of the letters is another matter altogether and belongs to the lovers alone. That their production in the auction room caused

a "buzz of excitement" among the dealers must make every true reader of Browning feel that such a scene is the most vulgar manifestation of the modern publicity craze. As for Browning's own views of the dignity and reticence which should guard the experience of the individual we turn once more to "House."

"Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?  
Do I live in a house you would like to see?  
Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?  
Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key? . . ."



A LEADING LIBERAL LADY.

Mrs. Rowell, wife of Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., was Elected President of the Toronto Women's Liberal Association—Formed the Day of the Laurier Visit. Mrs. Rowell is also an Office-holder in the Y.W.C.A., and was Recently Elected President of the Dominion Council of That Body.

"For a ticket, apply to the Publisher.  
No; thanking the public, I must decline.  
A peep through my window, if folk prefer;  
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

Neither Tennyson nor Browning cared for publicity, while Nathaniel Hawthorne shrank from the public scrutiny of his day. The big drum and the advance agent belong to the star of the "chorus," not to the writer of true poems, nor the singer of great songs.

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### Weary William

IN all the bloom and beauty of May, there can be found weary creatures who are tired of life and who seek to leave it. Such a case of unseasonable suicide was recently chronicled in our indefatigable press about a man residing in New Jersey who cast himself into a quarry and found relief from household cares. The man, whose name was William, left an explanatory note behind him—these desperate creatures are often thoughtful correspondents—declaring that too much housework had driven him to this headlong course.

"I can't beat carpets, or clean house," ran the

pitiful post-mortem message, "and it ain't no use of your trying to make me. When you read this, I hope you will give up your habit of cleaning house every time you hear a robin sing."

Poor dear William! Our sympathies go out to the down-trodden soul, who found dust-chasing so depressing that he determined to return to the dust itself. That last touch in the farewell note is of infinite pathos and might move the heart of Sylvia Pankhurst. William must have possessed the artistic temperament, to which the robin's note makes an appeal which is not to be resisted. William should have been out in the woods, listening to robins and orioles and blackbirds, instead of answering the stern call of the carpet-beater, or responding to the lure of the window-washer. The

untidy housewife has frequently been held up to scorn, as a provoker of domestic discomfort, who drives her unfortunate husband to tarry at the cocktail. However, the other extreme may be even more painful, with quite as tragic results. There are not many, however, even among the over-cleanly Marthas who send an unfortunate man to his death at the bottom of a stone quarry. William must have been a poor creature, after all, to submit to such a heavy course in domestic science. He should have taken the law and the broomstick in his own hands and given the lady a demonstration of the rights of man.

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### Our Public Playgrounds

AS the summer months approach, the subject of public playgrounds becomes of absorbing interest to all kind-hearted Canadian citizens. Every year sees more money spent on sending little children and their mothers, who would otherwise have to spend the heated term in the slums, out to the country or the lakeside for two weeks of fresh air. But why have slums at all? If the Capital of Germany can get along without them, then the cities of a bright new Dominion like Canada should certainly be able to abolish them utterly. However, to return to the public playgrounds, where ever so many youngsters will be waiting for something to do! A woman who is well acquainted with such undertakings in large cities of the States has assured me that thorough supervision is absolutely necessary, if the "playing" is to result in any real physical or moral benefit. It is rather difficult for a Canadian who has been brought up in the normal healthy home of a small town, where there is plenty of room in the backyard for the exercise of juvenile activities, to realize that there are hundreds of small persons in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, who have not learned to play, and whose instincts for clean and joyous sport require most careful and intelligent development. Here is a task for our grown-up boys and girls which the future will doubtless prove to have been well worth the time and trouble.

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### The Council and the Kindergarten

MISS CARRIE M. DERICK, Professor of Botany in McGill University, who took a prominent part in the discussions at the annual meeting of the National Council this month, was eminently sensible in her remarks on juvenile education. The delegates were considering the age-limit for young pupils, when Miss Derick somewhat startled them by saying that four years of age was not too early for the first school experience. It must be remembered that kindergarten classes can hardly be regarded as serious school work, and certainly involve no exhausting brain fag for the small pupils. Exercise is considered very carefully in the modern time-table, and even five or ten minutes of variety will make the needed break in the routine. The delicate or neurotic child is hardly fitted for school life, at all, but the healthy youngster is not likely to take early instruction too seriously and to suffer thereby.



# Page Reflecting Personages and a Pageant Imperialistic



Mrs. S. P. Matheson, Regent of the Municipal Chapter, I.O.D.E., in Winnipeg.

NEVER has the I. O. D. E. in convention been attended by quite so vividly visible a spirit of imperialism as this year. Winnipeg seems en fete in behalf of the Empire. The Imperial Pageant devised by the Daughters and co-arranged by them, the Industrial Bureau and other friends, is attracting the most enthusiastic attention, this very moment, and money is visibly swelling the exchequer.

To-day fortnight "The Courier" detailed the nature of this "Empire in Allegory." The presentation of it is eclipsing the prophecy—words like "fiasco" confessing to be from Missouri. Results seldom stop to argue with women in Winnipeg for the very simple reason, "What's the use?"

In addition to the women portrayed on this page, a few other women actively concerned with arrangements for the convention are as follows: Mrs. W. H. Thompson, who will impersonate "Britannia"; Mrs. Dysart, directing the "Scotland" feature; Mrs. P. C. Shepherd, exploiting "Ireland"; Mrs. Cartwright, concerned with "Africa"; Mrs. Vaux, with "Egypt"; Mrs. Turner, with "Australasia"; and Mrs. Mowbray Berkley with "India" and the "Crown Colonies of Asia."



Directing the Pageant, Miss Edna Sutherland, Regent of the Lord Selkirk Chapter.



The Resourceful Regent of the Earl of Meath Chapter, Mrs. W. J. Arnott.



Convener of the Reception Committee, I.O.D.E. Convention—Mrs. W. J. Wright, Who is Regent of the Veterans' Brigade Chapter.



Mrs. Murray, Regent of the Victoria Chapter, in Charge of the Spectacle "England" in the Display.



Miss F. B. Graham, Regent of the Lady McMillan (Children's) Chapter.



Miss Mary L. Robertson, Regent of the Assiniboia Entertainment Chapter, Arranged the Allegorical "Canada."



The Enthusiastic and Enterprising Regent of the Brock Memorial Chapter, I.O.D.E., in Winnipeg.



Secretary of Arrangements for Annual National Meeting—Mrs. A. Wilson Smith.



## National Council of Women in Montreal

If Parliament is Socrates, then the National Council of Women is Xanthippe. And if Parliament has the wise man's wisdom, it is probably at this moment exclaiming in its heart of hearts (if it has one): "There is Xanthippe thundering again, one must look out for rain." Xanthippe had quite a gift, you recall, with the bucket.

At any rate, the National Council has got its thunder ready; prepared it in Montreal last week—twenty-one years before that, indeed, for some of its well-known objects—so that Parliament, now, may expect to need its umbrella.

### Legislation to be Urged.

Some recommendations the Council adopted which may affect legislation are as follows:

"That the various local councils investigate the problems of childhood, with



Mrs. F. H. Torrington, of Toronto, Recently Re-elected at the Meeting in Montreal as President of the National Council of Women.

a view to securing the establishment of a Federal bureau of child welfare, under expert direction." An outcome, this, of the report read by Mrs. Leathes, of Toronto, in the absence of Mrs. Edwards, of Alberta, convener of the standing committee on laws for the better protection of women and children. "A 'live' discussion on visible hangings," as one journal, unconsciously flippant, put it, was another gentle issue from this report. A further outgrowth was a resolution to request the government to make wife desertion and non-support of families indictable and extraditable offences. Other discussions were on the granting of divorces, the employment of white girls by Oriental masters, and the advance in police methods as affecting women.

