

The Canadian  
**COURIER**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vogue of the Motor Truck

By BRITTON B. COOKE



The Law of the Solitudes

STORY BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE



An Army of Ad-Men

*The 1914 Congress of the Associated Ad Clubs*

By HUGH S. EAYRS



Knights and Titles

*A Survey of our Near "Four Hundred"*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

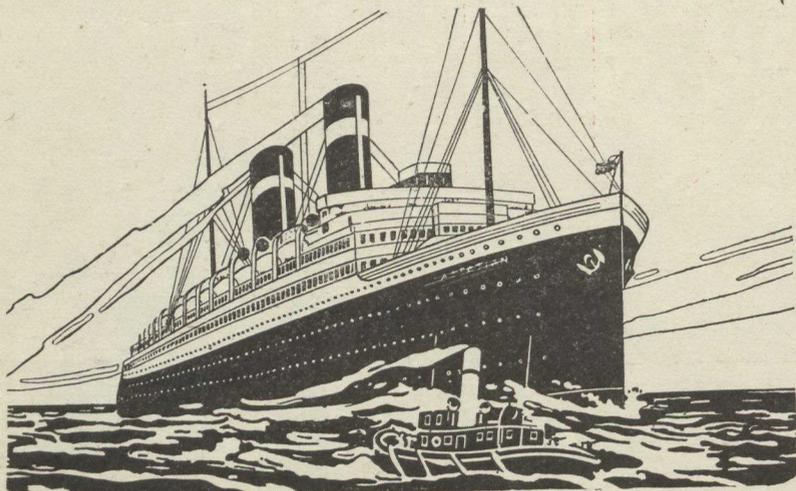


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TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

**CHAMPAGNE**

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI

TORONTO

NO. 5

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## WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" discourses on "Women and Politics," "Canada's Birthday" and other themes which are uppermost in the feminine mind this minute. Mrs. Christine Frederick, of New York City, has permitted the editor to publish her address, entitled "The Average Woman Consumer," and delivered in Toronto last week before the Associated Advertising Clubs. Madge Macbeth contributes a sketch on Lucile Watson, the clever Canadian actress, now in Boston. And the fortnight's news is presented in note and picture.

- Demi-Tasse ..... By Staff Writers.
- The Fifth Wheel ..... Our Serial Story.
- News of a Week ..... By Camera and Pen.
- Money and Magnates ..... By the Financial Editor.
- Reflections ..... By the Editor.

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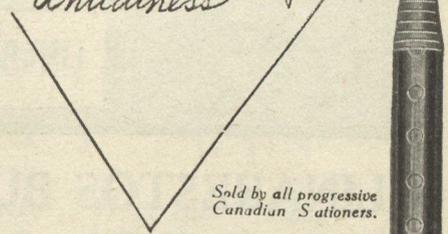
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**A Modern Invention.**—A New Yorker was spending a night at a "hotel" in a Southern town, and, when going to his room for the night, he told the coloured porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning. The porter replied:

"Say, boss, I reckon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."—Youth's Companion.

**A Business Head.**—The American boy may be interested to hear that Prince Henry's pocket-money allowance at school is a dollar and a quarter a week. Moreover, he is forbidden to sell to autograph collectors any of the letters sent him by his father and mother. This prohibition seems particularly hard, since it is well known that King George, when he was in the navy, and harassed by the financial cares peculiar to the midshipman, was in the habit of replenishing his own purse in just this way. It is said that on one occasion, when the financial stringency threatened a positive panic, he wrote to his venerable grandmother and suggested that a tip from the royal purse would not be inappropriate. But Queen Victoria failed to "come through." Instead, she wrote him a long letter inculcating the virtues of economy and frugality, which the young prince promptly sold for twenty-five dollars.—The Argonaut.

**Fixing the Blame.**—He found his own front porch with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the keyhole by instinct. Once in the dimly lighted hall, there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash.

"Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above.

"It's all right, Mary, but I'll—I'll learn those goldfish to snap at me!"—Everybody's.

**The Only One Out.**—The man arose and gave his seat to a girl.

"Oh, thank you most kindly, sir," she replied.

"Don't mind her being polite," explained a sad-faced woman. "I'm taking her to a sanitarium."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

**Consoling.**—Silas (the hired man): "Gosh, boss! It's not much fun workin' with the thermometer one hundred and two in the shade!"

Farmer Haystack: "Waal, yer dern fool! What's that to you? You're not goin' to work in the shade!"—Life.

**Had Not Gone.**—He was a new customer from the country, and he had given a fairly large order. The courteous old senior partner was conducting him over the establishment, and the various improvements caused Mr. Giles boundless astonishment. A table telephone interested him as much as anything. He had never seen anything of the sort before.

"It's a great convenience to us," explained the senior partner. "You see, I can communicate with all our departments without moving from my seat here."

"My, that's wonderful!" said Giles. "Can I try it for myself?"

"Certainly."

The visitor got himself switched on to the packing-room.

"Have Mr. Giles' of Mudbury, goods been sent off yet?" he inquired.

Back came the answer:

"No; we haven't packed 'em yet. We're waiting for a telegram from his town; he looks like a slippery customer."—Tit-Bits.

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- And first-class ocean view,
- A greenhouse several acres long
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- A kennel full of fancy pups,
- Ten million cash, and you.

—Minna Irving.

**Mediation.**—Cohen: "Hands up, or I'll shoot!"  
Quick-witted Burglar: "Fifty dollars fer de gun!"  
Cohen: "Sold!"—Gargoyle.



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*The*  
**CANADIAN  
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*The National Weekly*

Vol. XVI.

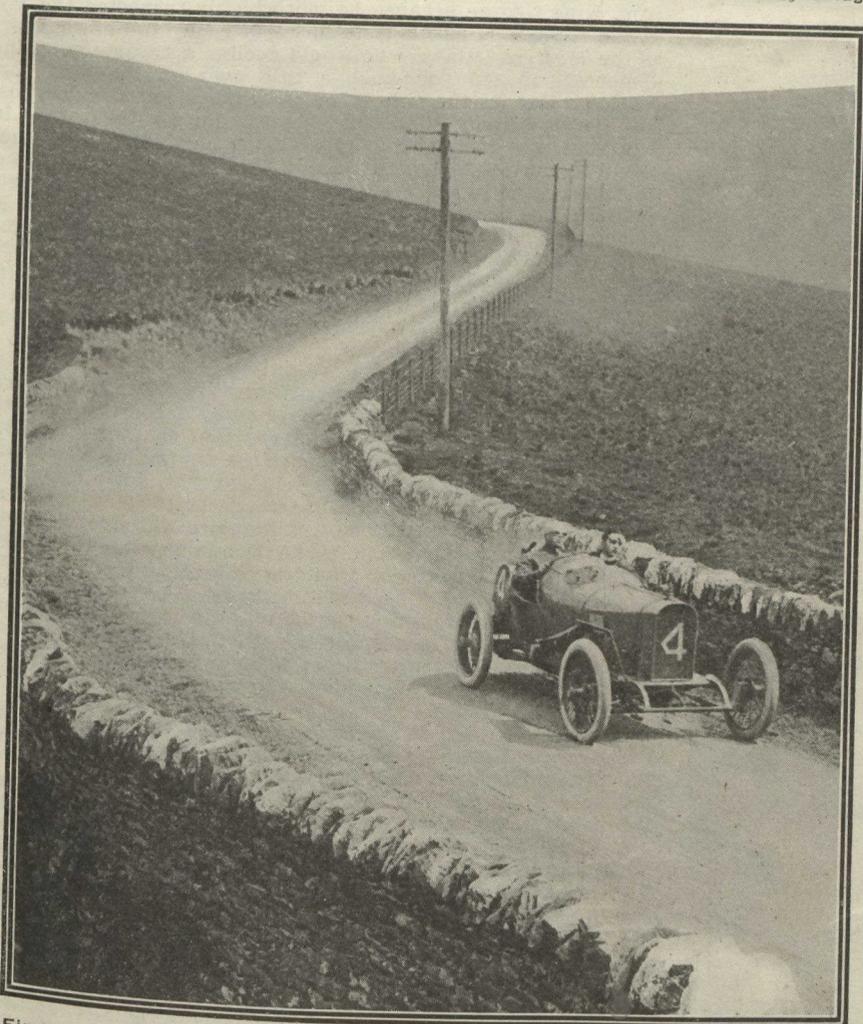
July 4, 1914

No. 5

**MAN AND SUPERMAN IN THE ISLE OF MAN**  
*Scenes in the Recent International Tourist Trophy Road Race for London Daily Telegraph Prizes*



L. Molon on his Minerva II. spurling up over the hill at Sulby Bridge after a two days' battling with high grades, heavy winds and stinging rains.



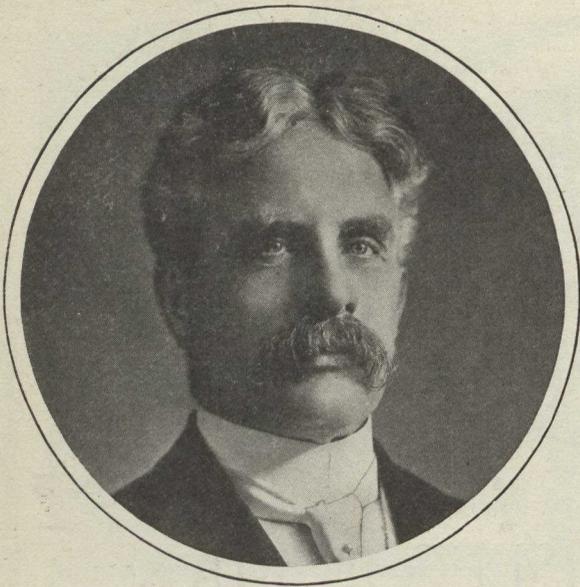
First Prize Winner K. Lee Guinness, on Sunbeam I., passing the bridge near the Bungalow rendezvous.



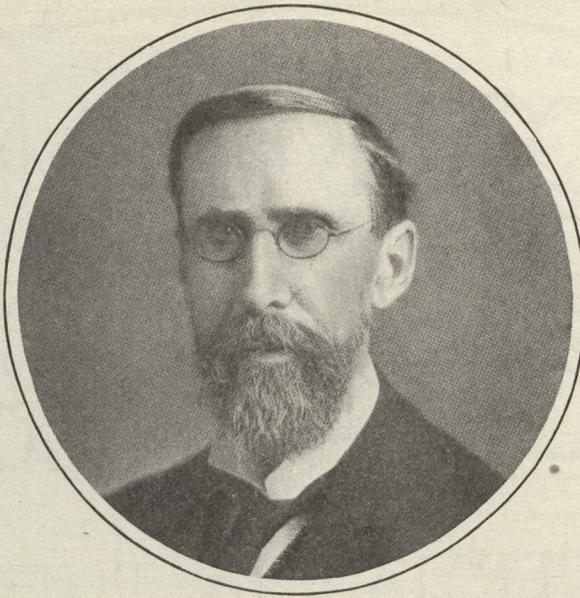
C. Riecken, on Minerva III., passing the Bungalow, which several hundred spectators had chosen for a lookout point.

The Tourist Trophy Road Race in the land of the Manxman, June 10 and 11, was one of remarkable realism and excitement. Four prizes were given by the London Daily Telegraph: First, £1,000 and the Tourist Trophy; second, £250; third, team prize of £300; fuel prize of £100 for best performance on any other fuel than exclusively petrol. Ten cars took part in the race. The winner was Kenelm Lee Guinness in the English car Sunbeam I. Second prize went to his brother, A. Lee Guinness, on Sun-

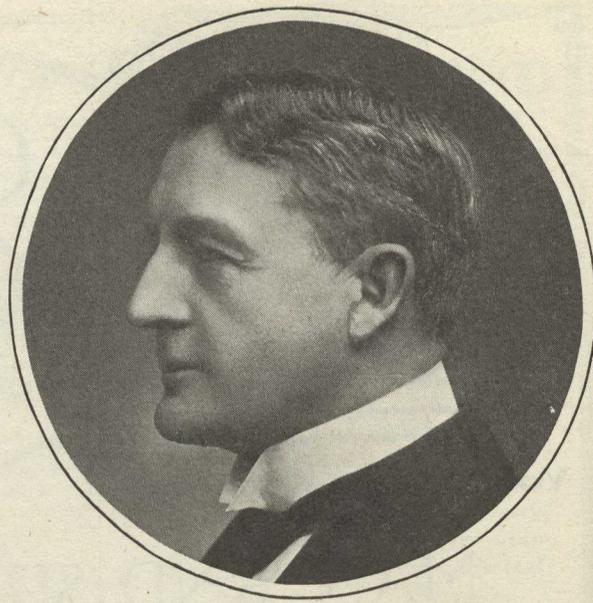
beam II. The third was won by two Belgian "Minerva" cars. The course was very difficult, having ninety-nine actual curves in a lap of 37½ miles over heavy grades, in the teeth of stiff gales and some driving rains. The top speed attained was from 90 to 100 miles an hour on the level and a maximum of 55.28 miles up the steep grade of Snaefell. A descriptive writer called the race "motor mountaineering." At "Windy Corner" on Snaefell the normal wind seems to be forty miles an hour.



Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G.



Hon. Sir George Foster, K.C.M.G.



Hon. Sir Adam Beck, Knight Bachelor.

# Knights and Titles

*A Casual Survey of Our Near Four Hundred*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ANOTHER King's Birthday, another list of knights and titles at home and abroad; seven new knights in Canada, at least six of them good Conservatives; two of them cabinet ministers, one a senator, one an M.P., one an Ontario minister, one a judge, one a doctor; also one C. M. G., an ex-member of the Ontario Legislature—

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!"

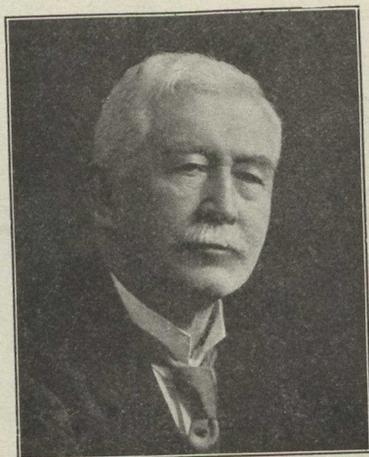
It's enough to make any man glad he is born. Every male child born in the United States, they say, has a chance to become President. In the Democracy—not a republic—north of parallel 49, it seems that almost any male child willing to be privately industrious or diligent in public business, may aspire to a knighthood. Of course we are all democrats. But we all feel a little more loyal to King George when he makes knights of men like Premier Borden, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Hon. Adam Beck, J. A. M. Aikins, M.P., Senator de Boucherville, Dr. Roddick, and Chief Justice Sullivan. The London Daily Express cynically remarks that only two of the whole lot of titles conferred, both at home and abroad, the Earldom of Lord Kitchener and the G. C. M. G. of Premier Borden, are worth the King's while to bestow. It says that "dull nonentities" have been distinguished.

What nonsense! From our side of the water we know how to value knighthoods. Over yonder knights and grand commanders are as thick as gargoyles on the cathedrals. Here up to the present in a population of eight millions we have about seventy-five knights of various kinds; and that's in a ratio of but one to every 113,000 population. We have also twenty commanders and members of the Victorian order, fifty-five companions of the orders of knighthood (Bath, St. Michael and St. George), forty members of the Imperial Service Order from the civil service, and twenty-one of the Distinguished Service Order from the militia. That makes 136 Canadian decorations in addition to the list of knights.

OF the seventy-odd Canadian knights, Toronto has seventeen, about 23 per cent. Montreal has fifteen. This is a slight discrimination; but of course the King's acquaintance among Frenchmen may be largely confined to Paris and Versailles. Ottawa has seven, which is a very small number when you reflect that Her Majesty Queen Victoria founded Ottawa by placing a finger on the map. Quebec city has six. Winnipeg has five. Nova Scotia has four—not counting Premier Borden and Sir George Foster, both of whom were born in the Bluenose Province, where blue-bloods should have been numerous; for it seems altogether fairer to give a knight's post-office to the place where he belonged mostly when he got his title. Sir Robert Borden belongs to Ottawa now. Sir George Foster lives in and represents Toronto. Prince Edward Island has two, counting Sir Louis Davies, who lives in Ottawa, scarcely enough for so royal a name, but more according to population than the rest of Canada. Vancouver has two, both Conservatives. London, Ontario, has three, though the one Liberal, Sir George Gibbons, tried to convince the Queen's University Science Club, a short while before he got his title, that Canada should be independent. Hamilton has one, which is very low for the city that gave birth to the Canadian Club movement. St. John, N.B., has—just one; but Messrs. Pugsley and Hazen are two good possibilities. Belleville, Ont., has one—sturdy old Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Morrisburg has one; because we still look upon Sir James Whitney as the impersonation of Dundas Co., even though he has a house in Tory Toronto.

The rest of our Canadian knights, whether baronets, G. C. M. G.'s, K. C. M. G.'s, K. C. V. O.'s, K. C. B.'s, or Knights Bachelor, live abroad. This is a practice not to be encouraged. We need our knights at home. If we send them abroad, it must be for some Imperial purpose.

Now, it is quite obvious that a knight must be either a Liberal or a Conservative. Even the House of Lords and the Canadian Senate, its second cousin, are divided on party lines. Only the King and the Governor-General are above politics. If the King happens to pick on a group of Conservatives this



Sir Jas. Roddick, Knight Bachelor.



Sir James Aikins, M.P., Knight Bachelor.



Mr. W. K. McNaught, C.M.G.

year and perhaps last, ten chances to one he selected more Liberals the year before and may do so again. In this way the balance is kept pretty evenly divided. Anyway, the King can't be expected to inquire into the political proclivities of those whom he chooses to honour. Other men may do that. In fact he may seem to be excusable if he doesn't happen to remember having met some of these worthy knights either at home or abroad.

It is a pet pastime of democracy to decry titles. Some people in Canada are so democratic that they fear independence will never come so long as one-tenth of our public men are booted and spurred, and the other nine-tenths are with enforced politeness saying, "Aprez vous, mon cher Alphonse!" They argue that if Canada should cut the painter the Imperial titles now held by our aristocracy will be as useful as bogus bank bills in trade, and that no republican government of Canada would continue to grant titles.

This is a very superficial estimate. Title-granting is universal. It was practised in savage camps and dates back almost to the era of the cave man. A perfect democracy never existed. Two thousand years of popular government evolution in England leaves the King nominal ruler of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Let a foreigner insult the King and a coal-heaver rises to "swat" him. In an invasion of England, Buckingham Palace would be the scene of the last struggle. By custom, the King confers all titles. The man who gets a title may be seven thousand miles from Buckingham. He may never see the King. But the mounted policeman in the Yukon who would refuse a C. V. O. from King George because he more highly respected the law of the frontier is as likely to be reported by the newspapers as the M. P. at Ottawa who would decline a baronetcy. Nine democrats in ten pooch-pooch a title over on the next concession. But let the title come dangling about the doorpost and see how many of the nine are too democratic to take it. The man who to-day "Sirs" his enemy and winks the other eye, if to-morrow the cables stick a "Sir" in front of his name, at once begins to make a census of all his public or private qualifications for the title. He regards it as a vindication of democracy. For a man may be brought up on a coal waggon and get a title. A knighthood is proof that the King, who inherits his supreme title and can't possibly escape it, is willing to enlarge its scope by giving belts and spurs to a man whose immediate ancestors may or may not have been horse-thieves.

AND for that matter, the two greatest republics in the world glorify titles. France confers many decorative honours upon men who plod up from the peasantry to the front ranks. The United States is swarming with colonels who never smelt gunpowder and judges who don't know the law. The Minister of Militia in Canada bestows an honorary colonelcy in a regiment upon a millionaire who doesn't know a puttee from a knapsack. The Dominion Cabinet makes senators of some men who would have been as much at home in the Roman Senate as a mudturtle on a bough. Our own Senate, with all its strong characters and ineptitudes, is our "colonial" attempt to respect the privileges of title. When we call a man "Senator" he at least takes a rank with an American colonel or judge, and is no longer plain, democratic "Mr." or "Bill Smith."

So that whether we believe that titles are good for Imperialism or better for Canadianism, as long as we preserve the Senate habit we shall never get rid of paying respect to a title. If in the next fifty years Canada should become independent, no doubt we should gravely keep up the good old Anglo-Saxon custom of bestowing titles. Every time we elect a man to parliament or a township council we make him conscious of a distinction. At the same time we are very apt to pay much profounder respect to certain men who have neither titles, rank nor public position. Examining the full list of men more or less cumbered with knightly decorations before and after their names, we find that about twenty of the lot are either millionaires or otherwise wealthy men. The rest are soldiers, doctors, lawyers, authors, editors, railway presidents, judges, bankers, and statesmen. In the list of knights bachelor there is one well-known author, and he lives in London.\* There is no resident Canadian author, no painter nor musician, nor sculptor, nor architect. None of our college presidents are knights, though two are C. M. G.'s, and in other days we had two university knights, Sir William Dawson, eminent geologist, of McGill, and Sir Daniel Wilson, scientific scholar, of Toronto. The men to whom France

naturally grants titles are as yet of secondary importance in this country. The inference is, that in the judgment of those who recommend to His Majesty candidates for titles, we have not yet produced art workers worth comparing to the Canadians who manage banks, promote corporations, build railways and operate governments.

Of course no man ever gets a title just because he has a million or so. Otherwise more than half our millionaires would not be lacking titles. We have no colossally rich men with inherited fortunes such as may be found in any of the older countries or even in the United States. At the same time our knighthood list represents a higher average of wealth than you can find in any community. And in a new country we are very likely to pay as much homage to a wealthy man without a title as to a poor knight baronet. At a state function we look round for the men with the money-bags. In the actual democracy of business we are more likely to sit humbly at the door of the directors' meeting than at any other door except that of the Cabinet of Canada. And when the King has temporarily ceased giving titles and the Cabinet making senators, we still go on making an aristocracy of our own represented largely by men who do things and

therefore more or less make money.

