

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Country Life Supplement



Civic Beautification

With Illustrations

By W. A. CRAICK



City Man in the Country

With Special Photographs

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR



Concerning a Child

A Short Story With a Theme

By W. A. FRASER



Regulation of Mergers

By F. W. FIELD



Men of To-Day



News in Picture

The Road  To Dollars

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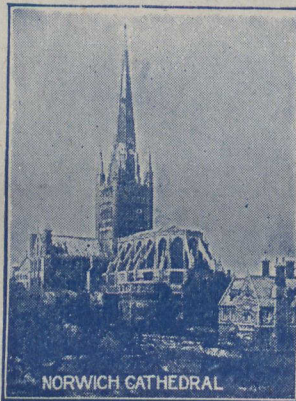
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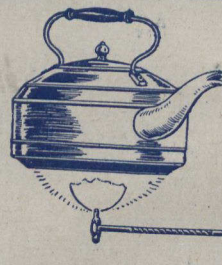
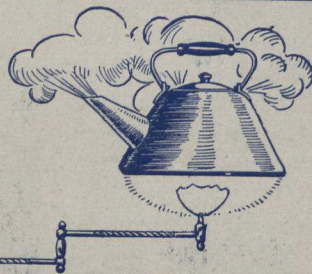
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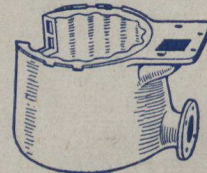
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 23

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Editor's Talk

There are two social movements which go hand in hand; the movement of city people towards the suburbs and the country, and the improvement in the conditions of life among city dwellers. In our monthly Country and Suburban Life Supplement, which appears this week, we have an article on each movement. Mr. Craick tells something about the work of civic beautification which is taking place in the older parts of Canada. Mr. Sinclair points out the difference between the movement from the city to the country as it was twenty-five years ago and as it is to-day, and says "The city man no longer goes to the country to die; he goes there to live his freest and happiest hours."

Toronto is paying great attention to both these movements. The people of that city find a growth in the slum districts, and in seeking about for a remedy they are turning their attention to city planning, suburban garden cities, the general housing problem and transportation facilities for suburban dwellers. Recently the movement was confined to a few citizens; but now the City Council is taking it up seriously, editorials are appearing in the daily papers and the citizens generally are discussing it. It is a Great Awakening. What has happened in Toronto will happen in every other city in Canada in a greater or less degree. It is this great awakening to which special attention will be given in our monthly Country and Suburban Life Supplement.

* * *

Readers who took a decided interest in the animal stories by Charles G. D. Roberts, which have appeared in the "Canadian Courier" during the past two years, will be somewhat surprised at the character of the new story by the same author which commences in next week's paper. There is the same charm of literary style, the same dignity of diction and the same dramatic power. Yet, "The Runners of the Air" has a plot which one might expect to see chosen by Stanley J. Weyman or Robert Barr, or by some author accustomed to handling startling situations. Mr. Roberts describes a series of exciting events in a charming way which is all his own. He has proved that it is possible to handle a sensational theme as a piece of dignified non-sensational literature. It is an absorbing story.



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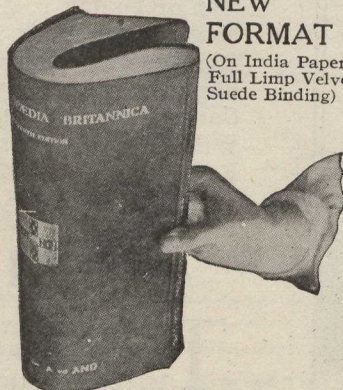
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The sum of £230,000 (\$1,150,000) was paid to contributors and editors, as well as for maps, illustrations, typesetting, plates, etc., before a single copy was offered for sale.

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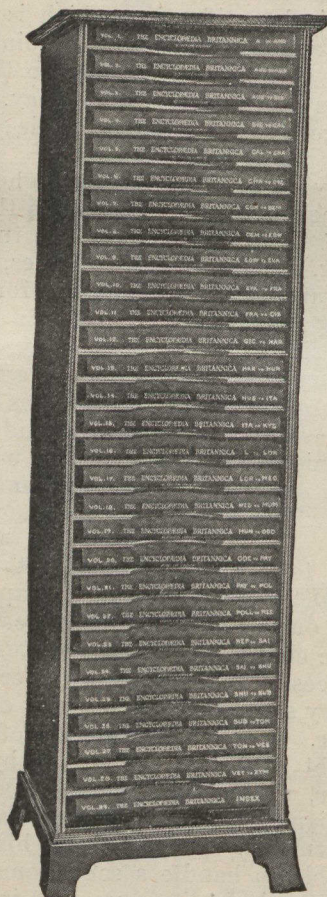
2. THE INDIA PAPER FORMAT

The work appears in a revolutionary format, which renders the Encyclopædia Britannica for the first time a convenient book to hold and, therefore, agreeable to read. Printed on India paper (tough, light and thin, but at the same time opaque), the volumes measure but one inch in thickness instead of two and three-quarter inches as heretofore, though containing identically the same matter and produced from identically the same plates as the familiar impression on ordinary paper.

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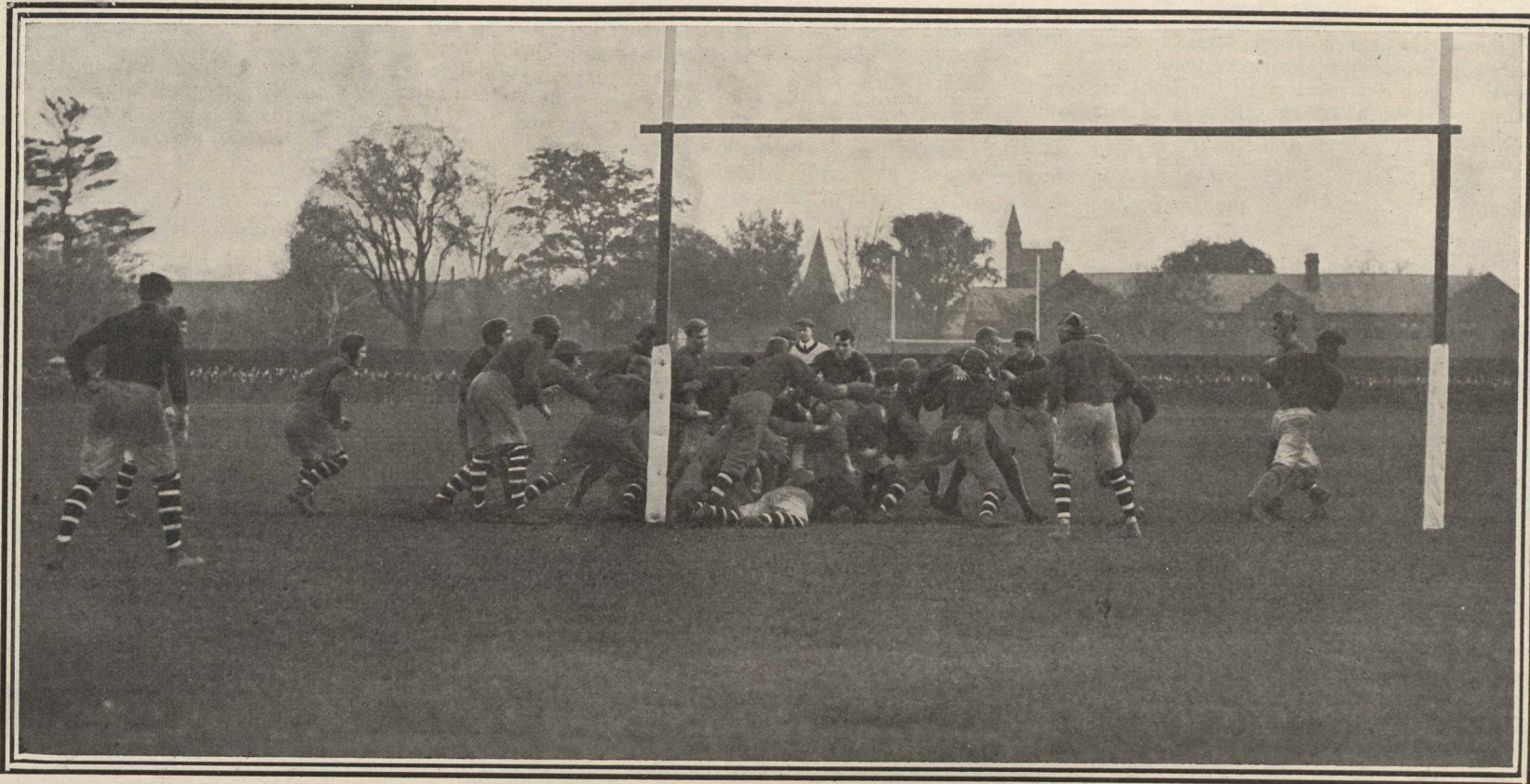
A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

November 4, 1911

No. 23

RUGBY IS THE SPORT OF THE HOUR



The Intercollegiate Union is not to be easy for the champion Varsity team. Ottawa College and McGill have strong teams. Varsity beat Queens and McGill in their first games, but fell before Ottawa College. This is a photograph at the Varsity-McGill game in Toronto on October 14th.



Four thousand people watched Argonauts trim Ottawa Rough Riders at Rosedale, Toronto, on October 21st. 7-4 is a tight score in football. It was the superior work of their line that did the trick for the oarsmen. By the loss of this game Ottawa was put out of the Interprovincial championship race. Other competing teams are Montreal and Hamilton. Argonauts so far look like champions.

Photographs by W. James.

CONCERNING A CHILD

A Story told to "Shatter False Gods of Little Faith."

By W. A. FRASER

THEY had said that I should find Gray, like his writings, different. I did. He was. Sitting under a giant bull-moose head that the flickering grate fire silhouetted in grotesque shadows upon the ceiling of Gray's study he told me this story of his hearth and the other man's; the unique splendour of our environment conveying to me a fugitive sense of understanding of the uncanonical grace of it.

A riot of salvaged tokens mapped Gray's travels. Carved Hindoo gods leered from their holding shelves; priceless Indian bead-work festooned the wall; a bear-skin flashed a memory of the Rockies; and the pungent odour of Bokharan rugs was a sentient recall of the time Gray had hobnobbed with camels and cut-throat Pathans in Asia. For he had taken a post-graduate course in the humanities and their ramifications far down over the lip of the world, and his mental horizon ran even so, by latitude and longitude. And in physical inertia his mind still explored. Where the tools of his trade, books, mosaiced in a pattern of red, and green, and black against the wall ended, oils took up the climb, mounting in rational confusion to the very top. In a dark corner the front of a piano flickered wine-red with the reflected glow of the hearth fire. All these jewels of environment to Gray and his story were like cairn-stones about the feet of an oaken shaft.

We had been carrying on a guerilla warfare upon modernity in books and their lack of simple morality—had lain mental hands upon the "Scarlet Letter" and the Bible in the way of comparison, and I, eloquently indignant, had just proclaimed that there was little of the Christ spirit left in us; that there were but two classes, Christians who went around shouting an eye for an eye in the name of Jehovah, and sinners who slit throats silently in the name of the Devil, when a cyclone tore the front door from its hinges.

With surprising agility for one so meditative, Gray sprang from his chair and quickly, though gently, shoved to the door of his study; not, however, before I heard a fresh young voice calling: "Mumsie! Mumsie! Where are you, angel-face—up-stairs, down-stairs, or flewed the coop? There you are! Dad home?"

"Mumsie" couldn't possibly have had time to answer, for the next instant our door flew open, and in a twinkling a feminine college rush was on, with "Dad" the goal. With an adroit twist "Dad" doubled behind me, and the girl, startled, squeaked in confusion; her big blue-gray eyes looked at me in wide affright.

"Dad" came to the rescue with a chuckle, saying, "This is our little Ruth, Bates."

That he spoke of Ruth as little was a flash-light on his simple constancy. She was tall—I thought physically perfect, magnificent. The face commanded immediate analysis, there was so much suggestion of both power and sweetness.

"Where have you been, Doo-doo?" Gray asked, as the girl slipped to a low chair, the contour of her strongly-chiselled face holding cool-gray against the ruddy firelight.

"Down with Baby Ruth," she replied; "and doesn't Cousin Catherine just worship that kid—I mean child, father; honest I do. 'Kid' is slang"—she laughed mischievously. "I offered Cousin Catherine a thousand dollars for babe to-day."

I watched the beautifully mobile face, so like Gray's with the broad forehead, the strong bone-work beneath the smooth, fair skin, as he drew its owner on to chat about her swimming, her riding; the tremendous joy of living. As she rose to leave us the father said, casually, "Show Doctor Bates your hand, Ruth."

I was not a doctor of any kind, but, raising my eyes in astonishment, I caught a prodigious wink of conspiracy from Gray, and examined with great professional gravity the tiny, malformed hand which Ruth placed with so much pathetic trust in mine. Gray was explaining rapidly. "Ruth wants to have an operation performed—what do you think, Doctor?"

"I'd rather look at it to-morrow in the daylight," I said in evasion.

When Ruth had left us Gray explained the curious incident. "Because of the very things we have been discussing, charity and humanity and all the rest of it, I wanted you to see Ruth's hand, and, pro tem, rushed you through the College of Surgeons so as not to hurt her feelings. She's too

plucky to say anything about it, but she's sensitive—suffers daily the torture of suppressed humiliation. More than once I've seen the contagion of tears in her mother's eyes."

Gray had rammed the bowl of his pipe with tobacco, and as he harked back to his travel life, unconsciously I think, by lighting it with a coal at the grate, I said: "It's just the fiendish thoughtlessness of their fellows that makes the physically imperfect vindictive—they become, after a time, soured in disposition."

"Bates," Gray answered, "in common—puff-puff—with others, you—puff, puff, puff!—you judge the mind-jewel entirely by the physical casket; and—puff-f! (the pipe was going fine now) I'm going to tell you a little story about Ruth and another girl, in the way of shattering your false gods of little faith. Ruth, in spite of this cause for revolt against the creative, with all her physical exuberance, finding its expression in slang, love of sport, and all that, is really of a large mentality, school and church standing as the two goals of worth; and, as having some distant bearing on this story, I may say she never had a beau."

"Time enough," I commented.

"That's what she says," Gray affirmed. He pulled meditatively at his pipe for a few seconds and then resumed. "Just down the street lives my wife's cousin, David Holt, his wife Catherine, and an only daughter, Christine. Christine was given her own way in everything except perhaps religion; the mother, a Calvinist, had such an abiding faith in the dogmatic minister and the power of the Good Book that I think she allowed her moral tuition of Christine to rest at that—didn't tell her things, you know, Bates; if she had—however, I'm not going to tell you the story till we come to it."

"I think I can guess, Gray," I declared; "I often wonder who is really going to be punished for all that happens in this way."

"God knows!" Gray ejaculated. "However, one evening last August I was sitting in this very chair trying to read. Perhaps it was the sultry night that fagged my spirits—you know, Bates"—he appealed to me—"that curious sensation of evil about to materialize?"

I nodded, adding, "But it doesn't always come off."

"No, but that night it did; and Holt had, I think, set in motion a telepathic wave of distress. I heard him in the hall asking for me, and, as if foreshadowing trouble, he had with him his semi-annual voice."

I WAS surprised into a laugh by this curious appellation. Gray explained: "Holt is the best beloved citizen of this village, and is Captain in perpetuity of the Fire Brigade. One of his duties—it's likely an unwritten law—is to get pretty well corned at the Firemen's Ball on New Year's Eve, and again on Dominion Day, when they hold their sports. When the affliction of his libations is upon him, Holt's voice is the most traitorous thing on earth, giving way to an extraordinary series of vocal stings. So, when I heard his holiday voice in my hall, especially in my work hours, I had a personal feeling of wrong. According to his statute of limitation it was the close season for David, and here he was loaded for bear. As he stood just within my study, nervously twirling a soft black hat about the pinion of his left hand, his moral dish-ability was apparent. I did not speak and he suddenly exclaimed:

"I'm in trouble, Robert. I've just got to talk to some one; and I—I—I wish I was dead—that's all there is to it! Hell ain't no worse than what I've got to stand for now!"

"Jumping at conclusions, I said: 'Look here, Dave, you've been to the corner; cut that out and go home to Catherine!'"

"'It ain't that, Robert—I wish it was,' he declared. 'God! if I could get drunk, and stay drunk for a month, I might forget. It's Christine—she's in trouble; my God, my little Chris.'"

"Then his grief flooded. It's a fearful thing, Bates, to see a big, strong man blubber like a child. I pulled him by the arm to that wooden rocker. He fell into it like a bag of meal—he was a man turned to jelly; he buried his face in his hands and sobbed. I waited, noting, now that he was under the light, that he still wore the greasy clothes of the factory—his hands were black with the sweat of the lathe. For him the world was standing still; time had

ended—when, crossing his threshold, bar to his world of toil, he had stepped into hell.

"Through my mind the panorama of this horrible life tragedy galloped needless of explanation. Christine was a girl who had never grown up; at eighteen still a child—'little Chris.' I put my hand on David's shoulder. The desolation in his eyes, blurred with their red anguish as he lifted them to mine, was pitiable.

"'What am I to do, Robert?' he asked; the mediocrity of his query laying bare the hopelessness of everything. In the presence of this life problem what could any one do, or say, or advise. I could read in the eyes, red-and-yellow streaked, the struggle between a shrinking horror of village scorn, and baleful thoughts of killing. Perhaps it was intuition, or only a guess, but I put out my hand and said, 'David, give me that gun!'"

"He gave a surprised start, then lowering his eyes to the floor, put something in my hand which I threw into a drawer, declaiming: 'A fool's remedy; but, after all, David, perhaps I should have been as bad if this had been brought home to me.'"

"'Ah, your girl is different—Ruth has an old head, but little Chris. has never been anything but a child,' he moaned."

GRAY was evidently living over his seance with Holt. Eyes fixed on the smoldering fire I could picture him sitting there that night guiding the stricken man into a saner spirit by just logical control. He was now shaking up his lagging pipe, and I filled in the break with, "Holt then evidently knew the barbarian—the soulless vampire."

"Oh, yes," Gray answered, a flash of war in his eye; "and I helped him close the strong fingers of the law about the miscreant's neck later on. I'm not going to bother you about that—law is always commonplace of necessity. What I am giving you the setting of is a ruby above price—something infinitely greater and more beautiful than all written law, and something with which I had very little to do; it was inspiration.