"That efforts be continued to secure the Municipal, Provincial and Dominion franchise for women on equal terms with men," was heartily endorsed.

"That government be petitioned to appoint agents, in Britain and also on the continent of Europe, to examine intending immigrants, to investigate their local standing and to decide their desirability as future citizens of Canada; and that in the meantime agents of the immigration department be made responsible for

immigrants admitted and fined five dollars per head in case of default."

This was a resolution arrived at after hearing Miss Fitzgibbon's report (read by Mrs. Hamilton, of Toronto,) on immigration. It was also adopted that matrons be appointed to travel on steamship lines and on trains which carry large parties of women steerage passengers. On the motion of Miss Derick, of Montreal, the committee was instructed to investigate the whole question of assisted immigration and the bonus system.

As a result of the report on education, prepared by Miss Ritchie, of Halifax, it was decided that Provincial Governments be urged to provide for medical inspection in rural districts; that local councils should work to establish night schools where none exist; and that they seek to have women elected to the school boards, or have council committees attend school board meetings.

The report of the committee on vacation schools and supervised play grounds was adopted. The committee is to be known hereafter as that on supervised play, recreation and social centres.

Miss Peters, of St. John, promoter of play grounds, strongly urged the formation at once of a National Play Grounds Association. Play grounds work, Miss Peters affirmed, was formative as opposed to reformatory in result.

The suggestion was made and promptly adopted that the delegates form themselves into a committee of the whole, for the purpose of bombarding the members of the Dominion Parliament with missives emphasizing the necessity for passing measures respecting the suppression of the white slave traffic, which were then before the House. Flogging was discussed as a punitive measure to be meted to arch-offenders in this cause. The discussion grew out of a letter received from Mrs. Flora McDonald Denison, of Toronto.

The committee on peace and arbitration reported through Mrs. Courtice. Mrs. Adam Shortt endorsed her suggestions for substituting for war, declaring that war was a women's concern to banish. Mrs. Courtice will be a delegate of the council to The Hague.

Miss Derick, reporting on "Employments for Women," submitted the following list of recommendations: Compulsory education for all children from five to fourteen years of age; trade and technical education for girls in Government institutions, all departments of which should be open to both sexes; employment bureaus in close connection with the public schools; the taking of an annual school census; the establishment of women's hotels and clubs for wage earners; the admission of women to the professional faculties of all universities, and to the practice of all the learned professions; and equal remuneration for equal work, regardless of sex.

### Some Extra Features.

"Quebec's Unjust Laws for Women," a paper prepared by Dr. Stowe Gullen, of



Mrs. George Dickson, Who Recently Succeeded Miss Constance Boulton as President of the Women's Canadian Club, Toronto.

Toronto, and circulated among the delegates, evoked no little amount of controversy. The upshot was, it became apparent, that Quebec is but little behind in the feminist movement.

A group of delegates from the council paid an interested visit to the MacDonold Farm, located at St. Anne de Bellevue. A girl student was pointed out who was shortly to take her degree in agriculture. Mrs. Hamilton, convener of the committee on agriculture, was keenly alive to the methods and the results.

Mrs. Snowdon, the English suffragist and the guest in Montreal of Lady Drummond, addressed the Council on woman's suffrage which, according to her, is the same as co-operative progress.

An afternoon session was devoted to the inspection of the Council's milk station, which feeds the needy babies at nominal cost. Mrs. Smillie was kind in describing the system.

An enjoyable function was the informal reception by which McGill University welcomed the Council.

The greetings of welcome extended the Council by Madame Dandurand were a triumph of gracious phrasing and kindly expression. She welcomed the body's present return to the city of Montreal, seventeen years having passed since last it met there.

### Officers Re-elected.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught was elected Vice-President for Canada in the International Council. Canada's nominee for President of the International Council will be the Countess of Aberdeen, and Mrs. Sanford, of Hamilton, who for nine years has been Treasurer of the same body, was re-nominated for that position. All the officers of the National Council were re-elected as follows:

Hon. President, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught; Advisory President, the Countess of Aberdeen; President, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Toronto; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Plumpton, Toronto; Treasurer, Mrs. Watt, Brantford, Ont.

The seven elected Vice-Presidents of the Council were all re-elected as follows: Lady Laurier, Ottawa; Mrs. R. L. Borden, Ottawa; Mrs. Sanford, Hamilton; Mrs. Robt. Thompson, St. John; Mrs. Frost, Smith's Falls; Lady Taylor, Hamilton, and Prof. Carrie Derick, Montreal.

The only change in the Provincial Vice-Presidents was the election of Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, to succeed Mrs. Watkins, of Hamilton. The other Provincial Vice-Presidents are: Nova Scotia, Miss Carmichael, New Glasgow; New Brunswick, Mrs. McLellan, St. John; Quebec, Mme. Dandurand, Montreal; Manitoba, Mrs. McEwen, Brandon; Alberta, Mrs. O. C. Edwards, Macleod; British Columbia, Mrs. MacAuley, Vancouver. Saskatchewan Province has failed to elect a Vice-President yet.

## These New Spring Gowns Were Made With Diamond Dyes



Pink crepe de chine dyed green

"Any bright woman can be as successful as I have been in making pretty clothes, if she will select models that suit her, get the patterns, and use Diamond Dyes according to the directions. This new spring dress of mine I made over, from a pink crepe de chine which I dyed dark green, and selected the model from the—Fashion Book."

Laura M. Tiffany.

"I am glad to send you a photograph of my latest Diamond Dyes Dress. I made this over from some pale yellow messaline material which I had in a dress last spring. I dyed it brown. Isn't it stylish?"

Ethel L. DeMotte.

You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not try them on a sample first nor practice before dyeing even your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. Don't say, "Oh, I am not clever enough to work such wonders." Thousands of twelve-year-old girls use Diamond Dyes.

With these wonderful first aids to fashion, you can easily make your clothes constantly beautiful.

Also, you can give new life and color to your curtains, rugs, portieres, etc., and your laces and trimmings can be used over and over again, through the magic of

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Buy a package of Diamond Dyes to-day. It will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor any fabric.

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in Blue envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in White envelopes.



Yellow messaline dyed brown

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

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

## Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and another class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.

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## Canadian Women's Press Club

AS a memorial to the late Agnes Deans Cameron, a hostel for immigrant girls is to be erected in Victoria, B.C. A more appropriate form of memorial could hardly be chosen, for Miss Cameron took the keenest interest in girls who work, whether in Canada or in the Old Land. Miss Cameron's work in general was both national and imperial; she did much by her lectures and writing to bind together the old land and the new. The memorial has been suggested by, and is in the hands of, the United Chapters of the Order of the Daughters of the Empire in Victoria, B. C. The home is to be in the form of a wing to the Young Women's Christian Association Building, to be called the Agnes Deans Cameron Memorial Wing. \$20,000 will be needed to carry out the plan, and contributions from Agnes Deans Cameron's friends and admirers will be welcomed by the Agnes Deans Cameron Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, Victoria, who have the matter specially in charge. The Treasurer is Miss Mabel Agnes Cameron, 1162 MacClure St., Victoria, B.C.

THE triennial meeting of the C.W.P.C. in Edmonton in early June is foremost in the minds of all the members just now. A programme dealing with a number of topics of practical interest



MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY  
Poet and Novelist. One of the Vice-Presidents of the C.W.P.C.

to journalists and writers is being prepared, and the proverbial hospitality of the West promises to fill every spare minute most pleasantly. In addition to the days in and about Edmonton, on the return journey the branches in Calgary, Regina, Port Arthur and Fort William are to entertain the travelling members. There promises to be a large attendance, both from the Eastern as well as from the Western Provinces.