Among the new knights headed by Premier Borden there is but one millionaire, Sir James Aikins. The Premier himself is a poor man. Canadian Premiers always are. He won his G. C. M. G. as a statesman, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier did in 1897. Any man who could come through the Naval Aid deadlock and remain Premier deserves a title on general principles as a real fighting character. Every Canadian Premier since Confederation has been knighted except Alexander Mackenzie. Only four have been dignified with a G. C. M. G.—Rt. Hon. Sir John Macdonald, who also became a baron; Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, who as member of the Privy Council had already been distinguished by more than a mere knighthood, and now as Knight Grand Cross of "The Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George," is at the very top of our title list, along with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Sir George Foster is not wealthy. But as the life-long "bete noir" of Sir Richard Cartwright and the greatest fighting debater in the House, he is the worthy recipient of a knighthood coupled with a K. C. M. G. Sir Adam Beck, Knight Bachelor, has

money, though his claim to public consideration is based largely upon water of the Hydro variety. He is the only M. L. A. in Canada that ever got a knighthood without being Premier. Sir James Aikins is the only other private M. P. besides Sir Rodolphe Forget that possesses a title. He inherited politics from his father, was born in Peel Co., Ont., got a university degree and went in for law, both in Ontario and Manitoba, where he added unto law, business, and became wealthy; at the same time cutting a wide swath in the law affairs both of the Province and the C. P. R. Sir Charles de Boucherville, of Boucherville, P.Q., is a distinguished lawyer in Montreal. Sir Thomas Roddick, M.D., has for many years been a highly distinguished medical man, both in practical work and as head of the medical faculty of McGill. He was born in Newfoundland, and was Conservative member for Montreal West 1896-1904. Sir William Sullivan, the other Prince Edward Islander knight besides Sir Louis Davies, is the Chief Justice of that Province and local Judge in Admiralty. Mr. W. K. McNaught, C.M.G., and ex-member of the Ontario Legislature, has always been a good public servant and has done a good deal for Ontario power, the Legislature and the Canadian National Exhibition.

# Vogue of the Motor Truck

## How the Horseless Lorry is Revolutionizing City Traffic

By BRITTON B. COOKE

**A** MONTREAL jobber worked himself and his staff near to death one week in order to deliver a large rush order of goods to an important customer. The order had been secured almost at the last moment and was required urgently. Practically the entire staff worked at it feverishly, getting the goods out, measuring them, wrapping them, invoicing and checking them, packing them—and then a team of Clydesdales and an unhurried lorryman drove away with the load, with the same slow, deadly tread with which they had arrived at the shipping-room door.

The tired merchant, standing in the doorway, watched the goods out of sight.

"To think!" he exclaimed, "that this whole place can work itself at double speed to hurry out an order like that, only to turn it over to a lorry that scarcely makes more than six miles an hour, and wouldn't vary the pace for all the loot in St. James' Street, or if it lost me my business. I'll discharge that lorryman!"

But he did not do that. He observed that all lorries moved at about the same pace; that all drivers and all horses are much the same; and two years later he bought a two-ton motor truck. His business now is growing. The motor truck carries goods to their destination much more quickly than the horse lorries. It carries more goods and it saves time, worry and expense.

This is not to say that this particular merchant is completely satisfied with the motor truck. He finds cause for complaint just as much with the truck as he did with the horse and waggon. He has other and newer criticisms to make. He is one of the many merchants who look at the trucks as they hurry down the street with gigantic loads, and wonder why it is that the motor truck is not as completely satisfactory in their business as in some other lines of trade, and why the horse and waggon can still hold its own in a few respects, where by all the ordinary laws of progress they should both have been retired long ago.

Between six and eight hundred real motor trucks are in use in Canada, including the fire department trucks. These figures refer only to the machines of two-tons' capacity or over. In addition to them there are, of course, hundreds of lighter vehicles which are really nothing more than ordinary automobiles geared for pulling power instead of for speed, and furnished with a suitable body for carrying merchandise. It is to be observed, therefore, that the motor truck has made great headway in Canada and is taken seriously by a great many people who have goods to handle. The horse has not disappeared from the streets even of the larger Canadian cities. In Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg and Vancouver, there still remain the butcher boy's gallant steed, the departmental store waggon, and the drays drawn by heavy draught horses. Try as the truck salesman may to dislodge the horse, he appears to remain in certain fields triumphant over gasoline, and for the time being the makers of motor trucks admit the superiority of the horse in those fields. But the retaining of the horse is only temporary—a stay of execution. The first men to recommend against the unwisdom of adoption of the machines in certain circumstances are the men who sell them.

The man who would employ a gasoline truck must make a very careful study of his business: the territory over which his customers are distributed; the nature of the goods he sells to them; the quantities in which he sells them; the length of time it takes to handle them, on and off the rig; and the roads over which his delivery men must travel. He must take into consideration the weather in his territory and the way the snow problem is handled in winter, if it be a city subject to heavy snowfall. He must consider speed laws and repair facilities. In short, while a man may choose an automobile for his own

personal use with more or less ease of mind as to the use he is going to get from the machine, and its good qualities, a motor truck is different. It may be the making of his business, or it may eat a hole in his profit and loss account.

One consideration alone may over-ride all other considerations, and that is the advertising value of the motor truck. The prestige which its employment may bring to a young firm, the advantage it may give such a firm in competing with older firms for new trade, by giving better deliveries is very important. A motor truck, or light delivery motor may be worth to certain firms a considerable outlay just on account of the psychological effect upon customers or possible customers. The John Jones's and the Tom Smith's who form the bulk of population in a large town or city are not wholly blind to the elegance of a high-powered machine. Mrs. John Jones and Mrs. Tom Smith and their daughters are not above liking to have the neighbours see that "they" (Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones) can afford to deal with a firm which delivers by motor instead of by horse and rig. The cash value of such advertising to the merchant must be placed against the cost of the machine and any other disadvantages which may apply against its use in that particular line of business.

**A**ND of course where speed is requisite there is no need for argument. Practically all of the larger centres in the west have dispensed with the horse-drawn fire-fighting apparatus. High-powered gasoline engines, with a capacity for anything up to fifty or sixty miles, now reduce the length of time required to reach an incipient conflagration by many important minutes. Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Regina, Toronto, Montreal—and recently Berlin, Ontario, have adopted motor fire trucks.

In the city of Toronto is a partnership which has built up a remarkable line of bank credit—to say nothing of a large cash business—by the use of a light run-about with a delivery body. The firm consists of two young men, brothers. Neither of them, before they went into this business, knew anything of floriculture beyond the cost of sending violets to a lady, or lilies of the valley to a funeral, but they knew something of automobiles and they

were cranks on the subject of delivery.

"We might just as well have started in the bread business or the jewelry business, so far as our previous experience was concerned," said the elder of the brothers, "but we chose one in which delivery could be made an important point, and at the same time a business which we could learn to handle fairly easily. We couldn't be butchers or grocers, but the flower trade was fairly within our ken."

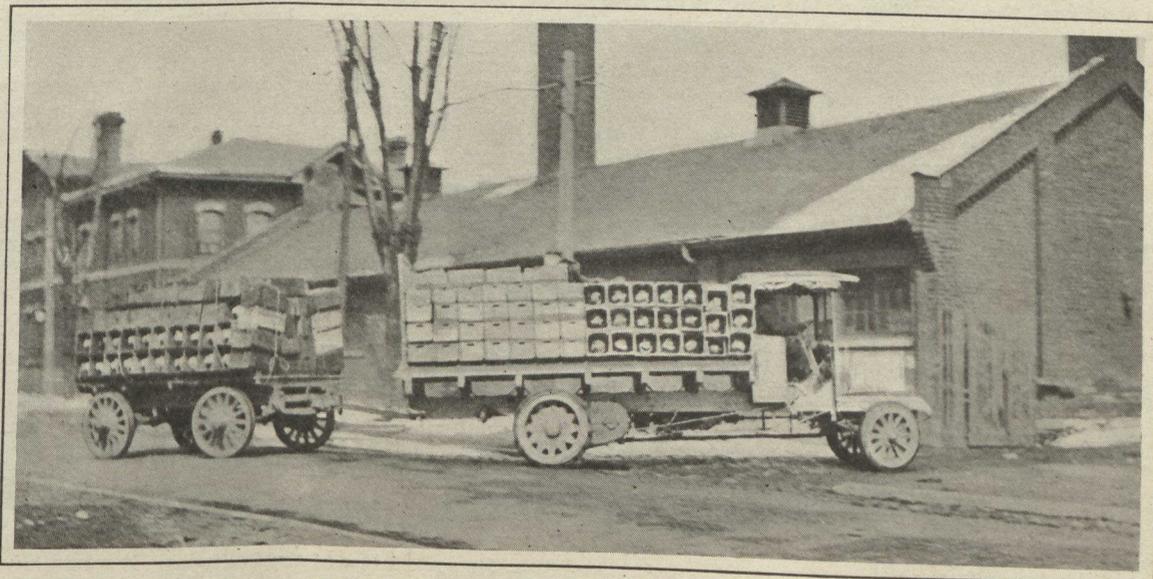
These men had no particular advantage in buying. They could not undersell the older florists and their over-head was comparatively high, owing to the fact that they had chosen an expensive location. But by a combination of good location, salesmanship and fast delivery they built up a remarkable business.

"We figured," said the elder brother, "that there are a great many people who are apt to want flowers in a hurry; an unexpected guest, or an invitation coming at a last moment. Even at weddings, men will think of everything else before they remember the flowers—it is always the ring that worries them. Flowers are a little off the path of the ordinary man, and he is likely to reach home just in time to remember the flowers he forgot to order. That is the man we went after—and his wife. We advertised the quickest delivery in the city—no notice required—and my brother drove the car."

The shop was a dignified one. It knew the advantage of appearing to be aloof from the cut-rate drug store florist. It knew the psychology of a name and a good price. But its first real customers it secured by its famous quick delivery. That was the means it took for building up trade.

On the other hand, a certain bread-making firm in Hamilton conceived the idea of putting a motor on its most fashionable route. It, too, used a light run-about chassis with a bread-waggon body. The body was a dream of elegance; a sort of French grey enamel with gilt lettering in very fine design. It moved through the streets like a sort of pearl-grey vision. The driver wore a livery to match, and the only thing that was not done over to be in keeping with the car was the loaf which the ovens turned out. People hurried to their front windows to see this creation of the carriage builder's art go by. Families that had bought their bread from one man for ten years, dropped him and bought tickets from the motor-bakery. Some said, "The bread will taste

(Concluded on page 18.)



This motor truck and trailer is in daily use in Toronto for transporting bottled water.

# The Law of the Solitudes

*Life for a Life is the Primordial Way When it Comes to a Hunter and a Cub*

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

THE morning mists had not yet fully lifted from the lake. The sombre shadows between the great firs had not yet been chased away before the fleet-footed streamers of the dawn. Throughout the vast wilderness of lake and rock and forest rested the mysterious "Ghost-hush," the name given by the Algonquins to the breathless silence that grips the solitude when night dies and day creeps up above the border of the world from some beyond.

Low down above the firs hung a canopy of angry cloud threatening yet motionless as the needles of the giant pine stretching upward to it. By and by the white mists twisted upward a little, a breeze swept the feathery foliage of the trees, a shaft of orange and crimson light pierced the forest. Slowly day grew up from the eastern canopy and with it came life and sound.

Standing on the shore of a little, rock-girt lake, head low down between her massive shoulders, the great bear looked towards the lighting skies. Between her forepaws she held a salmon trout just captured from the warm, spawning-shallows of the lake. Beside her, round ears lifted enquiringly, sharp nose pointed towards the fish upon which he hoped to feed, stood her three-months-old cub. He whimpered now, and with a clumsy paw scratched his mother's shaggy side. She turned and bestowed a rough caress upon his wistful face, then once more resumed her old attitude. He whimpered and growled a little, which at once brought out of her pre-occupation. She brushed him roughly aside with her head, and turning the fish over on its back, cut a long incision down its belly with a sharp claw, and with a jerk threw its entrails from it. Then she threw the disembowled salmon to the cub, who lost no time in setting his sharp teeth into it.

Now, throughout the forest rang the cries of birds and the chatter of wee, furred creatures. Along the shores the reed-nesters called and twittered to each other. High in air a flock of geese swung on booming wings westward towards the swale lands of the vast solitude. Great head swaying from side to side, small eyes flashing from time to time towards the cub intent on his meal, the big bear stood sniffing the breeze. Suddenly she twisted about, and with a sound that was half grunt, half growl, gazed intently towards a thicket of cedars some two hundred yards down the shore. The next instant the surprised and indignant cub was sent sprawling far among the dense pines that lined the shore, and as the mother bounded in beside him there rang out the sharp "tack" of a rifle.

DOWN through the shadowy, dank-smelling forest loped the old bear, pausing now and again to gently nose the panting cub, who was vainly striving to keep pace with her. Not until they were far into the thickest part of the spicy pine woods did the mother slacken speed; then she slowed down to a shambling walk.

Once she paused and, facing about, looked long towards the shore, which she and her cub had quitted none too soon. Her coarse neck-hair stood erect, her ears were laid back flat against her head, and her long teeth showed in a snarl. Back there was the thing that had instilled terror into her heart and shattered the harmony of her life. For five seasons she had striven to avoid, to out-manoeuvre it, but never to harm it. She wanted only to keep far away and hidden from it. She hated it much; she feared it more. For five seasons it had pursued her, throwing whining pellets that spelt death. Well indeed did she know this; had it not robbed her of her cubs each season since it crossed the swale-paths of her domain? Once, too, that stinging death which coughed fire had found her as she fed on the roots of the uplands and had bitten deep into her side and made her weak and uncertain. Well, indeed, it was for her that it was in the late fall, so that the thick layers of fat she had put on against the long winter's fast protected her vital parts from the leaden pellet of the trapper.

To-day, for the first time, she felt a desire for vengeance, and as she looked back through the darkened aisles of the forest, deep down in her massive chest she rumbled a challenging growl which sent a timid rabbit, feeding on the spruce-buds close by, leaping in terror to his dark burrow on the uplands. When she swung about on the path again there was a baleful fire in her little eyes, and her long claws ripped tiny wedges of black earth from the moss-land as she walked.

Far into an almost impenetrable thicket she led



"For five seasons the thing had pursued her, throwing whining pellets that spelt death."

her weary cub. She nosed it tenderly as it sprawled out on the dank ground, red tongue, lolling from wide-open mouth, and breath coming in little panting gasps. She licked its face and neck, turning it over in spite of its whining protests, so as to wash it thoroughly. This completed to her satisfaction she turned slowly about, sniffing the breeze from all directions. The baleful gleam of fury still rested in her eyes.

The weary cub, conscious only that he had been led outside the danger zone into the thicket in which he had first looked on the light of day from blue, watery eyes, stretched himself out on the moss and fell almost immediately asleep. After a time the great bear paused in her nervous swaying and let her head fall until her black muzzle touched the silken hair of the little one. Carefully she nosed him from the base of his round ears to the tips of his soft feet, smoothing each crumpled tuft of silken hair down on his fat, wee body in maternal tenderness. At length she raised her head again and drew in a long, whistling breath. She was satisfied. The thing that coughed fire had not harmed her little one.

Once more she looked towards the lake, but the baleful light that had blazed from her eyes had gone. That something, deep within her, which had urged her to turn back and give battle to the thing which for season after season had robbed her of her cubs, was silent. That fury which so transforms the creatures of the wild into death-dealing things passes quickly. And with rage passes also all remembrance of hurt. To the higher creatures only belongs the right to remember; the love of vengeance.

When the big bear moved slowly off among the trees there was no anger in her heart towards the trapper who was her mortal enemy. Her cub was safe. She was hungry. There were tender roots to be had for the gathering on the highlands beyond the valley. And so she passed on, perfectly content, down across the valley crowned with noble soft-woods and on to the slope where kingly hard-woods grew.

LAROSSE, the half-breed, had sworn that sooner or later he would slay the bear of the upland.

For five falls and winters now he had done his best, but always something had occurred to keep the prize from his hands. True he had killed her cubs, but that was nothing; sacre! a little splash of a pelt worth no more than a pair of rat hides was that of each cub he had stolen from the great bear of the firs. No, what LaRosse wished was the skin of the biggest black bear his greedy eyes had ever seen, and he had seen many in the Canadian woods.

And this morning he had missed her again, he who, with his Winchester, could cut a growse's throat at fifty paces, had missed the big bear fairly and squarely, and he cursed softly at the thought, and his swarthy cheeks reddened and his black eyes gleamed as he stood watching the swaying bushes through which old bear and cub had passed like swift shadows.

It did not occur to the trapper, that in attempting to kill the mother bear at this season, he was violating the sacred law of the Solitudes. It would have made no difference if it had occurred to him. To him,

no wild thing had a right to its life, and he had grown to look upon this particular bear as his rightful quarry. He had pitted his man-cunning against her brute-sagacity, and, thus far, had lost. But his time would come yet, and then, sacre! but it would be good to see her big frame crash down and the jets of red blood leap from her wounds, and watch her great head sag as she weakened. LaRosse had grown to hate the big bear because she had outwitted him. Being a man, he differed from the wild brute in this regard; the bear did not hate the trapper. She loved her young and her life. She sought only to avoid him.

LAROSSE, as he gripped his Winchester and walked slowly down the shore to where the bears had vanished in the timber, did not pause to consider that to kill the great bear now, in the summer season, was to simply sacrifice life ruthlessly, that the big pelt, undoubtedly worth many dollars in the autumn, would be next to worthless now. He was not thinking of monetary gain; his one consuming desire was to bring the mother bear and cub low.

He paused before the thicket and peered closely at the trees. A white spot on the trunk of a cedar showed where his bullet had gone high. He struck the mark, childishly, with his rifle stock. It was the French blood in him that made him do this. His Indian blood led him softly, like a weasel follows the trail of the rabbit it knows cannot escape it into the timber where the blue-white lights rested, and on towards the end of all things as far as he was concerned.

It was not easy for the trapper to find the spoor of the fugitives—that's what they were in his eyes, things which belonged to him by all the rights of the Solitudes trying to escape him—well-practised as he was in the art of following tracks, which to the uninitiated would be next to invisible. But find it he did, at last, and the grin on his thin lips broadened and the fire in his beady eyes deepened as, with bent body and rifle cocked and ready he moved softly forward.

High up on the brow of a scraggy hill, standing between the light-green sweep of pines and the deeper green of the hard-woods, the big bear fed contentedly and blinked her small eyes appreciatively at the sunbeams straining through the trees. To her the whole world of the Solitude was sweet and tranquil. Occasionally she threw her head up and with a quick intake of breath gazed down towards the cedars, where her tired cub lay hidden. Perhaps her marvelous intuition prompted her that danger menaced it.

She had finished feeding and was standing on hind legs and reaching high up the trunk of a green buttonwood that she might leave the marks that lesser bears would see and respect, when to her alert ears was borne the sharp "tack" of the thing that spit death, and with a fierce growl she dropped on all fours and went crashing down the hill-side. Well she knew that the thing had spoken in the cedar thicket and the golden sunlight turned to blood-red mist, and the fury which had slumbered in the shaggy chest leaped to life again and cried "destroy."

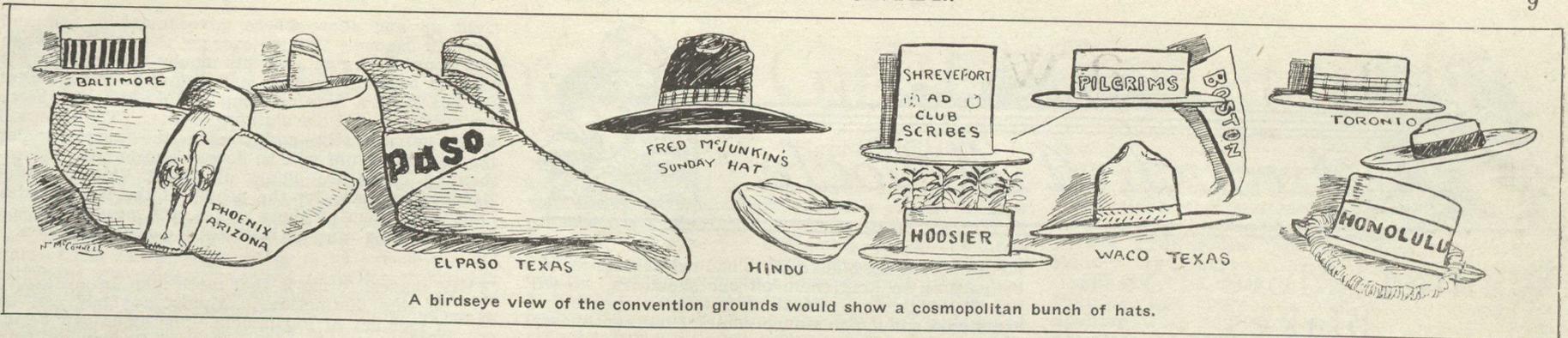
DOWN the hill and across the valley sped the great bear, up the opposite hill and into the heavy forest of coniferous trees she plunged like a gigantic fury and straight on with snorting breath to the clump in which she had hidden her young. Straight into the heart of the thicket she launched her heavy body, then gripped the black earth with long claws as she sensed the fact that the singing death had reached it before her.

Lying stretched on the moss, red tongue hanging, little round head sagging pitifully on its breast, lay the dead body of the cub. One wee paw was still curved towards the tongue, as though he had been striving to relieve the itching and burning gums, inflamed by the grinders that were striving to break through.