"Holt was a man slow of thought, knowing more about lathe-gear and the temper of spring-steel than the nebulousity of right and wrong; besides, he was like a wounded animal. The mother, Catherine, would prove dourly obdurate—her religious zeal would blind her to any extenuating condition. I tried to show David that the whole matter was now in the hands of God, not in the eyes or on the lips of any villager; that whatever there had been of sin was passed—that it had never rested upon his household—and that the greatest thing on earth was a little child. To tell you the truth, Bates, I had never thought so far along these lines before. It was as if his soul, throbbing with a pain and humiliation, impossible of adequate articulation, vibrated mine to the point of inspiration. Deeply stirred I got nebulous glimpses of why Christ had insisted so much upon the child in His teachings—'Suffer little children to come unto me'; you know, Bates."

"Yes," I broke in, getting an inkling of Gray's philosophy; "and the whole teaching almost is of God's gift to the world, and so much of inspiration about that babe Christ in It's manger cot."

Gray's face lighted; a flush crept over it's rather cold chiseling. He put his hand on my knee. "There's something beautiful coming—when I get to the story; I thought you'd know. Well, I touched a tender spot in Holt's heart with this, for he and the mother had both fairly worshipped little Chris; but immediately he slipped away from me, declaring that he never could hold up his head in the village with an uncanonical child in the house.

"Over this anticipation of the village uncharitableness Holt worked himself up into a passion. He'd rather see Christine dead in her grave, and himself lying there beside her, than know that the village finger of scorn was pointed with fiendish malevolence toward his little cottage. He said to me, and his eyes blazed: 'To-night when I looked at Chris, her eyes like those of a stricken animal that was dying of fright, everything went red; in rage I took the gun. As I came up the walk there the Devil seemed leading me by the hand—fast; I was in a hurry to kill, to commit murder. Just as I came opposite your window the light streamed across my path. I looked up and saw your face—it was restful, calm. Across the street the church was lighted, too—somebody was at the organ. I felt tired—I leaned against the big maple. The perfume of those tall white flowers all along there in a row came up to me and made me think of Cousin Martha. I—I—'"

"His voice broke as he mentioned my wife's name, for he always thought of her as a sister.

"'Yes,' I said to him encouragingly, 'the wife's nicotine; she calls them earth's sweet dreams, for they only give their perfume at night. When she

(Continued on page 24.)

MEN OF TO-DAY

Doctors in the Cabinet.

IN spacious offices in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, sit two doctors of medicine. Both have the prefix "Honourable" before their names; for these medical gentlemen Mr. Borden has called into his Cabinet. Among his following in the House, the Prime Minister has found two practitioners possessing sufficient business acumen to justify him in placing them in command of two of the chief departments of state. Behind a big desk on which daily pour a drift of important documents red with seals, is an erect, decisive man, who, six months ago, was a prairie doctor and, incidentally, a Manitoba representative in the House of Commons. He is Hon. Dr. W. J. Roche, Secretary of State. At another desk, sits a fellow doctor, who is now general to an army of clerks on the Hill; from him a host of government officials in the different towns of the Dominion will take their orders in the future. This dignitary is Hon. Dr. J. D. Reid, Minister of Customs. These two Hon. Doctors, assisted by the lawyers and business men comprising the rest of Mr. Borden's Cabinet, the other day, nominated another medicine man for Speaker of the House of Commons—Hon. Dr. T. S. Sproule. So there are now really three Honourable doctors on the treasury benches.

It appears rather phenomenal that three practitioners should all at once attain to such high positions in the sphere of government. The legislative field would seem far enough remote from the strictly scientific vocation of an M. D. as to preclude the most versatile-minded doctor thinking of competing with lawyers and business men for the coveted honours of political life. But doctors, whose conceptions, it would be imagined, naturally related largely to the problems of the human body, have shown before this that they were also extremely familiar with the body politic. The doctor in Parliament is a tradition in Canada. Is not that hale, old chieftain of a former days, Sir Charles Tupper, a Blue-Nose minister to human ills?

The present instance only emphasizes the active, healthy interest in public affairs shown always by the medical profession of the Dominion. The doctor with a taste for politics makes an exceedingly useful party man, and usually a capable parliamentarian. His standing, as a physician, gives him social prestige in the community. His professional in work brings him more intimately in touch with citizens than ordinary men. He gets to know the idiosyncracies of individuals, as he enters house after house; and the needs of the community are rather vividly impressed upon him. When he gets to Ottawa, the knowledge of human nature gained at first hand, back home, assists him in his new sphere, where he must diagnose national weaknesses and prescribe legislative medicine. But the ordinary medical M. P., most of whose life has been spent healing the sick, performs a real feat in adaptability, when, by close study, he becomes a Cabinet Minister, a finished product of a business man, capable of administering all the detail which passes through a departmental office on Parliament Hill.

* * *

Hon. Dr. W. J. Roche.

BOTH because they have performed this feat, and for themselves, Hon. Doctors Roche and Reid are interesting men. Dr. Roche is that virile, well-educated, western type, whose dominance in Ottawa affairs will be the more felt as the country develops. Hon. Dr. Roche originated at Clandeboye, Ontario, 52 years ago. As a youth he had two ambitions: the stage and the diamond. Roche, the Thespian, was a matinee idol at the shows he helped with in the schoolhouse. His histrionic predilection was, perhaps, upset, and his eloquence saved to parliament by the fact that he played baseball hard. During one famous game, a slant heaved by the opposing twirler knocked Roche's finger awry. He still has that baseball finger. The page boys at Ottawa will no doubt commend this manual oddity, and ask Dr. Roche to play ball with them, as Dr. Beland is wont to do. Maturing rapidly, young Roche renounced the drama and baseball, as boys will, and wound

up at Trinity Medical School to be initiated into the intricacies of anatomy. Shortly he moved to the medical school at the Western University, London. In 1883 he was M. D., with first-class honours, the first medical graduate of the London University.

Next he piked out West, starting to practise in the pioneer prairie community of Minnedosa, Manitoba. Here he encountered life in the raw. Mighty discouraging he found it sometimes, galloping over the plains, rain or shine, midnight or mid-day, helping ailing settlers who often could not afford to pay for treatment. But he stuck to his circuit-riding job. And he began to expand. People began to talk about him appreciatively and, at last, vociferously in 1892, when they asked the cheery doctor to run for the Manitoba Legislature. He was new to the political game and fell short a few votes. But he wasn't downed. In 1896, he came out for the Federal arena. He got there; and again in 1900, 1904, 1908, 1911.

In Ottawa, Hon. Dr. Roche established a reputation for sitting tight when he had nothing worth saying and opening up with suggestions at psycho-

policy. Besides doing a large share of party organization work, Dr. Reid has been a fighting weapon in the House. When the Public Accounts Committee were under fire, Dr. Reid was one of the bomb throwers. He is a forceful speechmaker and sometimes hits out effectively. Recently, he spoke himself into prominence during the row over the dam at the Long Sault Rapids on the St. Lawrence.

During the tense two weeks lately, while Mr. Borden sat in his residence at Ottawa, pencil in hand, figuring out his cabinet slate, there was much speculation as to opposite what portfolio the Premier would place the name of Dr. J. D. Reid. It was said that the Doctor would get Marine. But the Prime Minister evidently thought that tariff clinics would suit a doctor better and he made him Minister of Customs.

Hon. Dr. Reid was born in Prescott, in 1859. He studied medicine at Queen's, and, like Hon. Dr. Roche, at Trinity, Toronto. He has lived in Prescott all his life. He was elected by Grenville to Parliament in 1891, 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908, and 1911.

* * *

Senator Wilson of Quebec.

ONE of the last acts of the Laurier Government was to fill the senatorial vacancy caused by the death of Hon. L. J. Forget. When it was announced that a certain Montreal gentleman by the name of Wilson would wear the toga of the great Quebec financier, many people outside of the Province of Quebec looked twice at the name. Surely the new Senator from Quebec must be of Scotch or English descent. And was it not an incongruity, that a man, other than a dyed-in-the-wool French-Canadian, should take up the mantle of Louis Joseph Forget? But a peculiar thing about Senator Wilson is that he is a Scotch-French-Canadian. His grandfather, a Scot, married into a French-Canadian family. In training, the Senator is a Quebecker; which after all is the most important thing for a man representing Quebec among the patres.

He was born at Ile Bizard; attended Plateau School, Montreal, and got his first job keeping books for Dufresne and Mongenais, grocers. For twenty-two years Senator Wilson has been actively interested in his firm of Boivin and Wilson, wine importers. He sits on the board of directors of the Hochelaga Bank, Montreal Street Railway, Canadian Light and Power Co., and the Prudential Trust Company. French thrift and Scotch shrewdness have combined in producing his financial talent and capacity for larger citizenship. Senator Wilson will be one of the youths of the Senate; he is only fifty-two years old.

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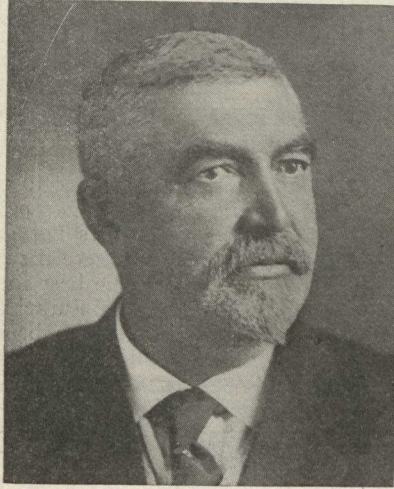
Expert in Civics.

PRESIDENT of the Union of Canadian Municipalities is Mr. James W. McCready, B.A., of Fredericton. Down in his native province of New Brunswick, Mr. McCready is regarded as an expert on matters of municipal administration. He is an example of a college man making the Canadian city a life study, and carving out a career for himself as a city servant. Mr. McCready graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1880. He became a lawyer. He was just cultivating a professional air when he was elected an alderman of Fredericton. This step into municipal politics finished his political ambitions. After serving the aldermanic term, he got a job with the Municipality of York. He stuck to it till 1904, when he signed up with Fredericton for a position.

His thirteen years experience in municipal work had now given him an insight into civic problems. He was ready to boost a few ideas he had formed. He began to throw out all kinds of suggestions about modern sewage disposal, water filtration, paved streets. The Fredericton Board of Trade, which he promoted in 1891, was zealous in furthering these improvements. Fredericton is becoming one of the most attractive cities in Canada, with officials like Mr. McCready at the helm. Mr. McCready is president of the Fredericton Tourist Association, which is a good advertising medium for New Brunswick towns, and he is a strenuous participant in the Councils of the Union of New Brunswick Municipalities. In his new position as president for next year of the national organization of Canadian towns and cities, Mr. McCready will have further opportunities along this line.



SENATOR J. M. WILSON
Montreal
Who wears the toga of Louis Joseph Forget.



MR. JAMES W. MCCREADY
Fredericton
President Union of Canadian Municipalities



HON. DR. J. D. REID
Prescott
Who is the new Minister of Customs.



HON. DR. W. J. ROCHE
Manitoba
Secretary of State in the Borden Cabinet.

logical moments. His geniality and tact made him friends with the rank and file of the House. In 1901 he was appointed Western Conservative Whip by his party leaders, and since then he has been in the van whenever a fight was on which called for organizing talent. He was one of Mr. Borden's Western touring party last summer.

* * *

Hon. Dr. J. D. Reid.

A HARD-HITTING, doughty campaigner, is Hon. Dr. John Dowsley Reid, of Prescott, Ont. He sits for the constituency of Grenville at the east end of Ontario. Dr. Reid and Grenville have been synonymous since 1891. The new Minister of Customs is one of the old guard of Conservatives in the House. He is just finishing his twentieth year in Parliament. During this long period, Dr. Reid has been one source of hope and inspiration to the gentlemen who, since 1896, were in the cold shades of opposition. It's safe betting that there is no man in Canada who knows the Conservative party like Dr. Reid. He has been one of Mr. Borden's closest advisers on matters of party

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The New Imperialism.

FOR some years it was hardly possible for a Canadian to lay any claim to being an imperialist unless he believed in the Chamberlain policy of imperial tariff preferences. Mr. Chamberlain stated his case so vigorously and aroused so much enthusiasm among the more ardent imperialists that his plans for holding the Empire together held the centre of the stage. There was so much of truth and constructive statesmanship in his policy that it made a profound impression everywhere.

However, time works marvelous changes in political propaganda and to-day there are a large number of people who are able to call themselves imperialists and at the same time deny that they approve of Mr. Chamberlain's particular imperial policy. Even ardent free traders are now claiming to be as good imperialists as the ardent tariff reformers. Instead of having imperial and non-imperial schools of thought, there are two imperial schools. The one school bases its imperialism on trade and sentiment; the second school bases its imperialism on sentiment and trade. The one places trade first on its programme, the other places sentiment or common interest in the first place on its programme.

In the remarkable address which Earl Grey made before the Royal Colonial Institute last week, the late Governor-General of Canada practically announced his passing from the one school to the other. He declared that Canada defeated reciprocity without any expectation that such a result would affect the tariffs of the United Kingdom. He declared with equal confidence that "the Canadian people are not in sympathy with any form of imperialism which involves the idea of the subjection of a self-governing people to any authority outside." Then he rounded out his statement with the remark, "Canadians are all imperialists and all nationalists."

If I may be so bold, I should like to say that the situation has been accurately described by a Britisher for the first time. We are for the Empire and for Canada. The Australians are for the Empire and for Australia, and so on. That is the case in a nutshell. But only a few of us follow the Chamberlain propaganda.

* * *

The Tariff Commission.

MANUFACTURERS who favoured a tariff commission which would look at the tariff through unprejudiced, business spectacles, will be surprised at the attitude of the *Toronto Telegram*. That noble defender of the protectionist principle says that protection is "the country's principle," and hence should neither be subject to 'the deceits and uselessness of a tariff commission' nor 'assassinated' by an ex-Liberal Finance Minister. The *Telegram* does not believe in a tariff commission, neither does it trust the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of Finance.

Its arguments against a tariff commission are not convincing. It says that such a body "can supply the Finance Minister with no information he could not readily secure without its help." It would leave the tariff in the hands of the minister it hates, a cabinet which it does not trust and a House of Commons which does not read the *Telegram*. This is a curious position. The cry of the country for years, of all protectionist countries, has been "take the tariff out of politics." The *Telegram* wants it left in politics. The manufacturers have agreed to the demands of the farmers and the labouring classes and have consented to a commission of experts. But the *Telegram* will not consent. It is for protection first, last and all the time.

In spite of the *Telegram's* diatribes and fulminations, it is a safe assertion that the general feeling throughout the country is in favour of a tariff commission. That body should consist of a trained publicist, capable of handling statistics, a manufacturer and a representative of labour. It would not be sufficient to make it a commission of clerks from the customs department, nor a commission of men who are supposed to have earned political reward. It should be a body which would command public confidence, be a useful servant of parliament and the people, and prepare for the cabinet the infor-

mation which it has not the time to gather for itself. To it every manufacturer who thinks his protection is too low, should be able to go and state his case. Before it every consumer with a grievance should be able to have a hearing. It would be the friend and confidante of every class in the community. It would see that no one was over-protected, under-protected or oppressed by mergers, combines and trusts. It would study the interests of consumers, workmen and employers. But the responsibility for all changes would remain with the government of the day.

Of course, all commissions are dangerous if they are not composed of men who have a sense of public duty and a desire to benefit their fellow citizens.

* * *

Scientific Colonisation.

IF there is one lesson more than another to be drawn from the census returns, it is that our immigration policy is unscientific. It brings the immigrant to Canada, but it neither insures that he shall find a corner in which to work out a successful future nor does it guard against the immigrant crossing the border to add to the population of the United States. Our policy is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It does not place people where they are most wanted nor where they will do the best for themselves and the country.

The Duke of Sutherland, Britain's greatest landowner, proposes to bring out settlers. He is providing small farms, with houses, stables, barns, fences, wells, and implements. Every man who settles on one of these farms will be under bond to stay there and will be in a position to live comfortably and produce a crop the first season. His settlers will stay where they are put, unless they can find a purchaser willing to assume their obligations. Here is a scheme which sounds reasonable and sensible. It is not haphazard. It may be slow, but it is sure.

Perhaps it would be too much to expect that the Dominion Government should adopt such a plan, but certainly the provincial governments might. It would be especially suitable in eastern Canada, where more capital is required to start an agriculturist than in western Canada. Sir James Whitney should adopt it to stay the decline in the agricultural population of Ontario. Mr. Flemming should adopt it to help build up the stagnant farming population of New Brunswick. Mr. Murray might consider it to fill up the depopulated districts of Nova Scotia. Even Manitoba might favour it, since the rural population of that province is not growing with anything like the rapidity which is in evidence in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Canada's greatest need is farmers. There are many good farmers in Great Britain and Europe, and even in the cities of the United States, who would take up farming in Canada if they could be sure that they had sufficient capital and an even chance against isolation and hardship. These men will not take their families to a farm which has neither house nor barn nor well nor fields ready for planting. They will not wait ten years for churches, schools, post-offices and roads. All these things must be provided for them in advance or assured to them in the very near future.

Canada's agricultural future depends upon the spirit with which this problem is approached. Our governments cannot do everything, but they can do much more for the new settler than they are now doing.

* * *

Baseball Season Ends.

THE baseball season gave its last gasp last week when Philadelphia won the championship of America. Many are sorry and a few are glad. Those who hate professionalism in sport, even respectable professionalism, are glad. Those who admire the one and only American game are sorry. Personally I go to an occasional baseball match and enjoy it. I do not think it any more brutal or degrading than football, lacrosse or hockey. Some of the players are slightly lacking in gentlemanly qualities, but the control exercised by the governing bodies is strong enough to keep rowdiness in check. In football and lacrosse, as we have it in Canada, the governing bodies are prac-

tically useless and hence the gentleman is a gentleman and the rowdy a rowdy.

When you consider that the six games played between New York and Philadelphia brought out a total attendance of 180,000 people, you are forced to admit that the game is popular. Like municipal politics, it is the people's game. The total receipts were \$342,000. Each Philadelphia player got \$3,650 for the six games; while each New York player received \$2,436. Each club owner laid away \$90,000, while the governing body added \$34,000 to its surplus. What other game could, unless it is the stock market, get as much ready cash from the public in so short a time?

