

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THIS WEEK

A GREAT Northern Animal Story, "The Monarch of Park Barren," by Charles G. D. Roberts; illustrated in the best style of Arthur Heming. What Sir Donald Mann thinks on some of our National Problems, by Augustus Bridle. A new serial of broad human interest and skilful handling, "The River of Stars," by Edgar Wallace. News of a Week in Picture and Prose.

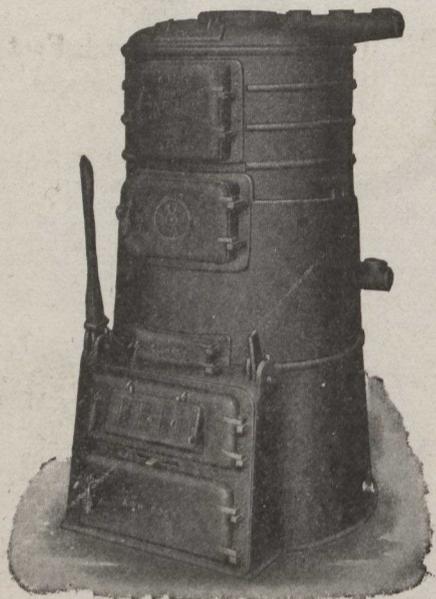
Woman's Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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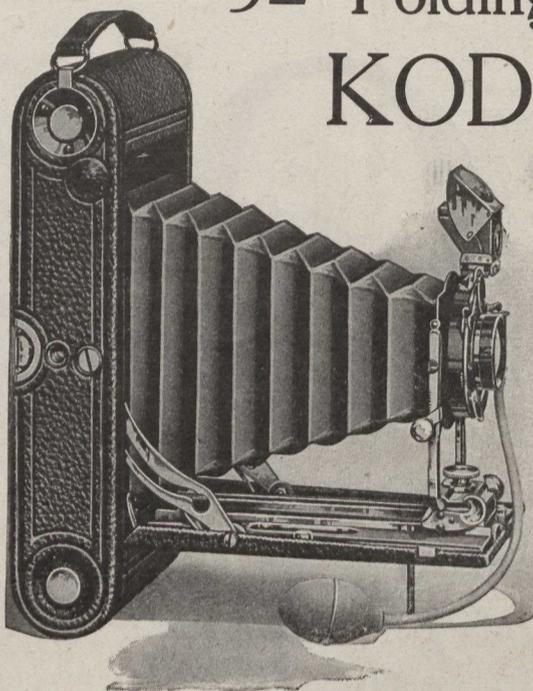
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CANADIAN BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION

in connection with the

NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD CONFERENCE

Birmingham, Eng.,

September 20th to 24th, 1913

SAILING DATES

Leave Montreal.	Steamers.	Leave Bristol.
Sat., Aug. 9th.	Royal Edward.	
Sat., Aug. 23rd.	Royal George.	Sat., Oct. 4th.
Sat., Sept. 6th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Oct. 18th.
	Royal George.	Sat., Nov. 1st.

Special parties will be formed to sail from Canada on above dates and choice accommodation reserved for them.

Special fares in connection with steamship passage will be quoted from any point in Canada to the seaboard.

Regular steamship fares between Montreal or Quebec and Bristol or London.

ATTRACTIONS IN ENGLAND

Civic reception at Avonmouth on arrival of "Royal Edward," due August 16th. Trip through the Shakespearian Country, including Stratford, Oxford and Windsor.

Reception by the Lord Mayor, Mansion House, London. Demonstration at Crystal Palace, London. Choir of 4,000 male voices. Visit to Windsor Castle.

National Brotherhood Conference at Birmingham.

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

CANDIDATES GAIN STEADILY

After Examinations are Over Very Aggressive Work is Expected in Canadian Courier Contest

Many of the candidates in the "Canadian Courier" Contest are in high school and have been very busy with examinations for the past week or two. However, the gains have been steady and consistent, but more aggressive progress is looked for after the beginning of July. There will be a number of new candidates who have been waiting for school to close in order to get to work in the contest. They will have the summer vacation season to win the trip or the year in college.

The largest gain for the week was made by Miss Esther Downey, of Comox, B.C., who has advanced 25,000 votes, and is making a splendid showing. Miss Beatrice Booth, of Lardo, B.C., gained 16,000 votes, and Miss Annie Huestis, of Sussex, N.B., and Miss Katherine Macdonald, of Truro, N.S., each has a gain of 19,000 and 14,000, respectively. Miss Edna Fraser, of Canso, N.S., advances 18,000. Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, Ont., gains 12,000; Miss Cecelia Peppin, of Blind River, 6,000; Miss M. Augusta McLeod, of Goderich, 10,000; Miss Minnie Wentzel, 8,000, and Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, 4,000.

The standing follows:

Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	254,900	Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	13,500
M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	219,950	Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont. ..	12,700
Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	201,350	Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont. .	12,250
Esther Downey, Comox, B.C.	175,800	Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	11,850
Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	131,000	Maud Chambers, Sudbury	11,850
Minnie Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	91,800	Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	11,650
Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	83,950	Ethel J. Smith, Montreal	11,600
Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	62,200	Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B. .	11,600
Rhona Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	60,850	Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500
Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	56,000	Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont. .	11,500
Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	53,600	Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	11,150
Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	52,600	Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,950
Cecelia Peppin, Blind River, Ont.	46,550	Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	43,450	Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta. .	10,800
Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S.	42,750	Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont. .	10,800
Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	35,600	Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,800
Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	35,500	Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont. .	10,750
Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	33,800	Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont. .	10,550
Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	32,700	Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont. . .	28,550	Alice Hamill, Meaford, Ont.	10,400
Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que. . .	27,050	Kathleen Platt, Toronto	10,100
Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	23,800	Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont. .	10,000
Edna Coutanche, Vancouver, B.C.	22,850	Miss Mary Sumara, Amherst, N.S. .	10,000
Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	22,750		
Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	20,500		
Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	19,150		
Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.	18,300		
Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	17,600		
Etheline Schliefauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	15,700		
Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	15,550		
Sophia Shriar, Montreal, Que. . .	14,900		
Doris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	14,650		
Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B. .	14,250		

Ballot No. 18

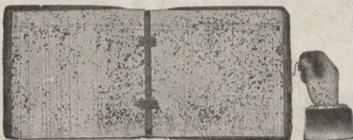
This ballot is good for 50 votes in CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 5

CONTENTS

- At the London Camp ... Illustrated. Sir Donald Mann ... By Augustus Bridle. The Monarch of Park Barren ... By Charles G. D. Roberts. Our Rigid Constitution ... By O. D. Skelton. The River of Stars, Serial ... By Edgar Wallace. Summer Holidays ... By the Monocle Man. Women Journalists Abroad ... By Marjory MacMurchy. News of the Week ... Photographs.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

The Working Girl expresses her mind through that capable mouthpiece, "Erin"—as do others; a staff writer sketches the growth of Supervised Play in the Popular Acceptance; M. J. T., in humorous vein, gives Woman's Poetical Outlook in this era.

- Demi-Tasse ... By Staff Writers. Money and Magnates ... By the Financial Editor. Reflections ... By the Editor.

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TIZ Makes Tired Feet Dance With Delight.

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U-1

\$50,000 BLAZE AT BROCKVILLE

Fanned by High Wind the Flames Scourge Half of the Town

RESIDENCES DESTROYED

Starting in Skating Rink, Fire Engulfed Large Part of the Residential Section

(Special to The Gazette).—Brockville, Ont., April 22.—The biggest conflagration of years in Brockville broke out tonight in the covered skating rink owned by L. R. Coesitt and situated in a thickly settled portion of the town.

Brockville's Fire Protection Brockville, Ont., May 6.—(Special)—The Brockville town council has made a material expansion in the fire limits of the town, which now includes every part of the thickly settled residential and business sections.

FIRE RAGING AT MONCTON Threatens Big Area

Lo Moncton, N. E., May 6.—At 1.30 this morning a fire was discovered in Victoria Rink, which was all ablaze and at 2 o'clock was totally destroyed.

NOTE:

None of these news items would have been nearly so important if the sparks had alighted on roofs of

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The time to act is BEFORE the loss.

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VANCOUVER RESIDENCES THREATENED BY FLAMES

Only Miracle Saved House in G Shaughnessy Heights—High Wind

VANCOUVER, B.C., April 22.—No becalmed mariner ever prayed for a breeze more fervently than did the residents of Shaughnessy Heights today pray for the dropping of a western gale.

CATHEDRAL BLAZE.

All Church Documents Were Saved From Destruction. Charlottetown, P.E.I., March 9.—The firemen were kept busy yesterday with the rain from the fire and prevent further trouble.

In Lighter Vein

Superfluous.—"You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house." "It isn't necessary. She knows."—Houston Post.

The Health Dodge.—Even doctors are not always literal in their prescriptions. "You must take exercise," said the doctor to a patient. "The motor car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that—" "But I can not afford a car on insurance pay," the patient growled. "Don't buy one, just dodge 'em!" said the doctor.—The Argonaut.

Rodin No Grasper.—M. Auguste Rodin has been offered by the Office of Works three sites for his bronze statuary group, "The Burghers of Calais," but it is anticipated that he will only choose one of them.—Punch.

The Wage Too Minimum.

An Irish M.P. is telling a story of a man who complained to three friends, an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, that his servant was constantly breaking china.

"What do you think I ought to do with her?" he asked plaintively.

The practical Englishman said: "Dismiss her!" But as she was otherwise an excellent servant, her master was unwilling to do that.

"Then, take it out of her wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

"That wouldn't do much good," was the reply, "for her wages are less than the amount of damage she does."

"Then raise her wages!" said the Irishman promptly.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Fatal Recall.—Mike: "And do yez believe in the recall of judges, Pat?"

Pat: "That I do not. The last time I was up before his honour he sez: 'I recall that face. Sixty days.' Am agin the recall of judges."—Life.

An Irritant.—"That political rival of yours is to be congratulated. He is always in the public eye." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "like a locomotive cinder."—Washington Star.

Growing Pains.—There is a growing feeling among Sir J. M. Barrie's fellow Baronets that this popular author should now, out of respect for the dignity of his rank, cease to associate himself with the literary profession.—Punch.

Marked.—Mother: "Don't cry, dear. Which one of the twins hit you?"

Dear: "The one with the black eye."—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Bringing Out the Good.—Charles Teller, the inventor of cold storage, is a Frenchman of eighty-five years, and, having been discovered in a state of abject poverty, Mr. Teller was recently decorated and pensioned by the French Government. In the course of an interview with a New York correspondent Mr. Teller talked with grim humour about poverty. "The advantages of poverty are overrated," he said. "The rich declare that poverty brings out a man's good points. Well, so it does—by the roots."—The Argonaut.

Subtle Blarney.—Waitress: "That fellow there wants some hot water to weaken his coffee!"

Restaurant Proprietor: "Flatterer!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Th' Accomplished Mule.—"There's no blind side to a Georgian mule," says the experienced brother, "for that alert animal has an accurate way of feeling for you with its heels."—Atlanta Constitution.

Expecting the Sack.—With reference to the vacant Laureateship it is said that several secretaries to Cabinet Ministers are now taking lessons in verse-making.—Punch.

No Time.—"I suppose that with Jinks it was a case of marry in haste, and repent at leisure." "Not exactly. His principal complaint appears to be that he has no leisure."—Buffalo Express.



**YOUR YEARLY DIVIDEND
AS A PEASE USER**

PRODUCED BY LOWER COAL
BILLS AND NO REPAIR COST.

PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACES

DAD'S VISION

Dad was a traveller, away most of the time—and the dull days of coming winter brought him a vision. He saw his wife engaged in the dirty, dusty and unending job of trying to make the furnace heat the house, in his absence. He saw her shivering at her meals—her health impaired and the children uncomfortable, because of the lack of heat, and yet, he saw his coal bill growing and growing like the Evil Spirit in the Fairy Tale and eating a big hole in his savings.

He returned home one bitter morning, down-hearted and chilled to the bone and expected little comfort at home. Entering the house he was greeted by his wife—bright-eyed and happy, the children playing around on the floor—he found every room warm and cosy. Astonished, he asked his wife "What's the answer?"

She took him down to the cellar, saying:—"I got this PEASE FURNACE in while you were away, and that is where all the heat comes from. Mr. Smith, next door bought his wife a new fur with the money he saved on his last year's coal bill. See that large combustion chamber and that ingenious air blast in the fire-pot that actually burns air and all the gases, that in ordinary furnaces go right up the chimney and are wasted from the coal—and that vertical shaker relieves me of the back-breaking stoop when shaking the furnace. Oh! it is lovely."

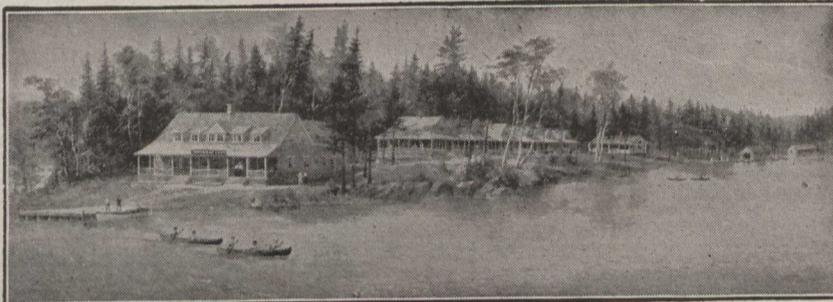
Dad was overcome with joy, and what was a cold and cheerless house is now a warm, cosy and happy home. and Dad's PEASE 'ECONOMY' FURNACE "Pays for itself by the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet.

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"Whyte & Mackay" is so good because fully aged and matured and perfectly blended.

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The Tooke Patent Nek-Gard protects the neck in front as well as at the back.

The collar button goes in or out with usual ease.

The collar button cannot touch, cannot pinch, cannot soil your neck.

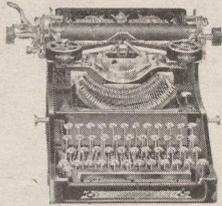
The Tooke Nek-Gard is not affected by laundering.

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This is the latest improvement—and "the greatest thing that ever happened to a shirt."

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Editor's Talk

HERE never has been a time when financial matters in this country were of such peculiar interest as they are at present. Every now and then it is necessary for people in general to reconsider the financial news appearing in the daily papers. For some months now this country—not alone among the capital-borrowing nations of the world—has been experiencing "tight money." The causes are both local and general. Canada is no longer isolated from the nervous system of the financial world as she used to be. Neither is this country so absolutely dependent upon conditions abroad as some countries are. Many financial problems have a strictly national interest as never before in the economic history of Canada.

Next week will be issued the best Financial Quarterly ever published by the "Canadian Courier." The subjects treated in this comprehensive and impartial survey will include an exceptionally able review of the stock market and the bond market by a writer who has particular grasp of these matters and the ability to write about them as humanly as a novelist. Municipal bonds, lately the subject of so much talk in the newspapers, will be thoroughly investigated as investment problems. The year's developments in life insurance will be covered in a separate article. Fire insurance rates will be discussed by a specialist in that field.

In addition to this most interesting financial review we shall publish also a thrilling mine story by S. A. White, "The Covenant of Salt and Bread"; the strongest of all the many mining stories of this clever young Canadian writer. It is the aim of the "Canadian Courier" to develop Canadian talent in the short story field. We are now publishing twice as many good Canadian stories as any other periodical in the country; and we want to make this feature more worth while in future.

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The price now is only \$55.00.

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It's the car with the down keep. The Ford's surprisingly low first cost is matched by its low cost of maintenance. And six thousand service stations—where all Ford repairs are to be had at reasonable prices—insure its constant and efficient service.

Here's the test: 300,000 Fords now in service. Runabout \$675; Touring Car \$750; Town Car \$1,000—f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont., with all equipment. Get catalogue and particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.

The Friedmann Cure

NOW that a council of Canadian doctors has pronounced the Friedmann consumption cure a failure, it is of interest to quote what the medical journals have been saying about the scientific aspects of the case. Said American Medicine recently:

"Dr. Friedmann may be honest. His intentions may be of the best. His professional ideals may be of the highest. He may care nothing for money. He may have a great and noble mission which he aims to fulfil for suffering humanity. He may be anxious to demonstrate the efficiency of his remedy. Finally, he may be all—as a man and as a physician—that his supporters claim that he is. But one thing is certain, if he had deliberately gone to work to repudiate the good reputation and character given him by his friends, and justify the suspicions of his bitterest enemies, he could not have chosen a more consistent course than the one he has followed during the past month.

"It may be that Dr. Friedmann has a different way of manifesting his likes and dislikes than the ordinary physician. Thus is sudden loss of interest in the cases he was treating under Government scrutiny and equally sudden trip to Providence, R.I., may have indicated his lack of business acumen or his complete indifference to the call of opportunity. That Rhode Island was the only near-by State that would allow patients to force Dr. Friedmann to take their money was only a strange coincidence. It was certainly sad, moreover, after Dr. Friedmann had fought so hard against going to Providence, that he had to remain there for so many days at the mercy of patients who, in spite of his most strenuous efforts, would not let him treat them until he had accepted twenty or twenty-five dollars. The anguish and suffering Dr. Friedmann was forced to undergo, with money constantly being offered to him, can easily be understood.

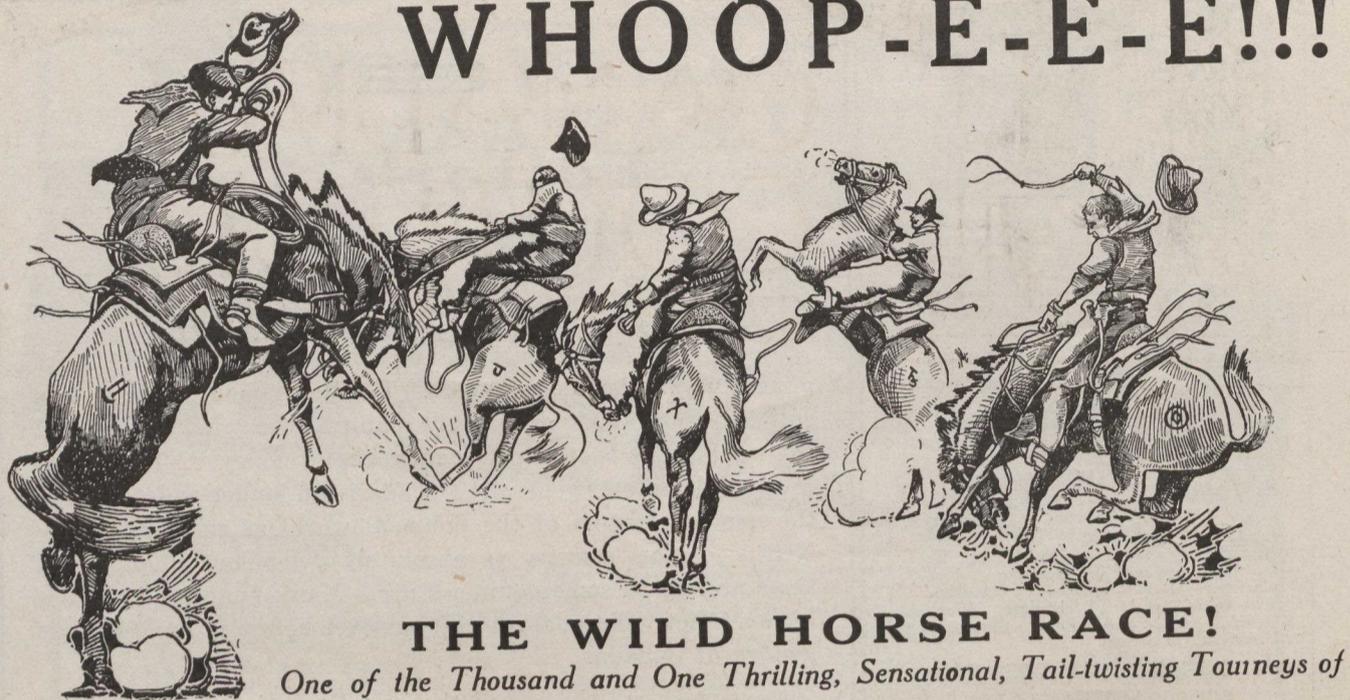
"The more we consider the 'grand finale' of the Friedmann drama—we refrain from referring to it as a comedy—the more we can appreciate Dr. Friedmann's talents. It was certainly a stroke of genius to consummate the sale of his remedy before its efficacy was established, but the real hand of the artist was shown in collecting \$125,000 cash on delivery. Our only hope is that those who bought what Dr. Friedmann had to sell will find that it can stand the acid test. But like the canny Scot, 'we hae our doots, we hae our doots.'"

The Journal of the American Medical Association says:

"The American medical profession has listened to the claims of Friedmann with an open mind. It has waited patiently for him to prove his claims and to show his real intentions. To wait longer is now unnecessary. At present its most pressing duty is to lay the facts before the public through the agency by which Friedmann has so shrewdly secured the free advertising, from which he is preparing to reap his golden harvest. A united movement to warn the people on this important question will, we are sure, meet with a cordial response from the same agency—the American press. Even if it should ever merit scientific classification among the many more or less helpful methods of treatment, the sensational publicity that has been given this 'vaunted cure' adds one more disgraceful chapter to the history of the exploitation of the sick for profit."

The Medical Record, New York, says: "When Dr. Friedmann first came to New York, we thought he had been ill advised, but we were looking at the matter from the side of ethics; we now see, looking at it from an entirely different side, that he has been very well advised.

"Whether the purchasers of this secret remedy have been equally well advised time will show. . . . The results of the New York experiments would hardly seem to warrant an outlay of \$125,000 for the Friedmann secret, but then the stuff has been widely advertised and moribund consumptives are hopeful and credulous. There has, as yet, been no official report on the experiments with the turtle bacillus culture in the hospitals in this city, but it is very generally known among medical men, if not among the laity, that the results have been not at all satisfactory—except to Dr. Friedmann."