With a cry that was almost human in its woe, the mother bear reached down and turned the dead cub over with her nose. Then she stood still with mouth half open, ears pressed close back against her head. She was striving to locate the slayer of her young, and as she drew in short, whistling breaths her thin nostrils opened and closed like valves.

Suddenly, with a gurgling growl, she fairly hurled herself towards another clump of cedars some twenty-five yards distant. As she bounded forward, from the cedar clump, the rifle of the trapper

(Concluded on page 18.)



A birdseye view of the convention grounds would show a cosmopolitan bunch of hats.

# An Army of Ad-Men

Which Invaded Toronto to Hold There the Annual Convention of the Associated Ad Clubs

By HUGH S. EAYRS

FROM Halifax to Edmonton, on the one side of the line, and from New York to San Diego on the other, came the delegates to the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. When they went away again, they were to meet next year as the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

During the five days they spent in Toronto, these three thousand-odd ad men and their wives attended between them something like one hundred and sixty different sessions or meetings, and heard a like number of addresses, besides an infinite deal of discussion. Thus the main purpose of the meeting would seem to have been attained. The profession of advertising was looked at from every possible point of view. Ideas were exchanged and interchanged.

For instance, the men from Waco, down in Texas, are engaged upon the advertising of some product that is to

motto, the single word, "TRUTH." The creed of the advertising man in America, adopted at the Baltimore Convention last year, starts off: "We believe in Truth, the cornerstone of all honourable and successful business, and we pledge ourselves each to one and one to all to make this the foundation of our dealings, to the end that our mutual relations may become still more harmonious and efficient. We believe in Truth, not only in the printed word, but in every phase of business connected with the creation, publication and dissemination of advertising."

first time the annual convention was held outside the United States. On this occasion the A. A. C. of A. is advertising Canada. No more subtle compliment could have been paid to the British Empire. The American is hard-headed.



Fred McJunkin, the Ad-men's comedian.



British and German delegates.



After the farewell session.

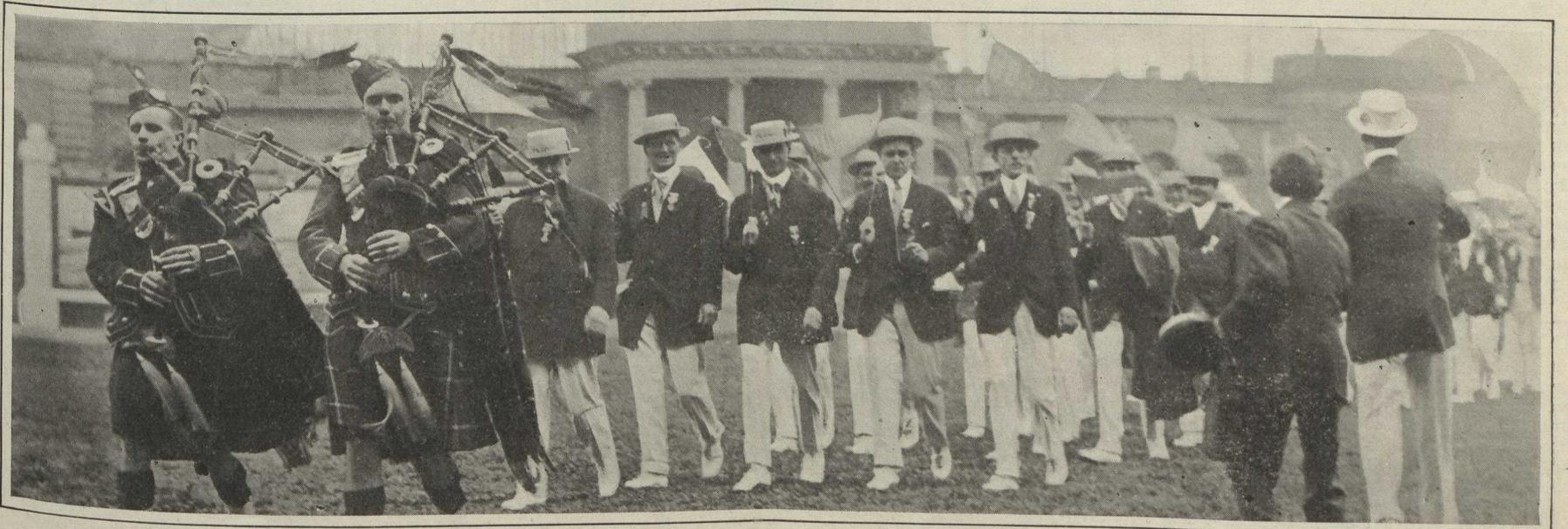
be distributed from coast to coast. They want some idea of conditions in parts of the continent, other than the hundred miles round Waco. They get it by meeting the man from Chicago, the man from Edmonton, the man from New York, the man from Toronto, and the men from every other district on the continent once a year, in convention. One man's difficulty is another man's ease, and vice versa. It is good to have an annual conference. The religious world is better for its assemblies, its May meetings, and its sessions. Why not the business world?

SIGNIFICANT it was that the advertising men began their deliberations on Sunday, and began them in church. In twelve churches in Toronto, a dozen of the best and most expert advertising men in America got up and preached to their fellows and to the people of Toronto. And these lay preachers did not turn the church into a lecture theatre. They did not simply give addresses. They preached their code. In the official programme of the sessions, right at the front is a page headed, "What We Live By," and there follows a list of principles. For two or three years now the A. A. C. of A. has had for its

It was fitting that the advertising men should hold their truth congress this year at Toronto, a British city which enjoys cordial and valuable relations with the United States. It is one hundred years since peace was made between the British Empire and the United States of America. To quote Dr. J. A. Macdonald, in his speech on Sunday, "The greatest achievement which North America can show the world is an international boundary line between two nations across which in one hundred years neither nation ever once moved a hostile army or fired a hostile gun." By their choice of Toronto as their common meeting-place this year, the advertising men, most of whom are Yankees, imply their recognition of the importance of Toronto, of Canada, and of the British Empire as a whole. For the

For years he has been quietly seizing the opportunities to "get in" on Canadian investment. He saw a country to the north of his own which would have a development even greater than that of the United States. He got hold of the fact which Sir Wilfrid Laurier enunciated: that the nineteenth century was America's; but the twentieth century is Canada's. His money has been pouring over our borders, into our farm lands and our cities. There has been a constant invasion of Canada by America, resulting in mutual benefit of no little account. The United States, having spied out Canada and seen that it is good, is prepared to advertise the fact, and it starts out by holding a convention here of men whose sole business is expert advertising. Bringing this congress to Canada in 1914 has internationalized it in North America. It is the outward and visible sign that the ad men of the United States take Canada in on an equal basis. That is what the executive intended to show. But their larger, if unconscious mission has been to advertise Canada as a country supremely worth advertising.

The first result has been to show the ad men themselves. (Concluded on page 15.)



The Boston Pilgrims, numbering 138, looked swagger in white pants and dark blue coats, with bright blue streamers.



Through A Monocle

Wanted--More "Sam" Blakes

"SAM" Blake is dead, I see. Canada will be the poorer for his loss. "Sam" Blake was a man who was not afraid to say right out in meeting just exactly what he thought on any public question—and sometimes on private peculiarities as well. The great thing about him was that he gave you his opinion—not the opinion which he thought you might like to hear, or which would make him popular, or which would not cause him any trouble. He did not dodge and smirk and skulk and slide his way through life. He did not follow the line of least resistance. He tramped straight ahead, his head up, his eye on yours, a real man, unafraid. He did not fear that he might lose his job or see his revenue cut off or miss his ambition—though he did sturdily object, early in life, to having another man passed over his head. But that was probably less disappointed ambition than a manly indignation at what he regarded as a failure in fair play.

WE have mighty few "Sam" Blakes to-day. The great majority of our big-brained men, whose opinions are worth much, are as cowardly as cats. They have so many interests at stake that they are always fearful lest one of them will suffer at the hands of some puppet in office whom an outspoken opinion may offend. So they swallow their opinions, and give the public carefully considered and cautiously sterilized samples of popular platitude or meaningless mumblings which will not get them into trouble with any one nearer home than Thibet. From cowardice of this sort, it is only a short step to deception; and the first thing these timorous time-servers know, they are deliberately misleading the public as to what they think—not merely hiding it. If it pays them to keep out of trouble and avoid loss by hiding an opinion, a steady practice of this poltroon policy so vitiates their moral sense that they will soon be ready to pay themselves better by lying about their opinions.

THERE are lots of men in Canada who are strong enough, in every sense of the word, to give their fellows the great benefit of their real opinions on public questions and public men. They have a comfortable competence or a safe "job." They are beyond the reach of the vengeance of any petty politician who might resent their criticisms. They do not aspire to office; and so can snap their fingers at both political wire-pullers and popular prejudice. They could stand up above the common ruck of place-hunters and constitutional cowards in the most honourable distinction open to a citizen in a free country, and could become known as plucky and unterrified truth-tellers on every occasion. To such men, if they played the man, a very rich reward would come in time—possibly sooner than they think. At all events, they could be certain of the secret envy of their compatriots; for all men love above all things bravery and courage.

BUT the truth-tellers amongst us are so few that, when we lose one, the gap is quite visible. Who will replace "Sam" Blake? Can you think of a single candidate for his position? The woods are full of apologists and speakers of soft things and "trimmers" and compromisers and all the contemptible category of cowards. There is a lot of bold rhetoric heard; but it is always on safe and assured lines. Men take up "noble stands" well within the entrenchments and out of range of any effective artillery. This is what makes our alleged men of "light and leading" so little luminous and such limping leaders. This is what leaves us so wholly to the interested self-seeker and the flexible politician. The consequence is that the only outspokenness we hear is from men who have neither the experience nor the capacity to speak with wisdom; and the people, finding them unreliable guides, fall into indifference—and leave politics to the politicians.

FOR there is no doubt that a busy people like ours will not take time to master their own politics. If they are not well-led, they will march to slaughter like any other mob. Most of us feel that we can better afford to pay down our share of the fine inflicted upon us by bad government than take time from our business to organize and agitate and fight for good government. We have about as much "patriotism" as a pack of dogs—indeed, I slander the dogs; for they have an instinct of pack loyalty which serves them for reasoned patriotism, and serves them far better than our reasoned product does most of us. We regard it largely as a matter of dollars and cents—of profitable employment. If we can make more

money by paying blackmail to bad rulers than we can by pausing to fling them off our shoulders, we will pay the blackmail—nine times out of ten, unless they are stupid enough to wound some of our sentimental prejudices.

AND all we ask of our big-brained men is to tell us plainly what they think. They need not get out and organize unless they feel like it. There are lots of ordinary citizens who can attend to that sort of thing, once they get the inspiration and the guidance. But we need more "Sam" Blakes to stand

right up and show where government is bad and where it is good. Will we ever get them? Yes; when this country has got over its money-madness and its love of boastful display, and comes to realize that Canada is not a "mining camp" but a permanent home for ourselves and our children forever. Then we will build permanently—and among the permanencies that we will build will be decent and honest government. There are plenty of "Sam" Blakes in the United Kingdom; for the people of the British Isles look upon them as their homes, and propose to see to it that they are run in the best possible fashion.

THE marvel to me is that more men do not aspire to this distinction. Almost anybody can be a member of Parliament—few of us can be individual forces, whom Members of Parliament fear and respect. A man whose speeches from a private platform weigh more heavily than the speeches delivered in the House of Commons, has a power in the country which I would expect all big-souled citizens to covet. Such a man was "Sam" Blake. May we frequently see his like again!

THE MONOCLE MAN.

A Man With An Idea

WHEN a public servant gets an idea which he believes will benefit the public if put into practice, his troubles have merely begun. Mr. N. G. Neill, the Publicity Commissioner who has put North Battleford on the map in large type, recently decided that the great need of Western Canada was an independent publicity bureau which would tell the truth about every district in the West. Straightway he proceeded to try to popularize.

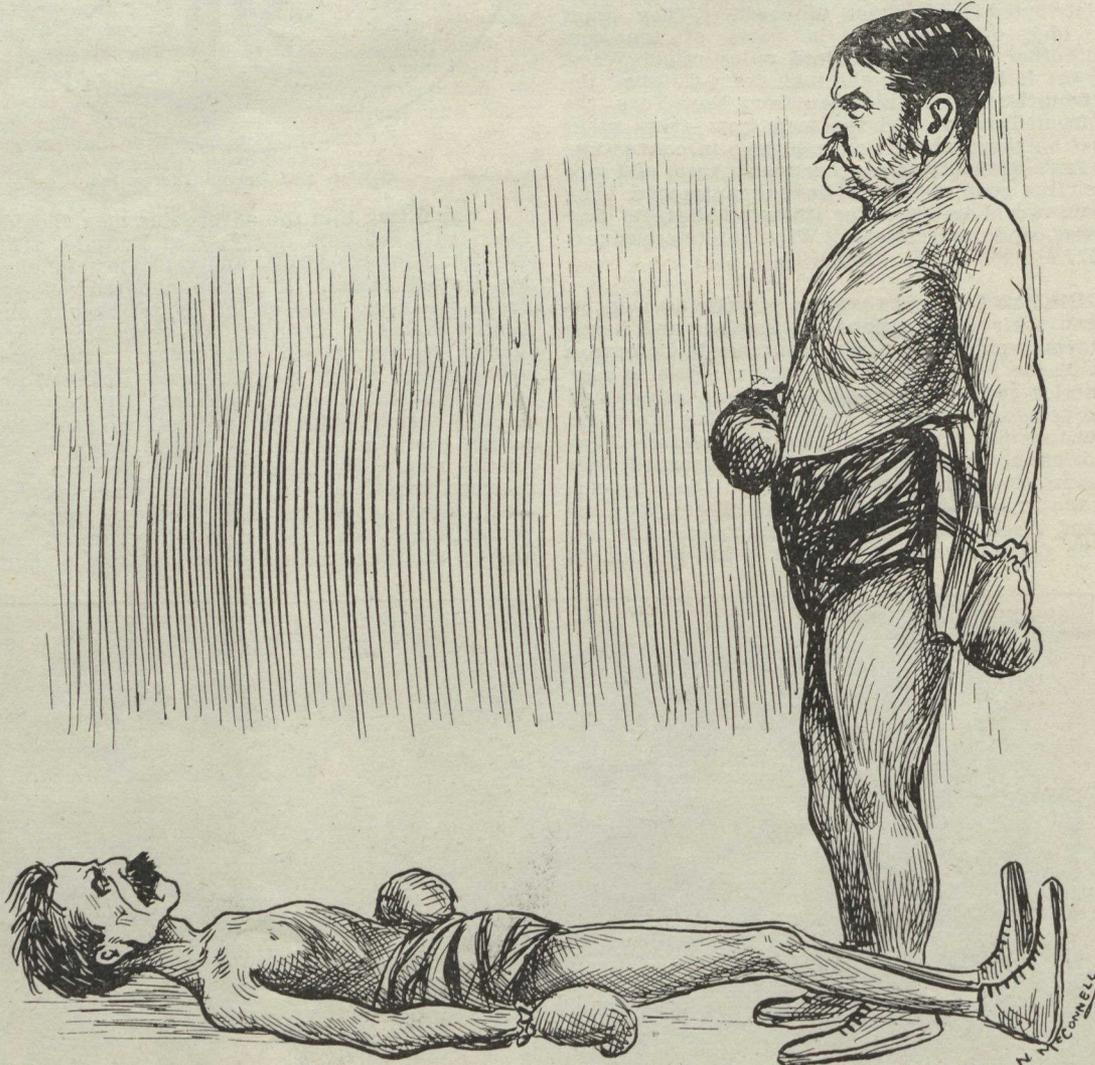
As a betting proposition the chances are about twenty to one against Mr. Neill. Unless the West changes very much, it is not likely to be satisfied with the plain, unvarnished facts. Up to the present time the West has deified only those publicity men who could paint pictures and dream dreams. The message that the Western cities have sent out to the world does not tell what they are to-day, but what they are likely to be fifty or a hundred years hence.

Undismayed, Mr. Neill called a "Colonization and Development Convention" at North Battleford last

month and invited all the prominent people in the West to attend. Of course they did not attend. The idea of having one advertising bureau for every district in Western Canada was too new to be accepted readily. Nevertheless, a few people met and discussed the subject and passed a series of resolutions. A permanent organization was founded for "the establishment of an impartial bureau for the giving of unprejudiced and reliable information as to the conditions existing in each locality. Another resolution emphasized the point that the urban communities of the West had grown faster than the rural communities, and that it would be necessary to develop agriculture and other industries in order to support the present urban population. Finally, a resolution was passed in favour of mixed farming and the establishment of live stock companies for the purpose of rendering financial assistance to farmers engaged in raising live stock.

Mr. Neill's idea is excellent. If he will persist, he must win.

At The Ontario Provincial Finals



THE OLD KNIGHT CAN STILL HAND OUT A SLEEP-PRODUCER

(Mr. McConnell, our cartoonist, was instructed to prepare a cartoon for this week's paper which would be "good" whether the Conservatives or the Liberals won. The elections were on Monday, and this page had to go to press on that day. This is the result. If you will turn the page to the left a distance of ninety degrees you will see the cartoon as it would have appeared had the cartoonist expected Mr. Rowell to win.)

# What the Canadian Girl Learns at School

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

**A**N inquiry into the efficiency of the Canadian girl wage-earner, the result of which was published in the Canadian Courier for May 4th, 11th, 18th, and August 10th, 1912, convinced the writer that low wages are to some extent the consequence of lack of earning power on the part of the girl at work. This is no excuse for the employer who underpays. The Canadian Courier is a constant advocate of the minimum wage for women. It seems more than probable that minimum wage legislation will be a powerful remedy against the poverty and hardship of the wage-earner.

The more intimately, however, the writer becomes acquainted with the circumstances of individual girls who are wage-earners the more she is impressed with the good chance of the girl with knowledge of a certain character and the poor chance of the girl who is without this knowledge. The girl who knows enough to keep herself in good health and fit for her work, who knows what to eat, when to rest, how to buy clothes and something about making them, who knows how to get her money's worth when she spends her wages, is practically certain to do well, even if she has no craft or trade training. She has the essential knowledge. The wage-earning girl who is without this knowledge cannot get on.

**T**HE serious condition of affairs which we have to face in Canada is that the average girl wage-earner, and the average girl as well who is not a wage-earner, are poorly equipped in regard to this knowledge. The writer hopes to convince the readers of the Canadian Courier that under present conditions the average girl can be given this knowledge most effectively only in the public schools. A system of public school instruction has grown up in all parts of the English-speaking world which takes almost no cognizance of the fact that girls have a special need for knowledge of this kind.

Let us try, from an unprejudiced point of view, to come to a conclusion as to what girls, if they are to be useful women, most need to know. The most important knowledge for a woman is the care and nurture of infants. How to make and keep herself in health, and how to maintain and promote the good health of others, is the next requirement in the equipment of a woman. Knowing how to prepare food and plan meals is a part of the woman's health and efficiency knowledge. Knowing how to spend money, how to buy, is the next essential for the woman. To this should be added some knowledge of the making of clothes and millinery. It is practically impossible for the average woman without this last-named knowledge to make the best use of money. An understanding of the buying value of money, and the proper division of an income, whether of an individual or a household, is knowledge that the average woman requires to-day so wholly, and so differently from years ago that it seems strange no plan has yet been devised to give the buying value of money a place in school—or even in home—instruction.

These are not the only subjects on which girls need to receive instruction. But consider how poorly the average woman is equipped for her business in life who is without this special knowledge. On the other hand, a man may be efficient without much knowledge of any of these subjects, although some knowledge is desirable, for neither men nor women do their best without help from the other side of the house.

**L**ET anyone who does not agree that a girl needs teaching on these subjects consider whether a boy who had as little training for any particular occupation as the average girl often has for her particular occupation, would be likely to succeed, unless he had more than average ability. It is not wise to plan everyone's school for the exceptional person. Our public schools are what we have made them. In no spirit of fault-finding, the statement is made that our public school curriculum, generally speaking, is planned to show the attractiveness of clerical and professional occupations. The public school prepares for the high school and the high school for the university. The public school curriculum—in all probability quite unconsciously—develops the attractiveness of city life as against the attractiveness, which is not shown, of country life. It is generally conceded that the public school curriculum should show the attractiveness of other occupations as well as of clerical and professional callings; and that the school curriculum should certainly be planned to do justice to the attractiveness of country life.

**H**AS ANYONE CONSIDERED THAT OUR SCHOOL LIFE HAS ALWAYS TENDED, AND IS TENDING NOW, TO MAKE THE SPECIAL WORK OF WOMEN SEEM UNATTRACTIVE AND UNIMPORTANT?

**L**ET us see what girls are taught in the public schools. Take the lessons taught in the junior and senior fourth classes, considering work required from girls of fourteen and fifteen with sufficient accuracy for our purpose. The reason for taking these classes is because we want to arrive at what the average girl is taught before she leaves school. Statistics, generally speaking, are very difficult to get in Canada. In the United States, school

authorities say that seven per cent. only of children who attend public schools become pupils in high schools. In Canada, in one instance at least, it is reckoned that ten per cent. only of the children attending public schools ever become high school pupils. Making generous allowance, both in age and in numbers, one is safe in saying that from 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. of Canadian boys and girls leave school between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The curriculum of the junior and senior fourth classes gives what the average Canadian girl is taught at school before she goes to work or is employed at home. The curriculum taken is that of the Toronto public schools, which may fairly be regarded as representative.