THE news of Janey Canuck's illness and serious operation was received everywhere with great regret, and members of the C.W.P.C., as well as other admirers of Mrs. Emily F. Murphy, will be glad to know that she is making good progress toward recovery in Dr. Mayo's hospital in Rochester, Minn., and expects to be back in Edmonton in time for the general meeting.

THE latest members to join the C.W.P.C. are Mrs. W. H. Becker, on the staff of the Saturday Press, Saskatoon, Sask.; Miss Margaret Bemister, of Winnipeg, author of the books, "Thirty Indian Legends," and "Stories from Prairie and Mountain"; Mrs. L. W. Bingay, of the Port Arthur Evening Chronicle; Mrs. Branscombe, of the Picton Times; Mrs. Basil G. Hamilton, who is connected with the Columbia Valley Times, and writes for other Canadian, American and British journals; Miss Louise E. Julyan, of the Owen Sound Sun; Miss Margaret Kelly, who is connected with the Times and News, Kenora; Mrs. J. W. Owen, of Winnipeg, whose magazine articles have for some time appeared in a number of Canadian and American publications; Miss H.

Clare Sproule, of the Saskatoon Daily Star staff; Miss Bessie Watt, and Miss Lena Benedict, who are both on the staff of the Ottawa Journal, and Miss Adelaide E. Kells, of the Edmonton Journal.

SEVERAL short stories by Mrs. Virna Sheard, which had already appeared in Canada, are being published in England in The Quiver.

THE Winnipeg branch entertained at its April meeting Mr. G. J. Bury, Vice-President of the C. P. R. Mr. Bury spoke of women's work, and especially of their ability and success in the business world. The Winnipeg club has informal teas each Thursday. Some of their recent guests have been Mr. Charles F. Roland, Winnipeg's Publicity Commissioner, and Mrs. Roland. Mr. Roland spoke to the club on the work of the Publicity Bureau, and its influence on municipal life. Miss Compton Burnett, a journalist from London, England, was also a guest.

MR. and MRS. WILLOUGHBY, of Saskatoon, who have been spending the winter in Mexico and California, passed through Port Arthur recently, and were taken by Mrs. Slipper to see the ship building plant and other points of interest in the twin cities. Miss Cora Hind, of Winnipeg, was also in the party.

MISS BOARDMAN, assisted by Mrs. Dennis, gave a folk song recital in April in the club room of the Winnipeg branch. English, German, Scandinavian, Scotch and Welsh songs were described, and illustrated with piano and violin.

MISS LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL, for some time on the staff of the Toronto News, and whose letters from England and the continent to the Toronto Star attracted wide attention at the time of King Edward's death and the coronation of King George, died recently at St. John's Hospital, Toronto, after a long illness. Miss Birchall was a brilliant and enterprising journalist, full of resourcefulness in getting material. She was a member of the Toronto branch almost from the beginning, and will be much missed.

MISS ETHEL JOHNS, superintendent of the General Hospital, Port Arthur, and a member of the C.W.P.C., has gone to California.

MRS. BERTRAM NELLES has removed from Ottawa.

ACROSS Canada by the C. P. R., a story for children, has been written by Miss Louise Rorke, a Toronto member. It is being published by Collins, of Glasgow, and is to be used in Scottish schools.

MISS ESTELLE KEHR, of Toronto, held an interesting exhibition of her paintings in her studio during late April. In addition to a number of charming portraits, there were many outdoor scenes from Miss Kerr's stay last summer in Paris and Normandy.

MRS. EVERARD COTES, who is an honorary member of the C.W.P.C. is to visit Canada this summer. Another visitor will be Miss Ella Sykes, an English journalist, who has already visited Canada, working her way through to the Pacific Coast by taking various domestic positions. Her experiences are given in a book, Home Help in Canada.

AN exhibition of magazine covers was on in May in the club room of the Toronto branch. About three hundred posters were shown. The exhibition was organized and prepared by Mrs. J. E. Elliott.

MEMBERS will please note Mrs. Margaret L. Fairbairn's change of address to Clarkson, Ont.

MRS. HOLT MURISON, of Montreal, formerly of Vancouver, has in the April number of the University Magazine a poem on the death of Scott.

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would soon lose her title if her complexion was poor.

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### Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

This charming little booklet of perfumed powder leaves may be slipped into the purse to use on all occasions. Ten cents in stamps will bring you a book.

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# For the Study of Social Science

*A Women's Club With a Private Life and a Public Manifestation in Toronto*

"ASSIST us to accomplish all our ends and sanctify whatever means we use to gain them!"

The quaint request devised by the playwright, Mr. Puff, in "The Critic," might be the prayer with impunity, in the opinion of the writer, of the Club for the Study of Social Science, Toronto. For the end—a departure in some degree from the orthodox aim of women's



"Three Times and Out" Being a Rule in the Constitution, Mrs. Plumptre, for Three Years President of the Club for the Study of Social Science, Toronto, Must Needs Retire from Office on May 19.

clubs, or, for that matter, men's clubs—is emphatically not publicity, but study. And a means, the preclusion by constitution (for no very occult reason) of newspaper women as such from attending the meetings, assures to the gatherings the vivid interest of unrestrained discussion—a study feature. The present information was, therefore, obtained by special consent, and is official.

The Club for the Study of Social Science does not stand for suffrage. Indeed, the balance is almost exact in the names of the suffragists and the antis composing the executive committee. The organization, as a matter of fact, has no propaganda, directly considered. In and of itself, it is educational purely. Indirectly, nevertheless, the club is promotive, serving as a sort of powerhouse to the activities of unions which are, in varying measures, propagandic. The local societies of social workers, almost without exception, are represented by leaders in the club.

The club's present membership approximates three hundred, two hundred being the average attendance at meetings. The beginning was just three years ago, when a handful of university women met in the studio of Mr. Wyly Grier and discussed the idea of organization. Shortly after, the club was formally launched at "The Brown Betty" thirty to fifty persons comprising the body. So instant was the growth of the club that after only the second meeting it was necessary to move to ampler quarters. The Margaret Eaton studio was adequate for a time, the capacity of which in turn being taxed by the growth of the organization, the Margaret Eaton Hall was had recourse to—the present quarters. Twice the effort to impose a limit to the membership has been made, but, strangely enough, on both occasions, the union already exceeded the limit figure.

Meetings, held monthly, are conducted under a system which numbers of women's clubs might adopt with profit. A year's programme on one subject, prepared with the utmost care and clarity of presentment, divides that subject into twelve phases distributed over the months, in logical order. Successive meetings are assigned to different leaders to conduct, each selecting her special group of supporters. These ever-changing groups are responsible for the meetings, at liberty to follow or not to follow the lines of study suggested by the programme. The suggestions have value, anyway, in providing a common ground of preparation. The year's subject for 1911-1912 was two-fold, "Problems of Housing and Immigration." For this year the subject discussed has been "Child Welfare." The programmes, ele-

gant in device as admirable in content, reflect the greatest credit upon the contrivers.

Despite the society's privacy of existence it is not at all to be thought a selfish body. It invited the public the first year to hear Miss Sylvia Pankhurst on "Problems of the Wage-earning Woman in England"; the second year to hear Mr. Torry of the social service; and the present year to hear Mrs. Kelly, Secretary of the Consumers' League. Mrs. Kelly, by the way, is an aunt of Mrs. Sydney Small, who is one of the members.

The annual meeting is soon to be, indeed, on May 19th. So that some slight differences will probably occur in the executive which at present stands as follows: President, Mrs. Plumptre; Vice-Presidents, Miss Campbell and Mr. Agar Adamson; Treasurer, Mrs. Graham Thompson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Arthur Meredith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. V. E. Henderson. Other members are: Miss Joan Arnoldi, Miss Elwood, Mrs. R. E. A. Laud, Mrs. Godfrey Lloyd, Miss Plummer and Mrs. H. S. Strathy. M. J. T.