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DO NOT WAIT UNTIL IT IS ALL OVER AND SAY YOU DID NOT KNOW—

Paste These Dates in Your Hat

Get them branded on the tablets of your mental make-up; and don't let anyone jolt, rope, bulldog, or twist them out of you.

In 1913 It's
WINNIPEG
ONE COMPLETE CYCLONIC WEEK
Aug. Saturday 9 to 16

READ THIS AGAIN—IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

The Chairman of the Board, the Great Northern Railway, Jim Hill's Boy, says:

"The stampede at Winnipeg will be the Greatest Thing on the American Continent in 1913, and the best advertisement that the Canadian Northwest has ever had."

Twenty Thousand Dollars in Real Money to Split Between the Kings and Queens of the Cattle Corral

HORSES	CATTLE.	COWBOYS	COWGIRLS	INDIANS	MATADORS
A Band of Branded Bronchos, Picked from the Ranches of a Continent, That Have Never Been Mastered by Man. Fearless, Wall-eyed Victors of Fifty Furious Struggles.	A Herd of Wild Ones to Work On. Long-horns from Texas and the Rio Grande, Range Jumpers from the Prairies, White Faces, Black Faces, Cruikshanks and Durhams.	Clean Cut, Bow-legged, Lithe and Sinewy. Not employees for a Circus; but the World's Champions of the range, contesting for Records, Honors, and the Rich Prize Money of the One and Only "Stampede."	Comely, Charming Centaurs of the Ranchos. Beautiful, Buxom and Brave; the Lady Riders of the Great Bounding West.	Real, Red Indians, with the Sienna and Ochre of Fierce Tribal War and Undying Race Hatred Still Clinging to Bronzed Cheek Bones. The Sioux of the Pine Tree Reserve, Blackfeet of Our Mountains, and Tom Three Persons of Alberta.	AND VAQUEROS from Chihuahua and Sonora, gay and brilliant in the yellow and scarlet of the passionate Southland, and their still more brilliant Senoritas, rivalling the glories of the Rainbow, and the Plumage of the Birds of Paradise.

The Khaki Covered Rough Riders of the South; the Bois Broules of Early Western Lore; Horsemen from Mexico, the Argentine, Hawaii.

The Pioneer Trappers, Hunters, Range Riders, Ranchers, and Cattle Barons of Our Own Wonderful West.

The Picture of the Plains and the Romance of the Round-up; done into a living Panorama of Life itself by the outlaw Bronchos, the long horned and bellowing Bulls, and the skilled, nonchalant, chapped and spurred Knights of a Western Tournament.

A picture fit for a King! And under the patronage of the King's Uncle—our Royal Governor-General.

NOTICE TO RANGE MEN.

Bring on Your Bad Ones!

The Stampede Committee will purchase for \$1,000 any horse brought to "The Stampede" that cannot be ridden; and will purchase for \$500 any Steer that cannot be ridden.

The Money Is Up and There Are No Strings to It.

Sturdy, Stocky, Strident Straddlers of Fierce, Furious, Frothing Steeds—the Untamed and Untamable Outlaws of the Wild, Measureless West.

Panoramic Parade and Peerless Presentation of the Plains' Picturesque Past.

See the Real Western Drama, Before the Curtain of Progress Closes on it Forever.

THE SHOW THAT MAKES ALL THE OTHER SHOWS LOOK LIKE SIDE SHOWS.

Seats for Sixty Thousand

Winnipeg—the entertainment city of the Northwest, en fete in honor of her visitors, with entertainment for every man, woman, or child.

Winnipeggers—Plan now to do your part in Making Good on the invitation.

Plan your summer to take in "The Stampede" at Winnipeg. Be one of the Hundred Thousand who will be there from all parts of the world. Ask your agent about rates, or if you are from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Toronto, Calgary or New York and intermediate points, ask about Special Trains.

Write the Guy that Put the Punch in Cow Puncher
GUY WEADICK

Manager of the Stampede. Ask him for time tables, and the Cowboy Dictionary. It's free, and he will send you other stuff besides.

Headquarters: Forum Bldg., 445 Main Street, Winnipeg

Stirring! Startling! Scintillating! Stupendous! Stampede!!



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIV.

July 5, 1913

No. 5



No. 1 Company 33rd Hurons Leaving Goderich.



The Camp Ambulance on a Hurry Call.



Not Much Adventure in Peeling Potatoes.

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON and Hon. Colonel Hughes gave the military camp at London this year a real touch of the spectacular. The Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces had more time than he had a week or two ago to see the details of military life in this country. He saw Canadian soldiers on parade. He saw as lively and temperamental a lot of soldiers under rigid discipline as he ever saw at Aldershot. Some of the machine-like regularity may have been wanting. But the Hon. Minister of Militia could tell the General that the best qualities of Canadian soldiers, no matter how well they may appear in a line-up and a march-past, are not obvious in a parade. Both the General and the Colonel agreed that the camp-grounds at London are not adequate for the manoeuvrings of such a body of troops as came from the Western counties of Ontario. They also agreed on a matter which is always elementary with the Colonel, and which he has hammered home one way and another, here, there and everywhere, since he became Minister of Militia, and for years before that. The General said to the newspaper men:

"Without touching at all on that great controversy

At the London Camp

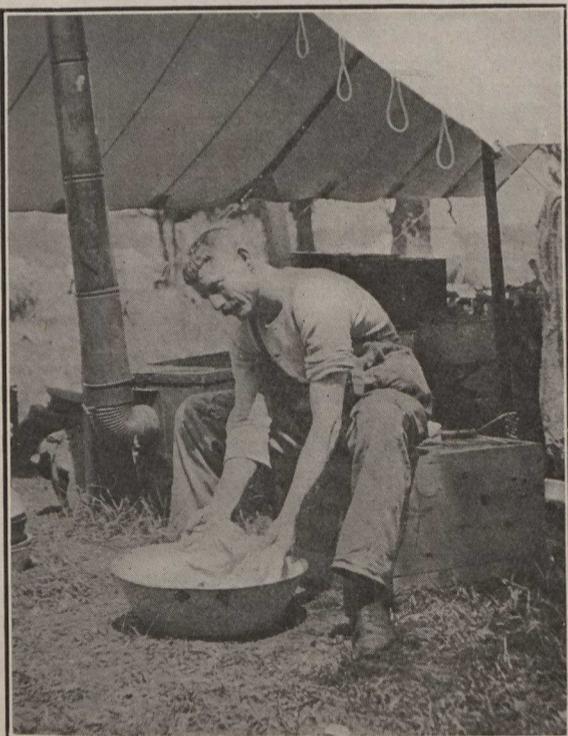
Snapshots taken at one of the many Military Outings held during the past few weeks. Where Rural Regiments once a year get their real "esprit de corps."

of conscription and compulsory training, I am of the opinion that great things could be achieved by increasing the amount of military instruction given to the boys of the nation. Attendance at schools is compulsory; why not a certain amount of military training? If all boys received some cadet training the efficiency of the militia would be increased fifty per cent."

"Just so!" echoed the Minister of Militia. "Exactly my own sentiments."

Some complaint was made by an officer that the general public took far less interest in a London camp than at a camp in Goderich. The people of London are not perhaps as fond of war spectacles as the Highlandmen in Huron county. It takes a Scotchman to revel in scenes of battle. In the pomp of war he is foremost. Not, of course, omitting the Irish that gave the Empire such a distinguished line of generals, including Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener—and Col. Hughes.

It cannot be said either that most of our citizens in garrison cities are indifferent to war spectacles. The annual turnout of citizens to see a military parade in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and London is a greater spectacle than the parade itself.



The Most Effective Washing-machine in Camp.



HON. COLONEL SAM HUGHES.

The Minister of Militia and Defence at the Annual Camp in London, Ont.

Since Col. Hughes, who is a real soldier, became Minister of Militia he has taken particular interest in seeing Canadian regiments on their home grounds. Colonel Sam and Sir Ian Hamilton were the two most distinguished visitors at the camp in London.

Photographs by Sallows



The Raw Recruit Goes Up in the Air.

Personalities and Problems

No. 28—Sir Donald Mann

A Big Man's Views on Some of Canada's Big Problems

TKAVEL in the west anywhere on a trunk line of the C. N. R. and you come presently to some little town right near the end of the steel. You ask a resident—probably unloading his settlers' effects from a waggon:

"Is this the last town on the road?"

"Nope," he says, laconically. "But it's as near the last as the Company has got yet. Come around three years from now—you'll find this is an old town and some other homesteader hundreds of miles from here will be tellin' you the same as I'm doin' now."

This is a crude illustration of what it feels like to write anything like an adequate character sketch of Sir Donald Mann, first vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway. A number of people have tried it. But almost while the proof of the article was being corrected the checkerboard changed.

Most printed sketches of Sir Donald describe his life down on the bush farm near Acton, Ont.; his career in the lumber woods at Alpena, Mich., and the river drives at Parry Sound, Ont.; how he joined the first trek west about 1878 and took contracts getting out ties for the C. P. R., first east of Winnipeg and afterwards building sections of the road west as far as steel went; how as contractor for the C. P. R. he met a man named Mackenzie, another contractor; how after the C. P. R. was built he went to the State of Maine, down to Chili and over to China—still hankering to build more railways; in 1895 joined up with William Mackenzie to operate the old Manitoba and North-western, which, when built into the Dauphin country, became the nucleus of the C. N. R., now with more than 7,000 miles of steel, with 15,000 men in its construction camps and links going in east and west and south and north, as Macaulay said in his lay of Lars Porsena.

Every now and then this story, coloured one way or another, appears in some paper or magazine outside of Canada. It has been told in several countries and is still much like a chapter of wizardry in most—and even in this country the fact of the C. N. R. generates every little while some new phase of an epical romance.

ONE man says it's part of the second romance of Canadian development as the tales of Champlain and La Salle were the first.

Another explains that the careers of such men as Sir Donald Mann are the result of a big cycle of expansion that had to come by force of circumstances, and that developed the necessary men as it moved ahead.

Another says—"No, it's the men themselves."

Which is an old argument never yet settled by philosophy.

However, it is absolutely true that to understand the tremendous development of Canada during the past fifteen years more is got by studying men than by investigating the things they do. The world has thousands of men who, but for circumstances, might have expended marvelous energies in other directions. If steel had not been a great fact in United States development Carnegie must have found some other material. So with oil and Rockefeller; social reforms and Lloyd George; modern writing and Kipling; modern music and Wagner; electricity and Edison; philology and Max Muller. All such men have been evolved by practical necessity and a great appetite for work. And they would have been very miserable in any kind of heaven or Nirvana. Call it creative activity or any other name; the men have been necessary to the work that needed doing—and the work when it came profoundly modified the men.

Seven or eight years ago, when the writer first interviewed Sir Donald Mann, the railway builder was asked—what he might do when the C. N. R. should be finished. He said:

"Do? Why, keep right on building railroads."

Last week, referring to the same prospect, he said:

"Some day when we get this system all linked up, I hope to escape a lot of this detail and get time to do some thinking."

That seven years has made as much difference to the outlook of D. D. Mann as it has to the system he has helped to create. To the system and to the

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

co-related personal enterprises of Sir Donald Mann, it has meant: several thousand miles of railway between Yarmouth, N.S., and Port Mann on the Pacific; a line of ocean steamships; smelters at Port Arthur; iron ore mines at Moose Mountain and docks at Key Harbour; collieries and whaling industries on Vancouver Island; a trunk line from Toronto to Sudbury and another from Buffalo to Ottawa; from Montreal to Quebec; from Edmonton to Port Mann, to the foot-hills towards the Rockies, to Athabasca Landing at the gateway to the Peace River; from Prince Albert to the Pas,



"Developing his ideas along with his work into the evolution of a system."

feeling out the Hudson's Bay route; a new city in prospect behind Montreal mountain and a tunnel soon to be completed through Mount Royal; a new town, Leaside, not yet annexed to Toronto, and to be the site of carshops; these and a hundred other things that explain what Sir Donald meant by—Detail.

As a combination of plain, primeval work and constructive ideas this programme would be hard to beat. There is no use denying that Sir Donald Mann has hugely enjoyed most of it. He was built for work. He has the muscles and the chest and the spring of a man to whom it was once a joy to tussle tamarac and swing a broadaxe and peavie logs in a river jam, and to limber good, honest day's works out of other men by hundreds and thousands; and to whom it is now a hundred times more joy to develop his ideas along with his work into the evolution of a system.

Sir Donald is now just sixty years of age. He has no present intention of letting up on his labours. But when a man has spent the best part of twenty years in a programme of constructive ideas, it's a natural law of his own personality that he should begin to take a good deal of his joy from a contem-

plation of the work done, the problems it creates and the ideas which it suggests. Seven years has made a big change in that programme. Then Sir Donald spoke as one who was just beginning to do things. Now he speaks as a man who wants time during the next decade to apply his mind to the problems that arise out of the things.

I think the late Herbert Spencer would have seen a sound philosophy in this.

So a few days ago Sir Donald suddenly stopped in the middle of a swirl of detail, opened a drawer in his desk and drew out a box of cigars.

Sir Donald is a connoisseur in cigars. And he thinks best when he is smoking. Most men do. Good tobacco has helped to solve many a problem. The men that don't smoke make problems; but they don't solve them—not as a rule.

"Now," he said, as he lighted up, "you've asked me a pretty big question in economics."

HE talked reflectively and wheeled his chair sidewise to gaze at the window without seeing out. For the time being he forgot the roll of maps that hang on the north wall of his big office and the battery of buzzers at his desk. He shut out of his mind the master of construction who might be in any moment about the most economical and efficient way of building a new piece of road, or lifting the rails from one section to lay them on a side line somewhere—depending on the grade or the ratio of traffic to the life of the rail—the best way to solve the problem of a long fill here, a long cut somewhere else, or a bridge that from present symptoms won't be ready by the time the steel gets to it, or how to shift a few hundred men from one part of the west to another hundreds of miles away, how to get men enough; and a hundred other things equally soothing to the nerves.

The question to which he referred was one that has occurred to a good many men during the last few years of development in Canada; the kind of question that comes to a business man on stock-taking days. It might have been asked of a professor of political economy; but the answer would probably have been of more use to a college student than to the average man.

"It's time," he said, "for the swift ones to go a little more slowly and give the rest a chance to catch up."

"Perhaps you might define that?"

He smoked again—in silence.

"Well—for a number of years this country has been going ahead at a rate never before known in the world's history."

"Thanks to—railroads, for instance?"

"This company is eternally being asked to build trunk lines. People don't like being on side lines. But they prefer a side line to no line at all. To build a trunk line through an unproductive territory is a costly business. As a rule we build trunk lines over areas that begin to earn expenses of building as soon as possible. Unproductive areas are usually the most expensive. That's part of the irony of railroad building."

He had in his mind—muskegs that swallow ballast and probably mountains that eat up dynamite.

"And while we are consolidating a trunk line, from a dozen parts of the country at once we hear about people who to get cheap land went ahead of the steel. They—want railroads. We—build them. What happens? Well, several things. The railway serves a section of producers; and that's good economics."

Another puff of smoke. No cigar ever gets a chance to go out when Sir Donald talks.

"But the bad economics begin—with the subdivisionist. He follows the railway like crooks follow a circus. He expects to get rich quick without investing much. No railway can keep him out. He stakes out the prairie, sticks up an office, buys an automobile and makes it his business to get suckers to see visions of values based upon population."

Silence again. Sir Donald's silences are like those of a sphinx; they mean something.

"This land gambler—for he's just as much a pure gamester as any bookie at a racetrack or a man that buys stocks on margin—makes it his aim in life to produce other gamblers. He can't play the game alone. But the other people have the money. When

everything is sailing along with a good breeze and things are on the up grade of production and building and immigration, the subdivisionist's pupils manage to get money enough to make payments. They still have the vision—of population and higher values. Then we come to a time when money is relatively scarce. People have spent all the money they can get their hands on. They want more—and more. The banks tighten up. People who have been bamboozled by the subdivisionist can't make payments. They are hit. And in the new town away out on the prairie you always find the greatest percentage of optimists. When money gets tight, the new town is the first to feel it, and feels it the worst—because of the over-confidence created by the subdivisionist.

"That's about where we are at present," he added. "But if the present stringency manages to put a curb on the land gambler we ought to be glad of it."

The telephone interrupted. But as Sir Donald is not fond of most telephone talks the interruption was brief.

"You ask me," he went on, lighting a fresh cigar, "why this country with enormous areas of natural resources and millions of industrious, intelligent people that want to develop them—should be confronted with tight money?"

"Well, history explains it. I don't know that the old story about the seven lean kine and the seven fat ones quite fits the case. Of course every progressive country has its periods of ups and downs, like prices and weather and fashions and plays and novel-reading and all sorts of popular movements. But Canada is in a class by itself; and the world never before saw anything like it."

HE leaned over the desk, and stopped talking a while. The fact that he doesn't talk a blue streak from start to finish is no sign that the interview is anywhere nearly over.

"Here's a way to put it," he said, suddenly, with one of those odd lightning-like movements of his forehead. "Canada started in to develop her resources in the twentieth century. That's trite. I don't mean that Canada owns this century. What I do mean is—"

He puffed voluminously.

"Other countries," he went on, "have developed gradually, state by state, almost mile by mile. Take the United States—the most instructive parallel we can get. That country slowly pushed out from the New England States, westward. I'll omit the South, which, before the Civil War, had its own peculiar economy. Take the North. How did it develop? Slowly, state after state the country pushed out; to the Ohio Valley and on to the Mississippi; across Illinois and Minnesota, then the Dakotas and Arizona and Nevada, the Oregon trail and California. It's not necessary to go into detail. But it is necessary to bear in mind that when Canada started in to develop her resources and to pump in the immigrants and to build railways—she opened up at one sweep a whole empire three thousand miles long. The whole cost of settling and rail-roading and towning this vast area had to be undertaken in less than a quarter of a man's lifetime. Where could the capital be got? Some of it from the East, of course, as in the case of the United States. Most of it—from abroad."

He spoke from experience. A great many millions of British capital are invested in C. N. R.

"Is it any wonder that in this country we sometimes come to a point—where we have everything else but money?" he asked.

"You simply have to pay the cost of progress—and it costs like the very mischief. The cheapest thing in the world is stagnation."

The intention was to insert a comment here about the magnitude of Canadian investments, with a rider—as to why some financiers, when so much money is needed in Canada, don't quit shoveling money into other countries.

But Sir Donald was on the track coming from an opposite direction—so I took a switch.

"What is your opinion of Canadian municipal securities—as investments?" he was asked.

Sir Donald has reasons for regarding municipal investments as a very natural outgrowth of investment in railway bonds. In fact he sees no reason for exaggerating one at the expense of the other, since both are necessary in development.

"I consider municipal securities just as good investment in this country as they ever were," he said. "I mean municipalities whose growth has been legitimate expansion. But there is one phase of civic development applying to money markets that needs emphasizing."

He paused again.

"Some Canadian municipalities are over-borrowed," he said. "And there's an economic reason." "This is it," he went on. "This is why Canadian

municipalities are big borrowers, some of them right up to their own statutory limits."

The smoke came thick and fast.

"It's the enormous cost of civic utilities."

"But do cities pay more than—?"

"It's a fact that when a civic corporation undertakes an average job of construction the cost is often higher than it should be."

"In material—or wages?"

"Mainly wages. I don't mean rate of wages. I mean wages compared with what the wages are paid for—the work done."

Many a thousand men Sir Donald has handled on big contracts, and he ought to know.

"Every civic undertaking in the works department should be open to tender and carried out by contract on a sheer commercial basis," he said, heavily. "If that were so, we should be rid of the man who gets onto a city payroll because he has a vote in a ward, and the man who, when he gets on a job, does effectively about three hours' work a day for nine hours' pay. That isn't guess-work, either. I've seen it."

A FEW of Sir William Mackenzie's street-cars went rumbling by, and for a moment it was difficult to catch just what Sir Donald was saying. He was talking about national economics again, with his customary optimism; back to the familiar epic of population and wheat and land, railways and factories—concerning which in the big aggregate he knows perhaps more in a practical way than any other man in Canada.

He adverted to the problem of settlement; what population is worth to a country based upon what it's worth to a railway.

"Every year, in this country," he said, "we bring in nearly half a million of people. Most of them have nothing when they come except land-hunger and hope. Those that come from the United States direct have some money. But for all practical purposes we every year are imposing on our national machinery a peak load of new population."

"Too much pumping in immigrants?"

"No! I don't mean that. I mean that for at least a year, and in most cases two years, we add to our population about half a million people whose main business at first is—to buy. In the case of those who go on the land—and most of them do—their first concern is to buy ploughs, horses, cattle, seed grain, household utensils, waggons, machinery—everything. While they are breaking the land and building homes they have nothing to sell. They are consumers who for a while produce nothing."

"But very good for our home market?"

"Precisely. And to the same extent diminishing our export trade. Every little while you read in the newspapers about the comparative decline of our exports and the increase of our import trade. Why? Because we produce less? No—but because our new populations consume more. Until we get the aggregate of producers in this country in a larger ratio to the consuming population, we can't look for any increase in our total export trade."

"But when we do—"

"No country in the world will have such an export

trade based on population. Because we have everything in the world to make it."

He referred not merely to land products; but with great enthusiasm to manufacturing. He had no time to go into the whole problem of Canadian manufactures, but simply to sketch the outlines of natural conditions. He had no disposition to grumble because central Canada is without coal.

"Why, we have coal on both seaboard," he said. "In Quebec and Ontario and some parts of the west we have the greatest dynamic aggregation of water-power in the world. This is—a great power country!"

"And with plenty of raw material—"

"Yes, even if we had to water-carry raw material to the areas of cheap power we could afford to do it. Power is one great item of cost. The power-cost of manufacturing in this country should be low. Our water-powers should be more rapidly developed. We can't exhaust them by using them. But we are losing wealth every year we let them lie idle. Governments should encourage capital to develop water-powers. I know a good deal is said about the control of rates. But if there is development enough competition will take care of that. What we need, if we are to increase the productive power of our people as fast as we should, is development. In any case a royalty per horsepower could easily be imposed by the government for revenue."