The players are skillful and brainy. What they accomplish is done in the open. Every piece of skill is applauded; every unsportsmanlike act is subjected to painstaking and minute criticism. Perhaps it is not the highest form of sport, but at least it is better than bull-fighting, prize-fighting and other democratic national sports. It is the people's game and not a bad game at that. There are better, but there are also worse.

* * *

The By-Elections.

ON Friday of last week most of the Cabinet Ministers were re-elected by acclamation.

This is the proper way to treat newly-appointed cabinet ministers. Most of them are nervous over their new duties and it would be cruel to add the uncertainties of an election campaign. Christy Mathewson, New York's great baseball pitcher, says that the New York players were so much worried over the amount of money which depended upon their skill that they all got nervous. Indeed, they were so nervous that they were unable to see the ball when it was thrown to them. I have no doubt that the new cabinet ministers are in much the same condition. Their new salaries and their new duties weigh so heavily upon them that they too are in a slightly nervous state.

Of course such a condition of affairs is not likely to last long. Within a couple of years these same nervous gentlemen will probably be blase, debonnaire, dogmatic and even autocratic. It is very strange how easily some men become accustomed to wearing the air which goes with an important position and a comfortable salary.

This proceeding by which Hon. Mr. White, Hon. Mr. Cochrane, Hon. Mr. Hazen, and Hon. Mr. Rogers were given constituencies strikes me as being something new in parliamentary practice. At least I have not heard of it before. The man who invented the scheme is entitled to some credit. These four new cabinet ministers were without constituencies and no other members could resign in their favour because there was no Speaker. No member may resign to any other official than the Gentleman who presides over the destinies of the House of Commons. To get over the difficulty, four members were made postmasters and given one day's pay. Their seats were then declared vacant and new elections ordered. It seems a strange proceeding, but I presume it will stand the test. The Hon. Mr. Rogers will now represent Winnipeg, instead of Mr. Haggart, M.P.; Hon. Mr. Cochrane displaces Mr. Gordon, M.P. for Nipissing; Hon. Mr. Hazen replaces Dr. Daniel in St. John City and County; while the Hon. Mr. White replaces Mr. Geo. Taylor, M.P. in Leeds. The final proceedings in connection with these by-elections will be over in time to allow Parliament to assemble under the new Premier on Nov. 17th.

* * *

Western Coal Strike.

ALMOST every year there is a strike among the coal miners of Canada. These men do not seem to be happy unless they are creating trouble of one kind or another. They seem to be fonder of a "scrap" than any other class of working men. Out in Southern Alberta and British Columbia the miners have been on strike for eight months and during all that time there has been a shortage of coal in the Prairie Provinces. Many people were looking forward to a winter with depleted coal bins. However, the Hon. Robert Rogers celebrated his accession to the new Borden Cabinet with an attempt to settle the strike. Apparently he has succeeded in every respect. An agreement covering three years has been arranged.

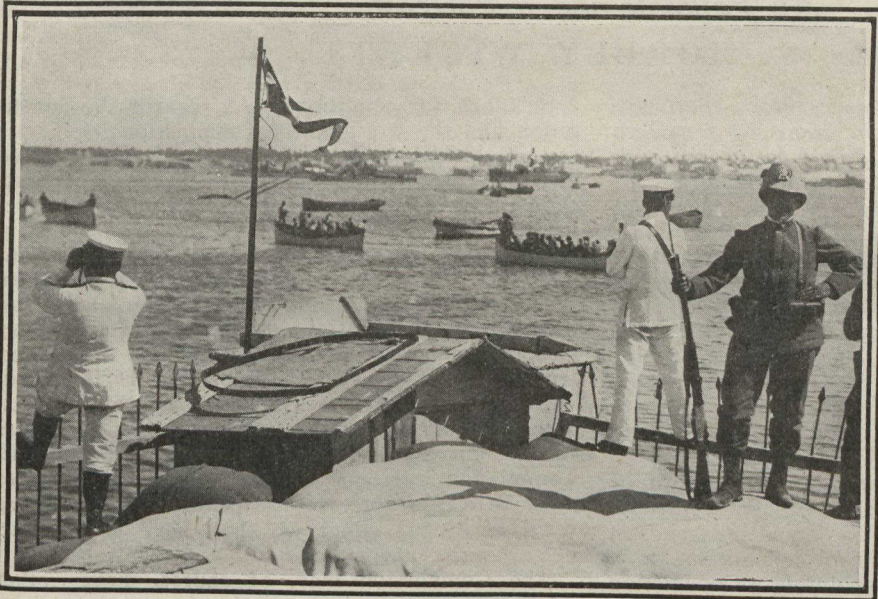
It is to be hoped that during the three years either Mr. Rogers or the Minister of Labour will devise some means to prevent future strikes of this kind. A request that the Dominion Government should take measures to reduce the price of coal where it is so badly needed and to ensure an adequate and regular supply would be reasonable. The Dominion Government is the only authority able to do this.

INTERESTING SCENES IN TWO BIG WARS



Turko-Italian War. Italian soldiers guarding the gates of Tripoli. Note that the breech and magazine part of the rifle is enclosed in a casing to protect it from heat and sand.

Photographs by London News Agency.



Landing of the first Italian troops at Tripoli. View from a small fort flying the Italian flag.



An Italian outpost on the edge of the desert outside of Tripoli. This picture shows the nature of the country where the fighting will occur.



Revolution in China. A Chinese General's official boat at Ichang.

Photograph by Topica



A street in Hanyang, captured by Revolutionists.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT--AND SUICIDE.

THE papers have been talking a lot about a young girl who went out into North Ontario to teach school, and was so much depressed by her surroundings and usage that she committed suicide. At least, that is the theory of the case as I write. An inference drawn from it is that tender young girls should not be exposed to the hardships of such a life—that the teaching in these sparsely settled districts should be done by men. Surely. But where are you to get the men? I picked up a paper the other day and saw a plaint that the genus "male teacher" was just about extinct. Practically no young men are now offering themselves at the training schools to be taught to teach. Then the pay in these distant corners of our country is not so fat as to attract young men when they have already refused higher pay amidst better surroundings. One of the hardest things to bear about a tragedy of this sort is, the "fool" suggestions by way of remedy or prevention which are offered.

* * *

NOW why are practically no young men going into teaching? Because this young lady, who died trying to carry their burdens, and a thousand other young ladies just like her, have crowded them out of the profession. That is the blunt truth. Feminine competition came in and prevented the rise in salaries which must have occurred if there had been no lady teachers. The effect was slow but sure. Economic law is as relentless as natural law. Gradually the young men retired and sought better-paying jobs. Gradually the burden of school teaching was shifted to the slender shoulders of our young women; and everybody concerned suffered. The boys that went to school suffered for lack of male teaching, discipline and inspiration. The young men themselves suffered for loss of a profession in which there was mental development, a good training for other callings, and often a lucrative and honourable life-work. The labour market suffered because of the increased competition brought by these young men, driven from the school-room into the offices, the shops, the agencies and other openings.

* * *

BUT the young women suffered most. I know that many of them will not think so if any are reading these lines; and I recognize that this is a big question. It involves the whole problem of what might be called the labour-feminist movement. To put it roughly, our daughters have exchanged the home for the world. Now I admit that thereby they have escaped many real and grievous ills—often ills which should never have existed. There are homes where a daughter's life is a cramped life; and it is an outrage. Often poverty sits in the home; and the daughter suffers with the rest. And there are greater tragedies. The walls of the home at times fall down, leaving the daughters exposed to the cruel blasts of the world without training, without equipment, without any ability to make their living.

* * *

BUT when I have admitted all this, I am not convinced that the sad sum-total of ills that grew out of the old system of keeping the daughters in their parents' homes until they left them to establish homes of their own, mounted anywhere nearly as high as the hideous mass of wrongs, tragic catastrophes, dull years of suffering, long years of lost content, comfort and quiet happiness, which this new order of things has brought. Not all homes were dull, especially in the old days when the moving picture show and the "amusement park" had not yet quite displaced the tennis party and the gay round of "evenings" at the houses of one's friends. If at times there was "ennui" under the roof-tree, there was also leisure; and literature was then a long delight and not a feverish race to keep up with such spatterings from the rolling stream of "best sellers" as happen to come within the reach of one's "set." George Eliot and Jane Austen had a chance with the daughters of their day; but what "young lady in business" has time to read them now? At

all events, she is far more apt to read "Somebody in a Box" or "The House with a Thousand Scandals."

* * *

I AM conscious that, in talking this way, I am not merely swimming against a stream—I am battling in futile fashion with a flowing tide which is mounting higher every year and, so far as one can judge, will never recede. The feminine sex has found its "liberty"; and who ever gave up liberty once secured? By its thousands and hundreds of thousands, it has tasted the sweets of economic independence; and there is surely no human being who does not know that this is a joy not to be equalled and never to be abandoned. The most human of the poets, Bobby Burns, sang of his desire for wealth along these lines. It ran something like this:

"Not to hoard it in a dyke,
Or have a train resplendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent!"

* * *

BUT I surely will be permitted to say that I am not quite certain that the change has brought greater happiness to the greater number. Women have come up beside us on the "firing line"; and they must necessarily get wounded at times—and I don't like to see them wounded. It is not nice to read that a tender girl has been given so rough a

job to do that it drove her to suicide—that, in fact, she was sent to do a man's work, and failed to possess a man's stamina. Nor does this case stand alone. In all large cities, philanthropic persons are engaged in establishing homes and "eating clubs" and Y. W. C. A. buildings and Guilds and all sorts of things for the single purpose of striving to save the "maiden" from the modern "minotaur." And who is the maiden in danger? Almost always the young girl who has sought "the glorious privilege of being independent" by leaving her country or village home and venturing into the huge city to work for a daily wage. When you are balancing accounts between the ills of the old system and the benefits of the new, do not forget the girls who slip through these philanthropic enterprises and fall victims to the "minotaur."

* * *

THUS far, marriage has not suffered—at least, not to any appreciable extent. But there are too many cases already in which marriage does not give us a wife and a home, but a working partnership. Moreover, are we quite sure that marriage will not suffer? The dumping of all this feminine competition into the labour market, must cut wages; while, at the same time, it will raise the standard of living which girls will demand in marriage. The effect will surely be to increase the number of men who cannot afford to keep a wife as these self-supporting girls expect to be kept. I am still old-fashioned enough to think that any movement which reduces the number of homes and diminishes the part played by love in human relationship, is not a wholly good movement, even if it does multiply the number of latch-keys. Fortunately, it is against nature; and, in the end, nature is omnipotent.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Proposed Tariff Commission for Canada

An Estimate and a Forecast

By S. MORLEY WICKETT

TO investigate with any degree of thoroughness the industrial conditions of a modern country and then to frame up a tariff with its thousands of items and hundreds of clauses based on such enquiry is a stupendous task; for the political government itself to do it satisfactorily is impossible, as most protectionist countries have recognized. They have admitted it by appointing either temporary or permanent Tariff Commissions. For example, Germany has done so, also France, Italy, Japan and the United States. As for the United States it fell into line only two years ago, when it appointed a Tariff Commission of three (now five) as an advisory body to the President. England, too, has a Tariff Commission, though an unofficial one appointed by the Chamberlain wing of the Unionist party, which has published from time to time some of the results of its enquiries; and last summer the British Government itself came to a similar way of thinking by appointing a Commission to go into the big subject of Imperial Trade Relations. Now Canada also is to have a permanent Tariff Commission, and the Government of the day is to enjoy the advantage of initial non-partisan, business-like, expert investigation of tariff matters.

To put it in other words; as far as the Government can prevent it, there are to be no more mistakes such as were made at Paris when the French Tariff had to be re-negotiated because our representatives had supplied France with an incorrect list of our most-favoured-nations; or at Albany two years ago, when our representatives played unwittingly into the hands of the United States packers; or recently when the country was asked hastily to endorse an agreement that contained many sins of omission and commission. And now-a-days, when government by Order-in-Council has been growing very fast, we are to have in this form an additional safeguard.

That we have been content so long to raise our sixty or seventy millions of Customs Revenue without the aid of investigators free from the worries of politics, able to unearth the facts of our industrial life, weigh evidence, estimate comparative costs of domestic and foreign production and present the facts intelligently, simply shows the tenacity of tradition. In other words we have gone on revising our seven or eight hundred tariff clauses, covering ten thousand articles, according as political pressure has hit unbearably heavy here or there, or public opinion has cried out too loudly about individual items among a host of other possibilities. The Finance Minister who could hush most of the noise was called clever; but the soft pedal and stops could not always satisfy conflicting demands.

So much for conditions. As regards the constitution and the work of the Commission itself, one can only offer surmises. We may take for granted that the Commission will not be a board of first-class clerks of the civil service. It should be something much more imposing, in which both the Government and the people at large will have full confidence. This seems to me to be the first condition of success. It should not be on a lower plane than the Railway Commission; otherwise it would suffer in both popular and political esteem and to that extent be handicapped from the outset. If found advisable it might act as a court of appeal for Customs purposes just as the Railway Commission does for certain appeals. In any event if our Tariff Commission is to be a complete success its character must be a guarantee to the people that as far as fiscal conditions admit we shall have a scientific, not a political tariff.

The Commission may, of course, have other duties. It may be a body to take charge of enquiries at home or abroad into specific industrial conditions; it ought to improve vastly our industrial statistics (something of great importance to any country); and it should economize the work and worry of Parliament and facilitate government. In the last respect alone it should prove a paying investment of the highest kind.

But with all its virtues the Tariff Commission will not, cannot, take the tariff out of politics. The government of the day must itself remain the dominant authority responsible to Parliament and the people for each and every schedule and rate. The Commission will therefore investigate and submit its findings to the Cabinet, though on occasion special reports may be allowed direct to Parliament. If, however, in the course of its activity it is able to draw up a special class of items on which the rates of duties can be readily adjusted from time to time according to fiscal necessities, it will have done much toward discovering the path to a really scientific tariff, *i.e.*, one based more or less clearly on comparative costs of production in and outside Canada. This again is largely a question of policy which must be decided one way or the other by the Cabinet itself. Then there is the question of a maximum or fighting tariff and a minimum or most-favoured-nation-tariff, and finally the great subject of Preference.

While, then, the Tariff Commission must be mainly an advisory body to the Cabinet, it means much that the Government of the day has decided to establish one. It is a body for which a great field for work of the highest type is waiting and for which there is a distinct call.

COUNTRY and SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT

THE CRUSADE FOR CIVIC BEAUTIFICATION IN CANADA

By W. ARNOT CRAICK

SHOW me your parks and playgrounds, once said an American business man in looking over a city for factory purposes, and I will tell you whether it will pay me to locate my industry here.

The attitude of this man of affairs demonstrates that the policy of civic beautification need not be regarded simply as intended for the gratification of the aesthetic fancies of a few citizens, but as a movement having a practical dollars and cents value. If it be true that the establishment of parks and boulevards, the care of lawns and gardens, the obliteration of unsightly weeds and rubbish, tends to the social uplift of the people, then it can be readily understood why it will pay a factory owner to have his employees live among such beneficial surroundings, and why it will pay a town or city to go in for beautifying its streets and squares.

In Canada, towns and cities are everywhere awakening to the need for civic improvement. A wave of reform is sweeping over the country. Shabby, down-in-the-heel Ontario municipalities have come to the belated conclusion that they need new garments. Slow-moving, lethargic old places down by the sea, finding themselves out-distanced in the race of progress, are bestirring themselves to good effect. The bumptious new towns of the west are adopting radical measures to have everything in order at the very outset of their careers. The idea is in the air and is contagious.

The civic improvement movement has had its greatest development in the United States, where the phrase, the awakening of the cities, is frequently heard. In reality, Canada is merely bringing up the tail-end of the procession. The idea owes its origin largely to the globe-trotting proclivities of Uncle Sam's subjects. Americans touring England and the continent, were struck with the beauties, both natural and artificial, of many of the places they visited, and, contrasting these pleasing scenes with the disreputable appearance of their home towns, they were not slow in introducing reforms in America. In much the same way Canadians, noting the progress that has been made of late years towards civic beautification in the United States, have taken the matter to heart and have cast about for ways and means of making their own towns and cities more attractive.

Canada is already well organized to undertake this laudable work. In fact there is in existence to-day at least one association, which is admirably qualified to handle this problem and which is doing excellent work in many localities. This is the Ontario Horticultural Society, with branches in some sixty-eight cities, towns and villages in the Province of Ontario. As yet the objective of this society has been rather in the direction of encouraging individuals to improve

their own private property than to do much towards civic beautification, but the one work will be a natural outcome of the other, for it may be taken as axiomatic that the man who delights to see his own grounds in order, will be anxious to have the whole municipal system similarly cared for. By their influence on councils, school and library boards and other municipal bodies, these societies are beginning to sway public attention towards the necessity for local improvements.