The school week numbers 25 hours, from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, with an interval of an hour and a half at noon, five hours a day. Please remember that you are considering how a girl of about fourteen spends her hours in school from nine till four, five days in the week:

Arithmetic, 3 3-4 hours .....	15%
Physical Exercise, 25 minutes .....	1 2-3%
Reading and Literature, 3 3-4 hours .....	15%
(45 minutes for Scripture reading.)	
Writing, Gymnastics, 25 minutes .....	1 2-3%
Recess, 2 1-12 hours .....	8 1-3%
History, 1 1-3 hours .....	5 1-3%
Geography, 1 1-3 hours .....	5 1-3%
Drawing, 1 1-6 hours .....	4 2-3%
Spelling, 1 2-3 hours .....	6 2-3%
Grammar, 1 1-2 hours .....	6%
Composition, 2 1-4 hours .....	9%
Music, 5-6 hour .....	3 1-3%
Nature Study, 1 hour .....	4%
Needlework, 1-2 hour .....	2%
Hygiene, 1-2 hour .....	2%
Writing and Business Forms, 2 1-12 hours .....	8 1-3%
Domestic Science, 5-6 hour .....	3 1-3%
Special Teaching, 1 1-4 hours .....	5%
Closing Exercises, 5-12 hour .....	1 2-3%

Total ..... 100%  
(Concluded on page 15.)

## IN TIME OF PEACE, REMEMBERING WAR

*A Patriotic Ceremony on the Battlefield of Beaver Dams, June 24th.*



The 12th York Rangers from Niagara Camp did a "feu de joie" and march past, and patriotic speeches were delivered by United Empire Loyalists in honour of the heroes in the most historic battle of 1813.



Chief David Sky, of the Mohawks, about to shake hands with Lieut.-Col. G. Sterling Ryerson, when the President of the United Empire Loyalist Association was made honorary chief of the tribe, with the title "Rah-de-vi-yohs," which means "Great Warrior."

# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

## The Farce of the Komagata Maru

BRITISH COLUMBIA is still agitated by the bewildering drama of the Komagata Maru, whose shipload of Hindus have for some weeks been quarantined in Vancouver Harbour. The Japanese liner was chartered by Gurdit Singh, a leading spirit in the East India colony, who since the landing of the Maru have been responsible for paying \$14,000 of the total \$40,000 due a few days ago for commission and harbour dues. The immigration department in Vancouver have prevented the Hindus from landing. Counsel for the Hindus alleges that the prevention is illegal. The order-in-council prohibiting the landing of Hindu labourers and artisans, and all Hindus coming in any vessel not sailing direct from an Indian port, is said by Hindu partisans to be inapplicable to the Komagata Maru, which sailed direct from India with a passenger list of Sikh farmers. The Hindu counsel has applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus against the board of inquiry investigating the case. The Japanese captain is said to be afraid to sail without protection from his passengers, who might commandeer the vessel, and to be willing to sail if under the escort of a cruiser from the Japanese navy, two of whose gunboats were given a public reception in Vancouver Harbour a few days ago. Some Hindus have attempted to board the vessel from a motor-boat. The Vancouver City Council has sent a resolution to Premier Borden. A mass meeting was mooted but withdrawn. Meanwhile, the Hindus held a protest meeting in which some incendiaries went so far as to advise the Hindus to return to India for the purpose of stirring up a hornets' nest against the British Government. British Columbia sentiment is determined that the Komagata Maru shall sail with her unwelcome passengers. At the same time there is nothing to compel the Maru to sail so long as the claims of the shipowners and the harbour-master are paid by the Hindus on shore. Premier Borden has been in direct communication with the Imperial authorities, and it is understood that because of possible trouble in London his government has advised the immigration authorities at Vancouver to allow the Hindus to land until the courts decide the case.

Alarmists on both sides must be given second place to common sense. British Columbia frankly does not want Hindus of any sort. Then it seems reasonable that Hindu farmers should be permitted to go farther and settle upon land in the prairie provinces, where they have as good a chance to assimilate as some of the Europeans already brought out by the Immigration Department. There is a reason why British Columbia should object to the further importation of Orientals for settlement in that province. There is no reason why the Hindu immigration problem should not be settled by a conference between the Ottawa Government and the Imperial authorities.

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## The Imperial Conference

OBVIOUSLY two principles require to be recognized if imperial co-operation is to be successful, writes Mr. Richard Jebb, in the "Morning Post" of May 20th. The first is that each government must carry out promptly any resolution of the Imperial Conference to which it has been an assenting party. Secondly, no government should abandon a policy which has been so adopted without again consulting the Imperial Conference.

For example, in 1902, the British Government was a party to a resolution in favour of Preferences. That Government was in power from 1902 to 1906, and did nothing to carry out its share of the programme. Again, the Newfoundland Government voted for Preference in 1907, and has never done anything to carry it out. Mr. Jebb deprecates these two failures.

Another failure to keep a pledge was the British Government's promise at a Conference in 1909 to create an "Eastern Fleet," built up of units provided by the several countries concerned—Australia, New Zealand and India.

Dealing with the second principle, he points out that it has been observed recently by South Africa. That country gave a preference on the understanding that a similar preference would be given by Great Britain. South Africa now desires to repeal that preference, but General Smutz and General Botha have declared that they do not feel free to do so until the matter has again been discussed by another Conference.

## Newspaper Postage

SEVERAL reasons justify the Postmaster-General in demanding an increase in newspaper postage from Canadian publishers. British publishers mailing to Canada pay three cents per pound, one-

half of which goes to the Canadian Government. United States publishers bring their papers in here fast freight and then mail in this country at one cent a pound, which all goes to the Canadian post-office. Home publishers pay only one-quarter cent per pound, which is considerably less than their British and United States competitors. The Canadian press recognize this and are willing to pay a higher rate.

Under these circumstances, their opposition to the Postmaster-General's Bill, which was defeated last week, requires explanation. The publishers want certain new regulations and are determined to get them when they agree to an increase in rates. Hence they have decided that any Bill which goes through must contain both items—the new rates and the new regulations.

The publishers of Canada, especially those who issue periodicals and technical papers, are entitled

## ANOTHER WHITNEY VICTORY.

DESPITE all the efforts of the Conservatives to prevent it, the chief topic in the Ontario election campaign which closed on Monday last was "Abolish the Bar." The Conservatives believe that this end may best be accomplished by the present Local Option Act, while the Liberals would introduce a provincial prohibition law. The Methodist and Baptist ministers took an active part in support of the Liberals, and their efforts affected the results. The Presbyterians were not as active, and the Anglicans and Roman Catholics were neutral.

When the Legislature was dissolved there were 88 Conservatives and 18 Liberals. Five new seats were created, making the total number of seats in the new Legislature 111. Three Conservatives and one Liberal were elected by acclamation. In several constituencies, there were no Liberal candidates, their place being taken by Independent or Conservative Temperance candidates. The results follow:

Conservatives .....	82
Independent Temperance .....	1
Liberals .....	27
Labour .....	1
Total .....	111

Some changes will occur when further returns are in, but the general result is a majority of 53 Conservatives over the Liberal Temperance and Labour representatives combined. Sir James Whitney, the Premier, was re-elected in Dundas, as was Mr. Rowell, leader of the Opposition, in North Oxford.

The temperance candidates were defeated all along the line. Sir James Whitney, when informed of the results, said: "I have had victories before; but this is a triumph." These words tell the whole story.

to special consideration. American papers come in here free of duty, the price of magazine paper is higher here than in the United States, duty has been paid on most of the machinery used, duty is still levied on engravings and electros—the Canadian publisher is thus handicapped by geography and tariff. The only protection, or counterbalancing privilege, the publishers here have, is a lower postage rate. If this is taken away, without other advantages being given, the result might be serious.

Canada needs better and stronger national papers. It is the duty of the Government, of which the Post Office is a part, to encourage weeklies and monthlies which circulate from coast to coast and help to develop a broad national sentiment. This is a point which the Post Office officials have hitherto regarded too lightly.

It is currently reported that the Post Office officials have announced that they desire to exclude trade papers from the newspaper list. This is extraordinary, if true. These papers serve a useful purpose in promoting internal commerce and educating the merchants of the country along national lines. They carry a class of news which is not to be found in daily papers, and yet is important to the commercial life of the country. The lawyer wants his law journal, the doctor his medical journal, the university man his university news, the architect his architectural news, the grocer his grocery paper, and so on. The farmer's trade journal is the agricultural weekly, and he is in the same position as the merchant and professional men. All these papers must have a national circulation or they cannot succeed. Therefore they should have the same low rate over the whole country as the daily papers have in their limited territory.

The Postmaster-General is to be congratulated

upon his desire to increase the revenue of his department. Nevertheless, he must not allow his officials to mislead him. The publishing business in this country has probably paid less profit than any other industry in the country. The publishers who have grown rich can be counted on the fingers of any man's hand. Not more than twenty-five per cent. of Canada's twelve hundred publications pay more than a bare living to their owners. The cost of getting national circulation is enormous, due to the scattered distribution of our population. New York State, for example, contains as many people as Canada, in about one-hundredth of the area. The Postmaster-General must take all these matters into his consideration when deciding upon the policy of his department. Their consideration by his predecessors in office explains why newspaper postage has always been nominal in Canada.

As has been intimated, low postage has been the only sort of protection which the Government could extend to the publishing interests. A duty on newspapers, periodicals and trade papers coming into Canada was not deemed advisable nor possible. Such a duty would be contrary to the spirit of the Berne Convention, which regulates international postal matters. The Canadian papermakers had also to be protected, and this has made Canadian printing paper higher in price here than in the United States or Great Britain. This was an additional reason for low postage.

Post Office officials, in their zeal for revenue, are apt to overlook this history and these conditions, but the Postmaster-General, whoever he may be, cannot afford to do so. The needs of our national life must be considered before Post Office revenues. Otherwise there would be no justification for parcel post and rural mail delivery, or for the extremely low rates paid by the Post Office to the railways for carrying mails. Nevertheless, if the Postmaster-General and the publishers sit down together, to discuss the subject in a friendly manner, a decision will no doubt be reached which will be satisfactory to the Department as well as fair to the publishing interests. An increase of rates is possible without any corresponding rise in subscription rates.

## A New National Cartoon

BETWEEN "Johnnie Canuck" and "Miss Canada," this country seems to be having a hard time to get a national cartoon fit to associate with John Bull and Uncle Sam. And it was forty-seven years ago Wednesday of this week that the British-Imperial Parliament passed the Act of Confederation. All this while we have been muddling along without either a real national song or a national cartoon.

Poor John Canuck always seemed to have been the nice little bib and tucker boy who first sang "The Maple Leaf Forever" at school, with all the other boys and girls joining in the chorus; till he became a compromise between a Calgary cowboy, a mounted policeman and a tailor's model—and then, by the irony of fate, an editor man grabbed him and used him as a name for a paper. And it is some proof that nobody ever took much stock in John C. or there would have been an injunction to restrain that editor from purloining his name. Miss Canada is perhaps a little older, and she has been stuck into cartoons ever since J. W. Bengough printed a certain comic supplement called "Grip." Sometimes she is a trim little fur-wrapt maid that looks like an Ottawa school-girl starting for a snowshoe trip; sometimes a pensive young spinster half-way from a Grecian maid and a heroine from one of E. P. Roe's novels.

The latest reincarnation of Miss Canada was billboarded at the Ad-Men's Convention last week; and this caricature was the ultimate termination sometimes known as "the limit." In the same bi-national poster, intended to symbolize the friendly feeling between Us and U.S., there was a superb coloured portrait of Uncle Sam toggled up in Stars and Stripes lifting his hat to the lady. And the lady, looking like a mistaken identity between a cultivated wash-woman and a nice Nauhascape squaw from Ungava, was all shawled up in the Union Jack, doing her best to get a new-moon smile across to the inimitable old Father of the Fourth of July, but looking very awkwardly uncomfortable. In all the post-impressionistic settings of Miss Canada from the days of Lord Dufferin until now, this one was surely the worst. All that was necessary to make her the "ne plus ultra" of burlesque was a disc-machine behind the board giving a cracked mezzo-soprano imitation of "O Canada." Or, if the artist had gone a little further and depicted Uncle Sam leaning over to chug this drab Miss Canada under the chin, we should have been feeling like the late James Russell Lowell, once U.S. ambassador to Great Britain, felt when he wrote that biting essay "On a Certain Condescension Among Foreigners."

It is time we discarded Miss Canada. This country is not that kind of lady. In the forty-seventh year of Confederation we may be pardoned for presuming that any lady who represents this country in a national cartoon should be a masterpiece of womanhood as superbly modelled as the top figure placed by Walter Allward on the monument to the South African heroes of Empire. If the national figure is to be a man, we suggest that it should be some such a man as the same sculptor placed at the base of that monument; a man that looks as though he had the muscular and nervous and mental manhood that came up from the bush in the Victorian era to the conquest of the twentieth century.

Perhaps we don't need a national cartoon at all. But we surely don't need caricatures created by the blundering whims of any puerile artist that takes a notion to mis-express his patriotism by a bundle of dry-goods topped off with a near resemblance to a face. On the forty-seventh anniversary of Confederation, we are entitled to ask the Government of Canada to offer a prize, open to all Canadian artists, for the best obtainable national figure of Canada—or none at all.

NEMO.

# When Fire-Damp Made a Mining-Town Into a Morgue



On June 19 an explosion in the Hillcrest Collieries, in Alberta, entombed nearly two hundred miners.

Waiting at the mouth of No. 1.

## The Hillcrest Horror

## CALGARY GETS A MEMORIAL TO HEROES IN THE BOER WAR

LESS than four weeks after the greatest marine catastrophe in Canada came the worst mining calamity that ever happened in this country. On the morning of June 19th two hundred and thirty men went down the shafts of the Hillcrest Collieries in Alberta, near the edge of the Rockies. Their workshops were more than a thousand feet below the level of the little town where, with their wives and families, they made up most of the population. Breakfast dishes in the little houses were scarcely washed, and the children just nicely settled to their studies at school, when something happened in the black caves of the coal down below. There was a slight tremor in the houses. Women went to the doors. Wives of miners never know when something may go wrong in the mines. In a short time the entire population of the town were hurrying to the mouth of the pit at No. 1. The wires were busy. Special trains with rescue apparatus were on the way from Fernie. Hillcrest, which since the strike of 1911 had minded its own business, and during 1913 turned out 30,000 tons of coal a month, most of it for use on the C. P. R., was suddenly the centre of the whole coal-mining area in that part of the Rockies. In the excitement nobody knew definitely very much of what precisely had happened all in about the time it takes a miner's pick to go up and down again. Fire-damp, the deadly gas of the coal mines, had mysteriously exploded, and the streets of the underground village were blown into a wreck. Nearly two hundred men were caught when the roofs and walls of the mine shifted. Forty were brought up alive; fifty-two dead that day. The others were buried alive with their shovels and picks. The little town of Hillcrest had become the scene of the worst mining disaster in Canada; a much greater calamity than the Fernie fire or the town of Frank, when the mountain slid down upon it.

Had such a thing happened a month before the whole country would have been roused to excitement. The sinking of the Empress, with her thousand dead, was still more than fresh in the public mind. The Hillcrest calamity was read as a news item and shudderingly passed over. The Dominion Government voted \$50,000 for relief of the families, whose fathers were buried down below. The rescue gangs did all they could and pulled away. No. 1 was for the time being out of business. And the management were unable to explain how the thing had come about. Hillcrest No. 1 was considered safe. Thus chapter after chapter in the book of the world's catastrophes is written. Monday's papers contained news of the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince and his wife. So it goes on.

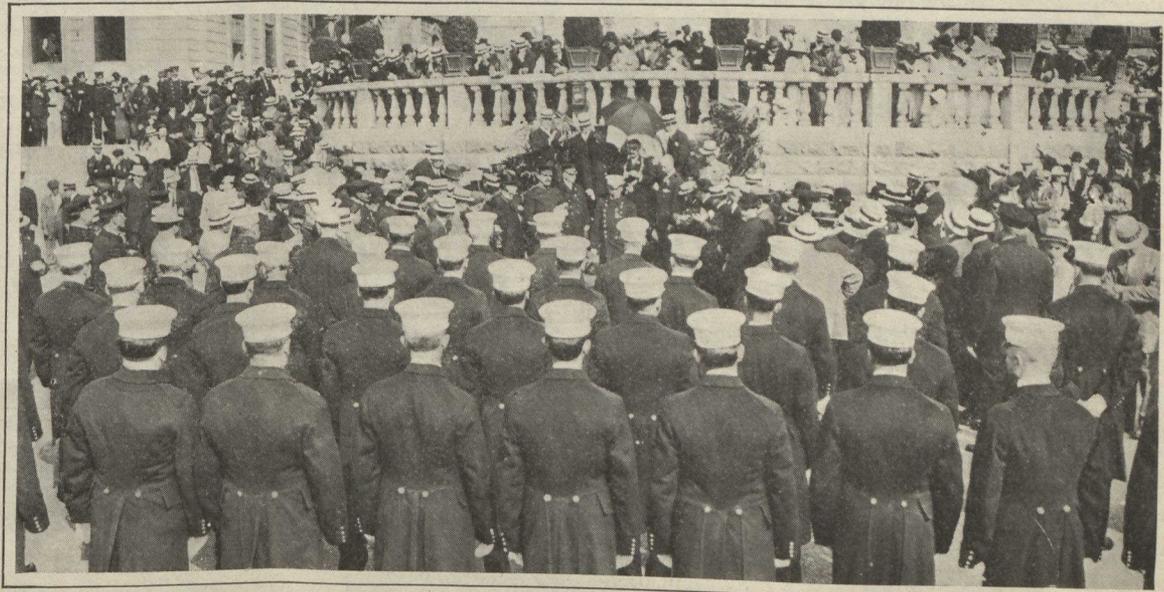
## A New Baseball League

SOMEONE has been talking about a fourth Major League in organized baseball. What nonsense. The whole business is on the down grade. There would be one league less next year, if the newspapers stopped boosting this sport at the expense of others that are equally worthy, if not superior. Some day, the public is going to call this baseball bluff, and put its money in somebody else's cash box. Baltimore has given Jack Dunn and his team the cold shoulder—and there is more to follow.

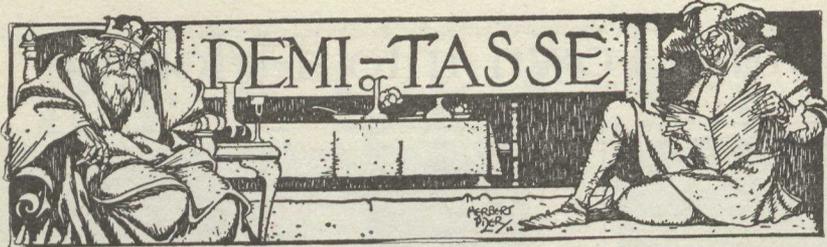


Public demonstration last week when Hebert's magnificent equine monument was dedicated in the City of Oil.

## MONTREAL GIVES MEDALS TO FIREMEN LIFE-SAVERS



Last week Mayor Martin handed out forty-six medals to men who, in five years, never turned their backs to a fire ladder when lives were to be saved.



**Courierettes.**

**H**ARVARD has added a course on lumbering. List to all the merry quips now about block-heads and chips of the old block.

The suffragettes are now using carrier pigeons. It can no longer be said that the pigeon is a bird of peace.

Hello girls are said to be heavily charged with electricity during the winter. That's nothing to the way the telephone subscribers are charged.

Sherman once said something about war. With liquor banned from the U. S. army and navy some of the Yankee soldiers and sailors agree with the general.

Now comes the testing time for the June grooms, when they come face to face with the bride's cooking.

The Canadian Senate has granted a divorce to a couple named Merritt. No doubt on the merits of the case.

Given a pretty woman and a plain dinner the average man should be happy.

Some people seem to work on the idea that an ounce of fiction is worth a pound of fact.

Isn't it funny how anxious some politicians are to keep the preachers out of politics—when the preachers happen to be on the other side of the political fence?

A church in Toronto is to be converted into a garage. Yet they continue to call it "Toronto the Good."

Prominent vicar in England predicts painless extinction of old men because they are useless. Why restrict it to old men?

Man arrested for vagrancy in Toronto refused to talk in police court, so they sent him to jail. They should have elected him to the City Council as a foil for some aldermen.

Russia sent twenty-five lawyers to jail for roasting the Government. Let Leader Rowell ponder on what he is escaping.

In the words of the ancient joker, it now develops that a lot of candidates were just running for exercise.



**Doctor's Orders.**—"My husband is just getting over a spell of sickness, and I want to buy him a shirt," said Mrs. Jones.

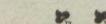
"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk. "Do you want something in a stiff bosom?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Jones, decisively. "The doctor says Jones must avoid anything with starch in it."



**The Sense of Touch.**—Jack—"They tell me that the blind have a very keen sense of touch."

Jimmy—"How is that?"  
Jack—"Well, I came across a blind chap the other day who told me that he felt blue."



**Cattish.**—He—"I think Mabel's hair is lovely."  
She—"Oh, she has some prettier than that."



**Used To It.**—Brown—"Taxi drivers and plumbers ought to make good cavalry soldiers."

Black—"What makes you think so?"  
Brown—"They know how to charge."



**Easily Understood.**—Mr. Brown had been out duck-hunting and came

back with big stories of what he had done. His little son had gone along with him and was supplementing father's stories.

"One day I was going along the road and shot seventeen ducks," said the hunter.

"Were they wild?" queried a listener.

"No," put in little Johnny, "but the farmer that owned them was, and paw had to pay for them."



**Correct.**—Two heads are better than one—when it comes to kissing.



**Recipe For a Sweet Summer Night.**—Get as close together as you can—take her hand in yours—give her a gentle squeeze—just enough to flavour the whites of two eyes—have them well rolled—let left arm go to waist—and don't stir!