From that he went back to the day when, in 1879, he first saw Winnipeg; when west of the great lakes there wasn't a steel rail or a modern town or any real farming. He said nothing about the Saskatchewan valley, which he was one of the first to exploit for settlement. But he swiftly compared conditions in 1879 with those of 1913.

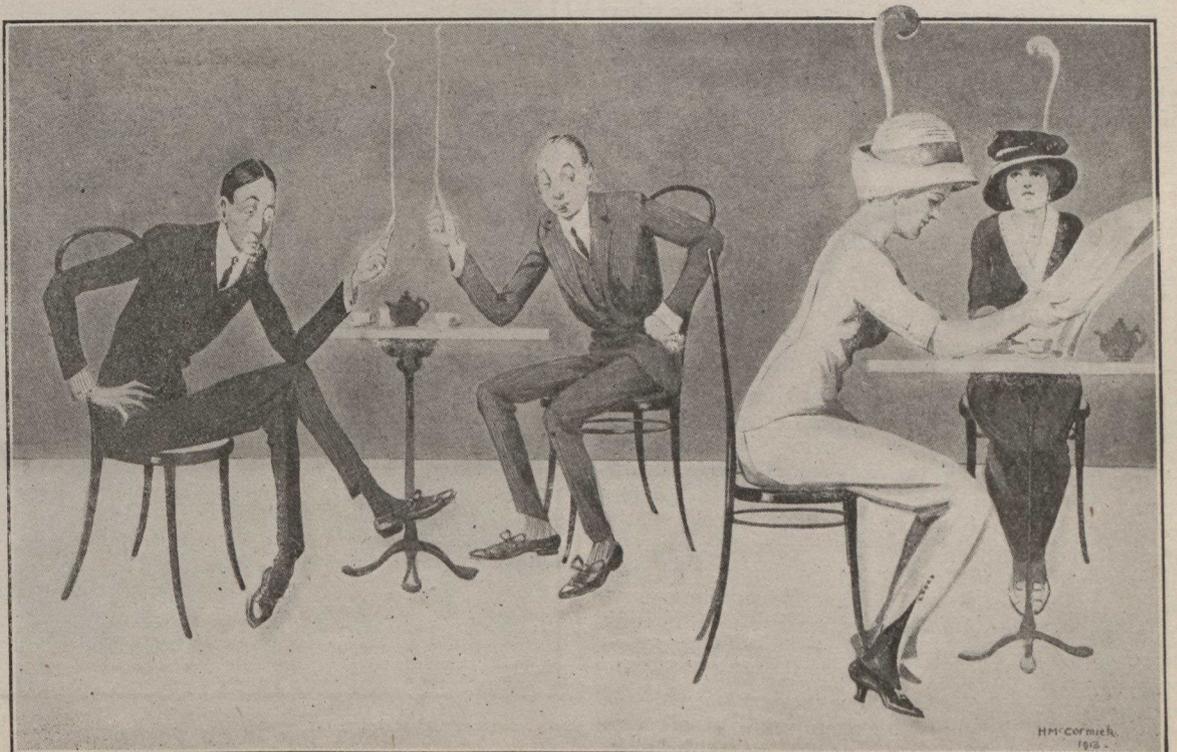
"In one generation," he wound up, "we have the best part of two millions of people in the west all served by a gridiron of railways; and such a record of railway-building as never was known in the world before. No, I don't know how many thousands of these people are construction hands either past or present. Yes, I know that it's always a problem how to get men away from the towns to go to the camps. It was always that way. It's so now more than ever, because the towns are bigger. A big town is a lodestone and always will be. I know that in my time construction hands went on the land or into business. They even got into town councils and school boards."

"But the kind of men you get now—?"

"Can't say so much about them. We have to import a large number of foreigners to get the railways built. I see no reason, however, why the land or the town shouldn't make real producers of most of them. Production is the great thing. The nation that produces most under average human conditions of social progress is the happiest and the best off."

"No," he concluded, "you can't blame people for wanting to get away from some parts of the country to the town. Up to the present a great many parts of the west were lonesome places to live. That is being gradually overcome. And the greater number of thrifty small towns and good settlements we get the less people will hanker to get to the city."

"TEA THINGS"



A Bit of Satire from the London "Bystander."

—Drawn by H. McCormick.



SUMMER HOLIDAYS

I WISH to offer some advice to those about to take holidays. It will be short and definite. It will consist of one word—

"Don't!"

Why, in the world, do Canadians take holidays in the summer? It is sheer waste of time. The summer is of all seasons the period when we Canadians should stay at home. There is nothing better on this round globe in the way of climate than the summer of Canada. And there are few better places to enjoy that summer than in or near the town or city which happens to be your home. Canada is one vast summer resort. If you stop to think of it, there is hardly a Canadian town you know which is not used by some heat-harried American family as a "summer resort"; and a few of our Canadian towns are famous chiefly on that account. Except for possibly a few days, we do not know what real summer-heat is, in the sense in which it drives people out of the greater American cities on pain of death.

OF course, I would slacken work in the summer. Pray don't misunderstand me. Work is an evil, and always has been one since it was fastened upon the human race in the form of a primal curse. But it is not necessary to give up "all the comforts of home" for the discomforts of a summer hotel in order to ease up a bit on your daily toil. In fact, that is just the way not to do it. I am always meeting men rushing about in a tremendous hurry, in spite of the heat and the general air of lassitude amongst their fellow beings; and, when I ask—"What's the hurry?" they answer—"Oh, I am trying to get away for a couple of weeks, and am fixing things up," or "I am just back from a little holiday, and everything is at loose ends." The result very often of snatching a fortnight out of the middle of the summer is to compel the deluded individual who does it to keep at winter-pressure through all the weeks he does work. Meanwhile the "wise guy," who is quietly staying at home all summer, saunters along through his relaxed duties in great comfort and enjoyment, punctuated by days on the golf links, or evenings on the river or lake, and many excursions into the country near at hand.

MOST of our towns and cities are admirably equipped for the summer. There are countless ways of escaping the asphalt for the grass, right at hand. Usually it is quite easy to have a little summer cottage—if you prefer that method of greeting the warmer weather—and the family can play about it all day, and "Father" can get out to sit on the verandah through the cool evenings and the long "week-ends." If, happily, your town or city house is roomy and in a cool location, there is no need to go to the bother of moving into the country. You have your own familiar room in which to sleep—all the equipment of a comfortable life about you—your library at hand for rainy days—the markets of the city within call. And when you desire a taste of the country-side, swift suburban trains will carry you to any spot you prefer—and you can taste all spots before the summer is over, instead of being tied to one. If, to go to the country, you must go into a boarding-house or a hotel, then your home must be very uncomfortable, indeed, if it is not far better.

OF course, some of you have been saying ever since you began these rambling remarks—a little loosely summery themselves—that you know perfectly well that the summer of Canada is one of the best things in the way of climate ever invented, and that you go to some place in Canada for your summer holidays. You do not leave the country—you simply select its choicest spots. I understand that perfectly; and I have two comments to make on it—(1) That if you have anything in the way of a mind which is active enough usually to need a rest at any time, you should go away from Canada as far as you can possibly manage for your holiday, whenever you take it. Of course, if you do not work your mind at all, this is not necessary. You do not need a mental holiday. But it is impossible to get a mental holiday, if you do happen to need one, amidst familiar mental sur-

roundings. Of what use is it for a Canadian politician, for instance, to try to give his mind a rest where everybody is liable to talk at a moment's notice of Borden, Laurier and the Naval question? What he wants is to get some place where they think that Borden is in the milk business, and imagine that we have no government anyway, except the collectors of taxes whom "England" sends out here. And so it is with all other callings which imply mental contact with Canadian conditions.

THE other comment I want to make is that (2) unless you go into the wilds, there is no place in Canada for a summer holiday which is so much better than your own home that it is worth putting up with hotel bed-rooms and railway cars and home-less cooking to get at it. There is not change enough to make it pay—unless, as I have said, you go camping or roughing it in some fashion. This is not a criticism of Canadian summer-resorts—for

they attract and satisfy the holiday-makers of a continent—but a word of well-deserved praise for the attractions of the every-day Canadian city or town. We have not yet created that civic monster which is the cancer of civilization—the death-spreading metropolis which kills all the beauty and freedom of nature within a wide radius of its murky breath.

OF course, the deduction from what I am saying is not that we should take no holidays, but that we should take them at some other season than summer. There are people who do not relish the dismal days of the autumn—let them follow the summer south as it goes, and so lengthen their summer sunshine. Virginia is still warm and seductive, when the winds blow nippingly under gray skies across the "links" in Canada. Other people dislike the winter—or, more usually, think that nature is too generous with it in this part of the world. Well, it is not at all impossible to find summer still lurking under the lea of this continent in January. Two weeks may be a trifle short for so long a journey; but it would be better to take two-years' holidays at once, and enjoy them, than to waste them annually in July. Still others grumble at our slow and slushy springs. Let them go and meet the summer half-way. And all these suggested holidays mean mental rest to those who have minds to rest.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

President Poincare

Feted by the "Nation of Shopkeepers"

WHEN you go into a German cafe or a barber shop, where the opinions of the common people are more or less unrestrained, you hear a good deal about a possible war with England. In official circles and among the seriously thinking element, you may hear nothing of this. In a French cafe or on the boulevard there may be talk of war—with Germany. There has never been a time since the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, when such a war was considered a mere chimera of the imagination.

But there is no talk of a war between France and England—and nobody thinks such a war possible. A few weeks ago King George rode in the same carriage with Emperor William on the occasion of the Crown Princess' wedding in Berlin. At the same time the Czar of all the Russias was photographed with King George, in Berlin. And all these royal junketings spell to the popular imagina-

tion some phase of the Triple Alliance as it affects Germany.

Now the President of France has visited England, where he was given four days of feting and spectacle the equal of that ever accorded a visiting monarch. Again people talk of the alliance between England, France and Russia—with Germany between. The President of the French Republic may anticipate a war with Germany. In the event of such a war he may expect the sympathy, if not the support, of England. Or he may not.

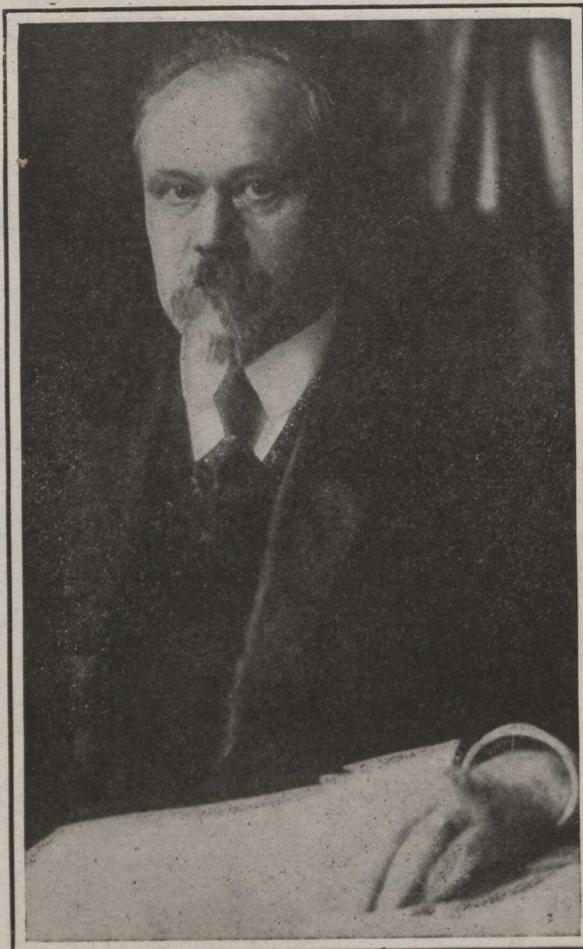
At all events, President Poincare, the most eminent personage at the head of the Republic in this generation, is personally a welcome figure in England. On Tuesday, June 24th, he arrived at Portsmouth, where he was greeted by the Prince of Wales and passed in review a fleet of British warships that fired the Royal Salute. He went from Portsmouth to London on the Royal train. At London he passed through long lines of soldiers and cheering thousands of a populace along gaily decorated streets.

In the evening the President was entertained by the King at a State banquet in Buckingham Palace. He sat between King George and Queen Mary. The King himself proposed the health of the President and alluded to the cordial relations between France and England as a great factor in the preservation of European peace.

For the President's visit, Kipling wrote an Ode to France. It will be remembered that Coleridge, another Englishman, wrote the first great Ode to France.

The odds are that in either ode, half the words are of Norman French origin.

PRESIDENT POINCARE will appreciate this. He is a cosmopolitan and accomplished public gentleman; lawyer, orator, art-connoisseur, student of drama, patron of sport and altogether a fine example of modern French culture. For the Frenchman is the most obviously cultured man in the world. For him arts and sciences exist to beautify life and to sweeten human nature; not to be a bone of contention. The Frenchman loves the arts of peace. He best knows how to enjoy them. And the Frenchman is always gay and debonair and smiling, even excessively polite—when his countrymen are on the edge of war. When Paris streets were red with the blood of Revolution the Parisians laughed and held their festivals and went to the ballet, as though a Revolution were but one more show in the repertoire. The French have taught intellectual liberty as well as useful culture to the world. Men like Raymond Poincare are the perpetual envy of public men. In this *entente cordiale* between King and President, the Frenchman may be credited—with thinking now and then about Germany. Perhaps he may remember that when Paris was under siege at the time of the Commune, Charles Gounod wrote a choral lamentation called "Gallia"—the



PRESIDENT RAYMOND POINCARE,
Distinguished Head of the French Republic, for Four
Days Feted and Spectacled in England.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

very name used by English Coleridge in his Ode to France; and the first performance of this work was given in England.

President Poincare would be very popular in Canada. In Ottawa he would be very pleasing to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In Quebec he would be almost acceptable to Armand Lavergne. In Montreal—he might pass muster with Henri Bourassa and *Le Devoir!*

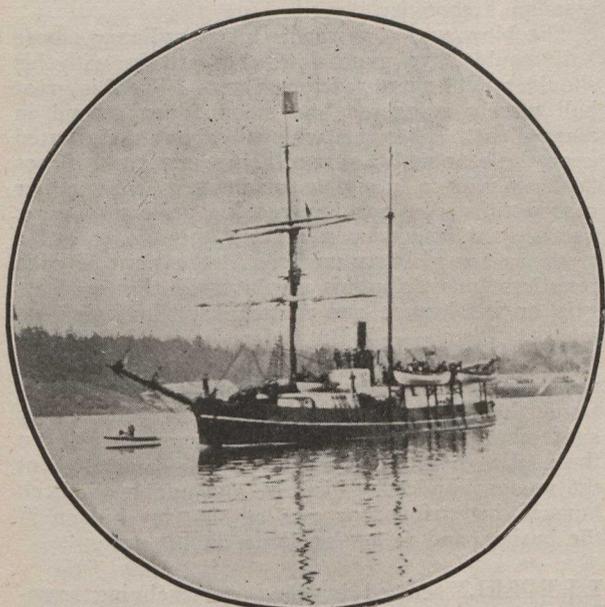
The "Karluk" Abroad



The Canadian Club Presented Stefansson With a Flag at the Esquimalt Navy Yard Before the "Karluk" Sailed. Stefansson is Holding the Flag.

VILHALJMUR STEFANSSON, the Icelandic Canadian commissioned by the Dominion Government to the extent of three years and \$75,000 for the purpose of adding more information to High School geographies about Victoria Land, is now on his way north. He left Seattle on June 27th. His discovery ship, *Karluk*, had been sent ahead to be picked up by the explorer at Nome, Alaska. Officially accompanying Stefansson are Anderson, a biologist, and Murray, oceanographer.

The *Karluk*, accompanied by a gasoline auxiliary, will steam out of Nome on July 20th. She will reach Port Barrow, Alaska, on July 31st. Ten days later she is scheduled to make the mouth of the Mackenzie, passing not far from Herschell Island whaling station and last outpost of mounted police. Enterprising excursionists down on the Mackenzie steamboats may pick up news of the inbound, north-scouring party on the *Karluk*. But before they get back to Athabasca Landing the *Karluk* will be well on her way along the north coast of Canada, cover-



The "Karluk" Signals "Farewell" at Esquimalt; and Stefansson Will Join it at Nome, Alaska.

ing the 600 miles between the Mackenzie and Victoria Island, where the "blond Eskimos" live.

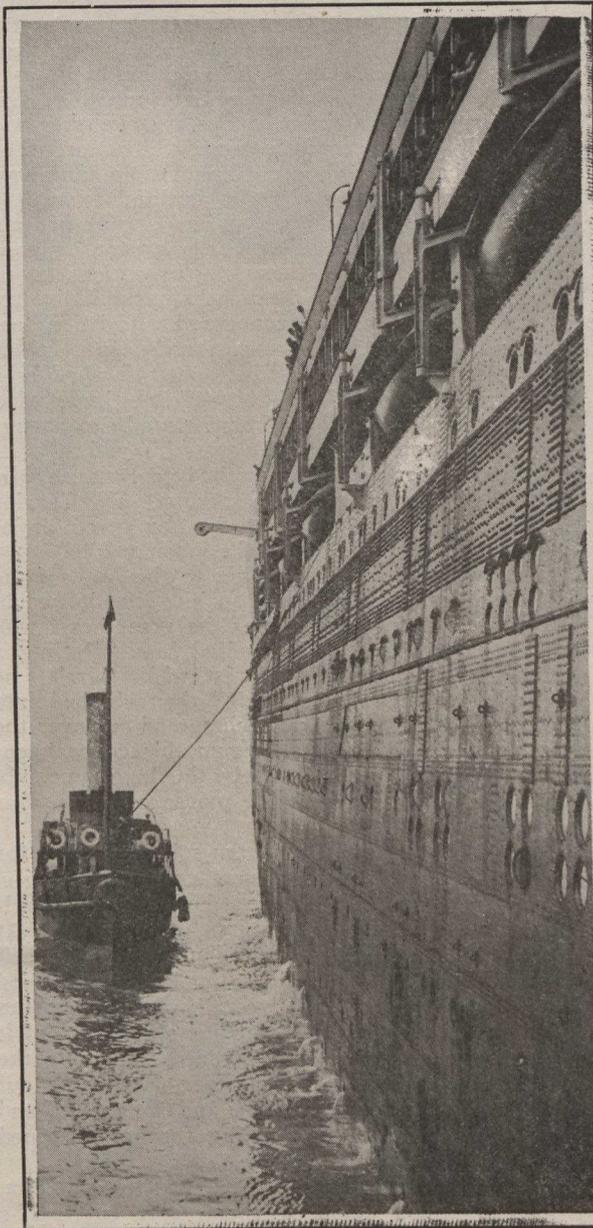
Then it will be three years, or the summer of 1916, before the world will hear much of anything about the party on board the *Karluk*, one of the best-equipped exploring crafts in the world. The Geological Survey now has 15 expeditions covering northern and western Canada in search of knowledge concerning people who have no time to make money and the kinds of places they live in. This of Stefansson's is the most elaborate expedition ever sent out from Ottawa.



The International is Being Held at Olympia as Usual. This Picture Shows the Boxes and Decorations in Process of Construction. One of the Chief Visitors Last Week Was President Poincare of France, But the French Military Team Which Had Won Two Years in Succession Was Beaten by Russia. Hon. Clifford Sifton and Hon. Adam Beck are Exhibitors. For Teams of Triple Hunters, Mr. Beck Got First Place With "Sir James," "Sir Edward" and "Melrose."

A STRIKING CONTRAST

AUSTRALIA'S HIGH COMMISSIONER



This Picture Was Taken at Southampton as the "Imperator" Was Leaving on her Maiden Trip to New York. Beside Her is a Large Baggage Tug.



Sir George and Lady Reid Opening a Savings Bank Department in the Commonwealth Bank of Australia's London Office, New Broad Street.

The Monarch of Park Barren

Whether the Fight Goes to the Giant of the Hoofs and Antlers or to the Slugger Beast

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustration by Arthur Heming

FROM the cold spring lakes and sombre deeps of spruce forest, over which the bald granite peak of Old Saugamauk kept endless guard, came reports of a moose of more than royal stature, whose antlers beggared all records for symmetry and spread. From a home-coming lumber-cruiser here, a wandering Indian there, the word came straggling in, till the Settlements about the lower reaches of the river began to believe there might be some truth behind the wild tales. Then—for it was autumn, the season of gold and crimson falling leaves, and battles on the lake-shores under the white full moon—there followed stories of other moose seen fleeing in terror, with torn flanks and bleeding shoulders; and it was realized that the prowess of the great moose bull was worthy of his stature and his adornment. Apparently he was driving all the other bulls off the Saugamauk ranges.

By this time the matter became of interest to the guides. The stories came in from different quarters, so it was hard to guess just where the gigantic stranger was most likely to be found. To north and north-east of the mountain went the two Armstrongs, seeking the stranger's trail; while to south and south-eastward explored the Crimmins boys. If real, the giant bull had to be located; if a myth, he had to be exploded before raising impossible hopes in the hearts of visiting sportsmen.

Then suddenly arrived corroboration of all the stories. It came from Charley Crimmins. He was able to testify with conviction that the giant bull was no figment of Indian's imagination or lumberman's inventive humour. For it was he whose search had been successful.

In fact, he might have been content to have it just a shade less overwhelmingly successful. That there is such a thing as an embarrassment of success was borne in upon him when he found himself jumping madly for the nearest tree, with a moose that seemed to have the size of an elephant crashing through the thickets close behind him. He reached the tree just in time to swing well up among the branches. Then the tree quivered as the furious animal flung his bulk against it. Crimmins had lost his rifle in the flight. He could do nothing but sit shivering on his branch, making remarks so uncomplimentary that the great bull, if he could have appreciated them, would probably have established himself under that tree till vengeance was accomplished. But not knowing that he had been insulted, he presently grew tired of snorting at his captive and wandered off through the woods in search of more exciting occupation. Then, indignant beyond words, Charley descended from his retreat, and took his authoritative report in to the Settlements.