Up to the present time the most notable work has been done in connection with school grounds. Those who have the matter at heart, realize that, in making the playgrounds of the children attractive, they are gaining an influence over the rising generation that will ultimately play an important part in the solution of the whole problem. Much money, it is pointed out, is spent in equipping the interiors of schools, but very little is ever expended on the surrounding grounds; and after all, children

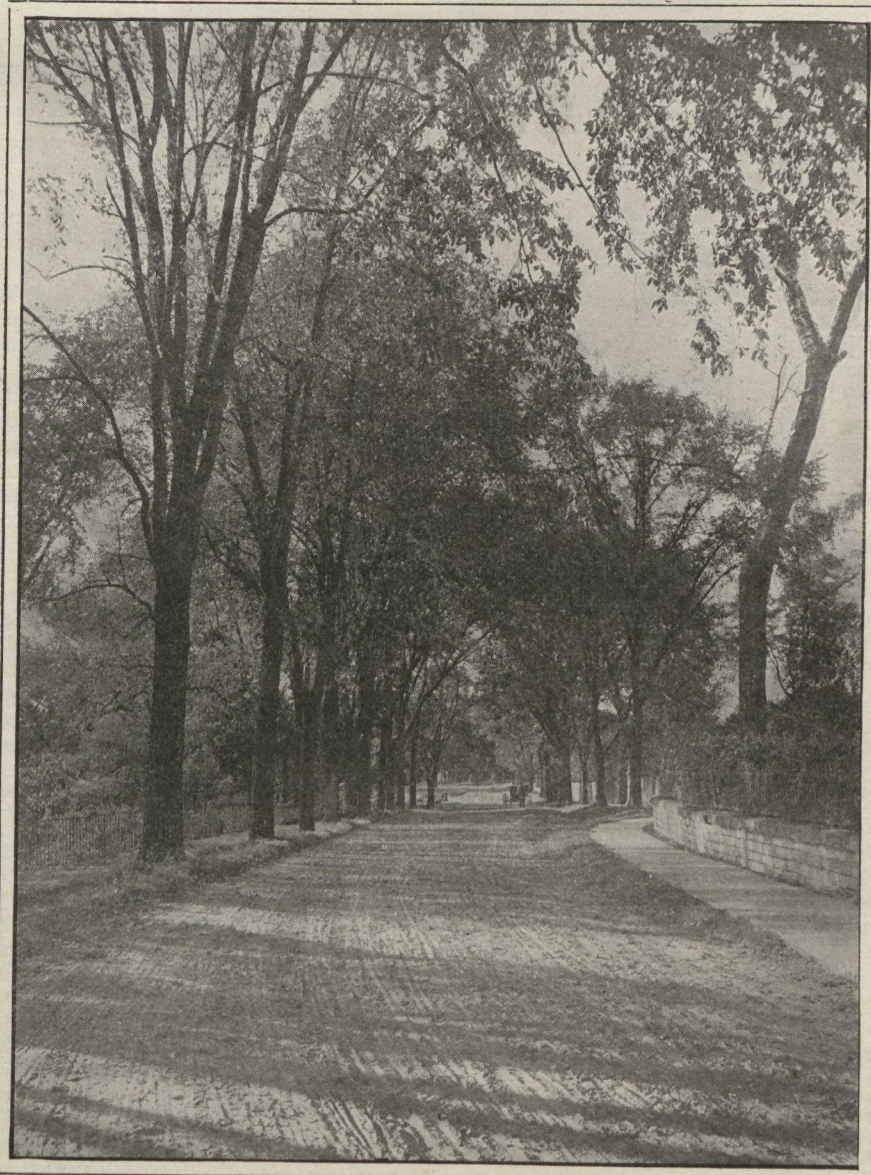
can be just as much influenced in their playtime as in their hours of study.

London was the first place to take up the systematic arrangement and care of school grounds. Then the four new normal schools at North Bay, Hamilton, Stratford and Peterboro' were equipped with model grounds, so that they might prove an inspiration to the young pedagogues being trained there. Following that Stratford got hold of the idea that her series of Shakespeare schools should be put more into conformity with the ideas of the famous characters after whom they were named. To see Romeo School, with its six hundred pupils, set in the middle of a dirty little quarter-acre yard, was a disgrace to the city. Professor Hutt, of Guelph, an enthusiastic in all this sort of work, chanced to be lecturing before the local Horticultural Society on his pet theme and his words struck a response in the hearts of some of the school trustees present. They invited him to look over the school grounds next morning with the ultimate result that two years ago Stratford adopted a broad and generous policy with regard to school playgrounds. In these two years more progress has been made towards making Stratford a more attractive city than in the previous ten years of its existence.

There are now fifty schools in Ontario which are working along advanced lines in school ground planning, and Professor Hutt, with the sanction of the Department of Education, is prepared to give his services without charge to any school board which desires to put its school yards into shape. The idea is no longer to plant formal flower beds, which are only in bloom for a part of the year, but to plant trees, shrubs and vines, with flower borders in season, so that the school may be set in surroundings which are naturally attractive all the year round.

As yet there has been no definite attempt made in Canada to establish what are known as civic centres, where all the public buildings of a city or town are grouped together in a central square. This is an ideal arrangement with great possibilities for attractive treatment. Woodstock approaches closest to this plan, where the County Court House is set in the midst of well-kept grounds, but in most places the town hall, post office, library, etc., were erected before these ideas of town planning were dreamt of. Otherwise there has been considerable work of a valuable character done on such public buildings as libraries, which are usually surrounded with groups. The St. Catharines library is a notable example of what has been accomplished in this direction. Its grounds have been beautified with shrubbery and flower beds and the lawn is like velvet.

The work of beautifying the approaches to towns and cities is still in a backward condition. To make a visitor's first impression of a town



A street in St. Catharines showing the beauty produced by a fine combination of curving roads, sidewalks and garden fences, with huge elm trees overtopping the picture.

a good one is very desirable. Unfortunately this matter rests not so much with the municipalities as with the transportation companies. Canadian stations are not things of beauty, nor are the grounds around them, with but few exceptions, attractive. In Western Canada the C. P. R. is doing splendid work on its station grounds, not only by way of improving their appearance but also as an advertisement of the capabilities of the soil. Men from the Ontario Agricultural College, who have made a study of landscape gardening, have for the past three years been at work from Winnipeg to the Coast. On its eastern division, while considerable good work has been done in the floral department, there has not been the same attention to landscape effects. The Grand Trunk does a little here and there of a formal character. In fact all the railways realize the importance of the work, but they have not gone in for it as yet as extensively as in the United States. Here is abundant room for boards of trade and industrial commissioners to do missionary work.

After all streets and parks bulk largest in any plans for civic beautification, and the proper handling of these affords the best opportunity for progressive effort. It will be found that those municipalities like Galt, Woodstock, Guelph and Owen Sound, which have adopted the Park Board idea, are in the van in this particular work. An Act of the Ontario Legislature, passed twenty-five years ago, empowers municipal councils to appoint boards of park commissioners to look after their parks and boulevards, when petitions signed by a sufficient number of rate-payers are presented for that purpose. These boards are allowed to expend up to one-half mill on the local assessment for park improvements and keep-up. In the case of Guelph, with an assessment of six millions, this would amount to three thousand dollars, a tidy little sum, sufficient to keep the local park system in nice condition. The act of 1887 was apparently forgotten for many years, but it has lately been revived to good advantage.

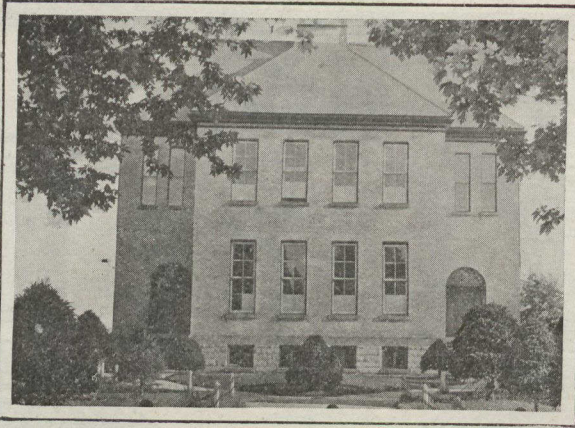
Limited in the first place to parks, these boards extend their jurisdiction to boulevards and drive-ways connecting the parks, and in this way come to take in hand all the municipal property. The results achieved are well worth the expense. Galt is probably more progressive than any other place in Ontario, and is estimated to have one-tenth of its area in parks. These include three public parks and several squares. Owen Sound has recently purchased and placed under a park board one hundred acres of land outside the limits and is converting this into what will be one of the finest natural parks in Canada. By acquiring property before the price goes up municipalities are following a wise policy.

The town of Sault Ste. Marie is taking a forward step in everything that concerns civic improvement. Mr. C. L. H. Jones, president of the Board of Trade, has been actively promoting this work, and a system of parks and connecting boulevards is being constructed that will make the Soo one of the prettiest cities in the country. School grounds are being put in shape; in fact, the whole idea is being more comprehensively carried out here than anywhere else at present, with the exceptions of Ottawa and other large places.

Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton are leaders in city planning, and eastern municipalities have much to learn from them. In Winnipeg there are seventy-six miles of modern streets, with boulevards planted with trees and shrubs in a systematic way. The last report of the Winnipeg Park Commission showed that the average cost of making the boulevard complete was seventeen cents per foot front, and it was maintained at three cents per foot per year. Contrast this with many eastern cities where the work of putting boulevards in shape and maintaining them is left to the individual citizens and it will be seen how uneven and unsatisfactory is the resulting appearance. The whole management of boulevards should be in the hands of park boards.

In the item of tree-planting, the necessity for a systematic policy is apparent. Most towns plant too thick and in too great variety. The finest avenue effect is obtained by planting trees all of one kind and in a straight line. Vansittart Avenue, in Woodstock, may be pointed to as an ideal arrangement, which might well be copied by other towns.

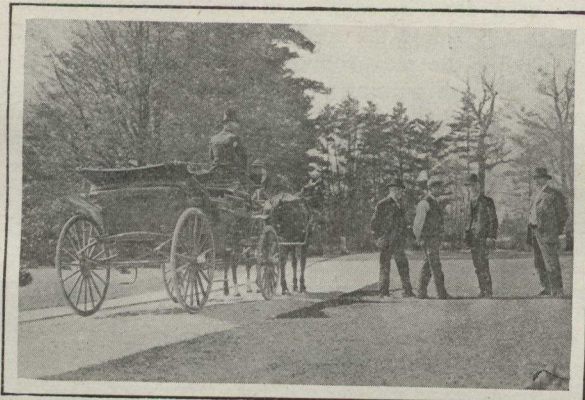
Perhaps one of the first reforms that a town should undertake is to abolish all fences. It is pretty easy to tell a progressive town to-day by the absence of fences. When one citizen removes his fence, others will quickly follow suit; it is contagious. Tillsonburg did this lately and the clean-up in its appearance is noteworthy. Orillia's citizens started a crusade and down went their fences. With these obstructions out of the way, there is



The School-house and its surroundings if properly treated will show its effect in the homes of the people.



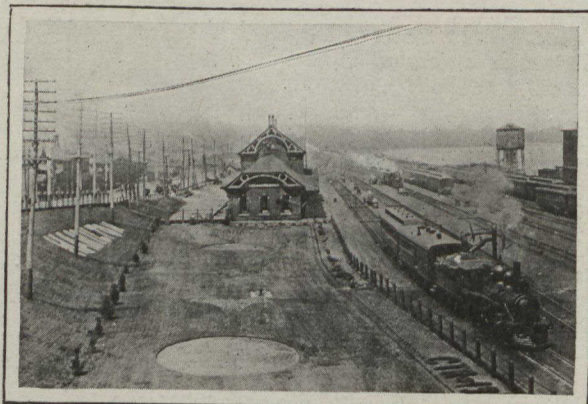
Vansittart avenue, Woodstock, where boulevards and lawns are not separated by fences.



The Woodstock Park Commissioners under whose supervision that City is kept attractive.



A fine street with neat boulevards in the City of Owen Sound.



A well kept railway yard adds to the attractiveness of a City. This Grand Trunk station at Hamilton might be further improved by the use of shrubs and trees.

more scope for the civic beautifier to get in his work, more chance to make grounds attractive and more opportunity to link up private properties and boulevards into one continuous park-way.

Various praise-worthy devices have been inaugurated to get the people interested in putting their lawns and gardens into shape. Prizes for the best-kept lawns are given in many towns. Exhibitions such as those conducted in St. Catherines, where citizens can show their flowers and fruits, are conducive to better work and are well supported by the citizens. The giving to school children of seeds, bulbs and plants for growing in their gardens at home, as is done in the same city, is most helpful.

But it is not all easy going, this crusade for civic beautification. Town councils are hard bodies to handle, and it is oftentimes easier to wring money from a stone than from them. There are other obstacles, such as the bill-board trust, which resists strenuously any effort to curtail its present liberties of decorating all open spaces with its glaring posters. There are the unsightly telephone, telegraph, and electric light poles which disfigure the streets. None of these things have yet been solved by Canadian municipalities.

To protect the avenues of trees in London, they have adopted the plan of stringing the wires in cables. These are concealed in the branches and have done away with the necessity of cutting the tops of the trees. In Orillia they tried the experiment of running the wires down the centres of the streets between the trees, but it is doubtful, if the cure is not worse than the disease.

The use of ornamental poles for electric lights is beginning to be noticeable and in the larger centres there is a start being made towards putting all wires underground. In Calgary, the wires are run in allies behind the houses and are thus removed from the streets.

It is apparent from the foregoing that in Canada, we are as yet only touching the fringe of the subject. There is a groping towards better things and a sincere desire to improve conditions. Apostles of reform are needed and a few more enthusiastic converts in each civic centre. Professor Hutt, who goes about with his little box of lantern slides lecturing on the subject wherever he can get an audience, is just about the only propagandist at present. He is doing splendid work, but he needs supporters. When the idea is so admirable, there should be little hesitation in giving it recognition and assistance.

Country Talks for City People

TEACHING city people how to farm is a development of the educational work of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, and with the co-operation of the agricultural extension department of the University of Illinois a series of free popular lectures on farming are given.

"There are many people in the city who have the ambition to turn to farming," said the educational director of the Y. M. C. A., "but many do not know how to go about it. There are no doubt many people in great cities who would be better off in the country. On the other hand, there are some who, though attracted to farm life, would find themselves unsuited to its conditions.

"For both classes of people an authoritative discussion of farming, such as this series of lectures, should prove of much value. There has not been quite enough emphasis, perhaps, placed upon farming as a feature of industrial education in city schools. At any rate, there seems to be a popular demand for information, and this it is intended the lectures should provide."

The lectures in the course have shown that the former farmers were not interested. In place of them were young clerks and city boys, and earnest girls from the offices and the department stores. These do not want to go all the way back to nature. What they really want is a lot or two at the end of the street car somewhere, on which they can produce chickens and fresh little vegetables.

There is a suggestion in this for Y. M. C. A.'s of Canada. Why not start a similar course of lectures this winter in the cities on this side? For instance, the outdoor idea has given a great impetus to the study of horticulture. Journals typical of the highest class of country life are lifting up their voices for a better knowledge of fruit growing for all people. Horticulture is one art or branch of the constantly increasing science of outdoors that goes far towards making the suburban and country life pleasant. It produces wealth, beautifies homes, and adds much to the living on every farm. The knowledge of horticulture that one must acquire to properly care for trees that bear fruit is not more than the ordinary person can learn.



A beautiful country home, and a rose garden containing more than 200 varieties of roses--residence of Mr. H. C. Cox at Oakville, near Toronto.

A CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR



Landing stage, with removable railing.

MR. HERBERT C. COX, Toronto, son of Senator George A. Cox, is one of the younger and more interesting exponents of the country life idea, which Canadian gentlemen of means are beginning to follow up as the social life of the Dominion becomes less raw, and Canadians have more leisure and inclination to examine and adopt the better features

of older civilizations.

Until the last few years, young city men, like Mr. Cox, in their virile thirties or forties, did not, as a rule, erect houses in the country, unless their health was going down hill, or they were taking over-doses of Rousseau. The city men, who were wont to build country houses, were frequently up in years: often men born on the farm, who all during the struggle for wealth in the city had, back in their heads, the back-to-the-land obsession. This only became realized, when sixty-year-old nerves began to twitch a little, being worn badly with civic noises. Perhaps you, a stranger, have happened on one of those hamlets where the one-time village boy has come back a plutocrat—in search of peace. One of the natives—the hotel keeper, as likely as anyone—has jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and called your attention to a large brick house overhanging the hill across the road. And, probably, while you were gazing up, a figure, in a light suit, would be shambling down the white walk in front of the house in the direction of the iron gate. As you listened to the tap, tap of his thick stick on the gravel, your native cut in: "It's him; he's worth a hundred thousand, and he was born here. Jim Tolton remembers him clerkin' over at Snellbridge's back thirty years. Somewhat stooped and grey lookin' now, ain't he? But he's lookin' better than when he came here these three years—is Billy—Mr. Smith."

There are differences between the city men of to-day who live in the country and those of a generation or so ago. These are differences largely arising out of the new attitude of the city man toward the country. The automobile and the suburban car have revealed the country with all its possibilities for sane and healthy recreation, a new world to the office slave. The

city man no longer goes to the country to die; he goes there to live his freest and happiest hours.

The country gentleman of 1911, unlike his father, does not permanently reside in the country. He divides his time between town and country. Mr. Herbert C. Cox's name, for instance, appears in the Toronto City Directory, which gives his address as in the fashionable Queen's Park district. If you were to drop off the train, between Toronto and Hamilton, at a place called Oakville, and ask the station

agent where Mr. Cox lived, he would tell you, "In the big white house three miles south-east; you can't miss it." The modern country gentleman has two houses. He has his town house. Here he lives from December till May. As close to town as he can get, is his country house. About haying time, he moves into it, and runs to and from his office in town daily by motor car, or train or suburban trolley. He resides there till the snow begins to fly and interferes with good going on the roads.

Dual citizenship for the city man with rural tastes, as I have said, has been rendered possible by modern facilities for rapid transportation, enabling a man living on his country estate, to reach his office in the morning with the rest of his staff. These facilities have so popularized the country among city men, that there may now be said to be a country life movement among Canadian men who can afford luxuries. A feature of that movement is that men are falling into line with it early in life. They are hurrying to the country as soon as they have the price, while they are yet full of the fire of youth to exult in bucolic joys.

Tall, tan and husky, Mr. Cox is a young country gentleman who has got on the land early. He is just finishing his vigorous thirties. Until three years ago, most of his time since he was twenty-one had been spent making the gradations in the office of the Canada Life Insurance Company, of which Hon. George A. Cox is president. He worked hard there. But whenever he could get an afternoon off from insuring people, he was cheating his own policy by garbing himself in the regalia of the Toronto Hunt Club and chasing the hounds. Galloping after the canines, he got to like bracing rural ozone. And, three years ago, Mr. Cox, who had been entirely brought up in the city, determined to have some place in the country where he could live for periods at a time. While this idea was percolating through his mind, he got wind of the "stunts" Mr. James Ryrie, the wealthy Toronto jeweller, and some of the Gooderhams were doing at Oakville, a fruit village twenty miles from Toronto. Mr. Cox took a holiday and went out to see. He came back and began to hatch a big domestic plot with Mrs. Cox.

At Oakville, he had found that some of the men in his set in town had built themselves elaborate country villas overlooking the blue waters of Lake Ontario. They were actually living out there and coming to town daily to business. Mr. Cox determined to be "in on this."