## Art in Miniature

[T is a poor rule which does not work both ways; it would be considered an honour to be related to the Hon. Martin Burrell, and at the same time I feel sure that Mr. Burrell does not resent travelling, sometimes in his cousin's reflected glory. I speak of Mrs. Louie B. Burrell, one of the foremost miniature painters of the day.

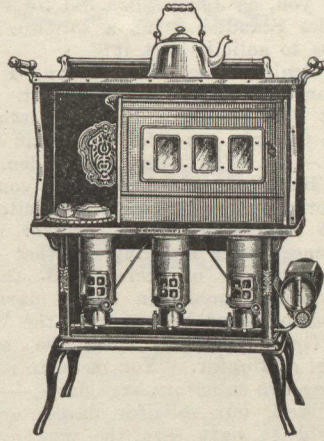
Mrs. Burrell is a member of the Associate Royal Miniature Society, the only one of its kind having a royal patron. She has painted Royalties, Governors-General, Ladies-in-Waiting, and dozens of hardly less well-known personages. One English paper said it was becoming a fad to be painted by her, a reasonable fad—unlike most fads—in that the gratification therefrom excuses the costliness of it.

Mrs. Burrell began her career as an artist in earliest childhood, modelling, caricaturing and illustrating, on anything handy from wrapping paper to wall paper. Then she spent three years at the celebrated Von Herkomer School, having a miniature accepted and hung in the Academy while still a student. Almost immediately upon leaving school



The Ottawa Miniaturist, Mrs. Louie Burrell, Who Sets a Price on Canadian Faces, Short a Bit of the Thirty-five Million a Liberal Speaker Was Recently Heard Object to.

the young artist married and went to South Africa, from which place she returned after three years to take up serious work in England. For eleven consecutive years Mrs. Burrell has had paintings in the Academy, not to speak of numerous smaller but scarcely less important exhibitions. Since coming to this country she has painted quite a number of prominent Canadians, and on her projected tour of the west she will doubtless gather much material for her facile brush. MADGE MACBETH.



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# The Cousin From Canada

(Concluded from page 10.)

was that if you had taken your uncle's advice ten years ago, and gone to Canada, you might have become a more practical man than you are now. Can you, for instance, do anything useful?"

"Yes. Like Miss Braddock, I can drive a motor-car."

"Then is it your intention to become a chauffeur when you have transferred the Dunfor estates to Miss Braddock?"

"I confess I haven't—"

"Haven't given much thought when you are on the verge of— Oh, dear, you do seem to be a hopeless person."

"What would you advise me?"

"I'm not your secretary, Lord Dunfor; I am secretary to Miss Braddock. She has first claim to all my advice."

"I had come to fancy you a friend."

"You say that very nicely, Lord Dunfor. Well, then, as a friend, I will ask you one question. Do you possess a private income?"

"Less than five hundred a year."

"Pounds?"

"Pounds, of course."

"Why, that's two thousand five hundred dollars! With an annual amount like that, you could, if you possess any capacity make a fortune in Canada."

"I doubt the business capacity."

"I don't see why you should doubt that; your uncles showed great business capacity. Why should you be bereft of all good sense? It's merely the enervating life you've been living over here, and the false notions you have imbibed regarding money. Does it never occur to you that a well-equipped man should experience the same exultation in making money of his own rather than inheriting it, or marrying for it, that a thoroughbred horse feels in winning a race."

"Now that you put it that way, Miss Winterbourn— By the way, are you going back to Canada?"

"After I have seen more of England."

"Why, I'd like the privilege of showing some portions of England to you, Miss Winterbourn, and then, when you go back, have a shy at Canada."

"When I go back? Why, what has that to do with your visit?"

"Well, I should like it if there was someone in the great Dominion whom I knew, and whose good wishes—"

"But you have my good wishes now. You are not at all the sort of person I thought you were."

"Does Miss Braddock share your prejudices against me?"

"Oh, Miss Braddock! Don't flatter yourself you can win her over as you have a simpleton like myself. Still, I'll say a good word for you to her; but if you take my advice as well as my good wishes, you will forget Miss Braddock and turn your attention to Canada instead. Perhaps you didn't know that Miss Braddock was a teacher of elocution, and she is quite formidable when she begins declaiming. You'll never know what a cumberer of the earth you are until you hear Miss Braddock expatiate on the uselessness of man, especially the degenerate scions of old families."

"You again bring up regrets for the handsome cab, and fears about the motor-car."

MISS Winterbourn hid her face in her hands, laughing hard until she saw the young man, thinking he was the object of her merriment, grew uneasy and again began to redden.

"Are you making merry at my expense, Miss Winterbourn?" he asked.

It was a few moments before the girl could speak.

"Not at you, exactly," she said, at last, "but at the situation. Miss Braddock has gone out to walk in the Park by herself, so that she may prepare eloquence for your reception."

"For my reception? Why, she didn't know I was coming here to-day!"

"Yes, she did; but you were not expected till about five o'clock. I said you'd probably wait till after dinner."

"Miss Winterbourn, there must be some mistake. No one knew I was coming to Grosvenor Square except myself—that is," stammered the hopelessly truthful young man, "no one—except—except—"

"Except your lawyer—your legal adviser, I think you called him."

"Yes, my solicitor."

"Ah, solicitor! That's the word. Well, why didn't you send him to solicit for you, as John Alden did for Captain Miles Standish. It's a solicitor's business to solicit, isn't it?"

"Really, Miss Winterbourn, I don't know what you're talking about. I have not the honour of the acquaintance of the Captain you refer to, nor do I know Mr.—Mr. What's-his-name Alden."

"But don't you know that your solicitor and Miss Braddock's solicitor have put their legal heads together in conference, quite agreeing, in that absurd English way of theirs, that the impoverished nobleman is to marry the wild, untamed heiress from the West?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the startled Earl of Dunfor. "You mean to say that these two solicitors have dared—"

"Well, our solicitor dared, and you ought to have seen the way my dear friend, Miss Jane Braddock, carried on! Why, you'd think, to hear her talk, that no rich American woman had ever married a poor but proud English lord since the world began; but I can tell you that Miss Braddock has risen to the occasion. When you fling yourself upon your knees—I know Miss Braddock will let me stop if I can get your permission—you'll then learn for the first time the capability of the English language. Meanwhile I myself will sing your praises to the angry woman."

"Well, that's very good of you, Miss Winterbourn, and you may begin the song by stating that I have not the slightest intention of marrying Miss Braddock, even if she owned the mines of Golconda as well as the estates of Dunfor."

"Do you mean to pretend that you did not come here to-day to propose to her?"

"Now, I say," hedged his lordship, "you know you're just chaffing me, and also you are quite well aware that I came to pay a friendly and not a declamatory call upon Aunt Jane, who is by way of being a relative of mine, seemingly as objectionable as my uncle, the late Earl. No, Miss Winterbourn, I'm going over to Canada. You wouldn't mind if I went on the same steamer that carried you?"

"Mind? I should be delighted, of course; but I am going by way of Quebec and Montreal."

The girl had risen to her feet. "That would suit me down to the ground," said his lordship. "I went over to New York once in August. Beastly place and beastly hot! I'd like to go by Montreal this time."

He held out his hand to her. She took it, smiling at him, and somehow he didn't seem to know when to let go.

The door burst open as if impelled by some explosive, and there entered a tall, gaunt, mannish woman, with a grim, hard, domineering face framed in iron-grey hair. She turned in cold fury to the obsequious footman.

"Did not I command you to tell the Earl of Dunfor I was not at home if he called, and you knew I went away solely because I wished this announcement to be the truth and not a lie?"

"Yes, madam; I told his lordship so." "It is all my fault, Aunt Jane," cried Hilda. "You know I wished to see Lord Dunfor, so I gave orders he was to be shown in here, for it was also the truth that I was at home."