At first it was thought that there would be great hunting around Old Saugamauk, till those tremendous antlers should fall a prize to some huntsman not only lucky but rich. For no one who could not pay right handsomely for the chance might hope to be guided to the range where such an unequalled trophy was to be won. But when the matter, in all its authenticated details, came to the ears of Uncle Adam, dean of the guides of that region, he said "No" with an emphasis that left no room for argument. There should be no hunting around the slopes of Saugamauk for several seasons. If the great bull was the terror they made him out to be, then he had driven all the other bulls from his range, and there was nothing to be hunted but his royal self. "Well," decreed the far-seeing old guide, "we'll let him be for a bit, till his youngsters begin to grow up like him. Then there'll be no heads in all the rest of New Brunswick like them that comes from Old Saugamauk." This decree was accepted, the New Brunswick guides being among those who are wise enough to cherish the golden-egged goose.

IN the course of that season the giant moose was seen several times by guides and woodsmen—but usually from a distance, as the inconsiderate impetuosity of his temper was not favourable to close or calm observation. The only people who really knew him were those who, like Charley Crimmins, had looked down upon his grunting wrath from the branches of a substantial tree.

Upon certain important details, however, all observers agreed. The stranger (for it was held that, driven by some southward wandering instinct, he had come down from the wild solitudes of the Gaspé Peninsula) was reckoned to be a good eight

inches taller at the shoulders than any other moose of New Brunswick record, and several hundred-weight heavier. His antlers, whose symmetry and palmation seemed perfect, were estimated to have a spread of sixty inches at least. That was the conservative estimate of Uncle Adam, who had made his observation with remarkable composure from a tree somewhat less lofty and sturdy than he would have chosen had he had time for choice.

In colour the giant was so dark that his back and flanks looked black except in the strongest sunlight. His mighty head, with long, deeply overhanging muzzle, was of a rich brown; while the under parts of his body, and the inner surfaces of his long, straight legs, were of a rusty fawn colour. His "bell"—as the long, shaggy appendix that hangs from the neck of a bull moose, a little below the throat, is called—was of unusual development, and the coarse hair adorning it peculiarly glossy. To bring down such a magnificent prize, and to carry off such a trophy as that unmatched head and antlers, the greatest sportsmen of America would have begrudged no effort or expense. But though the fame of the wonderful animal was cunningly allowed to spread to the ears of all sportsmen, its habitat seemed miraculously elusive. It was heard of on the Upsalquitch, the Nipisiguit, the Dugarvan, the Little Sou'west, but never, by some strange chance, in the country around Old Saugamauk. Visiting sportsmen hunted, spent money, dreamed dreams, followed great trails and brought down splendid heads, all over the Province; but no stranger with a rifle was allowed to see the proud antlers of the monarch of Saugamauk.

THE right of the splendid moose to be called the Monarch of Saugamauk was settled beyond all question one moonlight night when the surly old bear who lived in a crevasse far up under the stony crest of the mountain came down and attempted to dispute it. The wild kindreds, as a rule, are most averse to unnecessary quarrels. Unless their food or their mates are at stake, they will fight only under extreme provocation, or when driven to bay. They are not ashamed to run away, rather than press matters too far and towards a doubtful issue. A bull moose and a bear are apt to give each other a wide berth, respecting each other's prowess. But there are exceptions to all rules, especially where bears, the most individual of our wild cousins, are concerned. And this bear was in a particularly savage mood. Just in the mating season, he had lost his mate, who had been shot by an Indian. The old bear did not know what had happened to her, but he was ready to avenge her upon anyone who might cross his path.

Unluckily for him, it was the great moose who crossed his path; and the luck was all Charley Crimmins's, who chanced to be the spectator of what happened there beside the moonlit lake.

Charley was on his way over to the head of the Nipisiguit, when it occurred to him that he would like to get another glimpse of the great beast who had so ignominiously discomfited him. Peeling a sheet of bark from the nearest white birch, he twisted himself a "moose-call," then climbed into the branches of a willow which spread out over the edge of the shining lake. From this concealment he began to utter persuasively the long, uncouth, melancholy call by which the moose cow summons her mate.

Sometimes these vast northern solitudes seem, for hours together, as if they were empty of all life. It is as if a wave of distrust had passed simultaneously over all the creatures of the wild. At other times the lightest occasion suffices to call life out of the stillness. Crimmins had not sounded more than twice his deceptive call, when the bushes behind the strip of beach cracked sharply. But it was not the great bull that stepped forth into the moonlight. It was a cow moose. She came out with no effort at concealment, and walked up and down the beach, angrily looking for her imagined rival.

When the uneasy animal's back was towards him, Crimmins called again, a short, soft call. The cow jumped around as if she had been struck, and the stiff hair along her back stood up with jealous rage. But there was no rival anywhere in sight,

and she stood completely mystified, shaking her ungainly head, peering into the dark undergrowth, and snorting tempestuously as if challenging the invisible rival to appear. Then suddenly her angry ridge of hair sank down, she seemed to shrink together upon herself, and with a convulsive bound she sprang away from the dark undergrowth, landing with a splash in the shallow water along-shore. At the same instant the black branches were burst apart, and a huge bear, forepaws up-raised and jaws wide open, launched himself forth into the open.

DISAPPOINTED at missing his first spring, the bear rushed furiously upon his intended victim, but the cow, for all her apparent awkwardness, was as agile as a deer. Barely eluding his rush, she went shambling up the shore at a terrific pace, plunged into the woods, and vanished. The bear checked himself at the water's edge, and turned, holding his nose high in the air, as if disdainfully to acknowledge that he had been foiled.

Crimmins hesitatingly raised his rifle. Should he bag this bear, or should he wait and sound his call again a little later, in the hope of yet summoning the great bull? As he hesitated, and the burly black shape in the moonlight also stood hesitating, the thickets rustled and parted almost beneath him, and the mysterious bull strode forth, with his head held high.

He had come in answer to what he thought was the summons of his mate; but when he saw the bear, his rage broke all bounds. He doubtless concluded that the bear had driven his mate away. With a bawling roar he thundered down upon the intruder.

The bear, as we have seen, was in no mood to give way. His small eyes glowed suddenly red with vengeful fury, as he wheeled and gathered himself, half crouching upon his haunches, to meet the tremendous attack. In this attitude all his vast strength was perfectly poised, ready for use in any direction. The moose, had he been attacking a rival of his own kind, would have charged with antlers down, but against all other enemies the weapons he relied upon were his gigantic hoofs, edged like chisels. As he reached his sullenly waiting antagonist he reared on his hind-legs, towering like a black rock about to fall and crush whatever was in its path. Like pile-drivers his forehoofs struck downwards, one closely following the other.

The bear swung aside as lightly as a weasel, and eluded, but only by a hair's breadth, that destructive stroke. As he wheeled he delivered a terrific, swinging blow, with his armed forepaw, upon his assailant's shoulder.

The blow was a fair one. Any ordinary moose bull would have gone down beneath it, with his shoulder-joint shattered to splinters. But this great bull merely staggered and stood for a second in amazement. Then he whipped about and darted upon the bear with a sort of hoarse scream, his eyes flashing with a veritable madness. He neither reared to strike, nor lowered his antlers to gore, but seemed intent upon tearing the foe with his teeth, as a mad horse might. At the sight of such restless fury Crimmins involuntarily tightened his grip on his branch and muttered: "That ain't no moose! It's a —" But before he could finish his comparison, astonishment stopped him. The bear, unable with all his strength and weight to withstand the shock of that straight and incredibly swift charge, had been rolled over and over down the gentle slope of the beach. At the same moment the moose, blinded by his rage and unable to check himself, had tripped over a log that lay hidden in the bushes, and fallen headlong on his nose.

UTTERLY cowed by the overwhelming completeness of this overthrow, the bear was on his feet again before his conqueror, and scurrying to refuge like a frightened rat. He made for the nearest tree, and that nearest tree, to Crimmins's dismay, was Crimmins's. The startled guide swung himself hastily to a higher branch which stretched well out over the water.

Before the great bull could recover his footing, the fugitive had gained a good start. But desperately swift though he was, the doom that thundered behind him was swifter, and caught him just as he was scrambling into the tree. Those implacable antlers ploughed his hindquarters remorselessly, till he squealed with pain and ter-

ror. His convulsive scrambling raised him, the next instant, beyond reach of that punishment; but immediately the great bull reared, and struck him again and again with his terrible hoofs, almost crushing the victim's maimed haunches. The bear bawled again, but maintained his clutch of desperation, and finally drew himself up to a safe height, where he crouched on a branch, whimpering pitifully, while the victor raged below.

At this moment the bear caught sight of Crimmins eyeing him steadily. To the cowed beast this was a new peril menacing him. With a frightened glance he crawled out on another branch, as far as it could be trusted to support his weight. And there he clung, huddled and shivering like a beaten puppy, looking from the man to the moose, from the moose to the man, as if he feared they might both jump at him together.

BUT the sympathies of Crimmins were now entirely with the unfortunate bear, his fellow prisoner, and he looked down at the arrogant tyrant below with a sincere desire to humble his pride with a rifle-bullet. But he was too far-seeing a guide for that. He contented himself with climbing a little lower till he attracted the giant's attention to himself, and then dropping half a handful of tobacco, dry and powdery, into those snorting red nostrils.

It was done with nice precision, just as the giant drew in his breath. He got the fullest benefit of the pungent dose; and such trivial matters as bears and men were instantly forgotten in the paroxysms which seized him. His roaring sneezes seemed as if they would rend his mighty bulk asunder. He fairly stood upon his head, burrowing his muzzle into the moist leafage, as he strove to purge the exasperating torment from his nostrils. Crimmins laughed till he nearly fell out of the tree, while the bear forgot to whimper as he stared in terrified bewilderment. At last the moose stuck his muzzle up in the air and began backing blindly over stones and bushes, as if trying to get away from his own nose. Plunged into four or five feet of icy water he backed. The shock seemed to give him an idea. He plunged his head under, and fell to wallowing and snorting and raising such a prodigious disturbance that all the lake shores rang with it. Then he bounced out upon the beach again, and dashed off through the woods as if a million hornets were at his ears.

Weak with laughter, Crimmins climbed down out of his refuge, waved an amiable farewell to the stupefied bear, and resumed the trail for the Nipisiguit.

For the next two years the fame of the great moose kept growing, adding to itself various wonders and extravagances till it assumed almost the dimensions of a myth. Sportsmen came from all over the world in the hope of bagging those unparalleled antlers. They shot moose, caribou, deer, and bear, and went away disappointed only in one regard. But at last they began to swear that the giant was a mere fiction of the New Brunswick guides, designed to lure the hunters. The guides, therefore, began to think it was time to make good and show their proofs. Even Uncle Adam was coming around to this view, when suddenly word came from the Crown Land Department at Fredericton that the renowned moose must not be allowed to fall to any rifle. A special permit had been issued for his capture and shipment out of the country, that he might be the ornament of a famous Zoological Park and a lively proclamation of what the New Brunswick forests could produce.

THE idea of taking the King of Saugamauk alive seemed amusing to the guides, and to Crimmins particularly. But Uncle Adam, whose colossal frame and giant strength seemed to put him peculiarly in sympathy with the great moose bull, declared that it could and should be done, for he would do it. Upon this, scepticism vanished, even from the smile of Charley Crimmins, who voiced the general sentiment when he said—

"Uncle Adam ain't the man to bite off any more than he can chew!"

But Uncle Adam was in no hurry. He had such a respect for his adversary that he would not risk losing a single point in the approaching contest. He waited till the mating season and the hunting season were long past, and the great bull's pride and temper somewhat cooled. He waited, moreover, for the day to come—along towards mid-winter—when those titanic antlers should loosen at their roots, and fall off at the touch of the first light branch that might brush against them. This,

great trees snapped sharply under the grip of the bitter frost. The men went on snowshoes, leaving the teams hitched in a thicket on the edge of a logging road some three or four hundred yards from the "moose-yard." The sun glittered keenly on the long white alleys which led this way and that at random through the forest. The snow, undisturbed and accumulating for months, was heaped in strange shapes over hidden bushes, stumps, and rocks. The tread of the snowshoes made a furtive crunching sound as it rhythmically broke the crisp surface.

FAR off through the stillness the great moose, lying with the rest of the herd in their shadowy covert, caught the ominous sound. He lurched to his feet and stood listening, while the herd watched him anxiously, awaiting his verdict as to whether that strange sound meant peril or no.

For reasons which we have seen, the giant bull knew little of man, and that little not of a nature to command any great respect. Nevertheless, at this season of the year, his blood cool, his august front shorn of its ornament and defence, he was seized with an incomprehensible apprehension. After all, as he felt vaguely, there was an unknown menace about man; and his ear told him that there were several approaching. A few months earlier he would have stamped his huge hoofs, thrashed the bushes with his colossal antlers, and stormed forth to chastise the intruders. But now, he sniffed the sharp air, snorted uneasily, drooped his big ears, and led a rapid but dignified retreat down one of the deep alleys of his maze.

This was exactly what Uncle Adam had looked for. His object was to force the herd out of the maze of alleys, wherein they could move swiftly, and drive them floundering through the deep, soft snow, which would wear them out before they could go half a mile. Spreading his men so widely that they commanded all trails by which the fugitives might return, he followed up the flight at a run. And he accompanied the pursuit with a riot of shouts and yells and laughter, designed to shake his quarry's heart with the fear of the unusual. Wise in all woodcraft, Uncle Adam knew that one of the most daunting of all sounds, to the creatures of the wild, was that of human laughter, so inexplicable and seemingly so idle.

AT other times the great bull would merely have been enraged at this blatant clamour and taken it as a challenge. But now he retreated to the farthest corner of his maze. From this point there were but two paths of return, and along both the uproar was closing in upon him. Over the edge of the snow—which was almost breast high to him, and deep enough to bury the calves; hopelessly deep, indeed, for any of the herd but himself to venture through—he gave a wistful look towards the depths of the cedar swamps in the valley, where he believed he could baffle all pursuers. Then his courage—but without his autumnal

fighting rage—came back to him. His herd was his care. He crowded the cows and calves between himself and the snow, and turned to face his pursuers as they came running and shouting through the trees.

When Uncle Adam saw that the King was going to live up to his kingly reputation and fight rather than be driven off into the deep snow, he led the advance more cautiously till his forces were within twenty-five or thirty paces of the huddling herd. Here he paused, for the guardian of the herd was beginning to stamp ominously with his great, clacking hoofs, and the reddening light in his eyes showed that he might charge at any instant.

He did not charge, however, because his attention was diverted by the strange actions of the men, who had stopped their shouting and begun to chop trees. It amazed him to see the flashing axes bite savagely into the great trunks and send the white chips flying. The whole herd watched with wide eyes, curious and apprehensive; till suddenly a tree toppled, swept the hard, blue sky, and came

(Continued on page 25.)



"Like pile-drivers his forehoofs struck downwards."

—Drawn by Arthur Heming.

the wise old woodsman knew, would be the hour of the King's least arrogance. Then, too, the northern snows would be lying deep and soft and encumbering, over all the upland slopes whereon the moose loved to browse.

Along towards mid-February word came to Uncle Adam that the Monarch had "yarded up," as the phrase goes, on the southerly slope of Old Saugamauk, with three cows and their calves of the previous spring under his protection. This meant that, when the snow had grown too deep to permit the little herd to roam at will, he had chosen a sheltered area where the birch, poplar, and cherry, his favourite forage, were abundant, and there had trodden out a maze of deep paths which led to all the choicest browsing, and centred about a cluster of ancient firs so thick as to afford cover from the fiercest storms. The news was what the wise old woodsman had been waiting for. With three of his men, a pair of horses, a logging-sled, axes, and an unlimited supply of rope, he went to capture the King.

It was a clear, still morning, so cold that the

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Sunshine Club

HAVE you paid your dues to the Sunshine Club this year? There have been a lot of lapses in membership and quite a number are in arrears. Send in your checks and get back into good standing. In other words: cease to be a pessimist.

Canada is making steady progress in spite of the croakers and grumblers and calamity seekers. The trade returns are good. The bank managers are not pinching legitimate business concerns. The rate of progress may not be as rapid as it was last year, but the progress itself is more genuine. Production in Canada will be as large this year as last, if not larger.

As for British capital, just as much of it came in here during the past five months as during the same five months in 1912. The man who says British capital is not flowing this way as fast as ever it did, is either untruthful or ignorant.

Join the Sunshine Club. There are just as many hours of sunlight each day, just as much rain each month, and just as many opportunities in Canada as there ever were. Don't be affected by the sad harpings of a few youthful, impecunious stock-brokers, but rather keep your eye on the bigger and older business makers. They are never pessimistic—simply careful. The stock-brokers may hammer down the price of C. P. R. stock, but Sir Thomas Shaughnessy laughs and orders improvements to the extent of a hundred millions.

The Solicitor-General

AT last something has happened at Ottawa. After waiting since September, 1911, Premier Borden has filled the office of Solicitor-General. Apparently the office is not a very necessary one, seeing that it has been vacant so long, but many ambitious members have angled for it. The French members thought they should have it, but to the surprise of all, except the few, Manitoba got it. The once-postage stamp province, so long suppressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has now two cabinet ministers and one near-minister.

Mr. Arthur Meighen, the new Solicitor-General, has come to the front during the past two sessions. He is an able speaker, active, aggressive and determined. He has not been slavish in his support of the administration's policy, and on several occasions indicated a desire to vote against his own party on minor points. This naturally added to the effectiveness of his speeches in support of the government's policy on larger issues. Whether he can maintain his independence and be so close to the cabinet, remains to be seen. His intimate friends have no fear on that score.

Mr. Meighen is one of the Ontario youths who worked hard for a university education, and when he got it took it West where it counted for more than it would in the East. He was called to the Manitoba bar just ten years ago, so that his advancement has been rapid. Indeed, Solicitor-General at thirty-seven is somewhat exceptional for Canada, though Mackenzie King and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper still hold the records for early honours.

Medical Education

EVERY man and every woman in the Dominion should be interested in hospitals and their relation to medical education. A good doctor is a blessing to the community in which he lives; a poor doctor may be a curse. A high standard of medical education is therefore necessary to Canadian happiness.

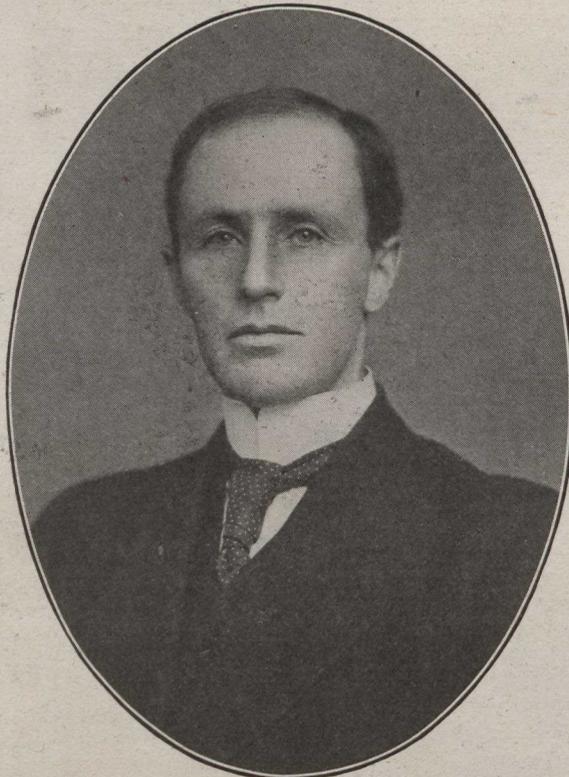
Medical education in Ontario is in a somewhat sad condition. There were once three strong medical schools—Toronto and Trinity in Toronto, and Queens at Kingston. There was intense rivalry, and rivalry led to deficits. As one result, Toronto and Trinity were amalgamated. Since then there has been less rivalry and less progress. At the head of the Toronto medical school are four or five distinguished and brilliant men, but beyond the age limit. Worse still, the faculty has become cobbled with a system which puts personal feelings above judgment, and university politics above the public interest. However, if the older professors had been retired from active work when they passed, say, their sixty-fifth birthday, it had been

better for the progress of medical education.

Now that the governors of Toronto's new general hospital have been brought into intimate relation with the medical faculty of the University, it is hoped that they will use their influence to put new life into the faculty. So far the hospital governors have shown the progressive spirit and the breadth of view which is necessary. Let them see if they can stir President Falconer to retire his older professors and substitute with men of equal scholarship and dignity, but with fewer prejudices. The interests of the people of Canada demand this radical change, because only so can medical education in Ontario catch up with the times and Ontario's supply of doctors be creditable.

Are You a Big Brother?

AT this season of the year, every man of means has a chance to be a Big Brother. There is in each city a large number of small boys who should be sent to the country for a few weeks. The Big Brother is the title given to the man who seeks out one or more of these poor little chaps and provides for their outing. Merely sending a cheque to some fresh air fund does not entitle any one to membership in the Order. The work must be done individually. General charities are good,



HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN,

Sworn in as Solicitor-General at Ottawa Last Week. He Will Probably be Re-elected in Portage la Prairie Without Opposition.

but the personal charity brings the greatest reward to the man who undertakes it. The Big Brother may be also a Big Giver, but the Big Giver cannot be a Big Brother unless he takes an individual interest in some small person for whom he is wholly responsible.

Vancouver's Faint Hearts

VANCOUVER had a burst of patriotism and its navy league brought a training vessel from England. The league intended to train men for the British navy. But they were faint hearts. They weren't able to get up much enthusiasm, and the other day they sold their boat to a junk-dealer for \$10,000.