**Too True.**—"Why is love like an umbrella?"  
"Give it up."  
"Many who take it forget to return it."



**Prosperity Note.**—There's one big advantage in being a carpet-cleaner—you can always raise the dust.



**The Natural Inference.**—Husband (who has been reading his paper)—"A fool and his money are soon parted."

Wife (excitedly)—"Oh, yes, dearie; how much are you going to give me?"



**The Reason.**—"Binks has sworn off."  
"Is that so? How on earth did that happen?"  
"He got a little more than usual the



**REALISM IN EXTREMIS.**

In Cincinnati they have appointed a blind man as judge. Perhaps they want to make the blindness of justice the real thing.

other night and went around to his creditors and paid them all."



**And Why?**—John Bull's drink bill increased by \$25,000,000 last year, And just listen to John howl when Lloyd George boosts the income tax.



**In a Word.**—Going to blazes—the fire brigade.



**Distance Counts.**—"What's a can of gasoline worth?"

"That depends on the distance to the nearest garage."



**Anything For a Change.**—He had set-

ted down to his after-dinner smoke.  
"John," she said, "I've got a lot of things to talk to you about."  
"Good," said her husband, in affable fashion. "I'm pleased to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me, dearie, about a lot of things you haven't got."



**The Perfect Woman.**

Her early education was attended to with care,  
When she was grown she did not have a rival anywhere;  
She'd learned to hark with deference to men when'er they spoke,  
And early they accustomed her to every brand of smoke.

They taught her not to ask a man where he had been at nights,  
They'd also taught her not to try to put his desk to rights;  
They'd given her to understand that she must never care  
If on his manly shoulder she espied an alien hair.

They'd tried to teach her not to fuss and not to talk too much,  
And that the sleeper's wallet she must never dare to touch;  
And, too, they made her see that it was safer, yes, by far  
To face the front when she got off a moving trolley car.

She learned these things and many more, and then she chose a man,  
And they together went through life as happy people can;  
No misery could enter where a woman is like this,  
And so they spent a carefree life in happiness and bliss.



**Pulpit and Press.**—A Canadian who has recently returned from a trip to Britain, tells of an amusing thing he heard while traveling through Wales.

It was just after a mining disaster in which there was considerable loss of life, and the catastrophe had cast a gloom over the little Welsh town. The story had been exploited in all its harrowing details in the papers, and the preacher in the leading church of the town thought it wise to make some appropriate reference to it in his prayer.

Kneeling, he began fervently:  
"O Lord, doubtless Thou hast learned through the papers of our recent and grave affliction."



**The Old No-bil-i-ty.**—Sometimes the American likes to get back at the Englishman because the latter builds so much on his parentage.

A young Englishman sought a position in an attorney's office in New York. Bye-and-bye one of the partners came in. Said the youth, putting his monocle in his eye: "I say, I'm the Honourable Tom Macfaddist, of Ripton Castle, y'know!"

"Indeed," said the attorney, "take a chair."

"Yes," went on the monocled one, "my father is Lord Macfaddist of the old no-bil-i-ty!"

"Indeed!" the attorney remarked again, "take another chair! You need two!"



**No Doubt of This.**—After years of experience, we have come to the conclusion that the most modest thing about the average man is his salary.

**What Woman Wants.**

- To love.
- To be loved.
- To be told about it—sometimes.
- To have something to do.
- To have somebody to do it for.
- To be petted—once in a while.
- To have a big-hearted boss who will let her have her own way until she is in danger of making a fool of herself.

**Strange.**—A rolling stone gathers no moss, yet birds of a feather flock together.

**'IM COOL AND NEAT**

**IN HOTTEST WEATHER!**

"I wear 'KING COATLESS' Summer Suspenders out of sight under my shirt.  
Hold trousers up and shirt down.  
Give this cool, neat shirtwaist.  
Just the thing for Lounge Shirts."  
**King** COATLESS SUMMER SUSPENDER  
has patent button loops that can't slip off buttons.  
Genuine stamped "KING COATLESS" on buckles.  
**THREE STYLES:**  
2 button loops, fasten 1 at each side, as picture.  
3 button loops, fasten 1 at each side, 1 at back.  
4 " " " 1 " " 2 " "  
**50c.** at your dealer's, or postpaid any where on receipt of 50c.  
State Style, and Name of Dealer.  
**THE KING SUSPENDER CO.**  
TORONTO, CAN.

**This dustless mop needs no oil**  
—cannot smear or stain.  
—collects and holds the dust.  
—gives a fine, high, dry polish.  
**TARBOX**  
DRY NO OIL DUSTLESS  
Mops and Dusters  
—are treated by a permanent chemical process which lives as long as the fabric. Washing renews their efficiency. Cleaner—safer—better—less costly than oil-soaked mops.  
At your dealers.  
**TARBOX BROTHERS**  
Rear 274 Dundas St. - TORONTO  
Phone College 3489

**NEW DUNLOP "PEERLESS" RUBBER HEELS**  
"I want a pair, don't you?"  
H54

Should your copy of the Canadian Courier not reach you on Friday, advise the Circulation Manager.

# What the Canadian Girl Learns at School

(Concluded from page 11.)

It is not contended that these subjects are not useful. If they are taught in such a way that the pupil, when he or she leaves school, knows how to work, school has been a success for that pupil. But about the particular case of the girl at school; what has been done to fit her to become a useful woman? Have the three hours and three-quarters spent in teaching her arithmetic—that big portion out of twenty-five hours a week—been given to teaching her the value of money, how it ought to be spent, what money can buy, or the divisions of an income? We all know that nothing of the sort ever comes into public school arithmetic. Look and choose in which lesson the girl is taught the things she most needs to know—this average girl of ours who leaves school for good at fourteen years of age. True, we have needlework 2%, hygiene 2%, domestic science 2%; and without exception these subjects are taught at the end of the day when the least is likely to be learned. Arithmetic is given the first morning hour every day in the week, every school day in the year. It is a byword how little the average girl is able to profit from arithmetic as it is taught anywhere. Still, needlework, domestic science, and what is called hygiene—of a kind—have crept into the public school curriculum, 5 1-3 per cent. out of 100. Go at the end of any school day and watch a domestic science class at work. You will see then how the average girl loves school. She really does love domestic science teaching. One lesson the average girl loves better. An institution called The Little Mothers' Club may be found in some Canadian schools. In these clubs girls are taught the care of children. These also come at the end of the day. But the aspect of the little girls at school is cheerful and delighted to a most noticeable degree.

TWO objections are certain to be made to this proposal for having girls taught the care of children, health, buying, housekeeping, money-value, dressmaking, millinery, etc., in the public schools. The first objection is that girls should be taught this knowledge at home. The second is that the subjects taught in schools now must be taught first; the other knowledge is either instinctive, or can be taught better later in life.

Taking the second objection first, one declines to believe that infants should be left to the care of instinct. The work of a woman needs all the instruction which can be given her reasonably. As to the time when such matters should be taught. No one is advocating putting off learning to read and write till later in life. But there is a time early in childhood when children want to be employed helping everyone. They are imitative then to an extraordinary degree. The average girl does not go to the university, not even to the high school. But take the university undergraduate, or undergraduate, as an example. Should she finish her university course and then learn how to cook and plan meals, and how to keep herself and others

healthy, and how to care for children? It would be turning the natural order about. But it is often done, nevertheless. If there is to be a choice between the girl of fourteen leaving school a good reader and writer, somewhat deft at arithmetic, and leaving a healthy, little person who knows how to keep herself fit and efficient, is there any doubt after all which is the better choice? But in reality, there is no difficulty. What we need is a substantial recognition in the teaching of the public schools that the average girl leaves school when she is fourteen and has to have an equipment that will help her to be a capable, useful woman. This she will never be by means of arithmetic alone.

Any objector who says that mothers should teach their daughters such knowledge at home may be answered in two ways. Are girls, now, as a matter of fact, being taught these things at home? A partial answer to this question will be given immediately. Otherwise, the state has taken the girl of school age away from home most of the day when the work of the house is going on and when she could be taught at home. The state has incurred the responsibility of her teaching. The average mother has not the opportunity to teach her daughters, and she is often, unfortunately, ignorant of what she should teach them.

As to whether girls are being taught domestic matters at home, the following statement has been prepared with great care. Answers were taken from a class of thirty girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. The girl represented is hardly the average girl. Her opportunities are better. In most cases the help of the girl was not needed at home. None of them were at work. It should be remembered that the girl of fourteen is very often at work, which prevents her learning housework, etc. This fact increases the necessity for her learning before she leaves school. What then is the Canadian girl who has the best chance in education learning of domestic matters in her home?

Out of the class of 30, 17 know nothing at all of the care of babies. Five have taken care of babies in the family. Eight know a little about the care of infants.

Nine out of the thirty can prepare a full meal. Eleven can do some cooking, mostly cakes and desserts. Ten know nothing at all about it.

Eleven take full care of their own clothes, mending, etc.

Eleven take partial care of their clothes.

Eight take no care.

Fourteen out of the thirty have no allowance and keep no accounts. Two only have full dress allowances and keep accounts. Fourteen have small personal allowances, and of these six keep accounts.

These are Canadian girls who are having the best chance to be useful women. The average girl in all probability is being taught less at home than is shown by the answers tabulated above. Simply and absolutely, the Canadian girl is not being given a fair chance. She is not being trained for her business.

# An Army of Ad-Men

(Continued from page 9.)

selves just how well worth advertising Canada really is. Many of the delegates knew little of the country, little of Toronto, the town in which they were meeting. They did not know that between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 is invested by American houses in Canadian branch factories, warehouses and distributing centres. They did not recognize that a similar amount of American money has been put into Canadian lands and real estate. They were unaware that in 1913, the value of goods manufactured in Canada was \$1,600,000,000. The facts that Canada has a railway which for mileage is second to none on the continent; a permanent annual exhibition which is unique in its magnitude and significance, a department

store which is one of the six biggest in North America; cities that quietly and unobtrusively are taking their place as great industrial centres, and many other marks of sterling progress, have never been blazoned forth, because Canada is British, and the Britisher once formulated a proverb that actions speak louder than words.

If the business of advertising is to open the eyes of people, then Canada has been advertised during the past week. Just what some of the delegates new to Toronto expected to see would be hard to say, but certainly it was something very different from what they did see. One man from Arizona said he knew Toronto had a trolley line, but he thought that in the main, it was still a city of wooden



**The Secret of Beauty**  
is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

**BEETHAM'S**  
**La-rola**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores  
**M. BEETHAM & SON,**  
CHELTENHAM, ENG.

# Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

*The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited*

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide St. E.

Telephone Adelaide 404

# If You Like Good Beer

—just step to the phone and call up your nearest dealer and have him send a case or a few bottles of

# COSGRAVES

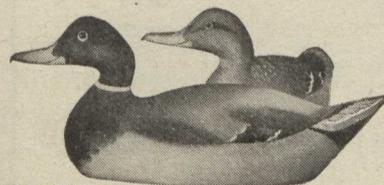
(CHILL-PROOF)

# PALE ALE

You will find that the delicious flavor and malty richness makes COSGRAVES fit for Kings and "then some."



As light as lager but better for you.



PREMIER MALLARD, Reg. U.S. Patent Office

# Don't Wait 'Til Duck-time

But learn now of the best and most perfect "birds" you ever shot over—MASON'S DECOYS. Ducks, Snipe, Geese, Swan and Crow Decoys Our Specialty. Their excellent reputation during years of use have made us the largest manufacturers in the world. All sportsmen should have our illustrated catalog. Sent FREE on request. Mason's Decoy Factory, 452 Brooklyn Ave., Detroit, Mich.

**5% DEBENTURES** INTEREST PAID EVERY SIX MONTHS

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

Those who have the intention of making an investment, should write us for particulars of our five per cent. debentures. The safety of this security is easily explained and the splendid interest return makes them very attractive. Complete report for 1913 sent on request.

**STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
Head Office, 82-88 King St. E. Toronto

**THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS**  
FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged. Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000  
TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS

For further information and literature apply to  
FRED J. DARCH, S.S. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.  
Temple Building - TORONTO

**Our Remuneration as Executor**

THE remuneration allowed by the Surrogate Court to a Trust Company acting as Executor, Administrator or Trustee is the same as that allowed to a private individual acting in a like capacity. This Company, with its financial responsibility, wide experience and efficient staff is an ideal Executor. We invite correspondence or confidential discussion.

**National Trust Company Limited**  
18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO  
Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

**THE HOME BANK OF CANADA**

NINE OFFICES IN TORONTO  
Branches and Connections throughout Canada.  
British and Foreign Correspondents in all the principal cities of the world.  
Letters of Credit issued enabling Canadians travelling abroad to have ready access to funds in any foreign city.

**THIS INVESTMENT HAS PAID 7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM**

half yearly since the Securities of this Corporation were placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Full particulars and booklet gladly furnished on request.

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED**  
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING - - TORONTO, ONT.

shacks. When he saw the corner of Yonge Street and King Street, which in the last year or two has been converted from a dark, old-country city corner, into a miniature Broadway, with skyscrapers rising twenty stories high, he opened his eyes, and said he allowed it had anything they had in Arizona beat. When he was told that Toronto had half a million people he began to think he had neglected geography. Happily, the meeting-place for the delegates was the Exhibition Park. No city in the Union has anything of this kind which is ahead of Toronto, and the fact that it is the scene of the greatest annual exhibition in the world is a powerful proof of the progressivism of the country.

The ad men took possession of the city. The streets were gay with bunting. Four thousand beribboned and badged Americans, in all sorts and styles of headgear and dress, made it look more cosmopolitan than ever. It was the first convention of any kind or magnitude that came near causing that conservative and diligent city to take a week off from business and go in for a celebration in the name of business. The hotels were alive with queer yells and choruses. At any time you were liable to be startled by the delegation from Chicago telling you—with an absence of harmony, but with lots of gusto:

"They say old Toronto, she a'nt got no style;  
She's style, all the while; style all the while."

Or if you happened across the men from Dallas or Fort Worth, with their sombreros, and their cartridge belts, you might have imagined it was shoot-up day in a cowboy town on the prairie. Everybody who could get hold of a badge did so. Several Torontonians declared by the badge on their coats that temporarily, at least, they belonged to Waco or Pittsburgh. The Texans enlivened things generally by serenading the newspaper offices by the gentle and noiseless method of revolver practice. Fred. McJunkin, of Dallas, Texas, drove his Mexican burros round town and acted as though he could have settled the Mexican dispute in five minutes.

The delegates declared that Toronto had given them a royal welcome. A young fellow, about twenty-five years or so, who came from Texas, was delighted with the stretch of water round Toronto. He told the writer that he had never been on any sort of steamship at all till he took the boat trip from Detroit to Sarnia. The convention sessions provided many amusing incidents. The El Paso Club, who were very anxious to secure the Printers' Ink Cup, had a member who sent the delegates into roars of laughter, when he said:

"Though the El Paso Club is only a young club, we do things and do them fast. We have wiped out the fakir and the grafter, and driven out the charlatan with the whip-lash of public condemnation. We started to clean up civic matters, and we did it." Referring to the dinners, he said, "they were the hottest, liveliest and busiest things you ever saw."

"Send down this trophy," he concluded, "where the last story of the subjugation of the plains is being told, where the silver Grande"—but roars of laughter drowned the finish.

Edmonton, who were also after the trophy, also provided some amusement; speaking of the city, their star orator declared it to be "decked out like a June bride."

Four days of business and pleasure, of handshaking, of new acquaintances made and old ones renewed; four days of constant surprise, of opportunity for benefitting by the wisdom and experience of their fellows, of interchanging ideas, of setting up ideals—this was what the Ad Club convention meant. But it meant more than that. To the members it meant renewed energy for another year's campaigning against fakes; new hope, new endeavour; new power. And to Toronto and Canada it meant four days of whirlwind advertising, and the making known to all and sundry of the resources and opportunities of the country in no uncertain manner. The Ad men's army invaded Canada, and this should produce great results.

**Schools and Colleges**

**WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

278 Bloor Street West,  
Toronto, Canada

School re-opens Monday,  
Sept. 14th, 1914.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Number of resident pupils limited to twenty-eight. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal, MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

**HOME STUDY**

The Arts Course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session.

**QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY**  
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS EDUCATION MEDICINE APPLIED SCIENCE INCLUDING ENGINEERING

**SUMMER SCHOOL**  
JULY and AUGUST 22  
G. Y. CHOWN, Registrar, Kingston, Ont.

**Bishop Strachan School**

**FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR**  
A Church Residential and Day School for Girls.  
Full Matriculation Course.  
Elementary Work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting.

PRESIDENT: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto.  
PRINCIPAL - - MISS WALSH  
VICE-PRINCIPAL - - MISS NATION

**Wykeham Hall, College St., Toronto**  
- Also 423 Avenue Road -  
**A BRANCH JUNIOR DAY SCHOOL.**  
Kindergarten, Preparatory and Lower School classes under well-qualified mistresses. Reopens Sept. 10th, for Resident Pupils, and 10 A. M., Sept. 11th, for Classes.

**A Truly Helpful Environment**

for your daughter at the period when her character is being formed.

**Alma (Ladies) College**

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal 60  
R. I. Warner M.A., D.D., St. Thomas Ont.

**The World-Famous Loissette Memory System**

Highly indorsed by educational leaders, professional and business men, and others throughout the world who have benefited from this marvelous system.

Prof. A. Loissette's Great Work "ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, Or, How to Attend and Never Forget"

Defective memories made perfect. Heretofore sold under stringent restrictions and at a high price. Now placed within easy reach of all.  
Cloth. 12mo. Price, \$3.00 post paid.

**NORMAN RICHARDSON**  
12 E. Wellington St. - - Toronto

**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED**

ESTABLISHED 1901  
TORONTO MONTREAL LONDON ENG

6% INCOME

**Municipal and First Mortgage Industrial Bonds** to yield 6% are fully described in our **Quarterly List** now ready for distribution.

A copy of this list may be had upon request.

Canadian Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds

**PELLATT & PELLATT**

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS also COBALT STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION

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

**The Federal Life**

In 1913 completed a year which for advance and results far surpassed all previous records. Every item of the Company's operations showed the most gratifying increases, which should be just as gratifying to Policyholders as to its shareholders. One of the most advantageous gains was in the Company's earning powers. It earned on its total Invested Funds—

**\$182,839.11**

or an actual increase of over 63% on the earnings of 1912. This spells Progress. Write for a copy of the full Annual Report to the

**Federal Life Assurance Co.**  
Home Office HAMILTON, ONT.

**British America Assurance Company**

(Fire)  
INCORPORATED A.D. 1833  
Assets over \$2,000,000.00  
Losses paid since organization over \$36,000,000.00.  
W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager.

THE RAVAGES OF A CLOTHES MOTH are ubiquitous. Nothing is safe—Furs, Carpets, Blankets or Clothes—from this pest unless sprinkled with "Keating's." See your things are quite dry and dust with Keating's Powder. Tins 10c., 25c., 35c. "Keating's" Kills Moths. But be sure it is "Keating's." M 11

**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

The Passing of Edward W. Cox

JUST four weeks ago the "Canadian Courier" and other newspapers were announcing that Mr. Edward W. Cox, President and General Manager of the Canada Life, had been made a director of the Imperial Bank. He was just turning fifty years of age, and his tall, athletic figure indicated that he had thirty years of business activity ahead of him. He had had very little sickness and was not aware of any serious trouble. Shortly afterwards it was discovered that he had a growth in his throat which might prove dangerous. In company with his brother, Lieutenant-Col. H. C. Cox, of the Imperial Life, he at once left for England, where he underwent treatment at the London Radium Institute. The despatches indicate that he died from the hemorrhages of the throat following the operation. Whatever the cause the news that came over the cable on Saturday last startled the business community of Toronto, where the late Mr. Cox was a financial leader. His father, the late Senator Cox, passed away in January of this year. Another brother died some years ago, and Lieut.-Col. H. C. Cox is now the only male survivor of the family. Edward W. Cox was a man we could ill afford to lose. Financial Toronto is the poorer.



THE LATE EDWARD W. COX.

was a man we could ill afford to lose. Financial Toronto is the poorer.

Don't Count Your Chickens----

LAST week, the "Canadian Courier" contained in these columns, an article under the caption "Is Laurentide Too High?" and said that though last year the quotation was between 203 and 214, and this year between 175 and 180, the probable truth is that the stock never was worth more than 150, if ever it was worth that. A prominent Montreal financier takes issue with this statement, on the ground that

"in trying to figure out why some stocks in the Montreal list are selling at what looks to the casual observer as abnormally high levels, one should not consider the actual earning power that has been shown by the companies, but as well give some attention to the possible developments in connection with the bonuses that are likely to accrue to shareholders."

He goes on to say that this is applicable to Laurentide. "A new development has occurred in connection with the important plan which the company is carrying out, which will result in it having a large water power project of its own. It has been stated that this water power development will give Laurentide from 100,000 to 150,000 h. p., and as a result after taking all it needs itself for its manufacturing requirements, it should have 75,000 to 125,000 h. p. to sell to outside concerns. . . . The earnings of this water power development will accrue to the holders of the Laurentide securities. It has been estimated that these earnings, within the next year or two, should permit a payment of a dividend of 4 or 5 per cent. to Laurentide holders, over and above the eight per cent. which they are now receiving on the stock, and there is also a possibility of a separate company being formed to operate the water power development, in which case holders of Laurentide stock would receive the common stock of the new company as a bonus."