"Oh, I knew how it would be, Hilda!" cried the angry woman. "I told you that you yourself would spoil the plan. Here this profligate spends an hour in your company, and I find you standing there holding each other's hands!"

The young lady withdrew her hand. "I knew what this scapegrace would do. With all the detective force in London at his disposal, how long would it take him to find out that you were the heiress, and not I? Haven't you read those Sherlock Holmes books? Nothing can be concealed from a London rake in this shameful city. Oh, Hilda, Hilda, we were getting on so nicely," cried Miss Braddock, "and now you have spoiled it all!"

His lordship made a stammering attempt to speak.

"Do you know, Aunt Jane," he murmured, clinging to the hand, "I don't think she has."

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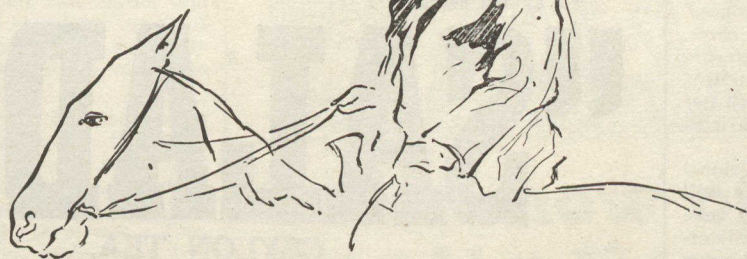


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# THE IMPOSTOR



BY  
**HAROLD  
BINDLOSS**

## CHAPTER XVI.

Maud Barrington is Merciless.

DANE overtook the waggon close by the birch bluff at Silverdale Grange. It was late then, but there were lights in the windows that blinked beyond the trees, and, when the waggon stopped, Barrington stood in the entrance with one or two of his hired men. Accidents are not infrequent on the prairie, where surgical assistance is not always available, and there was a shutter ready on the ground beside him, for the Colonel had seen the field hospital in operation.

"Unhook the tailboard," he said sharply. "Two of you pick up the shutter. Four more here. Now, arms about his shoulders, hips, and knees. Lift and lower—step off with right foot leading bearer, with your left in the rear!"

It was done in a few moments, and when the bearers passed into the big hall that rang with their shuffling steps, Maud Barrington shivered as she waited with her aunt in an inner room. That tramping was horribly suggestive, and she had seen but little of sickness and grievous wounds. Still, the fact scarcely accounted for the painful throbbing of her heart, and the dizziness that came upon her. Then the bearers came in, panting, with Barrington and Dane behind them, and the girl was grateful to her aunt, who laid a hand upon her arm when she saw the singed head, and blackened face that was smeared with a ruddier tint, upon the shutter.

"Lower!" said Colonel Barrington. "Lift, as I told you," and the huddled object was laid upon the bed. Then there was silence until the impassive voice rose again.

"We shall not want you, Maud. Dane, you and I will get these burnt things off him."

The girl went out, and while she stood, feeling curiously chilly in an adjoining room, Barrington bent over his patient.

"Well put together!" he said thoughtfully. "Most of his people were lighter in the frame. Well, we can only oil the burns, and get a cold compress about his head. All intact, so far as I can see, and I fancy he'd pull through a good deal more than has happened to him. I am obliged for your assistance."

THE men withdrew. When a rattle of wheels rose from the prairie, Maud Barrington waylaid her uncle in the hall. Her fingers were trembling, and, though her voice was steady, the man glanced at her curiously as she asked, "How is he?"

"One can scarcely form an opinion yet," he said slowly. "He is burned here and there, and his head is badly cut, but it is the concussion that troubles me. A frantic horse kicks tolerably hard, you know, but I shall be able to tell you more when the doctor comes to-morrow. In the meanwhile you had better rest, though you could look in and see if your aunt wants anything in an hour or two."

Maud Barrington passed an hour in horrible impatience, and then stole quietly into the sick-room. The windows were open wide, and the shaded lamp burned unsteadily as the cool night breeze flowed in. Its dim light just touched the man who lay motionless with a bandage round his head, and the drawn pallor of his face once more sent a shiver through the girl. Then Miss Barrington rose and lifted a warning hand.

"Quite unconscious still," she said softly. "I fancy he was knocked down by one of the horses and trampled on,

but your uncle has hopes of him. He has evidently led a healthy life."

The girl was a little less serene than usual then, and drew back into the shadow.

"Yes," she said. "We did not think so once."

Miss Barrington smiled curiously. "Are you very much astonished, Maud? Still, there is nothing you can do for me, and we shall want you to-morrow."

Realizing that there was no need for her, the girl went out, and when the door closed behind her the little white-haired lady bent down and gazed at her patient long and steadily. Then she shook her head, and moved back to the seat she had risen from, with perplexity in her face.

MEANWHILE Maud Barrington sat by the open window in her room, staring out into the night. There was a whispering in the birch bluff, and the murmuring of leagues of grasses rose from the prairie that stretched away beyond it. Still, though the wind fanned her throbbing forehead with a pleasant coolness, the nocturnal harmonies awoke no response in her. Sleep was out of the question, for her brain was in a whirl of vague sensations, through which fear came uppermost every now and then. Why anything which could befall this man who had come out of the obscurity and was he had told her, to go back into it again, should disturb her, Maud Barrington did not know; but there was no disguising the fact that she would feel his loss grievously, as others at Silverdale would do. Then with a little tremor she wondered whether they must lose him, and, rising, stood tensely still, listening for any sound from the sick-room.

There was nothing but the sighing of the grasses outside and the murmur of the birches in the bluff, until the doleful howl of a coyote stole faintly out of the night. Again the beast sent its cry out upon the wind, and the girl trembled as she listened. The unearthly wail seemed charged with augury, and every nerve in her thrilled.

Then she sank down into her chair again, and sat still, hoping, listening, fearing, and wondering when the day would come, until at last her eyes grew heavy, and it was with a start she roused herself when a rattle of wheels came up out of the prairie in the early morning. Then a spume-flecked team swept up to the house, a door swung open, there was a murmur of voices and a sound of feet that moved softly in the hall, after which for what seemed an interminable time, silence reigned again. At last, when the stealthy patter of feet recommenced, the girl slipped down the stairway and came upon Barrington. Still, she could not ask the question that was trembling on her lips.

"Is there anything I can do?" she said.

Barrington shook his head. "Not now! The doctor is here, and does not seem very anxious about him. The concussion is not apparently serious, and his other injuries will not trouble him much."

Maud Barrington said nothing and turned away, sensible of a great relief, while her aunt entering her room an hour later found her lying fast asleep but still dressed as she had last seen her. Then, being a discerning woman, she went out softly with a curious smile, and did not at any time mention what she had seen.

It was that evening, and Barrington had departed suddenly on business to

Winnipeg, when Dane rode up to the Grange. He asked for Miss Barrington and her niece, and when he heard that his comrade was recovering sensibility, sat down looking very grave.

"I have something to tell you, but Courthorne must not know until he is better, while I'm not sure that we need tell him then," he said. "In the meanwhile, I am also inclined to fancy it would be better kept from Colonel Barrington on his return. It is the first time anything of the kind has happened at Silverdale, and it would hurt him horribly, which decided us to come first to you."

"You must be more concise," said Miss Barrington quietly, and Dane trifled with the hat in his hand.

"It is," he said, "a most unpleasant thing, and is known to three men only, of whom I am one. We have also arranged that nobody else will chance upon what we have discovered. You see, Ferris is unfortunately connected with you, and his people have had trouble enough already."

"Ferris?" said Maud Barrington, with a sudden hardening of her face. "You surely don't mean—"

Dane nodded. "Yes," he said reluctantly. "I'm afraid I do. Now, if you will listen to me for a minute or two."