The partisans who do not want a Canadian navy because Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Liberals happen to favour it, have scared the Vancouver Navy League out of business. There is probably no harm in sight, because it is quite evident the leaguers didn't believe in themselves. Having accomplished this bit of destruction, the partisans now exultingly say Canadians cannot be interested in naval service.

It is not twenty years since a similar set of partisans, in the opposite party, tried to make the same statements with regard to the militia. The

partisans we have with us always, and so it shall be to the end of time. They failed to destroy the Canadian militia idea, and they will fail in their attempt to destroy the idea of a Canadian naval service.

The *Egeria* may go to the scrap-heap, and cowardice may be writ large in Vancouver, but Canadian patriotism will yet triumph because of its British character. What England did in the nineteenth century, Canada will do in the twentieth.

An Impertinence

SOME person has asked Colonel Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, why the Canadian officers who went over to ride at the International Horse Show were not entered as British officers instead of Canadians. There were German, French, Russian and other nationalities there competing, and the presence of a Canadian team might look as if Canada were not really British.

Every person will admit that this question is a piece of rank impertinence. Everybody knows that Colonel Hughes prefers the Union Jack to the Canadian Ensign. To insinuate in even the minutest and simplest degree that he would countenance anything improper is absolutely beneath contempt. The man who would do it should be made a state prisoner.

The same person, so rumour has it, has asked the minister when he intended to add "one army" to the government's policy of "one navy," and eliminate the words "Canadian militia" from the records. This is also impertinence. Everybody knows that when Colonel Hughes speaks of the Canadian militia, it is understood that these soldiers are always available for the defence of the Empire. It is not necessary to designate them as "British-Canadian Militia."

The difference between the patriotism and loyalty of such men as Colonel Hughes, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet and the editor of the *Toronto Evening Telegram* and that of more common citizens is that the one is above reproach and the other below.

Germany's Latest Move

GERMANY is to raise fifty million of pounds this year in extra taxes on initiative of the Kaiser. A German in Canada explains that this simply means that all the titled people of the German Empire, heretofore practically free of taxation, are to begin to pay their share as do the manufacturers, mechanics and farmers. Up to date, any man who was a prince, count or baron, simply defied the assessor and tax collector. Because he was titled, he was above the law. Now Emperor William proposes to bring him into the tax-paying arena, but to lead not drive him.

This is a victory for the social-democrats who have long been advocating an equalization of tax-paying. The Emperor, seeing that the reform was inevitable, has forestalled drastic action by calling on the aristocrats to pay their share of the cost of the army. The two hundred and fifty million dollars he has asked from them as a special assessment is not such a large amount when one considers how little these people have paid in the past.

Amending the Senate

HON. MR. BELCOURT has raised the point that the character of the Senate cannot be changed without the consent of the different provinces. This is probably true of abolition, but may not be true of other less vital changes. Sir Thomas Moss took the position, in 1875, that the Senate could not be abolished without the consent of the provincial legislatures. Mr. Belcourt has given some study to this point and points out that the B. N. A. Act contains no provision by which it may be altered or amended except by consent of all the partners. In the United States, the constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of both branches of Congress, if ratified by three-fourths of the several states in the union. No such provision occurs in our constitution.

On the point as to whether minor changes may be made, such as making the Senate elective instead of nominative, Mr. Belcourt is not so certain. He said:

"Any one of the provinces would be entitled to challenge any essential change or amendment not made with the consent of all the provinces, and accepted by the imperial authorities, as a breach of the whole agreement, and would therefore have the unquestionable right to withdraw from Confederation.

"No change could be made without the sanction of the imperial authorities. And the latter would be recreant to their duty and obligation and their trust if they gave their sanction to an amendment not accepted by all the parties."

Therefore it would seem that Premier Borden must face some considerable difficulties should he decide to "amend the Senate."

Western Welcome

OF THE Canadian Press Women

By MARJORY MacMURCHY



MORE SPRUCE THAN NATURE.

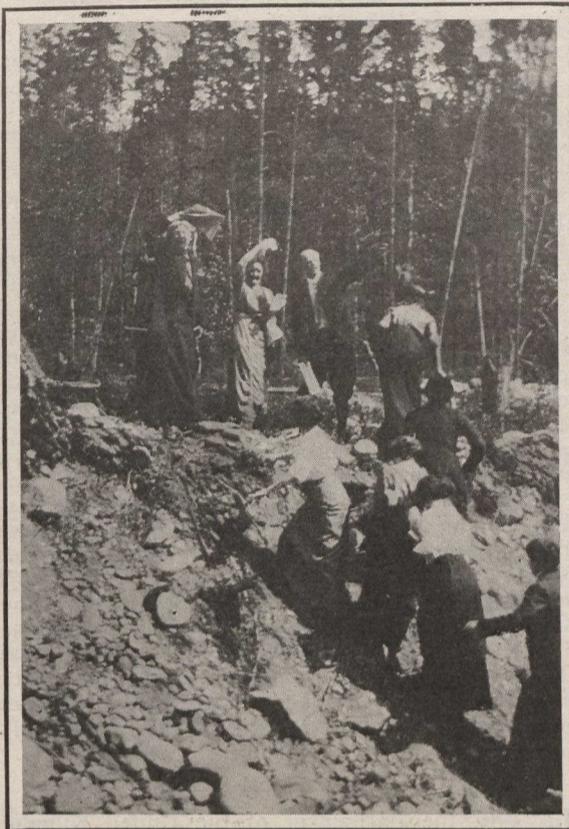
Miss Fairlie of Kingston, Miss Doyle of Toronto, and Miss Stephens, Also of Toronto, Were Snapped Beside One of Those Pines That Endure Comparison to Soldiers Better Than They Evidently Do To Women Writers. The Mountain Was Becoming Put in the Background.

NO woman journalist, novelist, or poet, belonging to the Canadian Women's Press Club could have foretold when the spring grass began to brighten all the way across Canada that before the sun had strengthened the flower of the field towards ripeness, a journey great enough never to be forgotten would have been added to the history of this organization to which its members are as devotedly attached as the members of any other professional organization in Canada. It truly was a wonderful journey, wonderful because of its success in every particular, beyond the hopes, and rather to the surprise, it must be confessed, of the writer of this article.

As it happened, one had never been on an organized expedition before, except when the British Admiralty carried a shipload of Canadian visitors to the Naval Review at the time of King George's Coronation. Perfection of organization is expected from the British Admiralty. But when a women's press club goes travelling the inexperienced president foresaw—all sorts, kinds, and conditions of broken hopes, frustrated appointments, travellers travelling in layers of suspended animation, meekly apologetic delayed arrivals, hasty departures with one foot over Saskatchewan or British Columbia, the other foot clinging to its hold on a train gathering speed for its ten-thousand-mile journey. But nothing of the kind ever happened. Nothing went wrong. The whole astonishing journey was accomplished and everyone was well content.

THE reason of this happy outcome was that six Canadian cities and three Canadian transcontinental railways made the members of the Women's Press Club their special care. If ever anyone has been given the freedom of Canada it was this party of one hundred and three women journalists and writers who set out in ones and twos, or by tens and twenties, to journey to Edmonton for the general meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club. They went to meet old friends and to make new friends; they went especially to see and study Canada, for work comes first with these working women; yet they know how to play, and this has been one of the good times which will be marked by a white stone as long as memory lasts with every one of us.

Let us begin with the railways. When thirty-four members from Ontario and Toronto left Toronto on the evening of June 5th, there travelled with us Mr. George Ham. It is quite impossible to say what ought to be said of Mr. Ham. "He is a prince," is what railway men all along the line say of him, and this praise will have to serve, since railway men know him best. Newspaper men and women are his next best friends. Certainly the Women's Press Club has the kindest and most generous of friends in Mr. Ham. We began our journey in two special sleeping cars with a special dining car attached. Flowers had been sent on from Montreal for presentation on the road to Winnipeg. So Saturday morning



EXCELSIOR, OR NOTHING.

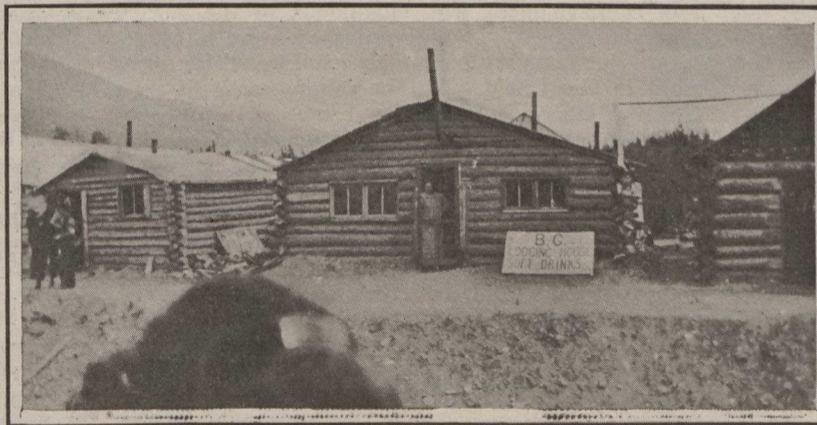
Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Who, By the Way, is Not Writing These Inscriptions, Is Seen Triumphant, of Course, at the Top in the Centre Among These Climbers. The Place is the Border Line Between Alberta and British Columbia. The Impromptu Guide Here Seen Is Colonel Rogers.

"Betty," of the Toronto Star, had a birthday, and she was presented with a bunch of American Beauties. If the photographs which belong to this



TELLING FORTUNES.

So Romantic a Place Was Banff and Especially the Bow River Margin That The Press Women, in Playful Mood, Diverted Themselves With a Bit of Fortune Telling. Our Engravers Deferred to the Wish of the Group in Baffling Identification of Its Members.



AND A FORTUNE TOLD.

Hard as Life is at Mile Forty-Nine, B.C., on the Grand Trunk Pacific, There is One Soft Thing About it at Least, as You See by the Sign—the Drinks.



"BETTY" HAD A BIRTHDAY.

This Thing Sometimes Does Happen Even to Newspaper Women; But Seldom Do Mayors and Railway Celebrities Conspire, in This Wise, to Celebrate It. Mr. George Ham and Fort William's Mayor Graham Are Pictured Doing Honour to Miss Thornley, of Toronto.

article look their best, you ought to be able to see a picture of Mr. Ham, of "Betty," with her roses, and of Mayor Graham, of Fort William, who came on board the train at Kenora to invite every member of the Press Club to travel as his guests up and down the Lake of the Woods on the boats of the Rainy River Navigation Company. At the time when this article is in the press some of the members of the C. W. P. C. are jaunting on the Lake of the Woods. "Now, remember," said Mr. Ham, "the Lake of the Woods is in Ontario, and none of you know half enough about it. This is your chance."

MAYOR GRAHAM was the first Canadian mayor to honour the Women's Press Club with a visit as we travelled west. But it is right to mention the fact that Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, gave his best wishes to the C. W. P. C. on the occasion of the civic dinner given to the Canadian Press Association, in Toronto, on June 3rd. Mayor Deacon, of Winnipeg, followed Mayor Graham, of Fort William. And there came in an honourable procession after them Mayor Short, of Edmonton; Stipendiary Magistrate Jowett, of Tete Jaune Cache, who formally conveyed to the members the freedom of "T John," as it is more familiarly known; Mayor Sinnett, of Calgary; the Mayor of Moose Jaw; and the Mayor of Regina.

Two more special cars were added to the train at Winnipeg, and all the long Sunday between Winnipeg and Edmonton, while the prairie country flew by, dotted with towns and lone homesteads, Toronto, Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, and members from half a dozen Ontario towns and cities, came to know each other by sight and to know each other better by work and talk.

Miss Machar, of Kingston, travelled with us. It was a signal honour to have Miss Machar in our company. She has had much to do with the fostering of Canadian literature. "My consoeurs," she called us, inventing a term to show her good will. Slight, little, gently bent, this little gray figure with the gentlest face pursued her unwearied way west and west into Jasper Park and down to Banff and home again, now conversing, now thinking her own thoughts in silence and alone, always kind, always gentle, always unwearied. Miss Machar is a very fine and high example for Canadian women writers to follow.

BESIDES, in our company, there was Mrs. McClung, witty, humorous, a humanitarian in every fibre, a strong friend, as true and frank as the prairie sky; Mrs. Blewett and Mrs. Garvin, of Toronto; Miss Hind and Miss Moulton, of Winnipeg; Miss Playfair, editor and owner of the Hartney Star; Mrs. Sherman, of Winnipeg; Mrs. Sherk, of Fort William; Miss Burkholder, of Hamilton; Miss Emily Weaver, of Toronto; Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Jane Fraser, and more than fifty other women writers from Toronto and other Canadian cities, whose names may be taken for granted.

(Concluded on page 24.)

The World's Most Rigid Constitution

Written Out of Respect to the Holiday Known as Dominion Day

By O. D. SKELTON

Professor Constitutional History, Queen's University.

FOR forty-six years Canada has worked out her political destinies under the constitution which the Fathers fashioned. And a good instrument of government it has been, a splendid monument to the vision and the judgment and the power to rise above parochial limitations shown by its Canadian framers. But it was not perfect when it was made, and, if it had been, all the wisdom of the world could not devise a framework of government that would remain adequate through all the changing years, with all the social and industrial and political changes that come in a half century of our momentous time. It should be made possible to amend our constitution, in definite, deliberate fashion. At least, we should waken up to two facts, first, that there is no certain agreement as to how it may be amended, and, second, that, if we accept what seems to be the Colonial Office interpretation, it may be ranked as the most difficult constitution in the world to amend.

Every other country of the western world has some well understood provision for such amendment. In the United Kingdom, whenever formal amendment becomes necessary to supplement or ratify the changes in the unwritten customs and conventions, an ordinary Act of Parliament suffices for the most momentous change, though it is widely held that a popular mandate should first be secured in a general election. In France, the two Houses, sitting in joint session at Versailles—beyond the shouts of turbulent Paris—may make what change they will. Italy has followed British precedent. In federal Germany the procedure is the same, save for the important difference that in the Bundesrat, or Upper House, any fourteen votes, out of a total, for this purpose, of fifty-eight, may veto the proposal; thus Prussia alone, or Saxony, Bavaria and Baden together, may call a halt. In spite of this veto power the constitution has undergone several amendments. In federal Switzerland, the constitution may be amended, in whole or in part, in a variety of modes, in all of which the assent of a majority of the electors in a majority of the cantons is the essential feature.

Take the United States.

OR take our southern neighbour. For years it has been a fashion among Canadians dealing with such matters to express pity for the United States, bound in a hopelessly rigid constitution, and to contrast this situation with the British ideal of flexible and living change. And it is true that to change the Federal constitution has been no easy matter. In the forty years after 1870 not one of the scores of amendments proposed was adopted. To secure the assent of a two-thirds majority in each house of Congress, and the assent of a majority in both houses of the legislature in three-fourths of the states, practical unanimity of opinion throughout the nation is essential. Judges have been driven to interpreting the constitution, stretching its inter-state commerce clause, for example, to cover federal acts of which Thomas Jefferson never dreamed. Politicians have built up customs which take rank side by side with the formal constitution, as in the custom which has made the members of the presidential electoral college mere rubber stamps, mere automatic registers of the popular choice, not the calm, free, superior agents the makers of the constitution so proudly planned. But recent events have shown that even direct amendment is not impossible. Within the past four years the United States has adopted two most important formal amendments, one empowering the federal government to levy an income tax which need not be, as before, proportioned among the states according to population, and the other, to which the last state legislature necessary gave consent only the other day, providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people of each state. The constitution is amendment-proof no longer.

Our great sister Dominions do not share our anomalous position. In the new Union of South Africa, parliament may repeal or amend any provision of the constitution by ordinary law, except in the case of the representation of the provinces in the lower house, which cannot be altered for ten years, and the provisions as to the use of the Dutch language and the Cape native vote, which can be changed only by a two-thirds majority of both houses, in joint session. In Australia, a simple majority in both houses, or even in one house, if the other twice rejects the proposal, may submit any amendment to the electorate; a majority of

the total vote, and a majority in a majority of the states, are required for its adoption. The representation of a state cannot be diminished without the consent of a majority of the electors voting in that state. On the last day of May, six important amendments, rejected two years ago, all succeeded in passing.

Canada alone retains the old colonial status. The Parliament of the Dominion could not make the Senate elective. It could not change the quorum of the House of Commons. It could not give Prince Edward Island the guarantee provided in the Australian constitution that its representation in the Commons will not be decreased. It cannot change one jot or tittle of the British North America Act, since that Act of the British Parliament did not include in the grant of powers any formal provision for amendment by the Dominion such as are found in the Australian and South African Acts.

But, it will be said, this is only a formal disability. The Parliament of the United Kingdom will pass any amendment that the people of Canada desire. Possibly, but who is to speak for the people of Canada? The Dominion Parliament alone? Certainly not. The provincial parliaments alone? Certainly not. A popular plebiscite? Not at all. The Dominion Government, together with the governments of the provinces? Probably, but how many of the provinces? Five of the nine, or nine of the nine? Who can answer?

The Historical Record.

IN 1907 the Parliament of the United Kingdom passed an amendment to the British North America Act altering the subsidies granted the provinces. The amendment embodied the substance of an address which had been passed unanimously by both houses of parliament, and had been agreed upon by representatives of all the provinces, except British Columbia, in conference at Ottawa the year before. The premier of British Columbia, unwilling to accept the extra hundred thousand a year which the other members of the Conference suggested to meet the special claims of the Pacific province, journeyed to London to appeal against this settlement, particularly if made a "final and unalterable" one. The reply from Downing Street is notable:

Lord Elgin fully appreciates the force of the opinion expressed that the British North America Act was the result of terms of union agreed upon by the contracting provinces, and that its terms cannot be altered merely at the wish of the Dominion Government... But in this case, His Lordship feels that in view of the unanimity of the Dominion Government and of all the Provincial Governments, save that of British Columbia, he would not in the interests of Canada be justified in any effort to override the decision of the Dominion Parliament or to compel the reference of the question to arbitration. I am to add that no mention will be made in the Imperial Act of the settlement being final and unalterable, such terms being obviously inappropriate in a legislative enactment.

Writing in 1912, Mr. Keith, of the Colonial Office, summarizes the official attitude as follows:

The Act is a formal instrument of constitution which can be amended by the Imperial Parliament, and will be so amended, but only in accordance with the wishes of the people of the Dominion as a whole, not at either federal or provincial bidding.

If the Colonial Office and the Parliament of the United Kingdom are to act only when there is virtual unanimity—as in this case, where the Dominion Parliament was unanimous in the formal vote and eight of the nine provinces were in agreement—our constitution may be considered the most rigid in the world. On the other hand, if the Colonial Office is to use its discretion, what is to be taken as a sufficient expression of Canadian opinion? Suppose a proposal to alter the personnel or powers of the Senate passes both houses by a narrow majority. What next? The wishes of the Dominion Government alone, we are told, will not suffice. Is a conference of representatives of the provinces to be called, or the bill submitted to the provincial legislatures? And if four provinces agree and five oppose, will the Colonial Office feel "justified in any effort to over-ride the decision of the Dominion?" Or, with a small majority in the Dominion Parliament, and all the provinces but the three prairie provinces willing to grant Prince Edward Island its present representation as an assured minimum, will that be considered "the wishes of the people of the Dominion as a whole?"

Will the Empire stand the strain of any attempt of the Colonial Office to decide between opposing and nearly-balanced parties? Is there any reason why the men who work the Constitution of Canada, the sons of the men who framed that constitution, should not be empowered to amend it? Is there any reason why the Canadian should not exercise the liberty enjoyed by the Australian or the Africander? The only reason is the historical one that our constitution was drawn up a generation or more before the Commonwealth and the Union were formed, in the days before the conception of the Empire as a partnership between nations "equal in status if not in stature," to use Lord Milner's phrase, had seized men's minds. Inertia, and the lack of specific difficulties have prevented hitherto any demand for the reform of the anomaly.

Why Not Face the Facts?

WHY not go on as we have been? It is not the way of our race, it may be said, to tackle academic questions; let us wait till a concrete difficulty arises. But the question has ceased to be academic. The whole question of the composition and powers of the Senate will have to be decided in a few years. The unsatisfactory haziness as to the respective powers of the Dominion and the provinces in many spheres, notably as to the incorporation of companies, may require new delimitations. The Interprovincial Conference to be summoned this summer has on its agenda a dozen questions, any one of which may give rise to a demand for revision of the constitution. Why not face the facts, and make definite provision now, before opinion is warped by specific interests, and before the Colonial Office has been forced to take sides in a domestic dispute?

Opinion would differ widely as to the method of amendment to be adopted. Should a two-thirds majority in the Dominion Parliament be required, or a simple majority? Should the provinces meet in conference, or vote separately? Would five out of nine provinces be considered sufficient, or would two-thirds be essential? Or would a popular referendum on the Australian model better fit our needs? And how is the amendment providing how future amendments are to be made to come about? If there is division on this point, must the Colonial Office use its discretion once for all, in order that it may not hereafter have to face the same difficulty on more partisan questions? These are all matters for discussion, but the first need is to recognize a present dangerous uncertainty.

This summer, it is announced, the governments of the provinces are to meet in order to confer upon the many important questions at issue between the federal and provincial authorities, and upon other matters where joint action is desired. Might we hope that the leaders of the Conference will find opportunity to consider this question as well?

Music in Alberta

A WELL-KNOWN organist and choirmaster of a town in Alberta writes an appreciative criticism of a recent article in this paper headed "Music in Alberta." He remarks that the article so far as it went was very satisfactory to Western music-lovers, but that it did not contain all the facts.

Extracts from the western papers' reports of the Festival contain very warm appreciation of the work done by Lloydminster, whose St. John's Church choir, conducted by Mr. Francis Stevenson, scored 90 points out of a possible 100 and won the shield. In commenting on the event the Edmonton *Bulletin* said:

"Mr. Stevenson's choir showed perfect form in many ways. The enunciation was remarkably distinct, the attack was perfect, the tone superb and the balance exceptionally good. Taken altogether, the Lloydminster Choir is one of the best that has yet sung in the Festival. How far this organization outshone its nearest competitor may be imagined from the fact that the Judges, in their award, gave the second position to the Metropolitan Church Choir, with only 76 points. Holy Trinity Choir was only one point behind, 75."