Both these instances have the same feature. Our correspondent would maintain that the stocks of both are not quoted too high, since their possibilities foreshadow increased earnings. The flaw in this argument is the word "possibilities." Every security could be boosted by a set of possibilities, if those in control were so minded. It seems to us that here is a case of counting a chicken before it is hatched. The time for Laurentide to be quoted as high as 175 or 180 is not while possibilities are still in the air, but rather when the developments foreshadowed are actual facts. There's many a slip between stationary and increased earnings. Laurentide is too high for its earnings, at present.

Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

ANOTHER decline brought the list down a peg last week. Practically every stock is down, but the average drop on the leading stocks is only one point. The comparison for six Saturdays is as follows:—

	May			June		
	23	30	6	13	20	27
Barcelona .....	26	27	25½	25¼	26	24¾
Brazilian .....	76¼	78¾	78¾	77½	78¾	77½
Bell Telephone .....	146	146	146	145½	146½	145
Canada Bread .....	31½	31½	31¼	30¾	30¾	30½
Canada Cement .....	28½	28¾	29	29½	29	28½
Can. Gen. Electric .....	103½	104	104	101½	99	98¼
C. P. R. ....	193½	195	194½	193½	194¾	194
Dom. Steel Cor. ....	22¾	21½	21½	22¾	23½	22½
Lake of Woods .....	127	127	126½	127	128	129
Laurentide .....	177½	178	179	175	179	175
Mackay .....	80¾	82	81¾	81¼	80¾	79½
Montreal Power .....	220¼	221	223½	224	227¾	225½
R. and O. ....	97	97	96	83½	87	84
Toronto Railway .....	131¾	131½	131¼	129	130½	127½
Average .....	104	104.9	104.1	103.3	103.9	102.8

Enquire First: Invest Afterwards

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE very rightly protests against Canada being blamed because English investors put their money into propositions that turn out wrong. He points out that British would-be investors have lots of places where they may enquire as to the safety of their proposed investment.

**Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation**

TORONTO STREET - TORONTO  
Established 1855.

President, W. G. Gooderham;  
First Vice-President, W. D. Matthews;  
Second Vice-President, G. W. Monk;  
Joint General Managers, R. S. Hudson,  
John Massey.  
Superintendent of Branches and Secretary, George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital .....\$6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund (earned)... 4,250,000.00  
Investments .....31,826,618.37

**Deposits Received. Debentures Issued.**

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Incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. The Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute Trusts of every description, to act as Executors, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator, or Committee of the estate of a lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

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Capital Paid Up ..... \$11,560,000  
Reserve Funds ..... \$13,000,000  
Total Assets .....\$180,000,000

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CITY OF BRANDON, MAN., 5%	5.10%
TOWNSHIP OF BRUCE, ONT., 5%	5.12%
TOWN OF HESPELER, ONT., 5%	5.12%
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TOWN OF LINDSAY, 5½%	5.20%
ELMIRA, ONT., 6%	5.25%
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TOWN OF SUDBURY, ONT., 5%	5.38%
TOWN OF WESTON, ONT., 6%	5.38%
CITY OF MEDICINE HAT, ALTA., 5%	5.38%
TOWN OF ST. LAURENT (MONTREAL, Q.), 5%	5.38%
TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND, B.C., 4½%	5.40%
STREETSVILLE, ONT., 5%	5.50%
DIST. NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C., 5%	5.50%
TOWN OF SUDBURY (SEPARATE SCHOOLS)	5.75%
TOWN OF ESTEVAN, SASK., 5%	6.00%
CITY OF PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN., 5%	5.40%
CITY OF NELSON, B.C., 5%	5.50%
TOWN OF ESQUIMALT, B.C., 5%	5.65%
TOWN OF SIMCOE, ONT., 5½%	5.25%
TOWN OF WATROUS, SASK., 6%	6.50%
ALBERTA SCHOOL DISTRICTS, 8%	6.75%

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

## The Law of the Solitudes

(Concluded from page 8.)

coughed its message of death. Once, twice, thrice the red flame split the semi-light, and at each report the great bear winced and growled defiance, but she kept on her course like avenging Death, the mother-heart within her crashing out the command: "Tear down," above the stabbing barks of the rifle.

LaRosse, crouching among the cedars, laughed and worked the lever of his Winchester feverishly, as, pumping bullet after bullet into that avenging force which was advancing he strove to bring it twitching to earth. Then, as the great bear raised herself on her hind legs, the laugh died in his throat and the sun-bronze in his cheek faded to pasty yellow. He was afraid, and, as is common with cowards, his nerve failed him when it was most needed. As the mother bear advanced upon him, champing her blood-flecked mouth in fury, he fired again; then, casting aside his rifle, he sprang for a small buttonwood close by.

As he drew himself aloft, the big bear struck at him. He could feel the wind from her great, armed paw fan his feet. He climbed higher in the tree, and in the seeming safety of its branches something of his old-time assurance came back to him. He laughed and shook his fist at the huge animal that now stood a little apart watching him from crazed eyes. Well did the trapper know that it was but a matter of minutes, seconds, perhaps, ere the wild thing he had pursued and harrowed so relentlessly for five years would crash down and pant her wild life out in crimson spume. He knew well that some of his bullets had gone home; violated mother love alone was keeping the big bear alive.

Once more he laughed and shook his fist at her. The old bear backed slowly away, and the muscles in her great shoulders twitched and bunched as she prepared for the rush. Like a flash she launched herself forward.

Her heavy body struck the sapling with such force that its sappy trunk split from root to branch. So great was the compact that the trapper was thrown violently from his place of vantage to the needle-carpeted sward beneath. Before he could twist about and draw the sharp knife from his belt, the big bear was upon him.

There was no fierceness in her movements now. Rather were they the deliberate actions of one who had planned to kill slowly and mercilessly. Gripping the partly-stunned trapper by the shoulder she lifted him bodily in air and hurled him back on the moss with a quick twist of her jaws. Before he could move she gripped him again, this time by the other shoulder. Then she swayed, and for perhaps half a second her hold relaxed.

That moment was sufficient time for the trapper to draw his knife, but his arm was paralyzed by the crushing jaws of the animal, and he had no strength to send the long blade home.

The big bear trembled and swayed above him. He arose weakly and attempted to creep towards the rifle lying some distance away, but divining his motive, the bear twisted about and struck out with all her departing strength, and the man who had erred went crashing through the slender trees, a crumpled, broken, lifeless thing. He had broken the sacred law of the Solitude, and had paid the price.

The old bear stood swaying uncertainly for a time, then slowly, tottering she fought her way across the cedar-clad ground to that other clump which held the dead body of her cub. Gently she strove to reach that spot before the thickening film on her eyes utterly obscured her vision. And so she fought off death until she stood above the sprawling dead thing.

Reaching down she touched his wee nose with her own. Then, with a quivering sigh she sank down beside him.

## Vogue of the Motor Truck

(Concluded from page 7.)

of gasoline," but it didn't—and they, too, bought tickets. Some said, "They must be adding the cost of the motor to the bread price," but the firm didn't, unfortunately.

FOR the more orders it got the more money it lost. The driver gained a remarkable ascendancy over the affections of the most fashionable kitchen help in the city, but his glory was not lasting. A strange man took his charge away from him one day, and rather ostentatiously allowed the pearl-grey creation to get damaged in a collision. At all events, it proved an excuse to take the thing off the route, and its driver had to return to wiping spokes in a garage. The general manager, who had foisted the "creation" upon the firm, was called upon to resign.

The motor had eaten up thousands of miles of gasoline in its short career through a few city blocks. The engine could not conveniently be stopped at every house, and yet it continued to consume gasoline while the cook made up her mind whether to take brown or white. At the end of a day it usually showed a consumption sufficient to have carried it to Toronto or farther, whereas it had done little better than half a score or so of city pavement miles.

The problem of motor trucks, whether for light or heavy delivery, is very largely a question of stops. It is the stops that count. A horse may be stopped or started without affecting the cost of delivery. Of course, for light loads, where speed is no object, he remains the superior of the engine.

But the heavy load, which has to be delivered in a hurry and all at one place, or two at most, belongs to the motor truck, and its usefulness in this field promises to be extended by the use of the trailer. The trailer has just recently been introduced in Toronto,

but it has been banned in Montreal—for the time being at all events. In London, England, gasoline or steam tractors are permitted to draw a train of not more than three trailers. By this means the machine can be made to draw an enormous load and make use of power which otherwise would be wasted—the draw-bar strength of the engine, in technical terms. The engine scarcely needs to be stopped in delivering the trailers; a moment's disconnection of the transmission is all that is necessary to allow the helper to uncouple the trailer. In the handling of heavy materials and in large lots the trailer is of inestimable advantage.

The motor truck and motor delivery of every kind—not forgetting the motor-cycle—is growing in application and efficiency. Its effect may already be noted on city streets. The movement of traffic is faster and not so congested as would be the case if only horse-drawn vehicles were in use. Also, because the motor truck requires good roads, it is helping the automobile proper in bringing about improvements. It extends the territory over which merchants may hope to sell goods and brings the country and the town closer together.

Creating Interest.—"I understand that you favour local option."

"Yes," replied Colonel Stilwell. "But you are not a total abstainer yourself?"

"No. But my doctor has limited me to a very small allowance, and I like to add as much as possible to the excitement of getting a drink."—Washington Star.

Had Gained Experience.—Wife—"Do you recollect that once when we had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be?"

Hubby—"Yes, my dear."  
Wife—"Oh, Tom, how little did I know you then."—Boston Transcript.

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### Woman and Politics

**D**URING the month of June, when the elections for the Legislature of Ontario were literally a burning topic, I heard more than once a married woman express herself to the effect: "Oh, I think elections are simply dreadful! I'm so glad my husband is not in politics." You may say that the grateful lady was not sincere, that it was purely an instance of sour grapes, and that her husband would probably have failed to secure any nomination in Ontario. However this may be, in a few cases, I believe that many women are absolutely consistent in their dislike of the political arena as a scene for the husband's activities and ambitions. There is a natural dislike, on the part of a woman, to have her husband made the object of public attack, although in Canada, "mud-slinging," in its most objectionable form, is seldom to be anticipated. Then political life always means a domestic sacrifice. Only those who are unaware of what the burdens of public life mean, think of those occupying responsible positions as sinecure-holders.

However, by the time a politician attains to the honours of the Cabinet, to say nothing of the leadership, his wife has become fairly hardened to the slings and arrows of outrageous political fortune and is prepared to sit through campaign meetings where her husband's absolute unfitness for office is urged excitedly by determined opponents. I have seen the wife of a very prominent politician in Ontario remain quite calm and smiling through a savage onslaught on her husband and say cheerfully to a would-be sympathizing friend: "Oh, it is only politics. I have been trained to listen to this kind of thing."

There is a rather serious side to woman's opposition to political life for the head of the household. As a young woman said, lately, when a worthy citizen expressed his contempt for political honours: "That is all very well. But it is our country, after all, and, if men like you are going to despise public life and class aldermen and members of Parliament as 'grafters,' what is to become of Canada?"

"Bad government cures itself," said the worthy citizen, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The people finally become disgusted and exchange one set of grafters for another. Then the new ones behave themselves, for a few years, in fear of being sent home."

"But, in the meantime, what becomes of the public? The health of our citizens is, in part, dependent on the men who hold civic office. A typhoid epidemic in Ottawa, Montreal or Toronto means bad city government."

"That's another story," said the man.

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### Canada's Birthday

**T**HIS week, Canada has been celebrating her forty-seventh birthday, with all the jubilant decorum which befits a grown-up nation. Only one of the early statesmen, who watched the first days of the Confederation, remains to rejoice in the prosperity of the Dominion of to-day. Away across the sea, in a typical English home-stead, Sir Charles Tupper is spending the twilight of his life and still sends a message of remembrance and congratulation to the land in which his political years were spent. What a rushing torrent of waters has flowed beneath Canadian bridges since that summer day in 1867, which saw the four provinces formally united! We have known political conflict and civil strife, we have faced grave problems in Church and State, we have known our years of depression and our seasons of doubt. But, taking our story during the last forty-seven years, he would be a dull Canadian who would not look forward, with a great belief in the Dominion and its people.

An old lady, who is a most enthusiastic patriot, was telling me lately about the first Dominion Day, which was celebrated, in her opinion, much more picturesquely than it is to-day. "However," she concluded, magnanimously, "Canada is doing very nicely, even if we haven't the 'regulars' out here any more. But you should have heard the band play that evening, my dear, over in Queen's Park. It was a park worth while, in those days, before they filled it up with houses and cut down some of the best old trees."

In the process of nation-building, many of the

scenes, dear to the old citizens, have changed in an almost disheartening fashion, and yet we all believe that the ultimate result will be progress. The Canadian woman, who played so important a part in the pioneer days of hardship, has bequeathed to her descendants a sturdy nature and an unshaken pride in a country, whose golden age lies in the future.

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### The Matter of Adoption

**T**HE story of the little girl, orphaned by the recent terrible disaster to the "Empress of Ireland," and adopted by a wealthy family of Quebec, is like a chapter from an old-fashioned romance. Among



MRS. J. D. REID,

A Delightful Hostess of Simple Tastes, is this Chatelaine of "The Farm," at Prescott, the Rural Home of the Minister of Customs.

the many pathetic scenes, associated with that desolating wreck, none was more tragic than the lot of the bereft little children. That Florence Barber, one of the forlorn small creatures, should find so readily a welcoming home is one of the gleams of brightness in a sombre tragedy.

The adopted child is often discussed in these days, when juvenile welfare is so much in the foreground. An orphan asylum, however well conducted, seems a rather chilly home for very small citizens, although it is much better than the home where there is a drunken father or a neglectful mother. It is said that, in the case of adoption, a little girl is nearly always preferred to a little boy, and, of course, a pretty little girl, with golden curls and sparkling eyes, is almost certain to be chosen. Not long ago, in the city of Montreal, a wealthy merchant and his wife visited an orphanage, asked to be shown the small girls in the institution, and whisked off the prettiest in an automobile to a luxurious home and the probable inheritance of millions. It was a curious little drama, more interesting than any moving picture play, the transition from an orphan's estate to the position of a capitalist's heiress. And it may have been just a matter of extra long eye-lashes or a trifling depth of dimple which recommended that particular baby beauty to the parents in search of a pretty daughter. Yet, however affluent the home

to which the adopted baby is taken, those of us who have had "our very own" father and mother are not in any danger of envying the small person in such a case.

The magazines are so distinguished in these days by the wails of forlorn spinsters, that it may occur to many practical readers that some of these desolate damsels with wealth and leisure might well adopt a homeless wee citizen and give it something more cheerful than institutional care and environment. Some years ago, an unmarried woman about thirty-five years of age, who was alone in the world and had a dear old house which she hated to leave, and an income of about twelve hundred dollars a year (which means comfort in the small town of S—), flew in the face of the advice of two kindly brothers and their well-meaning wives, and adopted two little children. Teddy and Beatrice were the son and daughter of old friends, whom she had always known, and whose death had left the two little mortals with nothing before them but an "institution." So, the lonely woman, whose kinfolk live many miles away, and who has an especial fondness for small persons, played the fairy god-mother and brought the little orphans to the old white house, which has the largest lilac bushes in town. That was five years ago, and the experiment has turned out most successfully for Teddy and Beatrice, to say nothing of "Aunt Elinor," who had not the slightest desire for a "career," but has a positive genius for home-making. In fact, the eldest member of the household considers herself lucky in being an "adopted aunt."

ERIN.

## A Rural Hostess

**A**RTIFICIAL standards and biased views are apt to supplant simplicity and a true perspective of values in the case of the woman whose life is purely social. From which, the fact that so many women who participate in the social life of political Ottawa are not, in the main, of the butterfly order, is matter for public self-congratulation. Canadian hostesses, generally speaking, are delightfully gay, but too well-balanced to allow the social round to become a tread-mill.

In particular, Mrs. J. D. Reid, wife of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, is a charming hostess whose tastes are rural and who at "The Farm," her home, near Prescott, dispenses the pleasantest sort of entertainment.

"The Farm," as visitors like to recall, is a dear old place, a modernized farm-house, set in the midst of waving fields and overlooking the beautiful St. Lawrence. So that the cause for wonder is scant that the chatelaine is a happy "farmer," two of whose very chiefest delights are to roam the fields and to tarry on the water.

Frequent companions in these excursions are the dogs, two great pets, "Paddy" and "Caesar," an Irish terrier and a wire-haired fox terrier, respectively, of whom their mistress declares "they are positively human." Constant companions are two bright children, little Miss Reid and her brother Jack, who are even more human than the puppies.

Before her marriage the popular wife of the Minister of Customs was Miss Ephie Labatt, of Hamilton. As Miss Labatt her hobby was music, and with some idea of professionalism she went away to Germany to study. Ill-health, unfortunately, prevented her ambition; but that Mrs. Reid is a clever musician is the fixed persuasion of everyone who knows her.

## Song from "Up the River"

Let me lie down upon the bank, and drink!  
The minnows at the brim, with bellies white  
Upturned in specks of silvery light,  
Flash from me in a shower, and sink.  
Below, the blue skies wink  
Thro' heated golden air—a clear abyss  
Of azure, with a solitary bird  
Steadfastly winging thro' the depths unstirred.  
The brain turns dizzy with its bliss;  
And I would plunge into the chasms cool,  
And float to yonder cloud of fleecy wool,  
That floats below me, as I kiss  
The mountain Lady's lips with thirsty mouth,  
What would parch'd Dives give amid his drouth  
For kisses such as this?

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

# The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

## A "Fuss of Self-Effacement"

**T**HIS may seem to be the season of the ballot-box; but that is a men's matter as yet, in spite of the plans of the species Rowell, and this is really the season of the hamper. The hamper, inferentially, is largely a woman's matter,



MISS MARJORIE MONK

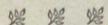
Eldest daughter of the late H. Carlton and Mrs. Monk, of Ottawa, and the bride this season of Mr. Kenyon Fellows. The pair will reside in the Capital.

man's interest in the quaint contrivance confining itself to the carrying and lightening. For July is the month of "the pleasure exertion," the unwieldy picnic, the bulky jaunt, in short, the "hampered" generalization for which a kind but illogical genius must label the cars to the wharfs and stations "Private."

Of course there is nothing private about them. They, like the chartered boats and the vans, are cluttered with folk and impedimenta to a point which makes giving any one a seat amount to a universal disarrangement. In which case it is better, on the whole, to neglect such ostentations of politeness.

Women, it would seem, are the chief offenders in creating, as G. K. Chesterton terms it, this same "seething fuss of self-effacement." And who has not stood waiting at a gangway, or below the steps of a tally-ho, while some voluminous motherly being has backed in sudden modesty of spirit and urged one to generously precede her?

The request was a kindly exaggeration. A kinder course, and a more appreciable, would have been simply to go on sanely and relieve the mind of "the benefitted party" of the more real menace than false precedence which lies in the butt of a strong transverse umbrella.



## The Ubiquitous Sluggardette

**A**N habitual saying of Louis XVIII., perhaps the most punctual person on record, was "L'exactitude est la politesse des rois."

One permits the statement to stand to-day, for the punctual are as rare as kings in an age apparently perfectly willing to let royalty have it in this matter. And the feminine half of the present generation, in this respect, is especially democratic.

A punctual woman has become so rare that a meeting to begin at eight-fifteen is announced to begin at eight o'clock, and begins, as a rule, at eight-thirty, if the audience is to be composed of women.

"But one wastes much time getting early to places," said the pretty woman of my acquaintance, who rather enjoys her label, "The late Miss Dash."

"You don't," interrupted her prompt companion, who had expended twenty minutes or so, in default of the first speaker to keep her appointment, "although you always do arrive—in time."

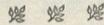
The fact is we are getting shameless and that is regarded as rather a joke which is really the grossest sort of impoliteness. The delinquent it is who sees the fun; although 'twas a famous "First-to-Arrive" who refused to have "nerves" upon provocation and expressed the lapsed estate of promptness among the polite usages thus:—

"Be late and the world's late with you.  
Be prompt and you're there alone."

The average "waiter" in point, however, inclines to be less sweet-tempered about it and expresses

herself with reason if not in rhythm. "Go to the ant" would be her advice, unless she preferred a geographical to an entomological destination, in which case she would invite the tardy most cordially to go to Jerico."

The sluggard is not an extinct species, although the word has become a bit old-fashioned. And the sluggardette is the female of the species.



## The Women on the Hummocks

**T**RAGEDY strides the world like Tarquin, and the scourge of his breath lays thick the way with corpses.

There were men digging for coal in a mine. For coal? No, bread. There were women, mothers of little children, waiting in shacks for the home-coming—for the shacks were home to them and the men and babes.

Number One Mine, by the camp at Hillcrest, was called a productive colliery.

Man may urge the soil for his substance, but once let him penetrate lower down and Earth turns and closes on his body. An explosion occurred at the mine at Crow's Nest and two hundred miners or thereabout were trapped, brayed and tragically smothered.

Rescuers bent to heroic business and women who had trembled at the blast of doom, whose faces were drab when the black smoke had burst from the charnel pit and screwed to heaven, came out of the shacks and waited on the hummocks.

"For men must work and women must weep." 'Twas the same drama with a new cast. The mute figures of the waiting women were world-old as the theme of Kingsley's verses. "So it has been," in the words of Eliot, "since the days of Hecuba, and of Hector, Tamer of horses: inside the gates, the women with streaming hair and uplifted hands offering prayers, watching the world's combat from afar, filling their long, empty days with memories and fears."

For such women, the colliers' widows, the Cana-



MISS LUCILE WATSON

The clever Ottawan, who is winning enviable fame in Boston in the new play called "Under Cover," which will be taken to New York in the autumn. She ably supports the leading lady.

dian Government has organized relief—a substantial sum has been mercifully voted. Yet let us for their profounder sorrow go softlier, gentlier. They were stricken and we who gasped at the price of coal, knew not the price. They paid, the dead, and the women on the hummocks.