He observed that adjoining Mr. Ryrie's estate, there were about twenty-five acres of towsted land. Some decrepit, unpruned apple trees, grey with cobwebs, and a strawberry patch running riot on one side of the property—these were signs of former activity of the fruit industry. All of this abandoned farm fronted right on the lake. He saw a real estate agent right away and closed a deal for the property. Then he began to rush after architects, contractors and landscape specialists. And in due time the Cox country estate began to take shape.

The house is a large, rambling structure, built in Georgian style. It is not really an expensive house—for Mr. Cox. Wood and plaster are used largely in its construction for the sake of coolness. The materials are so disposed to give the house an air of venerability; Mr. Cox hates brand new effects. At the rear of the house is a feature worth noting. This is the terrace. Here, on hot summer afternoons, Mrs. Cox entertains her friends to afternoon tea while the gentle zephyrs of the lake play through the trees. There are infinite sentimental possibilities about this terrace at night, when the moonlight falls and reveals the coloured geometrical tracings of its tessellated pavement.

Mr. Cox's gardener has made poetry out of the abandoned fruit land. In detail, I have not the space to describe the wonders of the garden his ingenuity has called into life. Mr. Cox's favourite flower evidently is the rose. Two hundred different varieties of roses shed their voluptuousness in artistically figured flower beds on the Cox estate. A gift of the gods is a spruce hedge, forty years old and forty feet high, guarding three sides of the garden. An English settler started this hedge, which is the finest in Canada, as a wind shield for some fruit trees, about the time Senator Cox was rocking Mr. Herbert Cox in the cradle.

Next to his beautiful house and grounds, Mr. Cox's stables appeal perhaps to him

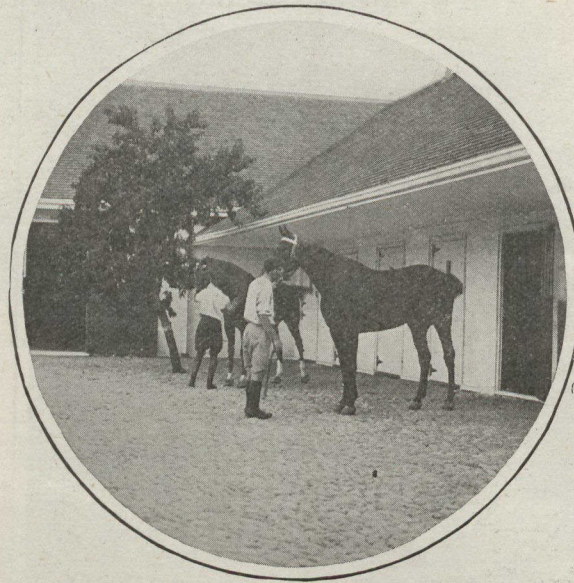


Lakeside gardens and terrace of Mr. H. C. Cox's country house.

most. Three hundred yards from the house, is the first edition of these stables: courtyard, coach house, harness room, sanitary stalls, all the best equipment for a man of equestrian tastes. Mr. Cox's horses are pretty well known to all lovers of horse flesh in Canada. If you have been to the Horse Show in Toronto, Montreal, or Galt, you have probably noticed a Cox turnout. Mr. Cox's horses never figure on the turf. He is a breeder in the harness and hunter classes. At Oakville, Mr. Cox realized that he could gratify his hobby, breeding fine horses, without being cramped for space, as in Toronto. When house and grounds were well under way, he added another three hundred acres to his estate in the shape of a large farm. Here he increased his stable accommodation. On this farm have been raised not a few horses familiar to the sporting public.

If you are intellectually curious, you ask, "How does a country gentleman, like Mr. Cox, spend his time at Oakville?" First, a more pertinent question would be, "How much time does he spend there?" And the answer to this question is that he spends exactly the same time at Oakville that you do with your family after business hours, between six o'clock and eight the next morning and week-ends. He jumps into his motor at Toronto at 5.15; he alights at his Georgian house at six. Shortly after eight in the morning he is honking citywards.

In the evenings after he has dined, he may take a fling on to one of his saddle horses and gallop out to the farm to inspect things. He may have a sug-



A corner in Mr. Cox's stable-yard showing two of his famous horses.

gestion to put to the Oakville town council; for all the summer colony take an interest in Oakville politics. They have helped make a modern town with electric lights and pavements out of a fruit village all in seven years. Mr. Cox, when he is at Oakville, is a citizen of Oakville, and a popular one. This spring, a detachment of the Mississauga Horse in Oakville persuaded him to go to camp with them at Niagara. The country gentleman outfitted himself and went. He came back Honourary Colonel of the force. The regalia of this office he keeps locked up in a sacred compartment of the stables. Saturday is always a big day for the colonists at Oakville. In the afternoon, a troop of horsemen gallop out to Mr. Cox's farm. They are the Ennisclare Hunt, organized by Mr. Cox. A pack of panting hounds, Mr. Cox lets loose from his kennels. And there is a mad chase all afternoon.

The other day, Mr. Cox sat in his office showing me the diary of hunts of the Ennisclare Hunt, kept in a thick, black book. As he thumbed over the pages, he ruminated upon the fact of his dual citizenship. He agreed that he had as much fun in Oakville as he did in Toronto: "Perhaps, if I stayed out there all the time, I'd get sick of it. In the same way, if I hung round my town house all year round, it might become a cage to me. I don't allow myself to be surfeited with either town or country. This keeps down monotony. And to avoid monotony is one of the secrets of happiness, isn't it?"

PLANNING THE COUNTRY HOUSE

By G. M. WEST

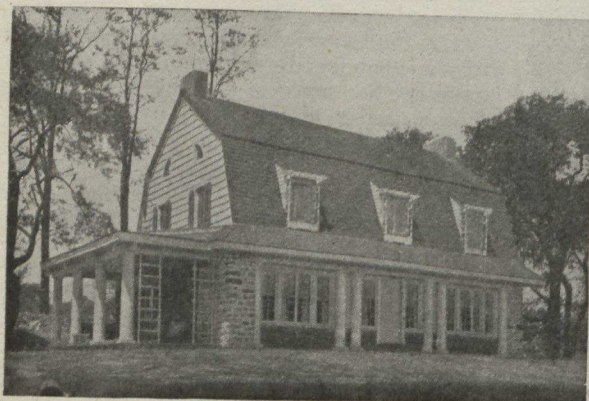
SETTING the problem of planning the country home against that of planning the city residence one does not at once realize wherein lies any great difference. They both contain approximately the same rooms, devoted to more or less the same purposes. In each is the living room, the dining room, the kitchen, with its various appurtenances, and all the other necessary apartments, and it would appear at first glance that a similar solution would answer in either case. It is outside of the actual requirements of the house itself that the difference occurs.

In our country and suburban houses the more reasonable price of land in most cases allows us more area of property and choice of location, and these same circumstances usually give us a better chance of obtaining a site with natural advantage, such as trees and a good outlook for our windows.

Simplicity In Planning. Simplicity and proportion are the keynotes to successful designing of the elevations and they apply also in the planning. A plan which is full of numerous projections and proturbances is difficult to treat simply in elevation. Those same breaks in the walls when carried into the roof are very apt indeed to create a restless and characterless design. Of course I do not mean to say that a house should be built within four straight walls, but care must be taken when introducing breaks in the plan to insure their proper working out in the roof. Very often the main roof can be arranged to cover the balconies or verandahs or some times to cover projecting bays, thus preserving a simple outline to the whole structure.

The elimination in modern planning of the numerous small reception rooms and dens, once so popular but the cause of much despair to the designer, and the substitution of a large living room is so well understood by the average home-builder that it need hardly be mentioned. As a country house should naturally be low it should be planned to occupy only two stories.

The proportion of a country house is much more important than in many city houses, for it is seen



This house is a fine adoption of Dutch Colonial Motives. The narrow trellis around the face of the dormer windows supports vines growing in the window boxes.

from all angles. It should be borne in mind that a square house is very difficult to treat successfully. Single storey wings very often add charm and tend to accent the lowness of the whole structure, making it more friendly to the site and surroundings.

Some Essentials.

Diversity is a most universal quality, and the varying requirements of each home builder prevent, perhaps fortunately, the evolution of an "ideal plan." There are, however, some essentials which should be found in all of them. The exposure of the living and dining rooms, and principal bedrooms, should be to the south as far as possible, reserving the stairway, and the less important bedrooms for the north. It is always better wherever possible to make the dominating dimension run east and west, for by that method more southern exposure is obtained. The living room should be planned with two or, if possible, three exposures, and let it be of ample size with the length distinctly greater than the breadth. The dining room is better square or nearly so, and the kitchen and pantries, or service wing if our house is pretentious enough for that, should be placed so that the prevailing wind which around Toronto is north west, will not carry cooking odors back into the building. Convenient access from this department to the front door is necessary, and it should be arranged to not intrude upon the dining-room.

Plan the principal bedrooms, if possible, to give them two exposures and so secure cross draughts. Study the location of the window and door openings to meet the requirements of the room when furnished. Be careful to secure plenty of closet space to each room. Plan the chimneys, particularly the living room one, which is usually large, to be outside the walls of the house and thus avoid a severe encroachment on the floor space of your rooms. Be careful when building the fire place to have your flue large enough—one-twelfth the area of the fire-place opening is enough. See that a properly formed throat about three inches wide and extending all across and well towards the front of the fire-place is built opening into a large smoke chamber with a shelf to stop down drafts at the foot of the flue.

The Porches. Locate the terraces or verandahs conveniently accessible from the living room and, if possible, the dining room. Use wide double casement doors as a means of communication and carry the floor through level. Care should be taken not to darken the windows of rooms with only one exposure. When the entrance is on the south front, it is impracticable to carry the porch across the front. It is often better to run it across the end in a case of this kind; sometimes to get cross draughts or views projecting it forward or backward of the main house. The porch floor

should be almost level with the grade, so that one can move from verandah to lawn without inconvenience. Arrangements should be made for the enclosure of at least a portion of the porch space with winter sash and for heating it when enclosed. This innovation of recent years has in many cases been so developed as to give really another room during the winter, spring and autumn months.

The sleeping balcony is another feature which is now demanded by nearly every home builder, and there is no disputing the advantages in connection with it. Such a balcony should be easily accessible from the bed or dressing rooms and should be fitted with sash which may be easily adjusted to keep out the weather on any particular side and still remain open on the others. There is considerable difficulty in successfully working into a design upstairs balconies, so do not be surprised at the lack of sympathy with this particular requirement which your architect may display. They can often be most successfully accommodated inside the lines of the house and under the main roof. Often in order to obtain more space upstairs it is found a good solution to carry the rooms over the lower verandahs. When this is done the floor over the porch must be packed in some manner to keep out the cold.

Water and Sewage.

The lack of city conveniences is often a great factor in determining a man against building in the country. It need not be so. As long as there is plenty of good water obtainable the expenditure of a little money and some thought will give a workable water supply and sewage disposal. The various systems which can be installed vary so much in both lines with the amount to be spent and individual requirements, that it is impossible to name any one scheme. Some of the compressed air systems of water supply are very convenient and serviceable. Thought must be given to the location of the tanks for these items; for the soft water cistern if there is to be one, and also to the location of the various outhouses which almost invariably accompany the country home.



In this house the second floor is made larger than the first by carrying the roof and long dormer out over the side porch.

The Care of Silverware

Ever go into the home of a prosperous friend for dinner, and see the beautiful silverware arranged on the snow-white table linen and sideboard?

Ever in your own home notice how beautiful the silver looks after being properly cleaned, the different articles of jewelry, rings, toilet sets, silver handbags, etc.?

Ever stop to think of the hard labor and work it takes in the average household to clean Silverware? All the rubbing, scrubbing and polishing.

Ever think of the cost of the Silverware and consider that the rubbing and cleaning of it by the old methods wear away more silver than the hardest ordinary usage—rubbing is *Positively Ruinous* to plated ware?

The average life of Silverware is all the way from three months to a century according to the care that is taken of it. In some cases priceless heirlooms are handed down from generation to generation and the problem is always how to restore the natural lustre and brightness without injury.

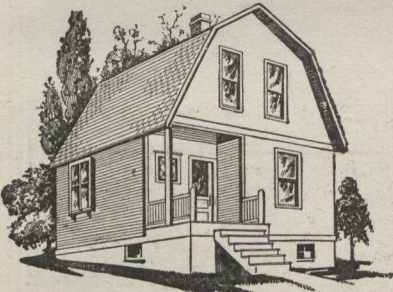
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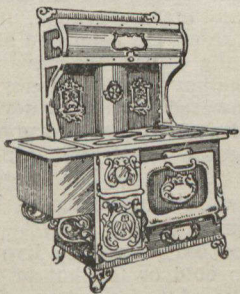
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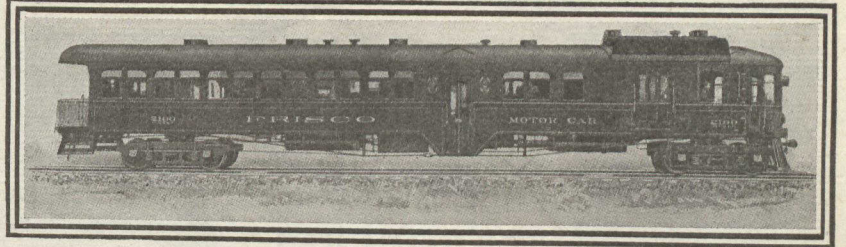
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Exterior of the new gas-electric motor car, designed for country and suburban service. The gas engine drives an electric generator, and the electricity drives the car.

GASELECTRIC MOTOR CARS

COUNTRY and suburban life are greatly influenced by cheap transportation facilities. They are also greatly influenced by reliable transportation. The city man who lives in the suburbs or in the country must be able to get into the city at stated times and with certainty. If he starts for his office he must have an assurance that he can arrive there within a definite period and get back home at a certain hour. In other words, the electric railways which serve suburban districts must observe and safeguard their timetable.

In a climate like Canada, keeping to a timetable on an electric road during the winter months, is a matter which must always be difficult to handle. Even in the summertime a thunderstorm is likely to put a trolley line out of commission at any time. Electrical experts are therefore struggling with the problem of getting an electric car which will be independent of snowstorms and thunderstorms. The steam engine is not bothered by thunderstorms, but it is occasionally held up by snowstorm. A electric car which would be as independent of the weather as a steam-driven train, should be satisfactory. The latest development in the search for such a car is the gas electric car. This car contains a big eight-cylinder gasoline engine, directly driving and electric generator. The electricity carries from the generator direct to the motors on the axis of the car. In short, the gaso-

line engine makes the electricity and the electricity supplies the motive power for the car.

The great advantage of such a car is that it is independent of the other cars on the route, and also independent of a transmission line. So long as it has a supply of gasoline and its machinery does not break down it can carry its passengers without serious difficulty. Such cars are now in operation in several places in the United States and are being watched with the greatest interest by every person connected with the transportation problem.

The heating of the car is one feature which will interest Canadians. This is done by hot water, either supplied from the gas engine jackets or from a coal fired Baker hot water heater located in the corner of the cab. Provision is made so that hot water from the coal heater may be circulated through the engine jackets and radiators to prevent freezing on cold nights or during layovers.

One advantage of these cars is that they can be used on an ordinary steam railway without interfering at all with the regular trains running over these tracks. Such cars could be run on their own roads in the suburbs or through the country and enter the city over steam railway lines. In this way the multiplication of railway tracks entering the city may be avoided and the expense of operation considerably reduced.

OUTDOOR HOBBIES

IT would be a good thing for the world, if there were a law compelling every man, woman and child to have a hobby and devote a specified minimum of time and attention to it. But better, if we each rode a hobby just because we like it. One reason why the Anglo-Saxon race is dominant in the world is that its members take naturally to health and health giving sports and exercises.

There is a climatic reason why English people are a nation of outdoor hobby riders—the long twilight, lasting for about four hours. It is perfectly practicable for the English business man to play golf, tennis or cricket until eight o'clock during the five summer months in all parts of the country, and in the extreme north an hour or more later. And as for gardening, even up to ten o'clock it is possible to be doing some little jobs.

There is a climatic reason also why we should ride our outdoor hobbies as vigorously as we can. The extremes and intensity of our climate have much to do with our rate of living, and the faster the pace at which we live the sharper is the call for recreation.

There are two kinds of outdoor hobbies, the constructive ones and the mere pastimes. This article is intended to show the joy of a constructive hobby—something that will give you a vital relation with the soil and the great outdoors, something that will make you want to stay at home, and will show some tangible results in the way of fresh fruits and flowers, of well trained animals or interesting pets. It suggests some constructive things to do, things that are primarily pleasures, but which also count toward home building and toward the development of your own character and that of your children and friends who come to see what you are doing in your spare moments.

The easiest of all live bird hobbies is pigeons. For their use a suburban back yard is as good as an acre field. Fancy pigeons are as utterly useless as they are beautiful. They have an absorbing interest, however, in showing exactly how new types can be developed by a long process of inbreeding and selection.

Squabs for the table are a delicacy not to be despised, and from the egg to the table is only a period of six weeks. For this period the homer pigeon is best because its squab is the largest, surest and quickest to mature.

Bantams make a fine family hobby and rarely fail to hold the interest of the children. They will never amount to anything commercially, but their courage, beauty and thoroughbred appearance are a daily joy, and they require less room than ordinary chickens. Every one of the utility breeds of poultry is represented by one of these diminutive forms. If you are keeping chickens for the usual purposes add a few bantams for the boy and tell him they are his very own. The sense of possession of the live bird may be his first step toward a country life hobby in later years.

In gardening constructive hobby riding finds its fullest scope, especially if it is associated with the collecting idea. Do you know that there are more than five hundred different daffodils? A certain manager of a large New York store, has grown them all, and knows their peculiar merits and demerits to a nicety. There are few people that have the time to go in for such an extensive hobby as that, but flowers offer many opportunities for the person who wants a satisfying hobby. It is not necessary for the hobby rider to specialize with any one or more flowers, but the growing of flowers has an additional charm if one makes a special study of one or two kinds.

Fascinating Foreigners.

JULES CAYRON, the famous etcher and painter of women, has just finished two fascinating oil portraits, one of Madame Gonzales-Moreno, and the other of Countess Nostitz. The pictures are not only portraits of beautiful women, but beautiful works of art in themselves.