He told his story with a grim, convincing quietness, and the blood crept into the girl's cheeks as she followed his discoveries step by step. Glancing at her aunt, she saw that there was horror as well as belief in the gentle lady's face.

"Then," she said with cold incisiveness, "Ferris cannot stay here, and he shall be punished."

"No," said Dane. "We have no room for a lad of his disposition at Silverdale—but I'm very uncertain in regard to the rest. You see, it couldn't be done without attracting attention—and I have the honour of knowing his mother. You will remember how she lost another son. That is why I did not tell Colonel Barrington. He is a trifle—precipitate—occasionally."

MISS Barrington glanced at the man. "You have done wisely," she said. "Ethel Ferris has borne enough, and she has never been the same since the horrible night they brought Frank home, for she knew how he came by his death, though the coroner brought it in misadventure. I also fancy my brother would be implacable in a case like this, though how far I am warranted in keeping the facts from him I do not know."

Dane nodded gravely. "We leave that to you. You will, however, remember what happened once before. We cannot go through what we did then again."

Miss Barrington recalled the formal court-martial that had once been held in the hall of the Grange, when every man in the settlement had been summoned to attend, for there were offences in regard to which her brother was inflexible. When it was over and the disgraced man went forth an outcast, a full account of the proceedings had been forwarded to those at home who had hoped for much from him.

"No," she said. "For the sake of the woman who sent him here we must stop short of that."

Then Maud Barrington looked at them both. "There is one person you do not seem to consider at all, and that is the man who lies here in peril through Ferris's fault," she said. "Is there nothing due to him?"

Dane noticed the sternness in her eyes, and glanced as if for support towards Miss Barrington. "I fancy he would be



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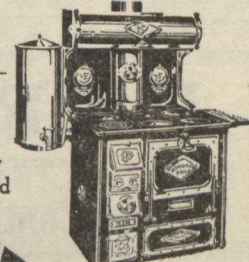
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the last to claim it if he knew what we do. Still, in the meanwhile, I leave the affair to your aunt and you. We would like to have your views before doing anything further."

He rose as he spoke, and when he had gone out Maud Barrington sat down at a writing-table. "Aunt," she said quietly, "I will ask Ferris to come here at once."

It was next day when Ferris came, evidently ill at ease, though he greeted Miss Barrington with elaborate courtesy, and would have done the same with her niece but the girl turned from him with visible disdain.

"Sit down," she said coldly. "Colonel Barrington is away, but his sister will take his place, and after him I have the largest stake in the welfare of Silverdale. Now, a story has come to our ears which, if it had not been substantiated, would have appeared incredible. Shall Miss Barrington tell it you?"

Ferris, who was a very young man, flushed, but the colour faded and left his cheeks a trifle grey. He was not a very prepossessing lad, for it requires a better physique than he was endowed with to bear the stamp of viciousness that is usually most noticeable on the feeble, but he was distinguished by a trace of arrogance that not infrequently served him as well as resolution.

"If it would not inconvenience Miss Barrington, it would help me to understand a good deal I can find no meaning for now," he said.

The elder lady's face grew sterner, and very quietly but remorselessly she set forth his offence, until no one who heard the tale could have doubted the origin of the fire.

"I should have been better pleased had you, if only when you saw we knew everything, appeared willing to confess your fault and make amends," she said.

Ferris laughed as ironically as he dared under the eyes which had lost their gentleness. "You will pardon me for telling you that I have no intention of admitting it now. That you should be so readily prejudiced against me is not gratifying, but, you see, nobody could take any steps without positive proof of the story, and my word is at least as credible as that of the interloper who told it you."

Maud Barrington raised her head suddenly, and looked at him with a curious light in her eyes, but the elder lady made a little gesture of deprecation.

"Mr. Courthorne has told us nothing," she said. "Still, three gentlemen whose worth is known at Silverdale are willing to certify every point of it. If we lay the affair before Colonel Barrington, you will have an opportunity of standing face to face with them."

The lad's assurance, which, so far and no further, did duty for courage, deserted him. He was evidently not prepared to be made the subject of another court-martial, and the hand he laid on the table in front of him trembled a little.

"Madam," he said hoarsely, "if I admit everything what will you do?"

"Nothing," said Maud Barrington coldly. "On conditions that within a month you leave Silverdale."

Ferris stared at her. "You can't mean that. You see, I'm fond of farming, and nobody would give me what the place cost me. I couldn't live among the outside settler fellows."

The girl smiled coldly. "I mean exactly what you heard, and, if you do not enlighten them, the settlers would probably not object to you. Your farm will be taken over at what you gave for it."

Ferris stood up. "I am going to make a last appeal. Silverdale's the only place fit for a gentleman to live in in Canada, and I want to stay here. You don't know what it would cost me to go away, and I'd do anything for reparation—send a big cheque to a Winnipeg hospital and starve myself to make up for it if that would content you. Only, don't send me away."

His tone grew almost abject as he proceeded, and while Miss Barrington's eyes softened, her niece's heart grew harder because of it, as she remembered that he had brought a strong man down.

"No," she said dryly. "That would punish your mother and sisters from whom you would cajole the money. You can decide between leaving Silverdale and having the story, and the proof of

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it, put into the hands of Colonel Barrington."

She sat near an open window regarding him with quiet scorn, and the light that shone upon her struck a sparkle from her hair and set the rounded cheek and neck gleaming like ivory. The severity of her pose became her, and the lad's callow desire that had driven him to his ruin stirred him to impotent rage in his desperation. There were grey patches in his cheeks, and his voice was strained and hoarse.

"You have no mercy on me because I struck at him," he said. "The one thing I shall always be sorry for is that I failed, and I would go away with pleasure if the horse had trampled the life out of him. Well, there was a time when you could have made what you wished of me, and now, at least, I shall not see the blackleg you have showered your favours on drag you down to the mire he came from."

Maud Barrington's face had grown, very colourless, but she said nothing, and her aunt rose and raised the hammer of a gong.

"Ferris," she said, "do you wish to be led out by the hired men?"

The lad laughed, and the hideous merriment set the white-haired lady's nerves on edge. "Oh, I am going now; but, for once, let us be honest. It was for her I did it, and if it had been any other man I had injured, she would have forgiven me."

Then with an ironical farewell he swung out of the room, and the two women exchanged glances when the door closed noisily behind him. Miss Barrington was flushed with anger, but her niece's face was paler than usual.

"Are there men like him?" she said.

Miss Barrington shook off her anger and, rising, laid a gentle hand on her niece's shoulder. "Very few, I hope," she said. "Still, it would be better if we sent word to Dane. You would not care for that tale to spread?"

For a moment the girl's cheek flamed, then she rose quietly and crossed the room.

"No," she said; and her aunt stood still, apparently lost in contemplation, after the door swung softly to. Then she sat down at the writing table. There was very little in the note, but an hour after Dane received it that night, a waggon drew up outside Ferris's farm. Two men went quietly in and found the owner of the homestead sitting with a sheaf of papers scattered about the table in front of him.

"Come back to-morrow. I can't be worried now," he said. "Well, why the devil don't you go?"

Dane laid a hand on his shoulder. "We are waiting for you. You are coming with us!"

Ferris turned and stared at them. "Where to?"

"To the railroad," said Dane dryly. "After that you can go just where it pleases you. Now, there's no use whatever making a fuss, and every care will be taken of your property until you can arrange to dispose of it. Hadn't you better get ready?"

The grim quietness of the voice was sufficient, and Ferris, who saw that force would be used if it was necessary, decided that it was scarcely likely his hired men would support him.