Chiefest among the survivors, moreover, is Tragedy, old arch-devastation. And that would seem to be the supremest pity! As a rule the destroyer's



MRS. MINA SHORROCK

Editor and proprietor of "Social Shanghai," and representative of China, Japan and the Philippines at the recent annual convention in Toronto of the Associated Advertising Clubs.

part is to perish; but Tragedy is beyond the pale of order. By stealth he stalked from the deep St. Lawrence and pitched his tent for a day by the mines at Hillcrest. And he passed after—to Austria, mayhap, there to arrange the last assassination. Ancients had Tragedy in awe when the priests performed strange machinations and the fearful, fearful auspices were taken. And moderns admit the insuperable terror, but not without trust, when congregations both sing and pray for the lives of the imperilled at sea or in the subterranean mazes. There is consolation still for the stricken women.

## An Ottawan in Boston

By MADGE MACBETH

**D**O you remember the late Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl with the Green Eyes"? And do you remember a prominent member of the cast, named Lucile Watson? Of course you do if you saw the play, for you probably realized, as Clyde Fitch did, that she was just the woman for the part. He "discovered" her; he placed her on the first rung of Fame's ladder; he helped her climb.

Lucile Watson is a Canadian, an Ottawan. Her father was an English army officer who left his country with the idea that a fortune could be picked up here in a couple of days; her mother is spoken of as one of the most beautiful women ever known in the Capital. When the Captain went out to fight at the time of the Riel Rebellion, Mrs. Watson gave several readings for the benefit of the sufferers of that trying time. These readings were so successful, and fortune was so coy and hard to grasp, that she decided to go on the stage. Many may remember her as part of Rose Coghlan's company.

Little Lucile traveled with her mother as adored and pampered a child as any princess in a fairy tale, until she was thought old enough to be placed at school in Ottawa.

Mrs. Watson died very suddenly, leaving what should have been a neat little fortune to her child, but unfortunate speculation gave a rather sinister turn to the young girl's life. It was when she realized this that Lucile Watson made up her mind to follow her mother's example.

Taking what little money she had, and a deal of courage, she went to New York and braved the discouragements of many months of hard work. Wisely, she went to a dramatic school instead of entering the less costly one in actual money but vastly more expensive in other ways—Experience. It was at the school that Clyde Fitch found her, saw in her a type he had long been seeking, and talked business matters over with her. They came to a satisfactory agreement, which lasted until the time of his death.

A few years ago, the actress married, the fortunate man being Rockliffe Fellows, of Ottawa, whom she helped to a place on the other side of the footlights. Mr. Fellows played with Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman," and has just recently finished a much more important engagement as the "son" in

that strong drama, "Within the Law." His wife is at present in Boston, in a new play called "Under Cover," which will be taken to New York in the autumn. Lucile Watson is not the leading lady; it is possible that she never will be. Her genius seems to lie in a different and, to me, much more difficult line. I mean that she helps the leading lady to lead! Those of us who see only finished productions can scarcely realize to what extent the so-called lesser parts throw the prominent ones into the limelight; how much "playing up" there has to

be, in order that the leading parts may stand out more prominently than the others, especially in the modern society play where the heroine is not given the stage to herself as a setting for her obvious heroics. A long pause, too quick an entrance, too sharp an interruption may spoil the effect of the leading lady's part. In all these apparently minor matters, Lucile Watson is an artist, and these words of commendation and appreciation are but feeble compared to the tribute of such men as Allan Dale, who says all of this—more artistically!

## "The Average Woman Consumer"

A Scissors-and-Paste Mutilation of the Original Address of Christine Frederick, as Given in Toronto Last Week, Before the Associated Advertising Clubs

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK, of New York City, author of "The New Housekeeping," consulting Household Editor "Ladies' Home Journal," and a prominent member of the Housewives' League, is too well-known to Canadian women to need any further introduction. Her recent address to the Advertisers was trenchant, witty, practical, and withal idealistic, to such a degree that the editor who heard her is anxious to share the advantage and pleasure with the host of average women consumers who constitute the readers of these pages. Mrs. Frederick supported the fair sex nobly, the rest of the speakers being chiefly men, and one must regret that her address entire cannot be reproduced in our limited space.

The speaker began with a whimsical picture of that Utopia called Advertising Land, "where," to employ her own phrases, "tires never skid, everything—even politicians—are 99 44-100 per cent. pure; babies are always smiling, catsup has not even 1-11th per cent. of benzoate of soda, and women do housework in tango frocks; where all women are perfect thirty-sixes, a fat man is so rare that he scares the children in the street, and everything is delicious, dainty, fashionable and of perfect quality."

### Family's Purchasing Agent

Turning swiftly to the participation of the women in the upkeep of this lately discovered "No-where," Mrs. Frederick said:—

"It is hard for many people to realize to what extent the American woman has by common consent become the general purchasing agent of the family. She is educated from childhood on to the art of purchasing. She is more important here as a spender than in any other country of the world.

"In order to get some real facts regarding women as purchasers, an actual test of New York families, in which I assisted, was made some time ago under the direction of Dr. Hollingworth, of Columbia University. It showed that women alone buy 48.4 per cent of all merchandise for family use, and have an important voice in 23 per cent. more. This is a total of 71 per cent.—which coincides with the investigation we made in department stores, which showed that 80 per cent. of purchases in department stores are made by women.

"This investigation showed such interesting things as the fact that women even buy 11.2 per cent. of men's clothing, and they help men buy 22.9 per cent. In other words, women are responsible, directly or indirectly, for 34 per cent. of the purchases of men's clothing. I mention this to indicate

the complete extent to which family purchases have been turned over to women in this country."

### Bait and Trout

Here the speaker proceeded to show the sort of appeal which counts with women—a point upon which many advertising men are at sea.

"Within the last month," said she, "I have completed a special test on intelligent women throughout the country as to the type of appeal that they respond to most. I took some pains to get, not their opinions, but their practice, and the ten appeals which stood highest were as follows:

- (1) Reputation of Firm.
- (2) Quality.
- (3) Economy.
- (4) Cleanliness.
- (5) Healthfulness.
- (6) Efficiency.



GIPSY LIFE IN IMITATION.

Girls of Rosary Hall, Toronto, at their garden party at "Benvenuto," the leafy and lovely estate of Sir William Mackenzie.

- (7) Durability.
- (8) Modernness.
- (9) Courtesy.
- (10) Guarantee.

"The more brains we consumers have, the more sure we become that the most vital thing in American life in the past ten years has been the perfection of publicity.

"I used to be one of the women consumers inclined to deplore the alluring shop-window, the ever-present ad, but I am now convinced that advertising does not make the consumer extravagant, but on the contrary, that advertising increases self-control because, as you know, the more plentiful the bait and the more numerous the fishermen, the more suspicious and fastidious become the trout. I, the consumer, am the trout, and advertisers are the fishermen. We do not swallow all the bait we see, and we are learning to pick out insincere and dishonest bait. I and other con-

sumers are awaking to the real meaning of advertising, that to see and hear about an article is not a hypnotic command to purchase, but an intelligent invitation to compare values."

### Establishing Household Standards

Out of which and its skilful elaboration came a rapid fire of sound ideas on the housewife's need to standardize her buying:

"My object as a consumer," said the speaker, "is to get the greatest value for my money, with the least expenditure of time and effort. Before I buy an article of any kind—shoes, flour, underwear, household furnishing—I must make an analysis of it. What is its quality, its weight, its size, its cost? Every purchase is a problem until a consumer has once decided what qualities and cost she always desires in any particular article. In other words, intelligent women standardize their purchases. Once a woman has established standards to fit her particular needs she can purchase articles with a minimum of time and effort. My object then, as a consumer is to find dependable articles which suit my particular needs as to quality and price. The more widely distributed, the easier for me to purchase, the more simplified my problems as a consumer. Dependable goods at the same unvarying price and quality mean that I can instantly purchase such articles without making a new analysis each time of purchase. In order to have standardized purchasing, the consumer must have distinguishing marks on the article she buys.

"Speaking for women consumers generally, my hope as a consumer is that there will be much more trademarked merchandise.

"It has been said that trademarked goods are often inferior to unnamed goods. I will admit frankly that there are plenty such; but the very fact that they are trademarked enables me to recognize and refuse to buy them."

### Advertising That Irritates

In the course of a very strong appeal for truth in advertising, Mrs. Frederick decried that cutting of prices, of which an instance is, "the well-known bait of three cans of Campbell's soups for a quarter to the purchaser who buys (if off her guard) other unnamed tea, coffee and extracts, on which the dealer makes more profit, and of whose quality she lured in knows nothing."

She protested against the manufacturer who permits the dealer to juggle with prices, charging the housewife, this week, for one pair of stockings 89c., when she buys next week from another dealer a pair of the same brand for 79c. This, it was claimed, upsets the housewife's standards.

A third valiant objection was made to the flooding of the market with "cheap" goods; in which connection said this "average consumer":—"Women are getting over their belief that they can get something for nothing. They are willing to pay the necessary price for good merchandise, because they have learned they must do it anyhow."

### A Picturesque Mistake

A suggestion was made that consumers' needs were frequently neglected in the appeal of the advertiser. An illogical practice was satirized as follows:—

"Do not try to sell plain, middle-

## PROTECT YOUR COMPLEXION

Every woman who spends the Summer at the seashore, in the mountains or at some fashionable watering place should take with her a few bottles of

## GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

to improve and beautify her complexion and protect her skin from the burning sun, bleaching winds, and damp night air.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of it having been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century.

It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, pimples, freckles and other blemishes of the complexion. At Druggists and Department Stores.



FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.  
37 Great Jones Street  
NEW YORK

## Neave's Food FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through The First Year



"We put our Maurice on Neave's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on

the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen".

Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN,

133 Boulbee Ave., Toronto.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby", to the

Canadian Agent—EDWIN UTLEY,  
14 c Front Street East, - TORONTO.

Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

## YARMOUTH

NOVA SCOTIA.

No Hay Fever.

Summer temperature averages 70 degrees at noon. First-class hotels and boarding-houses. Boating, salt and fresh water fishing, shooting, golf. Excellent roads.

Write for Booklet.

J. BOND GRAY  
Sec'y Tourist Committee  
248 Main St.

# What does the sun do to your skin?

Some people burn and peel, over and over again, in summer.

Others are tormented by prickly heat, hives, freckles and similar troubles.

Others perspire copiously, suffer from chafing and other distressing skin irritations.

Apply Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder to your face and hands before exposure to the sun, as well as afterwards.

It soothes and relieves tender, sun-burned or chafed skin; neutralizes the effect of perspiration; allays and assists in permanently removing all skin affections due to the action of sun and wind.

Mennen's is the pioneer Borated Talcum. It has been the leader for thirty years. The formula from which it is made is scientifically correct. No powder is more soft, smooth and highly refined; no powder is more pure, more safe and delightful to use. However

the sun affects your skin, you will find the mild but effective medication of this famous powder makes it peculiarly valuable. This is why millions of boxes of Mennen's are sold every summer.

For sale everywhere, 25 cents, or by mail postpaid.

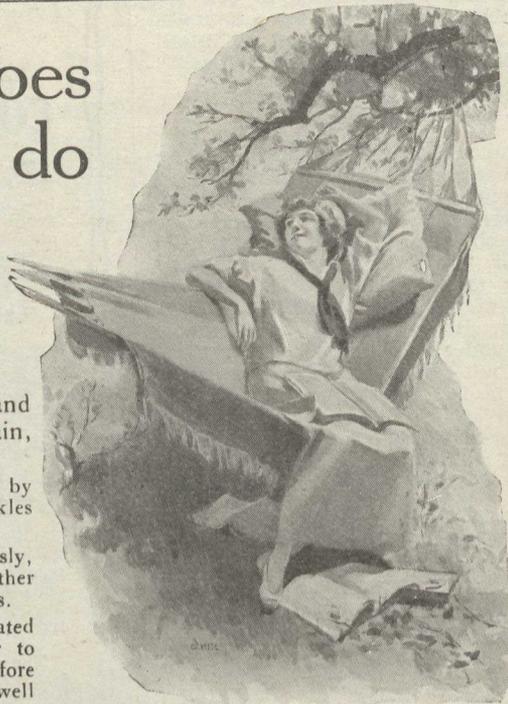
Sample postpaid for 4 cents. State whether you wish the Borated or Violet Scented. Address

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

## Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder



Trade Mark



## Burning The Midnight Oil

THE thinker knows that a light, easily digested and assimilated food is conducive to hard mental work. His knowledge of what is good for him leads straight to

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Be sure of the right signature. 10c per package

106

aged women a washing machine because it is operated by a pretty girl. If I am a farmer's wife and have saved up enough of egg money to buy a washing machine, I want to know the facts, its mechanical principle, whether it holds four sheets or ten, how much it costs to operate, and why this particular Lily White Washer is a better one than any of the 125 now on the market. You have the wrong feminine psychology when you show me your goods being used by a prettier woman than I am."

One expected an Irish "Impossible, Madam" at this particular juncture; but the gallant from Erin not being forthcoming one bent one's editorial ear (not such a very long one) to hear the address' excellent finale—an appeal for straightness in laying a case before that jury whose favourable verdict has power "to make the advertiser rich." Which jury, of course, was the purchasing agent, woman.

### Recent Events

AT the sixth annual championship meeting of the Montreal and District Golf Association, recently held on the Royal Montreal links at Dixie, Miss V. Henry-Ander-



MADAME A. LEDUC,

The French-Canadian lyric soprano, whose voice was recently heard at Professor Heraly's concert in Montreal.

son repeated her victory over the Beaconsfield course last June, retaining the ladies' title with a gross score of 97, against a card of 92 last year.

Dr. Agatha Doherty, youngest daughter of the late Dr. W. J. Doherty, of Toronto, has received the appointment, from July 1st, as senior house surgeon of the new hospital for women, London, England.

Three well-known young horsewomen of Toronto who distinguished themselves recently at the Hamilton open air horse show were: Miss Delia Davies, who won first prize in the ladies' saddle class; Miss Elizabeth Coulthard, first and third, and Miss Kathleen Temple, second, both in the lady hunters.

Lady Williams-Taylor and Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor are leaving Montreal for the Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Quebec, on July 15th. They will sail for England in the latter part of August, where the marriage of Miss Williams-Taylor and Captain Denzil Cope will occur this autumn.

Miss Margaret Stuart Tidy, a Vancouver girl, who has been a student at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, for the past three years, has received an important appointment in an English school, that of teacher in German at the High School for Girls at Putney.

A recent wedding of special interest was that of Hon. Frances Aylmer, daughter of Lord and Lady Aylmer, of Vancouver, formerly of Melbourne, Quebec, to Mr. A. Scott-Lander. The marriage took place at Queen's Bay, B. C.

Lady Borden, wife of the Premier of the Dominion, and Lady Beck, the wife of Sir Adam Beck, of London, Ontario, have lately been the recipients of many congratulations on their respective husbands' acquisition of knighthood.

# HAIR GROWTH PROMOTED



## By CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

DIRECTIONS: Make a parting and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 15K, Boston, U. S. A.

## JAEGER Fine Pure Wool

### SAFETY IN JAEGER UNDERWEAR

All Jaeger Goods have a health value.

Light Jaeger Summer Underwear has the same health preserving quality as the heaviest Winter weight. It is cool and comfortable and preserves the body against chills.

All weights and sizes for men, women and children.



For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG



BY APPOINTMENT.

## WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

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

Always ask for WHITE HORSE specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

# The FIFTH WHEEL

By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence & Eastwick*

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

## SYNOPSIS.

Horatio Pridham is a nouveau-riche, with a son Laurie, and two daughters, Agnes, quiet and reserved, and Theodora more or less a tomboy. Mrs. Pridham makes plans to get them all well married. A former school friend of Theo goes to stay with the Pridhams, supposedly as a governess for Theo. She and Laurie are in love. The household is startled by the rumour of the murder of Lisbeth Bainton. Fenella—during the night—has seen her sweetheart in the hall. In his hand was an antique dagger which was a curio. Fenella is suspected, and runs away, rather than give her lover away. Fenella runs away from the house to look for Laurie. She goes to the home of the murdered girl, and from thence through the woods till she meets Laurie. Meanwhile things look black against Laurie. His father engages detectives to look for him, but Laurie and Fenella turn up at the house while the detectives are present.

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

DR. FRASER looked grave at the end of his examination. "I should say your son had been thrown heavily—probably knocked down by a motor—and that the engine had cut his hand. The gash is a deep one. He is suffering from concussion, and the sentence you say he kept repeating probably bears out the last thought in his mind before the accident happened. He was due back in barracks, you say; that accounts for his anxiety to get on parade. I have known a man with concussion walk eight miles and behave quite rationally at the end of it, except for this tendency to repeat the same idea, and then collapse suddenly and remain unconscious for three weeks. He was all right when he came back to himself."

After he had prescribed, he asked to see Mr. Pridham alone, and they went down to the library together.

"How did this accident happen?" Dr. Fraser asked. "Had your son gone for a walk on the Woking road this morning?"

"I had better tell you the facts," Mr. Pridham answered. "Of course you will keep them to yourself!"

Dr. Fraser listened attentively, asking here and there a question, until he had mastered all the information that there was.

Then he said: "I find myself in a dilemma, Mr. Pridham, of rather a curious nature. Your son asked me to keep a certain confidence, and I am reluctant to break faith, given or implied. But the case is so serious, and there seems to be so much trouble ahead, that I do not feel justified in withholding from you a very vital piece of knowledge. Your son deliberately missed going to town by the ten-fifty-three train and returned home, for some reason unknown to me. This is exactly what happened: I had left my car on the bridge near here, last night, when I was called to that poor girl, and I went back to it—after finding that I could do nothing for her—to give my man a message to take home.

"After giving it I leant over the bridge, to see if it commanded a view of the spot where the murder took place. I found that it did, and that one could both see and hear the group of men on the path below, two or three hundred yards along. I was still standing there, and I fancy that the shadow of the trees made my figure indistinguishable, for someone walking quickly across the bridge, swerved violently when I suddenly turned and

moved. I recognized your son, and noticed that he seemed rather out of breath, as if he had been walking fast, or possibly running. He asked me if anything was wrong, and I told him of the murder. I described the wound to him—a singular one, as you doubtless know—not very deep, but very large at the orifice, where it formed the shape of a cross. I told him that it seemed to me a case of revenge, and as if some foreigner might have done it."

Mr. Pridham made a slight exclamation, and the doctor went on: "It seemed to me that he had some strong reason for being interested in it. However, he said that he must be getting on, as it was late. And then, with some hesitation, he added: 'Don't mention that you saw me. I'm due back in town to-night, and meant to catch the ten-fifty-three up.' I gave him no assurance that I would not mention it; but I have refrained from doing so until now. I felt you ought to know the circumstance."

"Did he leave you on the bridge?" asked Mr. Pridham.

"Yes; he walked rapidly away in this direction. I gathered he was returning home—possibly for something he had forgotten."

Mr. Pridham was silent. It seemed to him that a mesh of invisible thread was being woven round his son, and that some mysterious dishonour—deeper even than the malingering from duty—was lurking in the shadow enshrouding the events of the night.

HE thought for some moments, weighing in his mind the pros and cons of silence. At last he took a resolution.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that Laurence had forgotten something and came back for it. He must have discovered it after the car had left him at the station. I expect he did not wish to disturb us at home, knowing that we go to bed early. I can account for his question and his interest in the murder when you described the wound to him. I will show you the reason."

Mr. Pridham went out into the hall, followed by the doctor, and pointed to the Chinese knife in its place on the panel in the recess.

"Now," he said, "you understand, Fraser, that I don't want to be mixed up in this case if I can help. But in the interests of justice I feel bound to show you this. I bought it from a sailor on the tramp, who came here about a month ago, I should say, and wanted to sell me a lot of Chinese curios."

"A sailor?" said Dr. Fraser thoughtfully; "foreign or English?"

"English. In the merchant service, he said. Told us a lot of rubbish about being attacked by one of those secret 'devil' societies in the East and said he got this knife in that way. See there!" Mr. Pridham indicated the knob in the handle which controlled the secret spring. "Anyone stabbing with that dagger," he added, "and pressing the spring, would cause a wound shaped like a cross."

Dr. Fraser looked very grave and perturbed. "May I examine the knife?" he asked.

"Better not," Mr. Pridham replied. "The police may want it later. I have forbidden anyone to touch it."

"It does not appear to have been used recently," Dr. Fraser observed,

"but I should say decidedly that it was with a weapon like this that poor Lisbeth Bainton was killed. Might I suggest that you show this soon to the police. The sailor ought to be looked for."

"I fully intended to show it," answered Mr. Pridham, "directly I heard of the crime. But this trouble about my son has taken up all my time and thoughts. I will communicate with the police now. The sailor should certainly be looked for. He asserted that this was the only knife of its kind in the world when he sold it to me."

Then he added, "Would you have any objection to a consultation about my son? I think my wife's anxiety is very acute, and she expressed a wish that Fadden should see him, if possible."

"By all means," the doctor assented. "I shall be very glad to meet Sir Lionel Fadden. Would you like me to telephone to him at once?"

"Yes. Telephone here if you like—it will save time. I'll tell them to put you on to Trunks, and while we are waiting for the call I'll dictate a telegram to Colonel Bray."

Mr. Pridham felt glad that there should be someone reliable and outside his own family present when he dictated the telegram, because it would show that there was nothing untrue or underhand in his statements. He was glad, too, that in the amazing mystery so suddenly developed, someone should know a few of the facts so that he, as a justice of the peace, should not seem to be defeating the ends of justice.