If the saying that "all good Americans hope to go to Paris when they die" is true about citizens of the United States, it is much more true of South Americans, for most good—and rich—South Americans don't wait for death before taking up their residence in Paris. The permanent South American colony here is the gayest spot in this gay capital and Madame Gonzales-Moreno is the human dynamo that supplies the energy for most of the gaiety. Her parties and balls are on a colossal scale and invitations to her house are sought eagerly, not only by Spanish Americans, but by society people of every nationality.

Countess Nostitz is the wife of General Count Nostitz, who is the military attache at the Russian embassy. He comes from one of the oldest families in Russia and is an intimate friend of the Czar. The Count and Countess Nostitz, when in Russia, in the absence of the Czar and Czarina, act as their representatives at the formal state functions. Countess Nostitz, whose entertainments are always on an elaborate scale, gathers about her the most select and exclusive members of the smart set, which includes many of the well-known American society people who divide their time between Europe and America.

* * *

The Correct Use of Perfumes.

MOST of us have experienced the disagreeable necessity of remaining beside a person who is violently perfumed, and can speak feelingly on the unpleasantness we have endured at such times,



SOUTH AMERICAN LOVELINESS

A portrait by Jules Cayron, of Madame Gonzales Moreno, leader of the South American Colony in Paris.

when the subject arises. A writer in *The Argonaut* seems to have our idea of people who indulge in this sort of thing, and expresses himself in these words:

"It is the overdressed and the overjeweled woman who is usually also the overperfumed woman. It is a part of the prevailing vulgarity that must be aggressive at all costs. Now the aim of a woman in using perfume should be to hide the fact that she is using it, to produce a perception of fragrance so elusive, so faint, as to be mistaken for the odour of her own loveliness. But how many women have the sense to be restrained in this way? A London perfumer draws attention to the increasingly common use of perfumes in baths. Personally we have not experimented much in this direction, having an old-fashioned preference for soap and water unadulterated, but it seems as though it might be a pleasing custom so long as the perfume is used nowhere else. It might give just that suspicion of a perfumed atmosphere that is so desirable and that will neither stun nor strangle the innocent passer-



COUNTESS NOSTITZ

This excellent portrait of Countess Nostitz exhibited at the Salon Societe Francais is the work of Jules Cayron. In the treatment of the cream white satin gown and the evening cloak over the back of the chair with its touch of turquoise blue, the artist has displayed his skill as a master of texture painting.

**AT THE SIGN
OF THE MAPLE**

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

by. Another fashionable craze is to burn perfumes in the room, and this is done in a special lamp without a flame. Oriental scents are used for this purpose. They are brought to the surface by an ordinary wick and then volatilized by a red-hot needle."

* * *

Applying Science to Household Work.

A REMEDY to the servant grievance that will not appeal to every matron with the direction and care of a household on her shoulders, has been suggested by a woman lecturer at the Pure Food Exposition in Madison Square Garden, New York, not long ago. The woman urged that housekeepers learn to regulate their homes in a scientific manner; do away with dark storerooms, coal stoves and other work-making objects, and in this way make it possible to accomplish the work of the house without the assistance of servants. This would have the effect of encouraging the servant supply in its present tendency to get scarce. She claims that if women would only apply scientific management to their homes this could easily be done, and to give force to her arguments she produced on the platform an electric stove that she declared showed more intelligence than the average servant, which most of those present agreed might easily be the case. This stove, by the aid of a clock hidden in its interior, shut itself off at the exact psychological moment when the cake, or turkey or plum pudding, as the case might be, was done. The thing sounds almost uncanny, but to such limits have the inventions of the twentieth century gone, that we find nothing impossible to believe. Indeed, we would be glad to believe it, or any other wonderful discovery that would make the future work in the house look less like a grey path of misery stretching ahead of us down the years. This is not the cry of every housekeeper, but in the great audience to whom this lecturer spoke, the majority had a servant grievance and were looking for a remedy.

* * *

What One Woman Earns.

THERE are women in Canada earning large salaries at various occupations, but the most original method of obtaining the highest income seems to have been discovered by Mrs. Hayter Reed, whose home is in Montreal.

Independently wealthy, with a multitude of social

duties, she still finds time to give enough attention to outside affairs to win a salary of \$10,000 a year from the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in a field and in a position such perhaps as never before was filled by a woman of her prominence. She has no distinctive title on the railroad's payroll, but for want of a better one she may be called the arbiter of elegance and comfort.

Some one high in the councils of the Canadian Pacific discovered some years ago that there was one jarring note in its system of hotels. Architects might lavish their knowledge upon this structure or that, and might spend thousands of dollars to develop an idea of decoration, but somehow there was an incompleteness to the whole. No one of the hotels seemed perfect. One might appear to advantage in one particular line, but each had some marked defect. The man who discovered there was some error in the whole hotel plan was wise in his day. It was he who suggested that the company look for some one of fine artistic sense, of culture and refinement and of exquisite taste, to give his attention and services to the company.

They looked long and far for the man to fill the bill, but couldn't find just the one person who combined all the qualities they sought. Then somebody suggested that they might search America over and find no one so well fitted for this particular task as Mrs. Hayter Reed. The next thing to be considered was whether a woman of her social prominence would accept employment. The situation was put to her diplomatically and rather adroitly, and to the delight of the negotiator the idea appealed to her and she became an employee of the great railroad of the north.

Mrs. Reed was one of a large family. She has a sister, Grace, who is now Mrs. Gordon, of Seattle, and a sister, Dorothy, who married Edmund Bristol, member of parliament for Centre Toronto. Another sister, Eliza Armour, became Mrs. John Drynan, of Toronto, and besides her brothers, Dr. Donald Armour, she has another brother, Douglas Armour,



A BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH DEBUTANTE

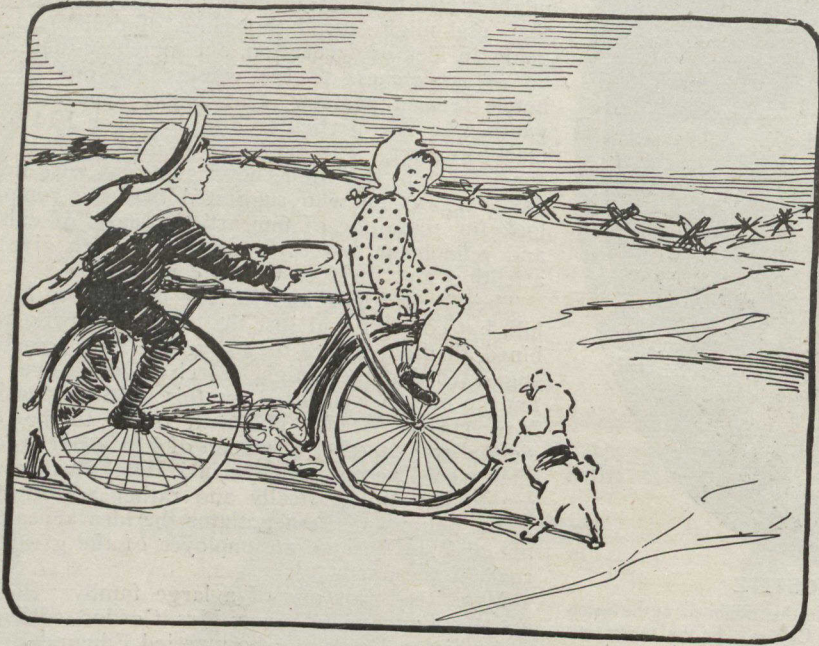
Miss Jacqueline Alexander is the daughter of the Lady Emily Alexander, who is a sister of the Earl of Cork. Lady Emily Alexander married Mr. James Alexander in 1885 and has two sons and one daughter, the subject of our portrait. Lady Emily has a charming house at Sevenoaks in Kent, where she entertains considerably, and also at her London home in Cadogan Square.

K.C., a barrister in Montreal, and still another, Eric Armour.

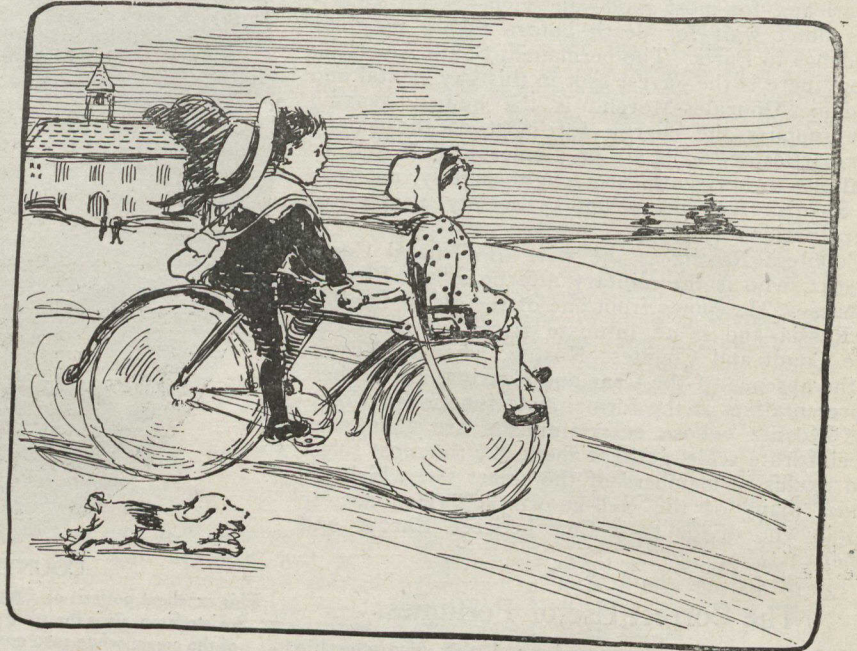
She is tall and of handsome appearance, with small, well-formed features. Her manner is usually gracious and winning.

Aside from her social prominence and the unique character of her employment, her case has a wide significance and is of especial interest to girls and women. In schools of design, in art establishments of every sort throughout the country, in studios for the development of interior decorating, are thousands of women studying architecture, harmonies of colour, periods of historic art, composition and all those things which go toward preparation for such work. To these girls the example of Mrs. Hayter Reed should be an inspiration and a spur.

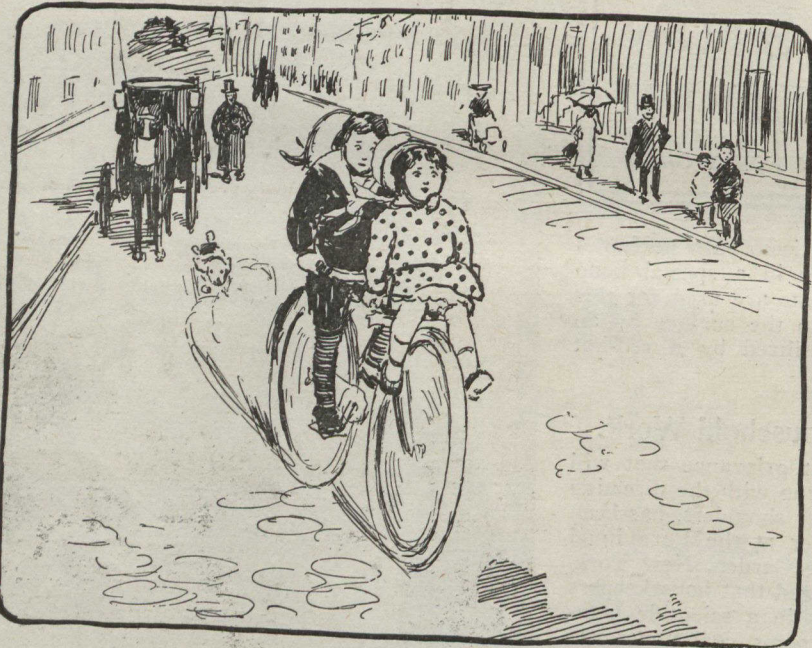
Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



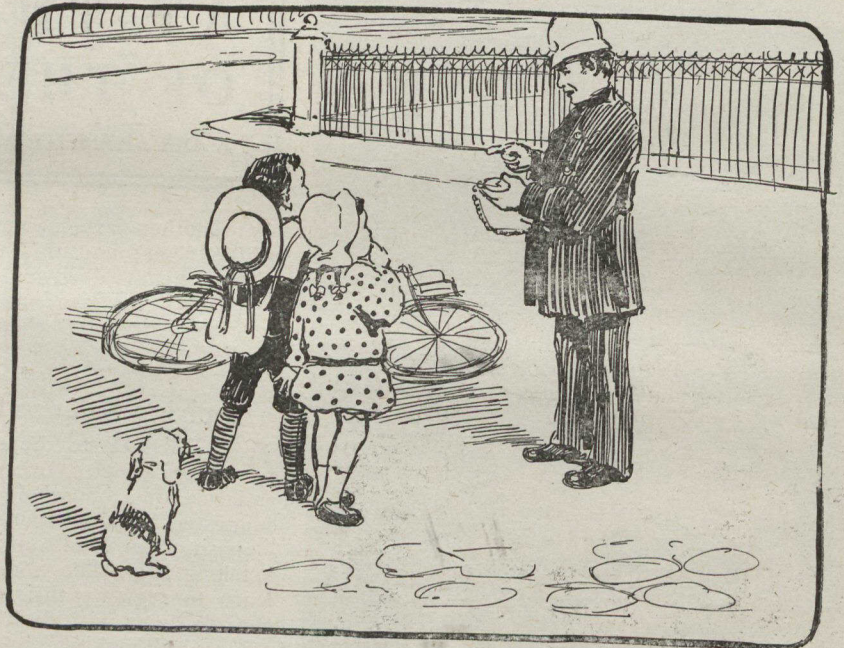
1. When Willie got his bicycle his happiness was great.
He said to Lillie, "Now, my dear, we never can be late!"



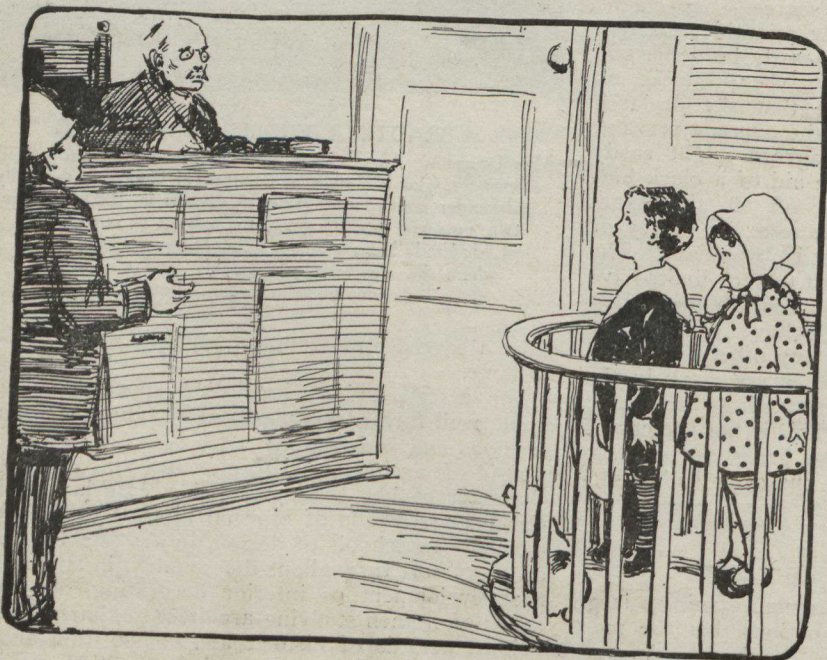
2. They reached the school and tried to stop, but simply could not do it,
At first they thought the pace was fine, then they began to rue it.



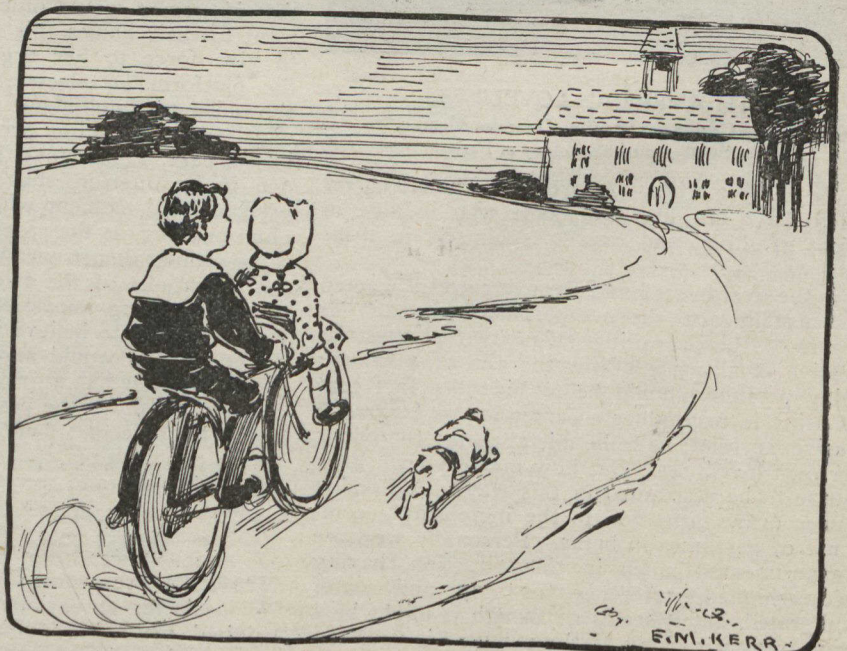
3. For on they sped, and on, until they passed some buildings tall,
And then they found, to their surprise, they were in Montreal.



4. As they began to wonder just where that street was leading,
They met with a policeman who arrested them for speeding.



5. The magistrate said, "This won't do, you'll have to mend your ways,
I'll have to fine you thirty cents or keep you thirty days!"



6. Then Willie sold his sailor hat so he could pay the fine,
Then rode home fast, and reached the school at twenty after nine.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

A Yorkshire editor has been criticizing Earl Grey. Won't that popular nobleman sigh for the friendly sanctum of the Canadian press!

Mr. George Tate Blackstock has received congratulations from the Imperial Mission of England, on the defeat of Reciprocity; but he has not received any Cobden medal—as yet.

The Nationalists are to continue independent. Aren't they the haughty heroes?

Principal Petersen, of McGill University, has objected to namby-pamby hymns. He must have been listening to the "Glory Song," or "Oh, to be Nothing!"