Other choirs and competitors from outside places carried off honours which at the time it was impossible to record in the columns of a weekly two thousand miles from the scene. The *Courier* has no desire to boom the musical work of one town at the expense of another. The correspondent's criticism is well-founded.



Courierettes.

THE Anglican Synod without Hon. S. H. Blake would be like "Hamlet" without the Danish prince.

Fire destroyed a tape factory. Large stock of it—the red brand—to be had at official offices.

An expert tells us that this summer will be wet. Some people can make any weather wet if they have the price.

A suffragette dropped from the branches of a tree in Buckingham Palace grounds to harangue the King and Queen. So zealous an orator deserves a royal audience.

It took the French postal service 37 years to deliver a letter a distance of 100 miles. We know some messenger boys who could beat that.

The Philadelphia hen that laid an egg with a nickel in it simply wanted to give the purchaser of her egg the worth of his money.

Many a man who is a whale of a success at making money marries a woman who is even more successful in spending it.

Betting is to be banned in the baseball parks. Right. Fools should be saved from their folly. Some enthusiasts might put a wager on the Toronto or Montreal teams.

In spite of all the reformers and scientists there will always be trouble in this old world so long as part of its population is male and part female.

The Toronto youth who took a quart of photographic fluid so that he would be sick on his wedding day and thus evade the ceremony cuts a poor figure. Not a base enough coward to kill himself and not brave enough to face the marriage music.

They are talking again across the line of a sane Fourth of July. The average American patriotic speech makes that impossible.

You'll generally find that it is the husband who is the silent partner.

Toronto golfers are reported to lose 120,000 balls every season. None of them are high balls.

The Art of Writing Headings.—Last week Miss Percy Haswell and her players put on at the Royal Alexandra theatre in Toronto a comedy entitled "Green Stockings," played with success several seasons ago by Miss Margaret Anglin, the noted Canadian actress.

The usual notices were sent out by the press agent, announcing the star and the play, but it remained for one Toronto daily to print the notice under the rather ambiguous heading of:—

PERCY HASWELL IN GREEN STOCKINGS.

Miss Haswell would like to know whether that editor was merely thoughtless or inclined to be facetious.

Competing with the Churches.—A moving picture theatre in Toronto put on a film showing the parable of the Foolish Virgins.

The people who threw stones at "Deborah" may now raise a hue and cry against this active competition with the churches.

The Greatest Joy.—Sarah Bernhardt declares that children are the greatest joy in life.

If that be so, we know a few people who do not seem born for joy.

The Fans' Affliction.—Toronto's ball team has a lot of players with sore arms, sore legs, etc.

Also Toronto has a lot of ball fans with sore heads.

Tariff Talk.—"Should the United States remove the duty on shoes?" "If it does it will put its foot in it

for sure. It will be undersol(e)d and then its shoe manufacturers will be on their uppers."

The New Style.—The arson squad of the militant suffragettes have set a new style in English house warmings.

Peace Note.—Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. A California University ball team defeated a Japanese nine.

The Arson Squad. **I**N the days of the Puritans Britain burned witches—

At least so in history it's written; But odd are the turns that the centuries bring us—

The witches now try to burn Britain.

Calling It Right.—"If a burglar robbed a boot and shoe store what should you call his swag?" "Booty."

The Proper Place.—New York city boasts that it is to have the biggest court house in the world and also the biggest church.

Quite right. We cannot think of any city that needs both more than New York.

Hard on the Staff.—Occasionally a newspaper writer puts in print something he doesn't exactly mean.

The other day the Toronto Star informed its readers that Dr. Helen McMurchy has been appointed "inspector of the feeble-minded in the Provincial Secretary's Department."

The Cynic Says:—That though Teddy Roosevelt has trotted all around the globe he somehow seems to stay in the temperate zone.

That the height of business folly is to write an insurance policy for a Turkish Grand Vizier or a Mexican president.

That Thomas Edison's prediction that there will be no poverty one hundred years hence is of mighty little interest to the man of to-day.

That many a man would be still unmarried if he had only thought of something to talk about at the right moment.

That when the city editor makes mincemeat of the cub reporter's copy he intends that it shall be food for thought.

That sometimes the people who climb up on the water-waggon soon convert it into a band-waggon.

Peter Ryan's Sense of Humour.—Peter Ryan, the Toronto registrar, is famed far and wide for his good whole-souled Irish wit. Being Irish, he just can't help giving vent to a sense of humour that has been born in him and splendidly cultivated.

His friends tell of one occasion when a big Tory mass meeting was to be held, shortly after the Whitney Government came into power in Ontario.

Of course Peter Ryan is no Tory. Far from it. But he knew some of the secrets of the Tory party. He knew that there was a little row brewing in the ranks, and that a leading light in the party was sulking rebelliously because he had not been given a certain place of prominence in the Legislature. The said leading light absolutely refused to attend the big meeting. All attempts to conciliate him failed.

Knowing this the Irish Liberal planned a practical joke. He called up the sulking Tory on the telephone and fibbed to the effect that it was the editor of the Mail and Empire (the Tory organ) who was speaking. Then he proceeded to query the rebellious party man in regard to his slighted claims for preferment and ended up by advising him to attend the meeting and cover up the signs of warfare within the lines.

Somehow the breach was healed, and though Peter Ryan gets no official credit for it, there remains the bare possibility that he may have helped.

The Home Bank of Canada

Statement of the Results of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending 31st May, 1913.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

CR.	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st May, 1912	\$ 86,001.68
Net profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest, making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	167,125.58
	<hr/> \$223,127.26

CAPITAL PROFIT ACCOUNT.

Premium on Capital Stock received during the year	183,768.82
Which has been appropriated as follows:	<hr/> \$436,896.08
DR.	
Dividend No. 23, quarterly, at rate of 7 per cent. per annum ..	\$22,548.33
Dividend No. 24, quarterly, at rate of 7 per cent. per annum ..	22,595.04
Dividend No. 25, quarterly, at rate of 7 per cent. per annum ..	22,637.46
Dividend No. 26, quarterly, at rate of 7 per cent. per annum ..	28,644.94
	<hr/> \$ 96,425.77
Transferred to Rest Account	200,000.00
Balance (Of this Balance \$40,000 will be written off Bank Premises and Office Furniture)	140,470.31

LIABILITIES.

To the Public:		
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 1,752,220.00	
Deposits not bearing interest	\$2,120,624.02	
Deposits bearing interest	7,858,357.33	
	<hr/> \$ 9,978,981.35	
Balances due other Banks in Canada	6,194.84	
Balances due Agents in Foreign Countries	239,416.18	
To the Shareholders:		\$11,976,812.37
Capital (Subscribed \$2,000,000.00), Paid Up	\$1,938,208.10	
Rest	650,000.00	
Dividends unclaimed	964.57	
Dividend No. 26 (quarterly), being at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, payable June 2nd, 1913	28,644.94	
Profit and Loss Account carried forward	140,470.31	
	<hr/>	2,758,287.92

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 271,879.70	
Dominion Government Notes	1,268,750.00	
	<hr/> \$ 1,540,629.70	
Deposit with Dominion Government as security for Note Circulation ..	89,600.00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	377,924.39	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	898,466.39	
Balances due from Agents in Great Britain	55,019.95	
Railway, Municipal, and other Bonds	331,202.75	
Call Loans secured by Stocks, Bonds, and Debentures	1,921,570.19	
	<hr/> \$5,214,413.37	
Current Loans and Bills Discounted	\$8,799,608.56	
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	29,357.90	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	7,231.70	
Bank Premises, Safes, and Office Furniture	665,557.18	
Other Assets	18,931.58	
	<hr/>	9,520,686.92

\$14,735,100.29

JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 31st May, 1913.

THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901

HEAD OFFICE 26 KING ST EAST TORONTO.
MONTREAL LONDON, E C ENG.

AN ADVISABLE INVESTMENT SELECTION

In selecting investments include some high-grade MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES at prevailing attractive yields.

5% to 6%

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CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

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We offer the most desirable issues to yield from

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THE HOME BANK

OF CANADA

ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

General banking business transacted.

Branches and connections throughout Canada

British and Foreign Correspondents in all the principal cities of the World

MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Tempest in a Teapot

QUITE a number of newspaper editors and civic dignitaries have been engaged for the last week in "slamming" Mr. R. M. Horne-Payne, of London, England. Mr. Horne-Payne has said some things which were approximately true, but which were said on a wrong occasion. His critics have been equally injudicious, and perhaps equally unfair. They have put words in his mouth which he did not use, and answered arguments which he never advanced. In fact, this show of righteous indignation would seem to indicate that whether Mr. Horne-Payne was wise or not he has put his finger upon Canada's weak spot.

Mr. R. M. Horne-Payne is not listed in Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the Time, which is the standard authority for this country. Neither is he listed in the English Who's Who for 1913, which is the standard authority in Britain. Neither is he to be found in the Canadian Who's Who, issued by the London Times, in 1910. This would indicate that he is a man who avoids publicity with regard to his personal affairs. It is known, however, that he lives at Brentwood, Essex, England, and in a country villa appropriately designated "The Hermitage." He is a director and the chief spirit in the British Empire Trust, a director of Monterey Railway, Light and Power Company, and was a director of Rio and Sao Paulo. One of his chief positions is chairman of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, a concern which has an office in Lombard Street, London, and has an issued capital of about fifteen million dollars. He is also one of the five directors of the Canadian Northern Railway. It will thus be seen that Mr. Horne-Payne is a man whose utterance on financial questions should carry some weight.

What Mr. Horne-Payne intended to point out, apparently, was that Canadian municipalities have not always been fore-handed in the placing of their securities in the London market. They have not always looked far enough ahead, and have sometimes been forced to sell their bonds at a low price, owing to temporary disturbances of the money market. They have even been forced to make temporary loans at a high figure, when the bonds were not marketable. All this is quite true. If, however, Mr. Horne-Payne tried to prejudice the British investor against Canadian municipal securities, he was quite unwise, and decidedly unfair. The *Monetary Times* very wisely remarked, "It was not what he said, but the nasty way he said it." Mr. Horne-Payne should know, and does know, that Canadian municipal securities are as sound an investment as the British investor can get anywhere. Indeed, they offer the investor a higher return to-day than ever before. This is only partly due to Canadian mismanagement. It is also largely the result of world financial conditions. To put all the blame for this condition of affairs on the municipal authorities would be absolutely ridiculous, and though it appears that Mr. Horne-Payne is habitually pessimistic, he is too wise a man to take any such foolish position.

What About C.P.R.?

A BROKER in Toronto made a wager last week that C. P. R. would sell at 200 before it sold at 250. He looks for a new low in September, when the present financial stringency is expected to reach its worst point.

C. P. R. closes its financial year on June 30th. The earnings for the twelve months will be about \$138,000,000, and the net \$47,000,000. After paying fixed charges and a seven per cent. dividend there will be a surplus of \$18,000,000. The surplus last year was \$17,560,703. A railway with a surplus of 17 or 18 millions a year after paying all dividends is surely in a prosperous condition. Add the fact that the gross earnings will be \$15,000,000 larger this year than last, and there seems little reason for any further decline in the price of the shares.

On and Off the Exchange

Large Profits

THE Ames Holden McCready Company, boot and shoe manufacturers, of Montreal, report large profits, and a satisfactory increase in sales during the year 1912-1913. The net earnings were \$351,390, which, after deducting interest on bonds, leaves a balance of \$291,390, equal to about 11 per cent. on the preferred stock. After providing for preferred stock dividends, the balance of \$116,390 applied on the common stock is equal to about 3.3 per cent. After appropriations have been met there is still a balance to be carried forward to profit and loss account of \$70,572.



MR. D. LORNE MCGIBBON,
President Ames Holden McCready Co.

Nearly a million dollars was the increase in sales last year; it represents the increased output of the three factories, which was almost 400,000 pairs.

An English Land Company

THE Western Canada Land Company, Limited, an English company with offices in London, report a prosperous year. In summing up the twelve months just passed, the chairman, Major-General Sir R. B. Lane, said that for the year there was a gross profit of \$380,000. No less than 51,881 acres of land were sold, at an average profit of 60 per cent. On lands sold there is a profit of \$170,000. After paying all expenses, and

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street - - - Toronto

Established 1855

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

Paid-Up Capital\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned) 4,000,000.00
Investments 31,299,095.55

Deposits Received Debentures Issued

Associated with the above Corporation, and under the same direction and management, is the

Canada Permanent Trust Co.

lately incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute Trusts of every description, to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator, or Committee of a Lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,
Chief Toronto Agents

DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED

Capital Paid-up - \$1,000,000
Reserve - - - 750,000

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BONDS

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO
DOMINION BOND BUILDING
MONTREAL
Dominion Express Building
WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER
LONDON, Eng.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up \$11,560,000
Reserve Funds \$13,000,000
Total Assets \$180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

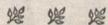
H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT
E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

300 Branches in CANADA and NEW-FOUNDLAND; 30 Branches in CUBA, PORTO RICO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC and BRITISH WEST INDIES.

LONDON, ENG. Princess St., E.C. NEW YORK, Cor. William and Cedar Sts.

Savings Department at all Branches.

allowing for reserve charges there is a net profit to be carried forward to profit and loss account of \$220,000. A dividend of five per cent. is to be paid.



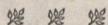
Home Bank's Strong Position

AT the annual meeting of the Home Bank of Canada, held in Toronto, a report was read which showed the bank to be in a strong position. So far as regards the number of shareholders, the bank is fortunate, inasmuch as there are, in a capitalization of \$2,000,000, 1,836 shareholders, against 1,671 a year ago. Deposits for the year show an increase of nearly a million dollars, totalling \$9,978,981 now, as against \$9,067,816 when the last report was issued. Total assets have increased by \$2,000,000, and are now \$14,735,000. Net profits for the year were \$167,125.



SENATOR JAMES MASON,
Manager of the Home Bank of Canada.

Two new directors have been appointed in the persons of Messrs. A. Claude Macdonell, M.P. for South Toronto, and Charles B. McNaught, a prominent insurance broker.



A Letter

EDITOR, CANADIAN COURIER: To "eliminate the sub-dividor" it might be a good idea to apply an extension of Chancellor Lloyd George's increment tax. When the Chancellor announced his imposition of twenty per cent. on all future increments of land

values he stated that this was but a ransom; that in strict justice he should take it all.

A ninety per cent. tax on all future increments would eliminate speculation and a five per cent. tax on the market value of all unused or poorly-used land would cause prices to tumble to a point at which labour and capital could profitably develop it.

Matsqui, B.C.

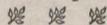
A. FREELAND.



A New Pulp Issue

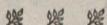
THE balance of the \$1,000,000 cumulative convertible preferred stock of the Abitibi Pulp and Paper Company, half of which has already been floated by Messrs. N. B. Stark & Co., is being offered at \$95 a share, with a fifty per cent. bonus of common stock. This new venture would appear to be a good investment. The Toronto Board of Trade speaks authoritatively of the excellent prospects contained in Northern Ontario—where the company will operate—for this class of industry, and the reports of the various gentlemen who have inspected the district covered indicate that the new company should do well.

Mr. F. H. Anson, of Montreal, is the President, while Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon and other well-known financial people are on the board of directors.



On Ten Per Cent. Basis

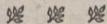
ANOTHER large Montreal concern has placed its stock on a ten per cent. basis, by declaring a quarterly dividend of two and a half per cent. This move has resulted from the jump in the stock, which opened the week at 175. Its last upward movement—caused by the dividend announcement—was no less than 13 points. The new stock issued at par is quoted at 159.



A Unique Offering

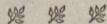
MESSRS. Æmilius Jarvis and Company are making a unique offering, in the shape of \$150,000 seven per cent. cumulative preference shares in the Dominion of Canada Postage Stamp Vending Company Limited, which are redeemable at 115. The stock is offered at par, and carries a bonus of 50 per cent. common stock. The company has been formed for the purpose of carrying out a contract with the Government, to supply the Postmaster-General with an automatic stamp vending machine. Under the contract, the Government agrees to replace throughout the Dominion the present pillar post boxes, and erect this new machine in their place. There is to be a commission paid the company by the Government for all stamps sold. But the main source of revenue will be the advertisements which appear in each machine. If these can be secured at a reasonable cost there may be some profit in the venture.

The directors include Mr. A. E. Dymont, Mr. C. T. Pearce, Mr. Britton Osler, and other influential men in Toronto.



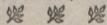
A Creditable Showing

MESSRS. Tooke Bros., Limited, of Montreal, held their annual meeting last week, and from the statement, the affairs of the company are in a very satisfactory condition. With the balance already brought forward the amount to the credit of Profit and Loss Account is \$84,296. The President of the Company said that notwithstanding the depressed conditions of business and the tight money market, orders for future delivery were largely ahead of those at the same time last year. An extension of the company's plant at St. Henri is under way, necessitated by the increasing demands of the business.



Fairbanks-Morse's Year

THE Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, of Toronto, held their annual meeting last week, and report an exceedingly good year. Net profits of \$390,303 for the year are shown, to which are added those brought forward from last year, making a total working account of \$697,919. From this, \$177,114 has been paid out in dividends.



Next Week's Annual

THE Dominion Telegraph Company, of Toronto, hold their annual meeting next week.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

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

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

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

Travellers' Cheques

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

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

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

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

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THE appointment of this company as "Executor and Trustee" under a will ensures the prompt and careful administration of the estate, with strict regard to the wishes of the testator.

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Don't fail to note that this Semi-Annual Sale ends 15th August, and as stocks will surely be quickly depleted we advise ordering early. Many lines are certain of a "bargain rush," and consequently, we ask that you do not delay your order until it is too late.

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Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly you will find

"A DESK-ROOM OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH" a very serviceable little book. "Right to the Point." 12mo, cloth, 240 pages, \$1. P.P. NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Musical Matters

DO you ever think of the hours and hours which you spent in your childhood, practising scales and five-finger exercises, and do you wonder whether those hours were wasted? Czerny's exercises were in vogue when I was a small person, and I industriously pounded at "Silvery Waves" and "Clayton's Grand March" also, in the belief that I was acquiring a "good touch." Every little girl was expected to take music lessons, and it was accounted a sad disgrace not to be able to play the variations of something-or-other for "company."

Nowadays, only the girl who shows a distinct liking for music is given a musical education, and the training is much more thorough than it used to be. Specialization has succeeded "smatterization" (if one may coin a word for the old exercises), and no young girl of to-day is expected to attend school, take an art course and also "keep up her practising." The girl who studies music, with a professional end in view, has a long and serious course ahead of her, with Conservatory examinations and university degrees. Even the girl who desires musical skill as an "accomplishment" must aim at a study of the masters, if her attainments are to be accorded respect, while a year or two abroad will naturally enter into her dreams.

Is the piano-player to change musical training to any great extent? It certainly affords much entertainment for those who are unable to play the piano for themselves. However, no mechanism yet devised is equal to the human element which gives the best work its distinctive appeal. The phonograph may be improved until it is of much finer realistic reproduction than anything we know to-day—but the "real singer" will continue to attract thousands of hearers.

The other day, Madame Calve received a large sum for singing for a record which has been placed in a vault of the Grand Opera House, Paris, and is not to be opened for one hundred years. A curious reflection it is, that, in the year 2013 A.D., a crowd of inquisitive Parisians assembled at a concert—perhaps an aeroplane affair—will listen to the notes of a voice long silent, and will speculate as to the grace and beauty of a singer, many years ago turned to dust and ashes.

A Word From the Working-Girl

A GIRL, who is employed in a city business office said to me not long ago:

"I wish that someone would write against the foolish stuff that is being written about the working-girl. Some of it makes me quite ill."

"You mean the advice that is given her?"

"I mean, especially, the silly things which are said about her falling in love or becoming desperately sentimental over some married man who dictates his letters to her. I have been in business life for six years—ever since I was eighteen—and have not a friend in the office—nor do I want one. To read those silly women's journals, you would think that every girl who goes into business life was in mortal danger of losing her head or heart—or both. I am doing my best to make a good living, and before I'm thirty I'll be much better off than I am now. I am not thinking of falling in love with any one—least of all, a bald-headed married man, who is out of temper half the time. It is quite disgusting to read most of the advice that is given us. You would think the writer was addressing very little children or born idiots. If I ever marry, it will be some nice young man, whom I'll pick out for myself" (evidently she agrees

with the author of "Man and Superman").

"But the magazines, like very tiresome people, probably mean well," I suggested.

"They don't mean any kindness to anyone," she insisted. "They're misrepresenting most women who earn their own living and these articles are written just for the sake of the sensational side of the question."

There is a good deal of truth in the indignant wage-earner's protest. Just now, the working-girl is being discussed to a degree which is wearisome



"AN EVE IN THIS GARDEN."

Also a Boston Terrier (Though Less Poetically) and a Scotch Collie—Both Blase Prize-winners. The Lady Under the "Broad Sunflower" is Mrs. von Anrep, Nee Miss Mary Rundell, the Mistress of Rockliffe, Ottawa. This Charming Garden and Its Chatelaine Are a Hint of the Capital's Manifold Summer Attraction.

to the subject, herself, and which will eventually become a bore to the public. The more practically the life of the working-girl is dealt with, the better it is for all concerned. The sentimental complications of her existence are fewer and less deadly than some unsophisticated readers suppose, and in most emergencies she is quite equal to taking care of herself.