He explained in the telegram that his son had been brought home, injured accidentally in some way and suffering from concussion, therefore unable to give any account of what had happened to him since he arrived at Fleet Station to catch the ten-fifty-three up to town. He added that a doctor—Fraser—was in attendance, and Sir Lionel Fadden was being called in. Afterwards, when the trunk call was put through, it was arranged that the great brain specialist should come down to Fleet that afternoon, and should be met at the station by Dr. Fraser in his car, and conveyed to Spinney Chase.

Dr. Fraser then took his departure, and Mr. Pridham rang up the inspector and said he would be glad to see him again as soon as possible.

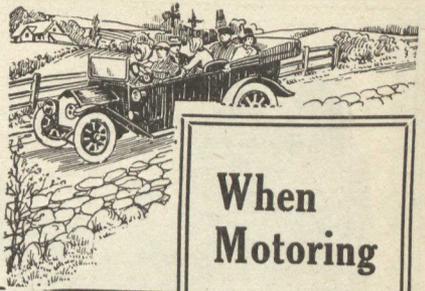
There seemed nothing more to be done. Fate had taken the ordinary daily life of these ordinary people and twisted it into devious paths where each was wandering in perplexity and alarm.

## CHAPTER X.

Nine times out of ten love is the pivot on which a woman's life turns.

FENELLA, her grey eyes heavy with unshed tears, looked across the garden, grey and misty, too, with a soddening rain, where only twenty-four hours past, Laurie had taken her in his arms and told her that she was all the world to him, and that he could not live without her.

There in the scented shadow of the syringa trees, they had planned a golden future together. Yet in one short night a curtain had fallen between them, on either side of which each lived without the other, far apart, although only a few material yards



When  
Motoring

Slip a package of INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE in the luncheon basket.

**Ingersoll**  
Cream Cheese

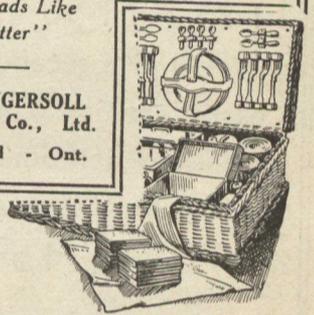
HAS a distinctive flavour—much nicer than ordinary Cheese. Wholesome and nourishing, too. You'll enjoy it.

Send for our recipe folder.

In 15c and 25c Packages.

"Spreads Like  
Butter"

THE INGERSOLL  
Packing Co., Ltd.  
Ingersoll - Ont.



EVERYONE knows, of course, that Lea & Perrins' is the best sauce.

But few people realise that it is also the most economical.

It is easily proved. Make the comparison. You will find you have to use much more of the imitation.

And it cannot give you the same satisfaction.

The white writing on  
the Red Label:—

*Lea & Perrins*

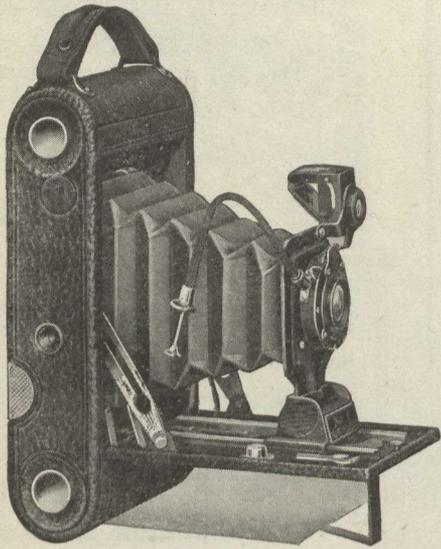
Indicates the  
Original and Genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

**PATENT YOUR IDEAS**

\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

**CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attys**  
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## The New Kodak Jr.

*With all  
the Kodak  
refinements*

**E**ASY to operate, and so thin and compact that it is pocketed without inconvenience. Equipped with new Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and for speeds of 1-25 and 1-50 with No. 1, and for 1-25, 1-50 and 1-100 of a second with No. 1A. New style back, easily removed for quick reloading. Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectilinear lens; has automatic focusing lock; collapsible, reversible finder and two tripod sockets.

No. 1, size of pictures, 2 1-4 x 3 1-4 inches, meniscus achromatic lens,	\$ 7.50
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	9.00
No. 1A, size of pictures, 2 1-2 x 4 1-4 inches, meniscus achromatic lens,	9.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	11.00

*Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto

divided their material selves—sundered hopelessly.

Their brief love dream seemed to have happened years ago, in a world of radiant summer, where Laurie, her handsome, impassioned lover, had wakened her from the peaceful sleep of girlhood and led her towards the dizzy blissful height of love, with its sun-kissed crown. Now she had slipped from his encircling arm and fallen, like Persephone of old, down into an abyss of darkness, filled with the restless pain and longings of those who have seen the light. Over and over again, in a changeless circle, she went through the events that had happened, striving to pierce the veil that hid their meaning.

First, the moment when she had seen Laurie's swift and steady approach, then her eager descent to the hall, confident that she knew his errand, joyous at the thought of an instant's reunion with him, and then her startled realization that there was something else in his mind, other than the thought of her, a pre-occupation into which she had not penetrated.

Laurie was changed. Since the moment when, as they all stood on the doorstep to see him off, his eyes caught hers and conveyed the caress he could not give, he had altered!

And the reason! Hitherto she had not dared to admit it, though it knocked at the door of her mind insistently. Now she evaded it no longer. The reason was obviously that he knew of this tragedy and that it affected him so powerfully as to hold him abstracted from his remembrance of herself.

Why had he taken the Chinese knife from its place? Why, instead of returning to Fleet Station, for the midnight train, had he struck away towards Woking? For Mrs. Bainton's cottage was not in the line for Fleet, and to reach it he must have turned his back to the direction in which he should have been going.

She was pondering over this point, searching for some clue, when Theo returned to her—Theo, wonderfully subdued and sympathetic.

"Fen," she said, kneeling down and putting her hand on Fenella's shoulder, "the doctor says he has concussion of the brain—he thinks him seriously ill. They have telephoned for Sir Lionel Fadden to come down this afternoon. He is a great specialist, isn't he?"

"Yes, I believe he is the best brain surgeon in England. I am so thankful they are having him."

"I have been talking to father," continued Theo. "I thought I would take the bull by the horns and go to him in the library. This sort of silent atmosphere is so stifling. And he has told me a lot. Shall I tell you?"

**F**ENELLA nodded. Her heart could not feel heavier, no matter what revelation was coming.

"Laurie's hat was found, about three miles this side of Woking—and—something else."

"Not—not the knife?"

In the startling pallor of Fenella's face the throbbing of a pulse in her temple was painfully visible.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Theo. "Why, Fen, you surely don't think that Laurie did it!"

"What was found?" Fenella counter-questioned.

"Your photograph, dear."

"Then your mother knows?"

"She knows it was found—yes."

"And she guesses it was Laurie's—that I had given it to him?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Fenella slowly, "that I had better tell your mother the truth about Laurie and me. Then she will send me away, and it will be far better that I should go—for Laurie's sake. The less anyone knows about Laurie, the safer it will be for him. Only, Theo, you will let me hear everything about him, won't you? If—if he doesn't get better, I shall come back—whether your mother likes it or not. I must see him once more before—"

Her voice broke, and she flung her head down and broke into terrible silent sobs that were sadder than the noisiest weeping.

Meanwhile, in the sick room, a

# No Corns



## Next Sunday

In 48 hours your corns will be gone if you use this simple method.

Apply **Blue-jay** tonight. Tomorrow you will not even think of the corn. Day after tomorrow the corn will be loosened. Simply lift it out.

Some people keep corns year after year, merely paring them once in a while.

Some people use old-time treatments, and think corns can't be ended.

They wrong themselves. A famous chemist has solved the whole corn problem. And his invention—**Blue-jay**—now removes a million corns a month.

Go try it. Note how the pain stops instantly. Note how gently **Blue-jay** undermines the corn. Note how soon the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness.

Next Sunday you can be as free from corns as a barefoot boy. And, so long as you live, you will never again let corns bother you.

# Blue-jay

## For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

**Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York**  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

## You Keep Clean

One of the advantages—and there are very many of them—of the

# O-Cedar Mop

Polish Mop

is its cleanliness. You no longer need wear a dusting cap or apron. The mop does not scatter dust—it collects it and holds it. Then the mop is washed clean occasionally and renewed with a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

—Ask your dealer to show it to you.

**Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.**

369 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Can.

Mark your linen with

# Cash's Woven Names

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slight change had come over the still figure on the bed.

Laurie, turning his head from side to side, with growing restlessness, began to mutter disconnected words and sentences, with long pauses between. Most of it was unintelligible, but here and there a familiar word or name came in, and betrayed the direction of his wandering thoughts.

"Fenella—is it Fenella?—don't tell them I came back—the knife like a cross—a good girl—that's what he said: 'a good girl—handsome'—but the knife? Can he have got the knife? Shut the door after me, Fenella. I must catch the train—the train—the train. Here it comes. I'll take the short cut to the Junction—no one will see me there—Fenella—is it Fenella?—don't tell them I came back—"

These were the phrases, mingled with many others, that seemed meaningless, pieced together by Agnes and Mrs. Pridham as they watched him. Agnes placed cool bandages on his head, and held a soothing drink constantly to his parched lips, while they waited, counting the minutes, for the two doctors to arrive.

Mrs. Pridham, listening to his constant appeal to Fenella, became at last almost distraught with the angry suffering it caused her. She beckoned Agnes away from the bedside to the farther end of the room, and said, in a choked whisper: "I am going to make her speak. There was something between them, evidently. I must and will know."

AGNES, her beautiful, pure face touched with supreme sorrow, answered softly: "Isn't it wiser to leave it alone? Mother, can't you see what really happened? Don't you understand that Fen is shielding someone at her own expense?"

But Mrs. Pridham was beyond reasoning or advice. She was, for the first time in her imperious, forceful life, almost insensate with grief and anger. She put aside Agnes's detaining fingers and hurried to Fenella's room, entering while the two girls were debating what to do.

"Listen to me," she said violently. "I have discovered sufficient about you and my son to know that you have been deceiving me. Laurie has never deceived me in his life before so it is your fault. Whoever the man was whom you dared to let into my house last night, I am certain he is the one who has brought Laurie to this pass. If so, it is you who will have killed him. I insist on your confessing everything to me at once!"

"Mother!" Theo exclaimed in a horrified voice.

Mrs. Pridham took no heed of her. "How did your photograph come to be in my son's possession at all?" she went on. "Did you give it to him or to some other man who was jealous and attacked him? Will you speak?"

"I gave it to Laurie," answered Fenella in a low, clear voice. "He asked me for it, Mrs. Pridham."

"And you wrote that inscription on it for him?"

"Yes."

The gesture which Mrs. Pridham made was almost like a blow. "You considered yourself his 'own Fenella'?" Did you imagine that my son was going to marry you?"

Fenella controlled her voice to answer softly: "Your son asked me to marry him."

"We should never have allowed it. I suppose you knew that well enough, and wanted to make it as difficult as possible for him. Was he aware that you were in the habit of going down stairs after everyone was in bed, to have clandestine meetings with some man?"

"I have not been in the habit of it," Fenella answered.

"You deny that you met someone last night?"

"No! I do not deny it."

"And my son knew it?"

"Yes."

"Yes!"

Mrs. Pridham's astonishment was so intense that she echoed the word incredulously.

There was a pause. Fenella was as white as death with deep purple shadows round her lustrous eyes. If

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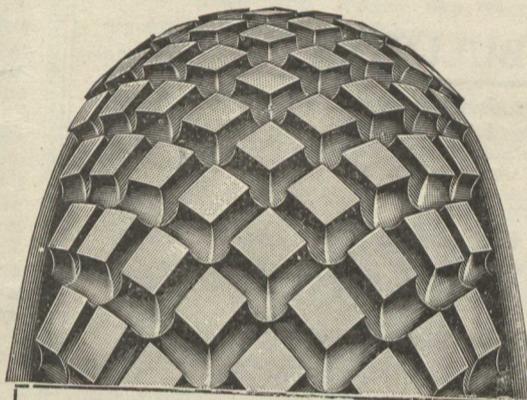
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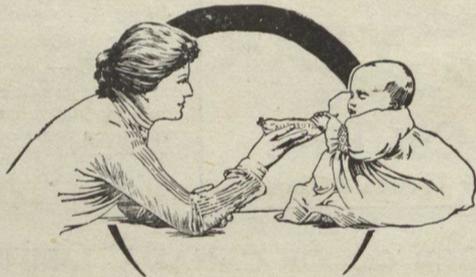
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Mrs. Pridham had not been demented with rage and pain, she would have spared the girl this ordeal of questioning.

"Then," said Mrs. Pridham, "I am right in my surmise. Laurence returned because he suspected you of playing a double game. He surprised you with the other man—who attacked him."

Theo would be stayed no longer. "Mother! if you only knew the truth!" she cried, and put her arm round Fenella. "Why don't you tell her? Do tell her, Fen!" And the girl became agitated.

Fenella said nothing. Gently she unwound Theo's arm and moved away out of the range of Mrs. Pridham's furious gaze.

"Mother," said Theo impetuously, "if Fen won't clear herself, I must. The man who was in the hall last night, before Fen went down at all, was —"

"Theo—your promise!" Fen's reproachful voice rang across the room. And in a flash, like a bolt from the blue, the truth itself came to Mrs. Pridham.

She looked from one girl to the other almost as if she was dazed. "Promise!" she faltered. "Theo promised! You don't mean that—?"

SHE stopped, afraid to say the words—afraid of the very confirmation she was asking for.

"Don't ask us," Fenella said. "Don't let anyone else ask us, if you can possibly help it, Mrs. Pridham. If you know nothing, you cannot be forced to tell. Forget about Laurie and me. What does it matter whether he cared for me or not? It is over now—it will never matter again. We only want to get him well—if it is possible—and to keep him safe from harm. I don't care what happens to me. People can think what they like. They can believe I murdered that poor girl, if they choose—but they can't make me speak, if I won't speak—and I won't. I would give my life for Laurie's."

All the emotion repressed during the hours of mental anguish that had passed was in the hurried, breathless words pouring from her lips; her face was eloquent of pathos and sincerity, and as she said, "they can't make me speak, if I won't speak—and I won't," Mrs. Pridham suddenly understood that she was in the presence of a great and unselfish love, a sacrifice of self for another's sake, and that other the son whom she worshipped. For the first time she perceived that Laurie might be implicated, however unfairly, in this crime committed at their very gates, and that all which was inexplicable in his conduct might have a more far-reaching and more dangerous significance than she had dreamt of. Circumstances play a great part.

If his safety lay in Fenella keeping silence, what madness it was to make her speak! Why couldn't she be left alone, instead of being badgered.

"If I have done you an injustice," she said, "I am sorry. I have scarcely known what I am saying, for this has all been a great shock to me. If you love Laurie as you say you do, you will think only of what is best for him."

The change was so marked that it shook Fenella's firmness, braced up to bear the attack, and conquered her as no harsh treatment would have done.

She put out both her hands, in an imploring gesture, to Mrs. Pridham not to say any more, and pointed to the door. She felt as if she must be alone.

Her face was working, and the words she strove to say would not come, until she turned to Theo and laid her face down on the girl's shoulder.

"Tell your mother," she whispered, "that she can trust me implicitly, and that whatever I do, it will be for Laurie's sake—to save him from trouble."

Mrs. Pridham listened in silence, and went back to Laurie's room where she found that he had relapsed into the same deathlike torpor.

Agnes saw the difference in her

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mother's face. "You know," she affirmed. "I guessed it from the first. Fenella is brave and good, mother. Laurie's honour is safe with her."

CHAPTER XI.

To every ten women who are good simply because their lives have been sheltered from contact with evil, you will find an eleventh woman who is good from conviction, and the love of doing right.

AGNES PRIDHAM'S saintliness was of the unobtrusive sort. Every action of kindness or devotion, every sacrifice of selfish desire or feeling was spontaneous, and done with so natural a grace, such an absence of pose or affected humility that those who benefited thereby often forgot to be grateful—taking for granted that Agnes found pleasure in thus yielding to others all the best she had to give.

There was one person who secretly worshipped their gentle saint with the golden eyes, while he scoured his heart for thus betraying the most cherished principles of his life.

The Reverend John Hassall, vicar of the parish which included Spinney Chase in its bounds, spoke of the elder Miss Pridham as "a beautiful character in its development" and he never ceased to deplore her secession from his own beloved Church. This was his view from the standpoint of a rigid low Churchman. He blamed himself (quite unnecessarily) for her change of faith but Agnes' convictions had inclined, since early girlhood, towards Roman Catholicism; its ornate ritual and attractive surroundings had induced her first to attend the Oratory services during a visit to London, and later the powerful eloquence of a great preacher rivetted the slender thread which drew her onwards to an open confession of her change of religion.

John Hassall recognized with stoical resignation that he was separated for ever from the woman whom he had placed in a niche apart from all the world, and it seemed to him that he must have fallen short in his spiritual ministration, thus to have lost the purest soul that had come within the limits of his supervision.

Agnes had ceased to take any prominent part in actual parish work. Still she was ever ready to help her poorer neighbours when in distress, and amongst these were the wife and children of a farm labourer, James Donnithorne, who had been badly injured while working a chaff-cutter. The man lost his right hand and, being incapacitated for doing his ordinary work, could only gain an occasional light job, while his wife—a decent, hard-working woman—took in laundry-work so as to provide food for the children. Of these there were some half-dozen boys and girls, healthy and rosy-cheeked for the most part, and always clean and tidy—a credit to their mother's unceasing toil.

Agnes heard of Mrs. Donnithorne's struggle to keep a home, and her sympathies were at once enlisted. She sent laces and summer blouses to be washed, and paid for them liberally, supplementing these payments with many useful gifts to the children. The youngest little girl, Florrie, the only delicate one in the flock, was a particular favourite with "the young lady from the Chase," as Agnes was always called.

Dr. Fraser, coming late in the afternoon to meet the specialist who had been summoned for Laurie, told Agnes (knowing the interest she took in the child) that little Florrie was ill again—nothing that could be precisely diagnosed, but just listless and drooping, like a flower chilled by cold winds, so that it would never reach its full maturity.

Agnes, pale and heavy-eyed, had left Laurie's room, after a long vigil, and a couple of hospital nurses were now installed there who made it evident that they would tolerate no amateur assistance.

"You want a breath of fresh air," the doctor told Agnes, when the consultation was over and he found her, dejected and wan, in the corridor outside Laurie's door. Then he added,

with inspiration, "and your little protegee Florrie, is making me feel very anxious again. I daresay you could induce her to take some food. Both her mother and I have failed but, if you went to see her, you might perhaps succeed."

"Poor little mite! of course I'll go!" Agnes exclaimed and, a few minutes later, was out of the house, carrying a basket full of dainties and fruit, to tempt the sick child, and with them a picture-book which might perhaps bring back the dimples of laughter to the sweet baby face.

John Hassall saw Agnes coming along the road and it vexed him to know that his pulses quickened and his heart gave a great bound of delight at the prospect of a few words with the girl who had adjoined the doctrine which, to him, spelt Truth. He guessed her mission and stopped to take her little hand in his friendly grasp.

"On kindness bent, as usual, I see!" he told her, with the unspoken adoration shining in his honest eyes. And when Agnes had admitted she was on her way to Mrs. Donnithorne's cottage, he was silent for a few seconds, as if debating something in his mind. Finally, he said, "I'm glad you're going there, Miss Pridham. The poor woman is in sore distress of mind—she'll tell you herself the reason of it. I heard to-day that your brother is very ill and I was just going to the Chase to inquire for him."

"Oh, do go and see father, Mr. Hassall. I'm sure he would be pleased to have a talk with you. He's been dreadfully worried and anxious about poor Laurie, but the specialist—Sir Lionel Fadden—came from London to see him and has given a more hopeful report than we expected. Now there are two hospital nurses in the house, I don't seem to be of much use and thought I was only in the way if I stayed with Laurie."

MR. HASSALL promised to go on to the Chase, adding that he hoped to see Agnes on her return home and so they parted again.

Little Florrie stretched out both arms, with a delighted cry, when Agnes placed the basket before her and allowed the child to lift out its contents herself. Then, seeing Mrs. Donnithorne busy, out in the back garden, hanging up garments to dry, she gave Florrie some fruit to eat and went to speak to the mother.

A shade of trouble was visible on the homely face as Agnes approached. "I'm almost ashamed to meet you, Miss," the woman said apologetically. "I'm afraid the talk that's going about the village must have reached you and, after all your kindness to us, it must appear to you as if we were an ungrateful lot."

Agnes was mystified. "I don't understand, Mrs. Donnithorne. What is it all about?"

"It wasn't Teddie's fault, I assure you, Miss; the boy meant no harm, though, as I told him, he should know when to hold his tongue instead of talking about things that don't concern him. I've been so put about by it all that I feel ready to cry my eyes out, Miss, I assure you I do."

Agnes lifted the corner of a sheet from a spiky gooseberry bush on which it had impaled itself. "Tell me what it is that troubles you, Mrs. Donnithorne."

"It was this way, Miss. Some of the men were talking outside the smithy about poor Liz Bainton. Ben Judd he'd got a newspaper with a portrait of the dead girl—she wasn't known about here, although she was living with an old grandmother only a short distance away. She came from Bristol, I fancy, just to look after the old woman and was rather of the sort that keeps to herself, so nobody has seemed to see much of her."

"I heard something about it," Agnes interposed, as Mrs. Donnithorne paused for breath. "Dr. Fraser mentioned that she was a nice quiet girl—and that her death was a mystery. But in what way came your boy, Teddie, to have anything to do with it?"

(To be continued.)

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