Hon. Winston Churchill is now First Lord of the Admiralty. In spite of this fact, the Canadian Navy is yet in existence.

In the meantime, the Toronto News continues to insist that The Globe will hand over that twenty-five thousand.

Toronto is becoming so accustomed to ducal visits that a mere Marquis will not count.

Some cannibals in remote Australia have objected to Europeans as "having a salty taste." Perhaps they would find a Chicago man too fresh.

Winnipeg had a vaster banquet than has been for Rogers and Roche, with Roblin presiding. The "three R's" appear to be well studied in Manitoba.

Mural paintings of Justice and Truth will soon be put up in Toronto City Hall. It needs them.

Japan would like to see a neutral strip in China. And Italy would like a slice of Turkey out of Tripoli.

The price of bricks will go up next spring, but the price of the gold brick remains unchanged.

Mr. Borden is now in a position to say to his Cabinet—"Gentlemen, pray be seated."

There may be a fairer clime than Canada in October—but we don't want to go there.

* * *

Not the Proper Noun.—There is a Teutonic citizen of the name of Kloefer, who went about an Ontario city, on the twenty-second of September, exclaiming on the vastness of the political change.

"Yes, indeed," said one Liberal sympathizer, "it was a regular earthquake."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Kloefer, "quite a landscape, quite a landscape!"

* * *

"Flying For a Fall."—That aviators are attempting much more spectacular flying feats than the progress in aviation to date warrants is the opinion of many people.

At a moving picture show in Toronto two men were noting the great "stunts" that an aviator had performed a few days before.

"Has that man been killed?" asked one.

"No—not yet," was the answer.

* * *

Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel: Would you advise me to go on the stage? My elocution teacher says that I have decided talent. I have recited "Lasca" and "Aux Italiens" at our Thanksgiving tea-meetings, and always received an encore.

This is a serious proposition, Mabel, and you ought to think more than twice before leaving home and mother to face the perils of a theatrical career. You do not give us your address, but we are sure that it is a civilized community, capable of great self-restraint, if it allowed you to perpetrate "Lasca" and others with impunity. A career is always doubtful and you had better

marry the young man who leads the choir.

Emmeline: What is good for a red nose? Mine is very distressing and leads to embarrassment.

Have you tried joining the W. C. T. U.? Sometimes it has been known to exert a most beneficial influence on an affliction of that kind. Also, you should avoid late hours and Welsh rarebit. Anything like a nasal flush is always distressing, as it often leads to a little misunderstanding.

* * *

His Opinion.—Contented Conservative—"And what do you think of the Borden Government?"

Disgusted Liberal—"It's nothing but a kitchen cabinet."

* * *

She Was Scotch.—There once was a wife who had a way of keeping the husband in his proper place and making him "mind his manners."

It happened that the husband was seriously injured in an accident and brought home in an unconscious state. The doctor bent over him and said gravely: "I fear that he is dead."

But the man opened his eyes just then, remarking feebly, "I'm not dead."

The wife thought it was high time to interpose, and said gently but firmly: "Be quiet, William. The doctor knows best."

* * *

A Search for a Sign.—They were discussing Hallowe'en pranks and deprecating the wild follies of youth, when a white-haired gentleman uttered a protest.

"The boys of to-day are a great deal milder in their carrying-on than we were as students. Why, we'd fairly terrorize the citizens in the small towns and villages. There was a story in one Canadian college town about a shop-keeper who had suffered many things because of the students, and who protested fiercely when he found that his sign had been carried off. He came up to the university, vowing vengeance on 'those young scamps,' and told his tale of woe to the Chancellor.

"The Chancellor accompanied him on a visit of inspection to the rooms. However, the noisy occupants of a certain apartment were given warning, and when the Doctor opened the door it was to discover a devout group on their knees, holding a prayer-meeting. One of them, who afterwards became a well-known lawyer, was quoting the words: 'For this generation seeketh after a sign, but a sign shall not be given them.' And at the same time, a fire was burning merrily in the stove, consuming the stolen sign. Oh, I tell you, boys are a great deal better than they used to be."

* * *

English Humour.—A recently-arrived Englishman, who has the usual amount of praise to give to England's railways, was talking in jesting fashion about Canada's lines.

"I don't wonder that you have accidents on your railways out here," he said. "Why you fasten your rails down with tacks. I wonder that you don't stick them on with gum."

* * *

Slightly Mixed.—There have been some curious instances of mixed metaphors strewn on the floor of the British House of Commons. Many of these have been the contributions of Irish members, the most famous being that perpetrated by Sir Boyle Roche: "Gentlemen, I smell a rat, I see it floating in the air, and I am determined to yet nip it in the bud."

A member from the North of Ireland became indignant one day during the Home Rule agitation of 1886 and remarked bitterly:

"Mr. Gladstone seems determined to cram this bill down our throats behind our backs."

A Scotch member aroused the members to mirth by declaring with regard to a certain proposition: "I am too old a bird to rise to that fly."

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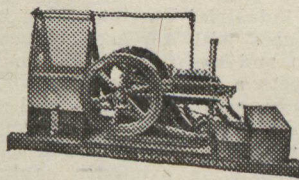
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED**Government Regulation of Combines***Over-Capitalization is One Evil which Leads to Many Others*

BY FRED. W. FIELD.

WHAT will be the nature and extent of government regulation of combines in Canada? That such regulation will come is generally admitted and undoubtedly it will be designed to correct abuses where existing. In the United States, we are witnessing the effect of legislation levelled at industrial combines, after they have become in many cases so powerful as to block the Government in all its efforts. Therein we may learn a lesson, for nearly all the evils of industrial combination are created when the combine is given its charter. Probably the two most harmful tendencies of a trust, either with or without complete monopoly, are over-capitalization, and the power to raise unduly prices to the consumer. Consideration of these subjects is most important, for since January, 1909, there have been forty industrial amalgamations in Canada, involving a total authorized capitalization of almost \$230,000,000 and including many of the necessities of life, such as flour, bread, soap and ice.

The evil of over-capitalization has figured considerably in the Canadian mergers of the past few years. It has been encouraged by the lack of information given in the prospectus or elsewhere as to the price paid for the plant, goodwill and assets of the companies absorbed. Corporations in Canada may learn in the future, as United States companies are gaining knowledge to-day, that publicity is the best preventive against public agitation, unpleasant inquiries and socialistic tendencies. If Canada would admit that fact now, much trouble would be obviated. If the investor, big and small, is told in the prospectus what was paid for the companies taken over by the combine, what the plant and assets comprised, how the value of the good-will purchased was arrived at, how the companies absorbed were paid (that is, in common or preferred stock, bonds or cash), on what basis the new company or amalgamation was capitalized, and so on, the investor would know on exactly what foundation the industrial combine was constructed. This frank publicity would give him confidence in the undertaking, and would tend to curb extravagant capitalization. The result would be the free offering of the investor's money to the enterprise and a natural check to the innumerable stories of enormous profits made by merger promoters and their colleagues, many of which stories are born in a misconception of the facts. Government regulation of industrial combines, then, should require the publication prior to and after incorporation, of the facts.

A Matter to be Watched.

If our industrial amalgamation begins business with a reasonable capitalization and has in view the many good objects and advantages to be gained by consolidation, there will not exist the difficulty of making dividends on watered stock. If dividends have not to be paid on excessive capitalization, there will be little need to enhance unduly the price to the consumer. This is a matter, therefore, that needs to be watched before the combine is granted a charter. Whether that should be left to the Secretary of State's Department or to a specially appointed Commission, is a matter of opinion.

In England, from whence every country in the world draws much of its capital, the fullest measure of publicity in corporation matters has been enforced. The result has been satisfactory both to capital and to the public. The law there has practically left the trusts to take care of themselves and to be moulded by the changing economic conditions, but more and more legislation is guarding closely the incorporation particularly, and the supervision of corporations generally.

President Taft the other week at

Waterloo, Iowa, referring to the United States Supreme Court's trust decisions, said: "The court declines to hold that competition is impossible under modern business conditions, but it insists that it must be given full opportunity for operation, and that any combined effort affecting interstate trade looking to its suppression, is contrary to law. In other words, business must face the necessity of throwing away the crutch of combination against competition in its further progress."

Despite that assertion, the fact remains that business under modern conditions has been found impossible by many companies, and they have had to utilize the crutch of combination. Many of the big trusts in the United States are being dissolved either voluntarily or by order of the courts. The Standard Oil Company, for instance, is cutting itself into thirty-four parts, but it is doubtful whether the thirty-four companies under the new conditions will exert less power than did the one Standard Oil Company under the old.

One has to revert to the time when the original charter was granted. Then was the proper moment to regulate matters without disturbance to general business conditions, as we see in the United States to-day, as a result of the Taft policy of trust breaking. Trusts in England are held to be illegal only where competition is shown to have been wholly removed or prices raised excessively. This apparently is the spirit of the Investigation of Combines Act of Canada. Time will show whether the spirit of this law can be carried out in the letter.

European Trade Laws.

Under the French law, combinations of the principal producers in any line with a view of controlling prices, are illegal. The law has not been rigorously enforced in recent years, and such combinations are numerous; but in their control of prices, they are far less successful than the American trusts. The law of Austria declares agreements designed to create a monopoly void.

The German law recognizes the validity of cartel agreements, even if such agreements result in power to control prices. If, however, the prices fixed are unreasonable, the combination is subject to an action for extortion. Every incorporated company (in Germany) which operates independently, or as a member of a syndicate, is, from the moment of its organization, under the control of the law of corporations, a statute which reaches to every detail of corporate organization and management; compels the periodical publication of statements showing the exact condition of the company's affairs; makes its books and assets subject to official inspection at all times, and holds directors and officers rigidly responsible for every breach of trust.

A statute entitled "The Australian Industries Preservation Act, 1906," has been enacted by the Commonwealth of Australia to secure at once the repression of monopolies and the prevention of dumping. The statute, as its title suggests, does not attempt the suppression of all trusts and combinations, but is aimed only at those which are to be "detriment of the public."

It would seem that the present Canadian legislation is sufficient to cope with the possible evils of monopoly and the undue enhancement of prices. Where Canada may well imitate other countries is in the matter of full publicity prior to the granting of charters and after, to financing operations and accounts. This, as explained, is not solely in the interests of the public. It is, in reality, in the best interests of the corporations themselves. Some of the biggest combines have their home in Great Britain. The Coats thread concern, of Paisley, formed

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Profits Earned in

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083

Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

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into a limited liability company in 1890, commenced a policy of amalgamation, until with the English Sewing Cotton Company and the American Thread Company in which it is interested, it practically controls the thread industry of the world.

In that country, industrial combinations and working agreements between naturally competing firms or companies are regarded as legal and natural, and expansion of trade has accompanied these developments.

It is possible that the favourable opinion in Europe of what is the cause of so much opposition in America is

due to the operation of simple but definite legislation directed properly against the evils of incorporation, corporate management and business competition. In the United States, the legislation is not only seeking to weed out these evils but, unconsciously or otherwise, it is also seriously affecting the legitimate and normal industrial growth. Canada has little to learn in trust regulation from the United States. Our chief lesson is to guard against the abuses which were allowed by United States legislators when the original trust charters were granted.

WILLIAM GEORGE

By H. D. LOWRY

WILLIAM GEORGE was the only child of pious parents and brought up from infancy to be a shining light to them that came into the world about the same time, and even to his elders. Before he was three he could stand up before company and tell half a dozen little bits of poetry. There never was such a formal boy.

I was born a year before him to the day and I could never do such things. I wonder how I didn't come to hate him. I was poor-tempered, and didn't know the name of obedience. 'Twas beyond even a mother to make out that I was good to look at. I could sing when I was by myself, and the organist heard me one day and wanted me in the choir. But I was shy and refused, though mother begged me to join, saying that if there was one thing discovered that I could do well I ought to do it. Now William George had a lovely treble voice and before long 'twas he that sang solos in the anthems when great renowned preachers came from up-the-country to preach on special occasions.

'Tis a strange thing, but I liked William George amazingly.

As he grew he was still the pride of his parents. He was a long-legged boy and well made. He was good in games, and a fine scholar, and still obedient. However, there was trouble in his family over what he did to Joe Tregear.

Joe was a bully. (He's dead now, poor dear, but truth will out.) William George had suffered along with several others, but one day he just turned and struck Joe in the face, giving him a bloody nose. Now Joe, after the manner of such people, was a coward. He said that nobody ought to do such a thing, least of all William George, that was held out for a model, and he asked him to beg his pardon.

"As to models," said William George, "that is what I am going to be. Take off your coat, for I am going to teach 'ee the alphabet from A to Z."

There were others round by this time so Joe had to fight and William George kept his word. Of course he suffered, for Joe was an inch taller than him. He had two black eyes and he lost a front tooth. But he paid Tregear for past, present and to come, and at last he wouldn't put up his fists again and started to cry. "That's your alphabet," said William George.

There was tears and trouble when he got home and worse came not long after.

There was an old man in the place that had been champion wrestler of Cornwall. He was very religious, and hadn't had a bout for years.

Mr. Symons, the father of William George, was passing the old man's cottage one day in his trap and looked over the hedge into the field. There was William George stripped to the waist, and the old man hardly better, and they were wrestling. He hitched his reins to the gate and climbed the hedge and looked down on them.

"Simon Yeo," he said to the old man, "I'm ashamed of you." The old man was like a child reproved.

William George stood up bravely and his father couldn't but admire the shape of him and the whiteness of his skin.

"It is my fault, father. Mr. Yeo didn't want to teach me. It was a

week before he would give consent."

Simon Yeo looked up. "And what was the last word that made me break the custom of twenty years, boy?"

The boy flushed scarlet. "I said I didn't see the good of having legs and arms if you couldn't use them, and that I wanted to be able to take up for father and mother—and my wife, if ever I have one." He was fourteen then.

His father couldn't think what to do, so he said: "Put on your clothes and I'll drive 'ee home. 'Tis getting on for tea-time, and that last was tussle enough for one day." And then while the boy was dressing he talked quite comfortable with Simon Yeo.

When the boy was ready he thanked the old man, and said no doubt William George would be coming that way again. Just before he whipped up the old pony, he ran his hand down the boy's arm, and a little later he said: "Strength is a great thing. 'Tis like money: it is good or bad according as 'tis used."

Now, none of these things made William George less of a model to them of his own age, but when he was seventeen a terrible thing happened. His father kept the only shop in the place, and you could buy everything except the ugly kind of valentines. He had saved money and he was thinking to put William George in the grocery. There was a nice little business three miles away and in the course of Nature it would be for sale in a year or two.

William George wouldn't hear of it. He said that he hadn't got the memory for the price of things and he couldn't be all the time looking after people. He wanted to be a miner. When it came to the last he disappeared. 'Tis thought that he made his mother promise to keep a secret and told her what he was going to do. He left a letter saying that he had gone away and was going to be a miner, and that he had made arrangements so that he would know at once if they had need of him. And he went up to Tallywarn and found work at Wheal Darkness.

Of course he was soon found, and then he had his way, and went to the classes at the School of Mines, and what he didn't learn was no use to a miner. When he didn't have a class he would get on his bicycle and come home, if 'twas only for ten minutes. For if a woman—sweetheart, wife, or mother—do care for a man that goes to sea, or works underground she is never happy when he isn't in sight.

And at last he had to be taken home. There was a run of ground and he was badly crushed, and when 'twas said that he might live people were almost sorry, for 'twas certain-sure that he would be a cripple. However, he got better and better, for his blood was clean, and the natural thing was for any hurt to start healing from the first. He was very weak, and his father used to help him down to the beach, where he would lie in the sun and look at the waves and pick a pebble now and again and toss it towards them. There was a little dog that was very fond of him, and they used to be most comfortable there in the sun.

Then, somehow or other, he made acquaintance with a little maid by the name of Winnie Heritage. She was sweet as a flower, and any man might have wanted her for his wife.

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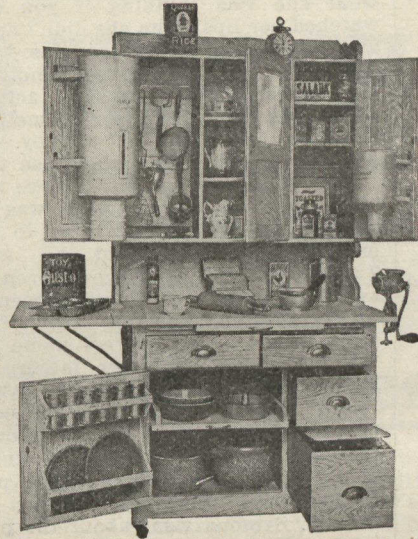


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PURE WOOL

Her voice was like velvet, and her eyes could speak, and you could tell what she was thinking if you only watched her lips when she didn't speak a word. They were brown eyes.

But Winnie Heritage was not her real name, and she was an actress, and 'twas said that she sometimes came on the stage as a boy. It didn't seem possible, but it was true.

So William George fell in love with her and when he was told it was impossible, he said he had to go to Plymouth for his cure, and he went. Three times the banns were given out and then there was an advertisement in the Western Morning News: "Symons-Blake"—for her real name was Winifred Blake and her father was chief clerk to a big London lawyer—and the same day William George brought her home. It was thought that his mother must have known about it, for she took the little maid about it, for she took the little maid in her arms directly—moment; and old Mr. Symons went about the place and said, "My son's wife," and "My daughter" time after time. So William George was not Absolam even then.

And when he was well enough he got a good post in South Africa, and he went out and left his wife with the old people until he should have made a home. And the war broke out and he volunteered and he was shut up in Ladysmith. They say that he saved more lives than any doctor, for he would play with the children like as if 'twas 'pon the sands at home, and if there was anyone sick and hopeless William George was sent for to give him back his courage.

He was wounded later—he lost an arm. But he came through it, and when he was sent home there was bands playing and all the gentry glad to speak to him. And there was Winnie and his mother and his father, and there was old Simon Yeo—glad as could be and proud to show it. And when it was all over I passed him and Winnie as they were going down to the beach and I could catch the love in their voices.

I never could abide a model, but I was always very fond of William George.

"Going Some."

THE city of Winnipeg, with less than half the population of Toronto, has been spending so rapidly in becoming a modern city, that her public debt is now larger than that of Toronto. From \$3,323,299 in 1907, it has grown to \$22,976,262 in 1911—almost trebled in four years.