The Ever-Womanly

WHATEVER Goethe may have meant by that oft-quoted expression, "Das Ewig-Weibliche," it is certain that in these days the adjective, "womanly," is used in somewhat bewildering fashion. It used to be considered unwomanly to ride a bicycle, while smoking a cigarette was a practice undreamed-of, by even the most advanced young person. Then, nearly every woman took to bicycling, and the adjective, "unwomanly," disap-

peared from the scene. The bicycling fad vanished almost as quickly as it had arisen, and woman was left to seek new devices for amusement. A Canadian girl who has been visiting in England for some months has written to her friends declaring that she is ridiculed because she refuses to smoke—nevertheless, she valiantly persists in refusing the "weed." Yet our English relatives used to be flaunted in our faces as examples of all that is gentle, retiring and womanly. However, that was before the days of Emmeline and her two sturdy daughters, Sylvia and Christabel.

Man, who is always ready to deliver an off-hand opinion on feminine modes and manners, is exceedingly confusing when it comes to a question of what is womanly or unwomanly. According to one masculine critic, it is "just like a woman" to be dishonourable, petty and treacherous. According to another, the typical woman is vain, jealous and utterly untrustworthy. Wherefore, it would follow that, in the estimation of these gentlemen, to be womanly is to have all the small vices and some of the larger variety.

There is one talent of womankind, however, which man never tires of praising—and that is culinary skill. When woman is able to make chicken pot pie and Maryland biscuit, such as the heart of man craves and desires, then is he loud in his praises of the art and turns cold and undiscerning eyes upon the painted china of another damsel or listens unkindly by admiration to the sonatas as played by a third. The woman who is remembered most fondly by man as an ornament to her sex and to whom he is (almost) true is the lady of the rolling-pin.

Books for a Holiday

IT is almost as dangerous to recommend a book as to recommend an acquaintance or a friend. You know how often your good friend, Alicia, exclaims: "Oh, I do want you to meet Elizabeth. I've told her so much about you and I know you'll be ever so congenial." Then it happens that you and Elizabeth meet and bow rather distantly, each wondering why Alicia was so enthusiastic; and the latter wonders why you and Elizabeth did not "take to each other" and you feel most unappreciative—because the charge is just. The trouble is that you were over-recommended to each other, and human nature, which is ever contrary, refuses to become friendly to order. If you had met Elizabeth without any warning as to each other's attractiveness, you might have been the best of comrades.

In spite of the danger of recommending either books or personal friends, I am going to advise you to read the stories by G. A. Birmingham in these days of ease and sunshine. The name of the writer is merely the disguise for Canon Hannay, a clergyman in Ireland, who has become successful as a writer of plays, his "Spanish Gold" and "General John Regan" having given Londoners many a good laugh. Clean comedy is not so common in these days that we can afford to miss any of it, and I have found G. A. Birmingham's books unalloyed delight. Of course, if you do not know anything about Ireland, you may find it difficult to understand the rollicking methods of Dr. Whitty and J. J. Meldon, the two most exhilarating liars in modern fiction. There are no tiresome "problems," none of the strenuous life, no American hero laying his millions at the feet of a beautiful Gibson Girl. There is fun of the most buoyant order in everyone of the Birmingham books, and each story seems better than the last, although I think I should rather have written "The Simpkins Plot" than any other. We owe the deepest gratitude, after all, to the man who makes us laugh. "The smiles which know not cruelty" are the best gift to humanity.

ERIN.



NUPTIALS IN ST. JOHN.

One of the Season's Conspicuous Weddings Was That of Miss Katie Hazen to Mr. Hugh Mackay, at St. John, New Brunswick. The Bridal Party is Here Depicted. From Left to Right, in the Front Row:—Miss Portia Mackenzie, Miss Purdy, Miss A. Hazen, Mr. Hugh Mackay, Mrs. Hugh Mackay and Miss Frances Hazen. Second Row:—Mr. Malcolm Mackay, Mr. James Hazen, Mr. Colin Mackay, Mr. R. Mackay, Mr. T. Malcolm McAvity, Mr. C. Mackay and Mr. C. F. Inches.

Woman's Poetical Outlook

By M. J. T.

Heroics Supplanting Lyrics

WOMAN'S poetical outlook at present is a bit blued by her "obstinacy," as the humorous "artis" name it, in the effort of gaining herself a political outlook. For if Emily Davison will spoil Derbies and otherwise tempt the Fates in the forms of poets, heroics must shortly be taking the place of the songs inscribed to woman. More's the pity! Lovelaces will go on addressing Lucastas "on going to the wars"—the difference being Lucasta in the knapsack. Shall this be? And fancy the smiles and the wiles giving place, at the ends of the lines, to, haply, the bomb and the tomb! Let luck forbid.

A Vacancy

A TOMB, by the way, is the cause of the present writing—Alfred Austin's. For Death, with the might of his vacuum cleaner, has sucked up this dust also, though a poet. Poetical inoffensiveness was, herein, no protection. "The Widdy o' Windsor" was Kipling's crime, observe, not Alfred Austin's. There are other kindred ingallantries, plenty, which Austin would never have even dreamed of committing. (One says so safely.) But dust is dust and the queer part is that Kipling is one in the queue for the vacant laurels. The crown, indeed, has become so vacant that the danger is one of a jester getting the sack—a paradox, the poet laureate previously having got it.

Pre-eminently four have been named, each as the likely successor of Alfred Austin, lately defunct. The four are bespoken as Alfred Noyes, Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, and lastly, the patriarchal Austin Dobson. Watson's fate at the hands of these were a guess in any issue, but interesting.

Especially were it interesting, a woman being appointed. For as one has had the courage to put it, "small intellect is called for," and one or two women have waggishly been suggested.

Milady's Chances

HAD woman the vote—but the question is vexed, and, besides, the enlaurelled poet is appointed. One nice thing about Kipling is that women know his opinions—know the worst. "The Vampire," already committed, and "The Female of the Species," too, already perpetrated, the chances are slim that Kipling can be out-Kiplinged even by Kipling.

Fancy him in the official garb of verdure!

William Watson? Perish the thought. For he wrote the "Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," whispered to be Miss Asquith—horrid libel! For Miss Asquith has been in Canada but lately and newspaper persons are perfectly agreed that her tongue, if any (for she didn't show it though fur-

ceeded God knows whom."

So now we are either at the end of the line or back at the beginning; for after all, the last named bard—one alludes to the list just detailed—is the likeliest one of the possible lot to follow in succession. Certainly he is the one to please the women.



WHEN IN DOUBT SAY "DUCHESS."

Fashion, Again in Its Newest Gloss, Assembled to View the Famous Ascot Races "Which is the Mannikin, Which the Peeress?"—That is a Piquant Doubt of the Casual Gazer.

nished with very reasonable inducement), is plain and pink.

Austin Dobson is certainly old, but could probably yet write a triolet in which "bonnet" (pertaining to "Rose") is made to rhyme with "sonnet," very nicely.

Alfred Noyes, beyond a doubt, would be the choice of women. In view of that charming ballad of his, "The Companion of a Mile," and also in view of a fact which "The Bellman" relates of the poet's visit recently in Boston:

"Then arose Mr. Noyes in morning attire—

negligee shirt and small coloured tie—and placing his eyeglasses on his nose, apologized a bit timidly for introducing a small domestic matter, and asked if by chance his wife was in the audience. She was to bring the manuscript of his peace poems with her and he wanted to begin with them. Somehow this incident seemed to win instantly the good will of the audience, which consisted principally of women"—women are likely to speed him well, to their utmost.

Romanticism at Ebb.

The fact is, that women are drowning, poetically speaking, and Alfred Noyes is the likeliest straw to clutch at. Time was when women swam (continuing the figure), Tennyson wearing the laurels at the flood-tide. Before him the ebb and William Wordsworth, despite the fact of the Lucy poems with "fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky," giving a line on the chivalry of the content, also the caution that a lady referred to as "phantom" in a first verse is observed to be called "machine" at the close of the poem.

And prior to Wordsworth, ebb and flow in the attitude of romancists. Lamb provides us the laureate line as follows: "Pye (who was Southey's predecessor) succeeded Thos. Weston, Weston succeeded Wm. Whitehead, Whitehead succeeded Colly Cibber, Cibber succeeded Eusden, Eusden succeeded Thos. Shadwell, Shadwell succeeded Dryden, Dryden succeeded Davenant, Davenant succeeded God knows whom."

Victorian Order of Nurses

RESPONSE to the Duchess of Connaught's appeal, when here, in behalf of the Victorian Order of Nurses, is seen by the year's report to be hearty, satisfying the fondest expectation.

An extension fund of \$222,000 has been raised during the year—a decided triumph. During 1912, the nurses of the Order cared for 30,937 patients, and, in nursing districts, the members made 211,540 visits, of which 7,614 were in answer to night calls. As a newspaper of Ottawa summarizes briefly:

"Continuous nursing for 490 days was reported and for 48,391 hospital days. The increase over the previous year was marked, as 11,015 more patients were cared for, 49,167 more visits paid and 1,691 more night calls responded to than in 1911. Thirteen new branches were opened in the year, extending from North Vancouver to Gaspe. Committees were organized in several new districts and the nursing staff has been increased at a number of branches, including Ottawa."

The enterprise has been the special espousal of wives of Governors-General, in this country, from its beginning. Its diligent foundress was the Countess of Aberdeen. And successively it has been the interest of the Countess of Minto, Lady Grey and the Duchess of Connaught, who, at the present, is Honorary President of the Order. The

success of the year should be vastly gratifying to Her Royal Highness, who—news to delight a Dominion—returns this fall, as the term of the Duke has been granted a year's extension.

The Order has four training centres and aims at having more in the not-far future. The present centres are Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver. The next focus will be in the middle west. For the prairie places, with their scattered homes and the distance of them from medical assistance, are crying aloud for the education the Victorian Order has made a feature of its service.

What is Happening Where and Elsewhere

THE community, according to Mrs. Florence Kelley, is the payer of the minimum wage of the working girl. The lecturer, who is secretary of the National Consumers' League of the United States, ultimately blames the shopping public. She did so in recently addressing the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Kelley is also well-known in Toronto, where her niece, Mrs. Sidney



MRS. SIDNEY SMALL,
President of the Club for the Study of Social Science, Toronto.

Small, here pictured, is president of the club for the study of social science.

RECENTLY, for the first time, the members of the women's institutes of Island of Vancouver conferred at the Department of Agriculture. The institutes are doing much for the women on the farms—are improving, for examples, the home-making, the poultry raising, the dairying, the etceteras. In short, they are making for happiness and health.

One thousand dollars, to be expended in work of the institutes, was announced to have been apportioned by the Dominion Government. Short winter courses in farm work will this year be provided.

On the motion of Miss Hadwen, of Cowichan, the Minister of Education is to be asked to include a scheme for an agricultural college in his new university plans, and Mrs. Watt, of Metchosin, suggested the establishment of a farm where women immigrants might be trained on first reaching this country.

THE recent statement that Brockville police were busy locating one Mrs. T. A. Smith, alias Mrs. Helen Howard, for fraudulently obtaining money and incidentally "doing" the Bank of Toronto, would hint that the women will shortly rival the men as financial experts of this feather. The "equality" cry, perhaps, could be dispensed with.

"A. D.," writing in "Everyman" on the surplusage of women, makes several aimless, some untruthful, and one ambiguous statement, which last follows: "Owing to the disastrous scarcity of males and the consequent difficulty of marriage, women are compelled to multiply their opportunities, and to create them where they do not exist. . . . It is not the male who is chasing the female; it is the female who is chasing the male."

True, "A. D.," she is chasing him, scotching him, sending him, if you will, to the farthest limit. "Old Dutch Cleanser" is lazy by contrast. The trouble, however, with man is he "won't stay put."

MISS CHARLOTTE THRALL, who since 1909 has been the responsible head of Moulton College, Toronto, has resigned her office, and after September will spend some months in the South. Miss Thrall is taking a much-needed rest—her services having been of the highest order.

A LIST of hostels in Canada was recently provided by Miss Lefroy, who is secretary of the British Women's Emigration Association, London. The names of places where local ladies maintain hostels for the accommodation of arriving immigrant women are as follows: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary. Conspicuously the Y.W.C.A. has been a chief provider; for of the sixty-three hostels the full list mentions, thirty-eight are the interests of that body.

THE first woman to be a member of the Automobile Club of Canada is Mrs. Casgrain, wife of Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, of Montreal. Mrs. Casgrain is firm in her pretty conviction that the club will improve with a sprinkling of women—and genius. Good roads, at present, are her object.

A BELLIGERENT writer, "Veritas," has written thus in rebuke to "The Weekly Scotsman": "I have of late noticed with some surprise and regret that you have allowed several of your correspondents, or contributors, to make ill-natured and insulting references to Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle."

The memories of the celebrated couple possibly have been abused; but one ventures to guess that the wife of Carlyle but seldom attempted to call her husband "Tommy."

GIRL GUIDES of Company Nine, Toronto, recently rendered a highly diverting, clever and picturesque frolic in that city. A sylvan play was a principal feature, directed by Miss Barren and Miss Fenton. Lady Pellatt gave a brief address, and several proficiency badges were extended. Twenty-two new members were invested. The movement grows.

NEWS comes from the State of New York which ought to be marked as a special warning to parents—to mothers prone to indulge, that is, in that pastime (to them) which is commonly known as the spanking.

A common spanking, such as you might give, dear reader, is said to have cost that New York mother and neighbours the sum of several thousand dollars. She tipped over an oil stove during the operation—a fate which omitted to happen in our childhood. Luck is luck.



MISS CONSTANCE BOULTON,
Whose Addresses in the Interests of the I.O.D.E. Were Recently Heard in the West With Enthusiasm.

THE career of Dr. Helen MacMurchy, who occupies the newly-created position, inspector of the feeble-minded in Ontario, appears as a perfect chain of linked successes. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto, an M.B. of the Medical College of 1900, and an M.D. for 1901. Subsequently she studied in the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, and the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia. She has been medical assistant at Toronto General Hospital, at the same time carrying on a



DR. HELEN MacMURCHY,
Recently Appointed by the Ontario Government as Inspector of the Feeble-Minded for the Province, and Also as Assistant Inspector of Hospitals and Charities.

wide general practice and lecturing in connection with various schools.

Dr. MacMurchy already is famous for her work in connection with the problem of the feeble-minded. Her accomplishment in reducing infant mortality in the country has likewise come to be a household proverb.

THE expression, "wholly woman," today, will readily be debated as it is used in the following lines by Dora Read Goodale:

Believe me, dear, unyielding though I be,
Ambitions flourish only in the sun—
In noisy daylight every race is run,
With lusty pride for all the world to see.
When darkness sinks the earth in
mystery,
When eye or ear or sight or sound is
none,
But death, a tide that waits to bear
us on,
And life, a loosening anchor in the sea,
When time and space are huge about the
soul,
And ties of custom lost beyond recall,
And courage as a garment in the flame,
Then all my spirit breaks without control,
Then the heart opens, then the hot tears
fall
To prove me wholly woman that I am.

MAN is a biped, but not so woman, according to royal desire and almost edict. Queen Mary is vastly averse to the horsewoman's bifurcated habit, and disapproves, most strongly, riding astride. His Majesty, when giving directions for his visit to the Olympia in company with Queen Mary, required that lady participants in the equestrian parade should use side saddles exclusively—the proper sort to his mind. "De gustibus non disputandum" — especially if tastes are royal. But the notion is being contested a bit in private.

MRS. PLUMPTRE, wife of Canon Plumtre of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, is present with the Y.W.C.A. delegates to the National Conference, held at The Elgin, Muskoka. She was one among those who have given addresses, another woman speaker being Miss Una Saunders, Dominion Secretary of the body. "Regatta Day" was one of the outdoor interests.

SHOPPERS are being especially appealed to by Western women writers to consider more than they have the needs of shop-girls. A half-holiday once a week, Saturday preferred, is the demand of a retail employees' organization of British Columbia. Toronto, in this respect, has been an exemplar.



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Western Welcome of the Canadian Press Women

(Concluded from page 15.)

For the past three years the offices of president, corresponding secretary and treasurer of the C.W.P.C. have been held in Toronto. It has meant much hard work and a great deal of pleasure. Now the "head office" has been moved to Edmonton, and the new President is Mrs. Arthur Murphy, widely known as "Janey Canuck," and the author of "Janey Canuck in the West" and "Open Trails." When we reached Edmonton we were met by a reception committee so kind at half-past seven in the morning that one fails to imagine how pretty they would have been to us if we had arrived at a more reasonable hour. In Edmonton we met, besides the Edmonton ladies, the Regina members, including Mrs. Bennett; Calgary members, Mrs. Cumming, Miss McLennan and others; Vancouver members, with our poet, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Miss Maclean, who one would like to mention as among the best and most promising of the younger women journalists of Canada, Miss Durham and many others. It was something worth traveling more than two thousand miles, and planning and working, to see how well pleased they looked and to hear them say, "I am so happy to be here." Miss Clare Battle was a club member from Victoria. Miss Russell, of Halifax, had travelled from Winnipeg.

ONE must return in the recital of this wonderful journey to Winnipeg. Shall one try to tell how these six Canadian cities welcomed the members of the Women's Press Club? At Winnipeg the Mayor, aldermen, and representatives of the C.P.R. met us at the station. From Winnipeg Mr. Trautman of the C.P.R. joined the expedition. We were conveyed to motor cars, carried over the city, which is growing in population as surely only cities in Canada can grow, given tea in Assiniboine Park as the guests of the newspaper men of Winnipeg and the City Council, and at seven-thirty were entertained to a civic banquet in the Royal Alexandra. Banquets and bouquets are as familiar to women writers now as printer's ink.

It was all very pretty, very kind, very Canadian and charming, this hospitality of Canadian cities. In Edmonton the members were billeted by kindness of the Women's Canadian Club. We were bidden to tea, and banquetted again, and the president who was retiring from office was given such a two armsful of red roses as she can scarcely ever hope to see again, certainly never to have for her very own. She will never think of Edmonton without remembering these beautiful sweet red roses. Calgary was kindness itself. Again the members were carried off in motors, entertained to luncheon and tea, given flowers, candy, had a special number of a newspaper published in their honour, and were made to feel that when they came this way again Calgary was one of the places where one would like to stay indefinitely.

And now one comes to the part of the journey which cannot be described. Before we visited Calgary we had been taken as the guests of the Grand Trunk Pacific into Jasper Park. Mr. Cy Warman was sent specially to convey us with all kindness. "I had been thinking for a long time on this journey that I must be the Princess Patricia," said Mrs. McClung, "but now I feel as if I were the whole Royal Family." Such a train as the train we travelled in! with special menus printed for the Canadian Women's Press Club, and given to us afterwards to carry home! Such visions of mountains in the sky! All the long day we went and came. We saw the swift Fraser, and barges built of rough timber to carry provisions down to Fort George. These barges never come back again; the current is too strong. We saw the Athabasca, which runs north and ends in the Arctic Ocean. Then it was sunset, and as we sat there, women who knew each other well and cared much for rivers, mountains, sky of Canada, the sunset colors fell on the mountains and fell on the river, and that was the time when no one said anything. There was nothing that one could say.

Nor can anyone tell about the mountains at Banff, where this fortunate and happy club of ours were guests of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Banff is a delightful place, and we felt great mag-

mates and nabobs to be owning a great hotel for two days and two nights and to have a new ball room opened in our honour. Then the day followed when it was time to say good-bye. Two-thirds and more of the club members went west, and most of them are still travelling, making friends with the mountains and chumming with the Pacific. One-third turned back home.

AND now one has a confession to make. On Sunday night, the fifteenth of June, eleven of us were left standing on the station platform at Medicine Hat. The train would not come back, even for eleven members of the Women's Press Club. So it happened that we missed one long, happy day in Regina. To me, personally, nothing can ever quite make up for this loss. They had planned such a beautiful day for these women scribes. And we were to have had tea at a farmhouse on the prairie. To think that one will never, never have that tea! I would give a great deal if I could turn back the clock for that one day in Regina, when we were to have been the guests of The Leader to breakfast, and of the Mayor and City Council at luncheon, and then tea at the farmhouse. But this one can say heartily: I never knew any people behave more perfectly than these disappointed hosts of ours. Not one word of reproach; and in the one short hour we had in Regina they showed us their beautiful city, where there is not a mark—scarcely a mark—left of the terrible cyclone. I can assure the people of Regina, especially these kind people who came to the station to meet us—that the Women's Press Club have a great admiration and a warm attachment for Regina folk.

This may seem a long story. So much remains to be told. How Colonel Rogers of Jasper Park came with us on the train and then left us in a special to fight a forest fire. How Mr. Brown of Edmonton and the Canadian Northern Railway, when there was a rumour that there would not be room for everyone on the Jasper Park trip, had a train all ready to carry us to Athabasca Landing, so that none of us should miss a jaunt into the north country; how this same Mr. Brown gave the president a pass for one of the members over the telephone at twelve o'clock one night in Edmonton. How the C.N.R. gave free transportation to members who needed it to get to Edmonton. How splendid the papers were which were read by the members of the C.W.P.C. at the general meeting. How Mount Robson, that famous peak, was shrouded in mist when we stopped to look, and then doffed that wonderful cowl, showing himself in his loftiness. "You might have come here forty times without seeing him," said Colonel Rogers, who was the guide of the C.W.P.C. How Mile 49 is the most typical construction camp that anyone ever could see off the stage. How the new President, Mrs. Murphy, although ill and only half recovered from an operation, smiled and worked as only she can. How the city of Moose Jaw invited us to lunch on the spur of the moment, ran us round the city in motors, and then gave us flowers to wish us back again. How Mr. Taylor, of the C.P.R. in Moose Jaw, sent his private car with us to Regina for tea and strawberries and cream.

But best of all to remember is the good fellowship, the friendliness, the happy times we had together as we journeyed. One is very proud of that company, without jealousies, without heartburnings, with pride in each other's work, with not a single happening to regret. What good talks we had! What peals of laughter came from here and there in these cars where groups of writing women listened to those who have the genius of talk. I can't help telling you about one Toronto girl who is a born humorist, and of Nellie McClung and her stories. "I must work harder," we all said. Good friends we were and are. Because of all the kindness shown to us we have a humble feeling that we have never done anything to help anyone else. If ever a wonderful journey put anyone in the mood to write and to write better than before it has been this 1913 journey of the Women's Press Club.