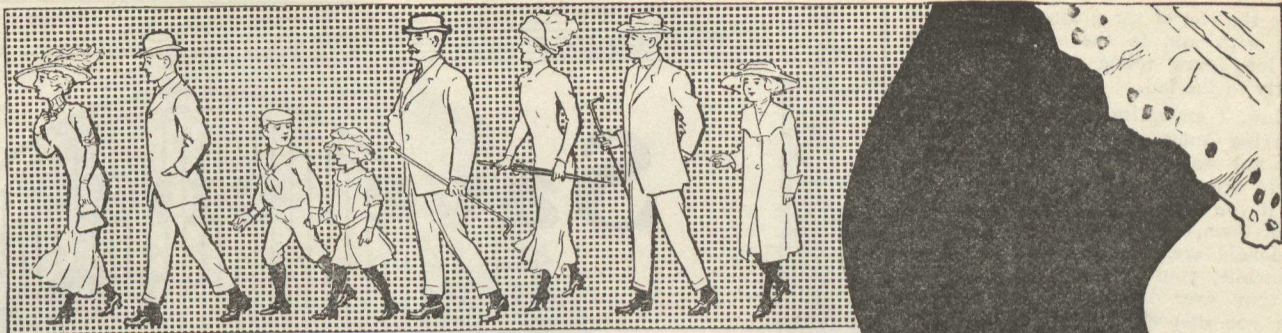
"I might have expected it!" he said. "Of course, it was imprudent to speak the truth to our leader's niece. You know what I have done."

"I know what you did the night Courthorne nearly lost his life," said Dane. "One would have fancied that would have contented you."

"Well," said Ferris, "if you like to hear of a more serious offence, I'll oblige you."

Dane's finger closed on his arm. "If you attempt to tell me, I'll break your head for you."

Next moment Ferris was lifted from his chair, and in less than ten minutes Dane thrust him into the waggon, where another man, who passed a hand through his arm, sat beside him. It was a very long drive to the railroad, but few words were exchanged during it, and when they reached the settlement one of Ferris's companions mounted guard outside the hotel he found accommodation in, until the Montreal express crawled up



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**BREAKFAST BACON**

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above the rim of the prairie. Then both went with him to the station, and as the long cars rolled in Dane turned quietly to the lad.

"Now, I am quite aware that we are incurring some responsibility, so you need not waste your breath," he said. "There are, however, lawyers in Winnipeg, if you fancy it is advisable to make use of them, and you know where I and Macdonald are, if you want us. In the meanwhile, your farm will be run better than ever it was in your hands, until you dispose of it. That is all I have to tell you, except that if any undesirable version of the affair gets about, Courthorne or I will assuredly find you."

Then there was a scream of the whistle, and the train rolled away with Ferris standing white with fury on the platform of a car.

In the meanwhile, Maud Barrington spent a sleepless night. Ferris's taunt had reached its mark, and she realized with confusion that it was the truth he spoke. The fact that brought the blood to her cheeks would no longer be hidden, and she knew it was a longing to punish the lad who had struck down the man she loved that had led to her insistence on the former leaving Silverdale. It was a difficult admission, but she made it that night. The outcast who had stepped out of the obscurity and into her peaceful life, had shown himself a man that any woman might be proud to mate with; and, though he had said very little, and now and then his words were bitter, she knew that he loved her. Whatever he had done—and she felt against all the teachings of her reason that it had not been evil—he had shown himself the equal of the best at Silverdale, and she laughed as she wondered which of the men there she could set in the balance against him. Then she shivered a little, remembering that there was a barrier whose extent he alone realized between them, and wondered vaguely what the future would bring.

It was a week or two before Witham was on his feet again, and Maud Barrington was one of the first to greet him when he walked feebly into the hall. She had, however, decided on the line of conduct that would be most fitting, and there was no hint of more than neighbourly kindness in her tone. They had spoken about various trifles when Witham turned to her.

"You and Miss Barrington have taken such good care of me that, if I consulted my inclinations I would linger in convalescence a long while," he said. "Still, I must make an effort to get away tomorrow."

"We cannot take the responsibility of letting you go under a week yet," said Maud Barrington. "Have you anything especially important to do?"

"Yes," said Witham—and the girl understood the grimness of his face—"I have."

"It concerns the fire?"

Witham looked at her curiously. "I would sooner you did not ask me that question, Miss Barrington."

"I scarcely fancy it is necessary," said the girl, with a little smile. "Still I have something to tell you, and a favour to ask. Ferris has left Silverdale, and you must never make any attempt to discover what caused the fire."

"You know?"

"Yes," said Maud Barrington. "Dane, Macdonald, and Hassal know, too; but you will not ask them, and if you did they would not tell you."

"I can refuse you nothing," said Witham with a laugh, though his voice betrayed him. "Still, I want a *quid pro quo*. Wait until Ferris's farm is in the sale list, and then take it with the growing crop."

"I could not. There are reasons," said the girl.

Witham gazed at her steadily, and a little colour crept to his forehead, but he answered unconcernedly. "They can be over-ridden. It may be the last favour I shall ever ask you."

"No," said Maud Barrington. "Anything else you wish, but not that. You must believe, without wondering why, that it is out of the question!"

Witham yielded with a curious little smile. "Well," he said, "we will let it drop. I ask no questions. You have

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accepted so much already without understanding it."

CHAPTER XVII.

With the Stream.

It was Witham's last afternoon at the Grange, and almost unpleasantly hot, while the man whose vigour had not as yet returned to him was content to lounge in the big window-seat listlessly watching his companion. He had borne the strain of effort long, and the time of his convalescence amidst the tranquillity of Silverdale Grange had, with the gracious kindness of Miss Barrington and her niece, been a revelation to him. There were moments when it brought him bitterness and self-reproach, but these were usually brief, and he made the most of what he knew might never be his again, telling himself that it would at least be something to look back upon.

Maud Barrington sat close by, glancing through the letters a mounted man had brought in, and the fact that his presence put no restraint on her curiously pleased the man. At last, however, she opened a paper and passed it across to him.

"You have been very patient, but no doubt you will find something that will atone for my silence there," she said.

Witham turned over the journal, and then smiled at her. "Is there anything of moment in your letters?"

"No," said the girl with a little laugh. "I scarcely think there is—a garden party, a big reception, the visit of a high official, and a description of the latest hat. Still, you know, that is supposed to be enough for us."

"Then I wonder whether you will find this more interesting. The bears made a determined rally yesterday, and wheat moved back again. There was later in the day a rush to sell, and prices now stand at almost two cents below their lowest level."

"Yes," said Maud Barrington, noticing the sudden intentness of his pallid face. "I do. It is serious news for you?"

"And for you! You see where I have led you. Ill or well, I must start for Winnipeg to-morrow."

Maud Barrington smiled curiously. "You and I and a handful of others stand alone, but I told you I would not blame you whether we won or lost. Do you know that I am grateful for the glimpses of the realities of life that you have given me?"

Witham felt his pulses throb faster, for the girl's unabated confidence stirred him, but he looked at her gravely. "I wonder if you realize what you have given me in return? Life as I had seen it was very grim and bare—and now I know what, with a little help, it is possible to make of it."

"With a little help?" said Maud Barrington.

Witham nodded, and his face, which had grown almost wistful, hardened. "Those who strive in the pit are apt to grow blind to the best—the sweetness and order and all the little graces that mean so much. Even if their eyes are opened, it is usually too late. You see, they lose touch with all that lies beyond the struggle, and without some one to lead them they cannot get back to it. Still, if I talk in this fashion you will laugh at me: but every one has his weakness now and then—and no doubt I shall make up for it at Winnipeg to-morrow. One cannot afford to be fanciful when wheat is two cents down."

Maud Barrington was not astonished. Tireless in his activities and, more curious still, almost ascetic in his mode of life, the man had already given her glimpses of his inner self and the vague longings that came upon him. He never asked her pity, but she found something pathetic in his attitude, for it seemed he knew that the stress and the turmoil alone could be his. Why this was so, she did not know, but it was with a confidence that could not be shaken now she felt it was through no fault of his. His last words, however, showed her that the mask was on again.