Cabinet Ministers' Ages

HE New Canadian Cabinet is not, comparatively speaking, very much younger than was the Laurier Ministry when it took office in 1896. Of course, there were three aged members of the Laurier Ministry, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Henri Joly, and Hon. R. W. Scott, whose ages make the total heavier than it otherwise would be,

but the average age of the Laurier Cabinet in 1896 compares not unfavourably with that of the Borden Cabinet of 1911.

Here are the comparisons:

Ages in 1896.		Ages in 1911.	
Laurier	55	Borden	57
Cartwright	61	Foster	64
Mowat	76	Doherty	56
Davies	51	Hazen	51
F. W. Borden	49	Hughes	59
Mulock	53	Pelletier	54
Fisher	46	Burrill	53
Tarte	47	Monk	55
Fielding	48	White	45
Blair	52	Cochrane	59
Sifton	35	Rogers	47
Paterson	57	Reid	52
Joly	67	Nantel	54
Scott	71	Roche	52
Geoffrion	53	Perley	54
Dobell	59	Kemp	59
		Lougheed	57

Got His Measure.—A Baltimore school teacher had encountered such a degree of ignorance on the part of one of her boys, in relation to the recorded acts of the Father of his Country, that she grew sarcastic.

"I wonder," she began, "if you could tell me whether George Washington was a sailor or a soldier?"

The boy grinned. "He was a soldier, all right," he said.

"How do you know?" the teacher challenged.

"Because I saw a picture of him crossing the Delaware. Any sailor would know enough not to stand up in the boat."

Staggering.—She—"And so you are going to be my son-in-law?"

He—"By Jove! I hadn't thought of that!"—The Tatler.

Greatness.
Lives of great men all remind us
We may do great things as well,
And departing leave behind us
Anecdotes we didn't tell.
—The Tatler.

Can't Break Away.—The Tall and Aggressive One—"Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry! You've had that 'phone twenty minutes and not said a word!"

The Short and Meek One—"Sir, I'm talking to my wife!"—Puck.

Never Satisfied.—He—"You grow prettier every day, dearie!"

She—"H'm! You've been saying that ever since we were married three months ago. What a fright I must have been then!"

A Sainted Leg.—Little Girl—"Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?"

Veteran's Little Girl—"Yes."

Little Girl—"Where's his other one?"

Veteran's Little Girl—"Hush, dear. It's in heaven."—Home Herald.

Well Defined.—Fame is the feeling that you are the constant subject of admiration on the part of people who are not thinking of you.—Life.

Whooping Cough

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BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

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

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The Scrap Book

Biggest Game.—In Savannah, Georgia, some visitors chartered an old sea-going hack driven by a negro. The driver was a knowing old fellow and pointed out all the places of interest along the route. As they were nearing Mrs. Bannon's place, which is four miles from Savannah, a squirrel appeared in the road.

"George," said one, after all had noticed the squirrel, "do you have any big game around here?"

"Yas, indeed, sah," replied the negro. "We has baseball."

Thoughtful.—A Maine clergyman, living at the hotel in his town, ordered a typewriter and had it sent to his rooms. It came when the clergyman was out, and the proprietor took charge of it. When the minister returned the proprietor led him behind the desk and whispered: "That case of yours is on the ice, parson. I guess it will be all right by dinner-time."

The Perfect City.—Why laugh at Boston? Boston has
More culture than Athens, (Ga.).
More art than Paris (Ky.).
More age than China (Me.).
More manufacturers than Birmingham (Ala.).

More colleges than Berlin (Conn.).
More shipping than Amsterdam (N.Y.).

More cathedrals than Britain (N.C.).
More population than London (O.).
More Irishmen than Dublin (N.H.).
More Poles than Poland (Me.).
More waterways than Venice (La.).
More law than Rome (N.Y.).—Life.

Needn't Travel For It.—"When I visit the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone I realize the insignificance of man. Ever been there?"

"Never. You can get the same sensation by going to a suffragette meeting."—Washington Herald.

A Fair Exchange.—It is rumoured that a number of kind-hearted persons in America, touched by our grief at losing Tattershall Castle, are raising a fund with a view to presenting the people of Lincolnshire with a New York sky-scraper which is about to be demolished owing to its being out-of-date.—Punch.

The Usual Experience.—"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hats?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "The funnier they seem to me the more convinced she is that they must be correct in style."—Washington Star.

Higher Education.—"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college."

"Yep," replied Farmer Cornfossel. "I dunno what I'll do without him. He got the live stock so they wouldn't move unless he give 'em the college yell an' I can't remember it."—Washington Star.

The Limit.—Quite the worst case of selfishness that has been recorded is the youth who complained because his mother put a bigger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.—The Tatler.

A Puzzler.—The late Sylvanus Miller, civil engineer, who was engaged in railroad enterprises in Central America, was seeking local support for a road, and attempted to give the matter point. He asked a native: "How long does it take you to carry your goods to market by muleback?"

"Three days," was the reply. "There's the point," said Miller. "With our road in operation you could take your goods to market and be back home in one day."

"Very good, senior," answered the native. "But what would we do with the other two days?"

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Our very finest watch and the absolute peer of any watch made in the world today. It is, of course, impossible to give a full description here, but we submit this short outline so that you may have some idea of how this perfect masterpiece is constructed.

ADJUSTED TO TEMPERATURE The watch is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours. Then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures. Not 10 per cent of all watches made are adjusted to temperature.

ADJUSTED TO ISOCHRONISM A careful adjustment so that the speed of a watch when it is fully wound up is the same as when it is almost run down. Not more than four watches out of every one hundred watches made in the United States have this adjustment.

ADJUSTED TO POSITION Adjusting a watch to position is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions. You can easily see a watch is to run absolutely accurate the friction of the bearings must be exactly the same for different positions. This adjustment is never attempted on more than a very, very minute percentage of all watches made in the United States.

THE JEWELS used are the finest grade of selected genuine imported ruby and sapphire jewels, absolutely flawless. Nineteen of these chosen gems protect every point. It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency. Nineteen jewels is regarded by experts as the best number for a perfect watch, more jewels often being a source of complication rather than service. The smaller size ladies' watch has 17 jewels, giving this watch the protection needed for a lifetime of service.

DOUBLE JEWELS—that is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

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FACTORY FITTED Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for that watch. No looseness or wearing of parts against the sides of the case. No rattle or jar.

OUR DIRECT GUARANTEE means that we will make good on any just complaint either as to workmanship or material, in either watch or case, at any time, without red tape or formality. Note, we do not say within ten or twenty years, but at any time. Our guarantee, of course, does not include cleaning or breakages caused by carelessness or accidents, or tinkering with the watch; but, if anything is found wrong with the watch in any way, we will replace the part complained of, or we will repair the watch free of charge, or we will give you a new watch absolutely free, as you may elect. Note: This guarantee is good for 25 years, yes, and longer than 25 years; for any length of time if anything is found wrong with the material—absolutely without restriction.

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CONCERNING A CHILD

(Continued from page 6.)

knows that they helped check you on your way to commit a crime she'll offer up a prayer of thankfulness.

"They made me think of Cousin Martha," David repeated, "and it came to me all at once that if I killed that hound it would be a blow to her—that it would be called murder—though God knows he ought to die!—that I must stand for his crime myself. And I knew I ought to come in and ask you what to do. How am I to go on living, Robert—living and looking people in the face?"

"Just by turning neither to the right nor to the left because of this, which is no fault of yours. The village can't bring into play the Scarlet Badge of another's infamy—it's none of their business. Be kind to Christine, forgive her, for there is really nothing to forgive on her part."

"As Holt pulled himself wearily out of the rocker I felt that I had accomplished very little; I had exhausted his first burst of Bersek and that was something. As to his standing up against the village, he wasn't the kind, he was too negative. 'Don't try to drown your troubles with drink, David,' I admonished as kindly as I could.

"I watched him turn down toward his own house, which also was something, for the tavern lay the other way."

"But your counsel d'd prevail, Gray," I said, "for there seems to have been a happy ending."

"Not at all," he answered. "My influence over Holt lasted about as long as I watched him going down the way. That is one of the reasons why I have been on the ego side of the story so far. I simply want to show you, Bates, that the Creator is still considerably wiser than either of us—works in mysterious ways, and, as a rule, chooses humble instruments. The good Samaritan in this case—well that's what I'm going to tell you."

"For days and weeks the shadow that was over the house of David Holt grew darker. As he passed to or from the factory I could see a heavier droop growing into his shoulders. Sometimes his face was full of a tired moroseness, sometimes the flush of the essence of forgetfulness rouged his pallid cheeks. Catherine knew in her own house Christine as a stranger—this I had from David. When I remonstrated with him he only shook his head, saying: 'It's no use—no use! It's the shame; when it becomes known in the village we'll be like lepers—we'll be outcasts. That's what Catherine keeps dinging into my ears morning, noon, and night. God knows I know it. People will look on me with shame in their eyes.'"

"I could see it all. David and Catherine had sat under the Word of God in its Mosaic expression until their minds had holding for but two forms of humanity, saints and devils, holiness and sin. And their own daughter, blood of their blood, was like an evil thing that sat with them. Walled in of long evenings, afraid to venture forth upon the street lest someone who had come by their dread secret should put shame upon them, they were becoming morbid—their power to visualize anything but their shame atrophied."

"The girl, Christine, was experiencing a veritable hell on earth," I said, as Gray, with an expression of disgust knocked the bowl of his pipe empty against the fire-place.

"Yes; and suddenly, worse, if possible, materialized. You see, my wife and I had been worrying over when Ruth should come to know the calamity that had befallen Christine. With that natural shrinking which is moral cowardice we had put off—well had said nothing about it. And by one of those curious mental twists that are so unexplainable Ruth was possessed of an abnormal desire to visit Chris; and this day that the storm broke and she was thrust into possession of what God had no doubt set aside for her hands to do, she came back to her mother from Holt's in a tempest of agitation. They were



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sending Chris away to visit Catherine's sister, wife of the Reverend Drake who lived in Chicago. And Chris didn't want to go; as Ruth described it was crying as if to break her heart, was white as death with fear. I tell you, Bates, it was terrific," Gray continued with a humorous play to his lips; "Ruth declared she wouldn't stand it—Cousin Catherine was a heartless wretch! I heard part of it—it was terrific! Then, of course, Mrs. Gray had to confide in Ruth.

"There is only one hypothesis for what made this school girl, Ruth, rise above the conventional horror of such a situation, made her oblivious of everything but the fact that a helpless girl needed sympathy and encouragement and love. She took possession of the whole situation. I must go down at once and stop the barbarity of sending Christine away amongst strangers. If her own parents turned against her we were to give her an asylum in our house."

"She was a heroine," I interjected. "She was," Gray concurred, and continued: "I went down to Holt's house. David was there. In the end he showed me a letter from the Reverend Drake. 'He's a fine spiritual guide!' I declared in anger—to speak of giving the child away—of having it adopted."

"I was startled by Catherine Holt's voice, hard and bitter, asking: 'And why not? Do you ever suppose I ever want to look upon the child of that Judas, Black Angus McCrea? I'd rather have Christine dead! None of my people had ever anything like this brought home to them—I can tell you that to your face, and to the whole village, too!' Her voice was harsh with suppressed disdain, and she looked at David as if thrusting the stigma of degradation, in a hereditary way, upon his side of the house.

"'Stop, my good woman!' I commanded; 'the sin is Angus McCrea's, and will be visited upon his head some time; but we must not commit sin—perhaps abet murder—' and I put my hand upon the letter that had suggested the throwing into the vortex of an unknown world the child. 'Blood is thicker than water; and a child is a holy thing—to be prized above the fear of reproach or anything. Here!' I commanded her with sudden inspiration, 'Get out your Bible and read of the terrible longing of Rachael pouring out from her barren heart its wail of desolate longing for children!' I tell you, Bates," Gray interjected, with a glint of soft humor in his eye, "I'm not sure that I was not cut out for the ministry. I preached at that dour Scotch woman—grasped ideas that two minutes before I had known nothing about. At any rate I won out to the extent that Chris was not to be sent away. But so far as the expected child was concerned there was not the slightest glint of reluctance; that Puritanical face of the mother would petrify to stone in a second mention of it. I had only succeeded in awakening the dulled love for Christine—that was all.

"I had a veritable shower of thanks when I told Ruth Chris was not going away. She buried her face in my shoulder and just simply cried with sheer relaxation and joy."

"Human sympathy is a great thing," I contributed.

"Indeed it is; that is, if one keeps it up as Ruth did." Gray was chuckling. "I have seen a pair of robins that have built for years in that maple in front of the house watching over their little ones—fighting the cats away; and I tell you, man, Ruth was like that in her guardianship of Chris. And sewing things, too—every day. When I'd come in suddenly sometimes I'd be pushed back from the door by the mother; or I'd see Ruth scurrying up the stairs with parcels of drapery in her arms. These were curious little touches of false modesty, quite at variance with her pluck and independence over the real issue.

"Then one evening, returning from the city by the nine o'clock train, I missed Ruth at the usual door-greeting, and asked for her.

"'She's down with the baby,' Mrs.

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Gray said, quite simply, as though knowledge such as she was possessed of popped all over the world, and that I knew.

"I felt there would be something unusual when Ruth returned home—and there was. She came in dead beat, tired to death—mentally, you know. There was a majestic look in her face—you know the Magdalen's face—I could feel it. She drew a little has-sock up to my feet as I sat here in this big chair, put her arms on my knees so that she could look up into my face, and said: 'Oh, Dad, I'm tired! I think the studying is knocking me out—I'm all in. But we've won out, Dad; they're all going to be happy again down at Cousin Catherine's.'

"She put her face down on my knee, and I knew that there was just a little shedding of the wine of the soul. Presently she raised her head; her whole face was just one quick peep into heaven, Bates—I tell you it was Godlike—and said: 'It's just the sweetest little baby you ever saw, Dad; you must go down soon and see it. And Cousin Catherine is going to call her after me—Ruth Holt. Isn't that pretty, Dad?'

"Name it after you, girl?' I queried in astonishment.

"Yes. When I went in to-day the poor little angel was lying at the foot of the bed where the nurse had placed it; and Chris whispered to me that her mother hadn't taken any notice of the baby. Cousin Catherine was sitting there, too. I felt sorry for her—her face was full of trouble. I just went crazy over the baby, I kissed it, and told Chris she ought to thank God that she was—well, with her friends. When I asked Cousin Catherine what the baby's name was to be she said she didn't care—not a name in her family—I saw the big tears come in Chris's eyes, and Cousin David turned away. I almost gave up, Dad—it was so bitter. I guess God put the next thought in my mind, only I just spoke out what I had been thinking and wishing for for days. I put my hand on Cousin Catherine's shoulder and asked her if she would name the baby after me—call her Ruth—my favourite name, as you know, Dad. Then Cousin Catherine threw her arms about my neck and burst out crying as if she'd break her heart. She kissed me, and then threw herself down beside Chris, and buried her face in the pillow; and Chris put her hand on her mother's head and asked her not to cry. After a little Cousin Catherine rose and took up the baby and kissed the little darling and called it Baby Ruth. When I came away Cousin Catherine was petting Chris, and I know they're going to be happy. I guess we're all so happy that we're tired out.'

Gray ceased speaking and sat looking dreamily into the fire.

"And that's the babe that money couldn't buy now—eh, Gray?" I said.

"Yes, more precious than the whole world of gold and jewels—a little child."

Rubbing It In.—Much sympathy is still being shown in the U. S. A. about Canada's Declaration of Independence. It is felt to be in the true spirit of reciprocity.—Punch.

Art for Art's Sake.—"I know Ames comes in for a lot of praise because he hunts with a camera instead of a gun," Forbes began, in a slightly acrid tone. "It never seems to strike people that there may be more than one kind of brutality."

"What's the matter with Ames?" demanded one of the men on the clubhouse porch.

"Up in Canada last fall," Forbes readily resumed. "I went off by myself one day, when Ames was fiddling over his kodak, and I stumbled full on a black bear. Because I was the only thing in sight, very likely, I became the immediate object of her attentions. I had only a slight lead, but I was going pretty well when Ames poked through the brush and took in the situation.

"Hold on there, old chap!" he yelled. "You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in."

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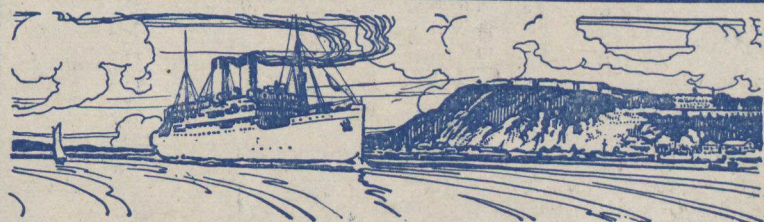
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To points on the Canadian Northern Ontario. Washago and north; also points on Muskoka Lakes. The best Deer and Moose Hunting Grounds in Ontario. On sale to November 11th. All tickets valid to return until December 14th.



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The hunter who prefers the stately caribou and moose will best plan the trip for his ultimate success if, in procuring his information, he secures particulars of the hunting grounds reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway--conceded to be the road that reaches more of the best hunting grounds in America than any other line. "Hints for Hunters," "Fishing and Shooting," "Open Seasons," "Sportsman's Map," etc., all contain valuable information for hunters, and may be had from any agent.

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Deer and Moose abound in all that district known as the "Highlands of Ontario," reached by

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OPEN SEASON.

DEER--November 1st to November 15th inclusive.
MOOSE--November 1st to November 15th inclusive. In some of the northern districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th inclusive.

OPEN SEASON FOR SMALL GAME IN PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

DUCKS--September 15th to December 15th inclusive.
GEESE--September 15th to April 15th inclusive.
PLOVER--September 15th to December 15th inclusive.
QUAIL--November 15th to December 1st inclusive.
PARTRIDGE--October 15th to November 15th inclusive.
SNIPE--September 15th to December 15th inclusive.
WOODCOCK--October 1st to November 15th inclusive.
HARES--October 1st to December 15th inclusive.
SQUIRRELS--November 15th to December 1st.

Write to the undersigned agents for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," containing maps, game laws, and all particulars:

A. E. Duff, Union Station, Toronto Ont.; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.; W. E. Davis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. Bell, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. Elliott, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

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