"I scarcely fancy you are well enough, but if you must go, I wonder whether you would do a good turn to Alfreton?" she said. "The lad has been speculating—and he seems anxious lately."

"It is natural that they should all bring their troubles to you."

Maud Barrington laughed. "I, how-



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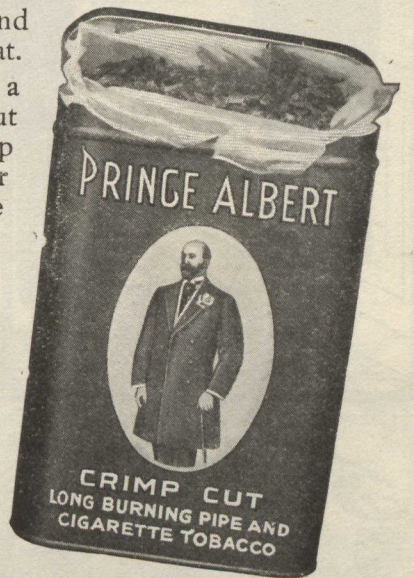
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is tobacco without a bite and it won't parch your throat.

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ever, generally pass them on to you."

A trace of colour crept into the man's face, and his voice was a trifle hoarse as he said. "Do you know that I would ask nothing better than to take every care you had and bear it for you?"

"Still," said the girl with a little smile, "that is very evidently out of the question."

Witham rose, and she saw that one hand was closed as he looked down upon her. Then he turned and stared out at the prairie, but there was something very significant in the rigidity of his attitude, and his face seemed to have grown suddenly careworn when he glanced back at her.

"Of course," he said quietly. "You see, I have been ill, and a little off my balance lately. That accounts for erratic speeches, though I meant it all. Colonel Barrington is still in Winnipeg?"

"Yes," said the girl, who was not convinced by the explanation, very quietly. "I am a little anxious about him, too. He sold wheat forward, and I gather from his last letter has not bought it yet. Now, as Alfreton is driving in tomorrow, he could take you."

Witham was grateful to her, and still more to Miss Barrington, who came in just then; while he did not see the girl again before he departed with Alfreton on the morrow. When they had left Silverdale a league behind, the trail dipped steeply amidst straggling birches to a bridge which spanned the creek in a hollow, and Witham glanced at the winding ascent thoughtfully.

"It has struck me that going round by this place puts another six miles on to your journey to the railroad, and a double team could not pull a big load up," he said.

The lad nodded. "The creek is a condemned nuisance. We have either to load light when we are hauling grain in and then pitch half the bags off at the bottom and come back for them—while, you know, one man can't put up many four bushel bags—or keep a man and horses at the ravine until we're through."

Witham laughed. "Now, I wonder whether you ever figured how much those little things put up the price of your wheat."

"This is the only practicable way down," said the lad. "You can scarcely climb up one side where the ravine's narrow abreast of Silverdale."

"Drive round. I want to see it," said Witham. "Call at Rushforth for a spool of binder twine."

Half-an-hour later Alfreton handed the twine to the hired man.

"Take that with you, Charley, and get down," he said. "If you strip your boots off you can wade through the creek."

"I don't know that I want to," said the man.

"Well," said Witham, "it would please me if you did, as well as cool your feet. Then you could climb up and hold that twine down on the other side."

The man grinned; and, though Alfreton remembered that he was not usually so tractable with him, proceeded to do Witham's bidding. When he came back there was a twinkle of comprehension in his eyes; and Witham, who cut off the length of twine, smiled at Alfreton.

"It is," he said dryly, "only a little idea of mine."

They drove on, and, reaching Winnipeg next day, went straight to Graham the wheat-broker's offices. He kept them waiting some time, and in the meanwhile men with intent faces passed hastily in and out through the outer office. Some of them had telegrams or bundles of papers in their hands, and the eyes of all were eager. It seemed to Alfreton there was a suggestion of strain and expectancy in all he heard and saw. Witham, however, sat gravely still, though the lad noticed that his eyes were keener than usual, for the muffled roar of the city, patter of messengers' feet, ceaseless tinkle of telephone call bells, and whirr of the elevators, each packed with human freight, all stirred him. Hitherto, he had grappled with nature, but now he was to test his judgment against the keenest wits of the cities, and stand or fall by it, in the struggle that was to be waged over the older nation's food.

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He began to feel hungry and decided to go home, but a difficulty arose; he didn't know the way. He ran up to several verandahs that looked like his, but was driven away. He trotted on, feeling very homesick, until he met a big dog with a bone. "Get out," growled the big fellow, just as Nick was going to ask, politely, for a piece.

Seeing a hole in a fence, he crawled through it, and found a garbage pail. Poor Nick was so hungry now that he grabbed a large chop and was going to enjoy it when a woman threw some water on him. Poor Nick! He wobbled back to the hole and was squeezing through, feeling very bad and wishing

## THE WONDERFUL WORK OF BEAVERS.

WHEN the Grand Trunk Railway ran a line across a swamp in a game preserve in the Alberta Rockies there was a fine beaver dam holding the water back to flood the swamp.

The game warden ordered the engineers to disturb the beavers as little as possible. They could have blown out the dam with dynamite and killed most of the little animals, but that would have been cruel.

So they cut an opening in the dam. The mud of the dam was almost as hard as concrete and it took the men three days to get the water to running out properly. Then they started work on the railroad through the swamp.

Soon the water began to rise and the work was stopped by water in a few hours. The engineers went down to the beaver dam and found the animals had repaired the cut and made it tight.

A new cut was made, but when the men were gone the beavers were busy and the damage repaired. Work on the railroad was stopped in a few hours.

Then a hole was made in the earth deep under the dam. That puzzled the beavers. They had never before seen water go down into the ground and come up far away. But they studied the



There's a little lump of sugar upon my doggie's nose. Should anyone say, one, two, THREE!—inside of him it goes!

he had never left his home, when he heard some one say, "Oh, you naughty dog, where have you been?" and there was his little mistress who had been looking everywhere for him. He was never so glad to see her before, and that was the end of Nick's wanderings.—Harper's Bazar.

## A VISIT TO GRANDMAMA.

WHEN we go out to Grandmama's, We play the livelong day, But, as the sun begins to set, We put our dolls away. For then we know that very soon The birds will go to bed, And Grandmama says that's the time For children to be fed.

She pours us out the milk so sweet, And cuts the bread so white; She always waits on Neltje first, And that is only right— For Neltje is the oldest one, As you of course can see, And should be waited on before A little girl like me.

But when the supper's over, And the daylight's gone to sleep, We draw the chairs before the fire To watch the shadows creep, While Neltje sits by Grandmama As grown up as can be, And then, because I'm littlest, I'm cuddled on her knee.

—St. Nicholas.

problem and the work on the railroad was soon stopped by water and half the tools were covered.

Then followed a contest of cunning between the men and the beavers. But every time the men opened a way for water to run the beavers found out how to stop it.

The road was finally built by working a few hours at a time, and the loss to the contractor was about five thousand dollars. The beavers lost their time.

## WHY AN EXPRESS ENGINE HAS A LOW FUNNEL.

WE cannot have failed to notice that the funnels, or chimneys, of express locomotives are very short, rising in some cases not more than a foot above the main body of the engine. These express engines, in order to be able to do the work required of them, have to be made very powerful, and as a result they are much larger than ordinary engines required for short distances and local traffic. If the funnel were to be as large in proportion as those of other engines, it would rise so high as to knock against the bridges that cross all railways at various points, and would also be too lofty for many of the tunnels. The chimney is therefore made very low, so as to clear these overhead obstructions.

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