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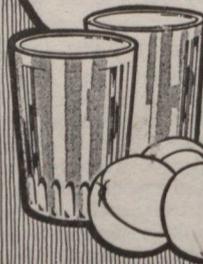
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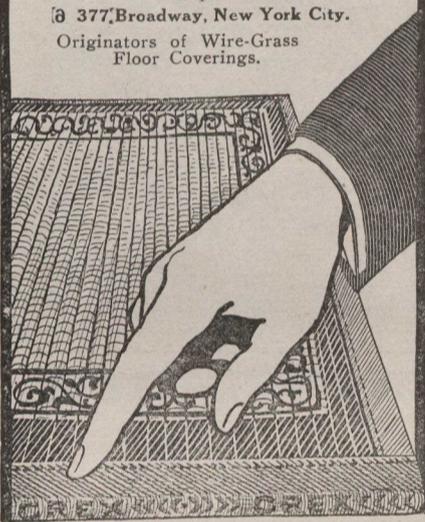
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The Monarch of Park Barren

(Continued from page 13.)

down with a crashing roar across one of the runaways. The cows and calves bounded wildly, clear out into the snow. But the King, though his eyes dilated with amazement, stood his ground and grunted angrily.

A moment more and another tree, huge-limbed and dense, came down across the other runaway. Two more followed, and the herd was cut off from its retreat. The giant bull, of course, with his vast stride and colossal strength, could have smashed his way through and over the barrier; but the others, to regain the safe mazes of the "yard," would have had to make a detour through the engulfing snow.

Though the King was now fairly cornered, Uncle Adam was puzzled to know what to do next. In his hesitation, he felled some more trees, dropping the last one so close that the herd was obliged to crowd back to avoid being struck by the falling top. This, at last, was too much for the King, who had never before known what it was to be crowded. While his followers plunged away in terror, burying themselves helplessly before they had gone a dozen yards, he bawled with fury and charged upon his tormentors.

Though the snow, as we have seen, came up to his chest, the giant's strength and swiftness were such that the woodsmen were taken by surprise, and Uncle Adam, who was in front, was almost caught. In spite of his bulk, he turned and sprang away with the agility of a wildcat; but if his snowshoes had turned and hindered him for one half second, he would have been struck down and trodden to a jelly in the smother of snow. Seeing the imminence of his peril, the other woodsmen threw up their rifles; but Uncle Adam, though extremely busy for the moment, saw them out of the corner of his eye as he ran, and angrily ordered them not to shoot. He knew what he was about, and felt quite sure of himself, though the enemy was snorting at his very heels.

For perhaps thirty or forty yards the bull was able to keep up this almost incredible pace. Then the inexorable pull of the snow began to tell, even upon such thews as his, and his pace slackened. But his rage showed no sign of cooling. So, being very accommodating, Uncle Adam slackened his own pace correspondingly, that his pursuer might not be discouraged. And the chase went on. But it went slower, and slower, and slower, till at last it stopped with Uncle Adam still just about six feet in the lead, and the great moose still blind-mad, but too exhausted to go one foot further. Then Uncle Adam chuckled softly and called for the ropes. There was kicking, of course, and furious lunging and wild snorting, but the woodsmen were skilful and patient, and the King of Old Saugamauk was conquered. In a little while he lay upon his side, trussed up as securely and helplessly as a papoose in its birch-bark carrying-cradle. There was nothing left of his kingship but to snort regal defiance, to which his captors offered not the slightest retort. In his bonds, he was carried off to the Settlements, on the big logging-sled, drawn by the patient horses whom he scorned.

AFTER this ignominy, for days the King was submissive, with the sullen numbness of despair. Life for him became a succession of stunning shocks and roaring change. He would be put into strange box-prisons, which would straightway begin to rush terribly through the world with a voice of thunder. Through the cracks in the box he would watch trees and fields and hills race by in madness of flight. He would be taken out of the box, and murmuring crowds would gape at him till the black mane along his neck would begin to rise in something of his old anger. Then someone would drive the crowd away, and he would slip back into his stupor. He did not know which he hated most, the roaring boxes, the fleeing landscapes, or the staring crowds. At last he came to a loud region where there were no trees, but only what seemed to him vast, towering, naked rocks, red, grey, yellow, brown, full of holes from which issued men in swarms. These terrible rocks ran in endless rows, and through them he came at last to a wide field, thinly scattered with trees. There

was no seclusion in it, no deep, dark, shadowy hemlock covert to lie down in; but it was green, and it was spacious, and it was more or less quiet. So when he was turned loose in it, he was almost glad. He lifted his head, with a spark of the old arrogance returning to his eyes. And through dilating nostrils he drank the free air till his vast lungs thrilled with almost forgotten life.

The men who had brought him to the park—this bleak barren he would have called it, had he had the faculty of thinking in terms of human speech, this range more fitted for the frugal caribou than for a ranger of the deep forests like himself—these men stood watching him curiously after they had loosed him from his bonds. For a few minutes he forgot all about them. Then his eyes fell on them, and a heat crept slowly into his veins as he looked. Slowly he began to resume his kingship. His eyes changed curiously, and a light, fiery and fearless, flamed in their depths. His mane began to bristle.

"It's time for us to get out of this. That fellow's beginning to remember he has some old scores to settle up!" remarked the Director coolly to the head-keeper and his assistants; and they all stepped backwards, with a casual air towards the big gate, which stood ajar to receive them. Just as they reached it, the old fire and fury surged back into the exile's veins, but heated sevenfold by the ignominies which he had undergone. With a hoarse and bawling roar, such as had never before been heard in those guarded precincts, he launched himself upon his gaolers. But they nimbly slipped through the gate and dropped the massive bars into their sockets.

THEY were just in time. Next instant the King had hurled himself with all his weight upon the barrier. The sturdy ironwork and the panels on either side of the posts clanged, groaned, and even yielded a fraction of an inch beneath the shock. But in the rebound they thrust their assailant backward with startling violence. Bewildered, he glared at the obstacle, which looked so slender, yet was so strong to balk him of his vengeance. Then, jarred and aching, he withdrew haughtily to explore his new domain. The Director, gazing after him, nodded with supreme satisfaction.

"Those fellows up in New Brunswick told no lies!" said he.

"He certainly is a peach!" assented the head-keeper heartily. "When he grows his new antlers, I reckon we will have to enlarge the park."

The great exile found his new range interesting to explore, and began to forget his indignation. Privacy it had not, for the trees at this season were all leafless, and there were no dense fir or spruce thickets into which he could withdraw, to look forth unseen upon this alien landscape. But there were certain rough boulders behind which he could lurk. And there were films of ice, and wraiths of thin snow in the hollows, the chill touch of which helped him to feel more or less at home. In the distance he caught sight of a range of those high, square rocks wherein the men dwelt; and hating them deeply, he turned and pressed on in the opposite direction over a gentle rise and across a little valley; till suddenly, among the trees, he came upon a curious barrier of meshed stuff, something like a gigantic cobweb. Through the meshes he could distinctly see country beyond, and it seemed to be just the country he desired, more wooded and inviting than what he had traversed. Confidently he pushed upon the woven obstacle; but to his amazement it did not give way before him. He eyed it resentfully. How absurd that so frail a thing should venture to forbid him passage. He thrust upon it again, more brusquely, to be just as brusquely denied. The hot blood blazed to his head, and he dashed himself upon it with all his strength. The impenetrable but elastic netting yielded for a space, then sprang back with an impetuosity that flung him clear off his feet. He fell with a loud grunt, lay for a moment dismayed, then got up and eyed his incomprehensible adversary with a blank stare. He was learning so many strange lessons that it was difficult to assimilate them all at once.

The following morning, when he was



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feasting on a pile of the willow and poplar forage which he loved, and which had appeared as if by magic close beside the mysterious barrier, he saw some men, perhaps a hundred yards away, throw open a section of the barrier. Forgetting to be angry at their intrusion on his range, he watched them curiously. A moment more, and a little herd of his own kind, apparently quite indifferent to the men, followed them into the range. He was not surprised at their appearance, for his nose had already told him there were moose about. But he was surprised to see them on friendly terms with man.

There were several cows in the herd, with a couple of awkward yearlings; and the King, much gratified, ambled forward with huge strides to meet them and take them under his gracious protection. But a moment later two fine young bulls came into his view, following the rest of the herd at a more dignified pace. The King stopped, lowered his mighty front, laid back his ears like an angry stallion, and grunted a hoarse warning. The stiff black hair along his neck slowly arose and stood straight up.

The two young bulls stared in stupid astonishment at this tremendous apparition. It was not the fighting season, so they had no jealousy, and felt nothing but a cold indifference towards the stranger. But as he came striding down the field his attitude was so menacing, his stature so formidable, that they could not but realize there was trouble brewing. It was contrary to all traditions that they should take the trouble to fight in midwinter, when they had no antlers and their blood was sluggish. Nevertheless, they could not brook to be so affronted, as it were in their own citadel.

Their eyes began to gleam angrily, and they advanced, shaking their heads, to meet the insolent stranger. The keepers, surprised, drew together close by the gate; while one of them left hurriedly and ran towards a building which stood a little way off among the trees.

As the King swept down upon the herd, bigger and blacker than any bull they had ever seen before, the cows shrank away and stood staring placidly. They were well-fed, and for the time indifferent to all else in their sheltered world. Still, a fight is a fight, and if there was going to be one, they were ready enough to look on.

Alas for the right of possession when it runs counter to the right of might! The two young bulls were at home and in the right, and their courage was sound. But when that black whirlwind from the fastnesses of Old Saugamauk fell upon them, it seemed that they had no more rights at all.

Side by side they confronted the on-rushing doom. At the moment of impact, they reared and struck savagely with their sharp hoofs. But the gigantic stranger troubled himself with no such details. He merely fell upon them, like a blind but raging force, irresistible as a falling hillside and almost as disastrous. They both went down before him, like calves, and rolled over and over, stunned and sprawling.

The completeness of this victory, established his supremacy beyond cavil, should have satisfied the King, especially as this was not the mating season and there could be no question of rivalry. But his heart was bursting with injury, and his thirst for vengeance was raging to be glutted. As the vanquished bulls struggled to recover their feet he bounded upon the nearest and trod him down again mercilessly. The other, meanwhile, fled for his life, stricken with shameless terror; and the exile, leaving his victim, went thundering in pursuit, determined that both should be annihilated. It was a terrifying sight, the black giant, mane erect, neck out-thrust, mouth open, eyes glaring with implacable fury, sweeping down upon the fugitive with his terrific strides.

But just then, when another stride would have sufficed, a strange thing happened! A flying noose settled over the pursuer's head, tightened, jerked his neck aside, and threw him with a violence that knocked the wind clean out of his raging body. While his vast lungs sobbed and gasped to recover the vital air, other nooses whipped about his legs; and before he could recover himself even enough to struggle, he was once more trussed up as he had been by

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Uncle Adam amid the snows of Saugamauk.

In this ignominious position, his heart bursting with shame and impotence, he was left lying while his two battered victims were lassoed and led away. Since it was plain that the King would not suffer them to live in his kingdom, even as humble subjects, they were to be removed to some more modest domain; for the King, whether he deserved it or not, was to have the best reserved for him.

It was little kingly he felt, the fettered giant, as he lay there panting on his side. The cows came up and gazed at him with a kind of placid scorn, till his furious snortings, and the undaunted rage that flamed in his eyes, made them draw back apprehensively. Then the men who had overthrown him returned. They dragged him unceremoniously up to the gate, slipped his bonds, and discreetly put themselves on the other side of the barrier before he could get to his feet. With a grunt he wheeled and faced them with such hate in his eyes that they thought he would once more hurl himself upon the bars. But he had learned his lesson. For a few moments he stood quivering. Then, as if recognizing at last a mastery too absolute even for him to challenge, he shook himself violently, turned away, and stalked off to join the herd.

That evening, about sundown, it turned colder. Clouds gathered heavily, and there was the sense of coming snow in the air. A great wind, rising fitfully, drew down out of the north. Seeing no covert to his liking, the King led his little herd to the top of a naked knoll, where he could look about and choose a shelter. But that great wind out of the north, thrilling in his nostrils, got into his heart and made him forget what he had come for. Out across the alien gloom he stared, across the huddled, unknown masses of the dark, till he thought he saw the bald summit of Old Saugamauk rising out of its forests, till he thought he heard the wind roar in the spruce tops, the dead branches clash and crack. The cows, for a time, huddled close to his massive flanks, expecting some new thing from his vast strength. Then, as the storm gathered, they remembered the shelter which man had provided for them, and the abundant forage it contained. One after the other they turned, and filed away slowly down the slopes, through the dim trees, towards the corner where they knew a gate would stand open for them, and then a door into a warm-smelling shed. The King, lost in his dream, did not notice their going. But suddenly, feeling himself alone, he started and looked about. The last of the yearlings, at its mother's heels, was just vanishing through the windy gloom. He hesitated, started to follow, then stopped abruptly. Let them go! They would return to him, probably. Turning back to his station on the knoll, he stood with his head held high, his nostrils drinking the cold, while the winter night closed in upon him, and the wind out of his own north rushed and roared solemnly in his face.



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Her Recess.—Master of the House: "See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?" Slavey: "There ain't goin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir." "What's that! No dinner?" "No, sir. The missus came home from jail this afternoon, an' ate up hevrythink in th' 'ouse!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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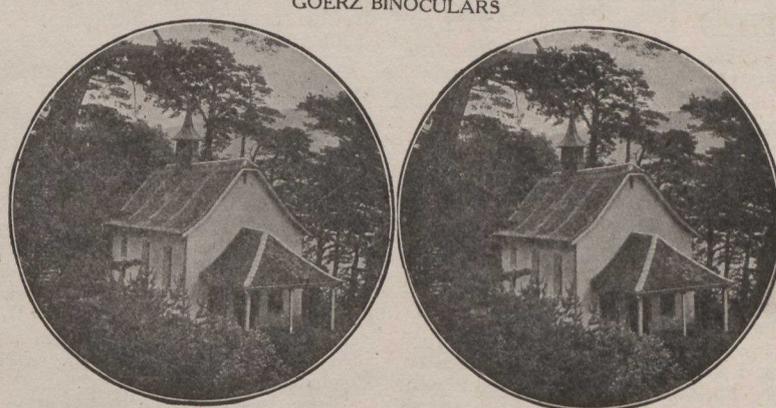
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The River of Stars

A New Serial

By EDGAR WALLACE

SINCE the best works of Rider Haggard, there has appeared no story of the African Outposts of British Dominion at once so colourful, adventurous and subtle in treatment as "The River of Stars." In this story Edgar Wallace adds the colour of Haggard to the finesse of Conan Doyle and Gaboriau, with a fine breadth of imagination and remarkable restraint in handling.

THE PREFACE

THE road from Alebi is a bush road. It is a track scarcely discernible, that winds through forest and swamp, across stretches of jungle land, over thickly vegetated hills.

No tributary of the great river runs to the Alebi country, where, so people say, wild and unknown tribes dwell; where strange magic is practised, and curious rites observed.

Here, too, is the River of Stars.

Once there went up into these bad lands an expedition under a white man. He brought with him carriers, and heavy loads of provisions, and landed from a coast steamer one morning in October. There were four white men, one being in supreme authority; a pleasant man of middle age, tall, broad, and smiling.

There was one who made no secret of the fact that he did not intend accompanying the expedition. He also was a tall man, heavier of build, plump of face, and he spent the days of waiting, whilst the caravan was being got ready, in smoking long cigars and cursing the climate.

A few days before the expedition marched he took the leader aside.

"Now, Sutton," he said, "this affair has cost me a lot of money, and I don't want to lose it through any folly of yours—I am a straight-speaking man, so don't lose your temper. If you locate this mine, you're to bring back samples, but most of all are you to take the exact bearings of the place. Exactly where the River is, I don't know. You've got the pencil plan that the Portuguese gave us—"

The other man interrupted him with a nervous little laugh.

"It is not in Portuguese territory, of course," he said.

"For Heaven sake, Sutton," implored the big man in a tone of exasperation, "get that Portuguese maggot out of your brain—I've told you twenty times there is no question of Portuguese territory. The River runs through British soil—"

"Only, you know, that Colonial Office—"

"I know all about the Colonial Office," interrupted the man roughly, "it's forbidden, I know, and it's a bad place to get to, anyhow—here"—he drew from his pocket a flat round case, and opened it—"use this compass the moment you strike the first range of hills—have you got any other compasses?"

"I have got two," said the other, wonderingly.

"Let me have 'em."

"But—"

"Get 'em, my dear chap," said the stout man testily; and the leader, with a good-humored shrug of his shoulders, left him, to return in a few minutes with the two instruments. He took in exchange the one the man held and opened it.

IT was a beautiful instrument. There was no needle, the whole dial revolving as he turned it about.

Something he saw surprised him, for he frowned.

"That's curious," he said wonderingly; "are you sure this compass is true? The north should lie exactly over that flag-staff on the Commissioner's house—I tested it yesterday from this very—"

"Stuff!" interrupted the other loudly. "Rubbish; this compass has been verified; do you think I want to lead you astray—after the money I've sunk—"

On the morning before the expedition left, when the carriers were shouldering their loads, there came a brown-faced little man with a big white helmet over

the back of his head and a fly whisk in his hand.

"Sanders, Commissioner," he introduced himself laconically, "I've just come down from the interior; sorry I did not arrive before; you are going into the bush?"

"Yes."

"Diamonds, I understand?"

Sutton nodded.

"You'll find a devil of a lot of primitive opposition to your march. The Alebi people will fight you, and the Otaki folk will chop you, sure." He stood thinking, and swishing his whisk from side to side.

"Avoid trouble," he said, "I do not want war in my territories—and keep away from the Portuguese border."

Sutton smiled.

"We shall give that precious border a wide berth—the Colonial Office has seen the route, and approves."

The Commissioner nodded again and eyed Sutton gravely. "Good luck," he said.

The next day the expedition marched with the dawn, and disappeared into the wood beyond the Isisi River.

A week later the stout man sailed for England.

Months passed and none returned, nor did any news come of the expedition either by messenger, or by Lokali. A year went by, and another, and still no sign came.

Beyond the seas, people stirred uneasily, cablegram and letter, and official dispatch came to the Commissioner, urging him to seek for the lost expedition of the white men who had gone to find the River of Stars. Sanders of Bofabi shook his head.

WHAT search could be made? Elsewhere, a swift steamer might follow the course of a dozen rivers, might penetrate—the fat water-jacket of a maxim gun persuasively displayed over the bow—into regions untouched by European influence, but the Alebi country was bush. Investigation meant an armed force; an armed force meant money—the Commissioner shook his head.

Nevertheless he sent two spies secretly into the bush, cunning men, skilled in woodcraft.

They were absent about three months, and returned one leading the other.

"They caught him, the wild people of the Alebi," said the leader without emotion, "and put out his eyes: that night, when they would have burnt him, I killed his guard and carried him to the bush."

Sanders stood before his bungalow, in the green moonlight, and looked from the speaker to the blind man, who stood uncomplainingly, patiently twiddling his fingers.

"What news of the white men?" he asked at last, and the speaker, resting on his long spear, turned to the sightless one at his side.

"What saw you, Messambi?" he asked in the vernacular.

"Bones," croaked the blind man, "bones I saw; bones and nearly bones. They crucified the white folk in a big square before the chief's house, and there is no man left alive."

"So I thought," said Sanders gravely, and made his report to England.

Months passed and the rains came and the green season that follows the rains, and Sanders was busy, as a West Central African Commissioner can be busy, in a land where sleeping sickness and tribal feuds contribute steadily to the death rate.

He had been called into the bush to settle a witch-doctor palaver. He travelled sixty miles along the tangled road that leads to the Alebi country, and established his seat of justice at a small town called M'Saga. He had twenty Houssas with him, else he might not have gone so far with impunity. He sat in the thatched palaver house and listened to incredible stories of witchcraft, of spells cast, of wasting sickness that fell in consequence, of horrible rites between moonset and sunrise, and gave judgment.

The witch-doctor was an old man, but Sanders had no respect for grey hairs.

"It is evident to me that you are an evil man," he said, "and—"

"Master!"

IT was the complainant who interrupted; a man wasted by disease and terror, who came into the circle of soldiery and stolid townspeople.

"Master, he is a bad man—"

"Be silent," commanded Sanders.

"He practises devil spells with white men's blood," screamed the man, as two soldiers seized him at a gesture from the Commissioner. "He keeps a white man chained in the forest—"

"Eh?"

Sanders was alert and interested. He knew natives better than any other man; he could detect a lie—more difficult an accomplishment, he could detect the truth. Now he beckoned the victim of the witch-doctor's enmity towards him.

"What is this talk of white men?" he asked.

The old doctor said something in a low tone fiercely, and the informer hesitated.

"Go on," said Sanders.

"He says—"

"Go on."

The man was shaking from head to foot.

"There is a white man in the forest—he came from the River of Stars—the Old One found him and put him in a hut, needing his blood for charms . . ."

The man led the way along a forest path, behind him came Sanders, and, surrounded by six soldiers, the old witch-doctor with his hands strapped together.

Two miles from the village was a hut. The elephant grass grew so high about it that it was scarcely visible. Its roof was rotten and sagging, the interior was vile . . .

Sanders found a man lying on the floor, chained by the leg to a heavy log; a man who laughed softly to himself, and spoke like a gentleman.

The soldiers carried him into the open, and laid him carefully on the ground.

His clothes were in tatters, his hair and his beard were long, there were many little scars on either forearm where the witch-doctor's knife had drawn blood.

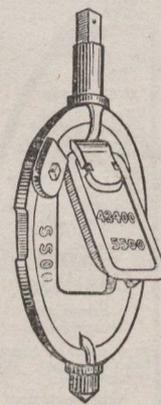
"M—m," said Sanders, and shook his head.

" . . . The River of Stars," said the wreck, with a chuckle, "pretty name—what? Kimberley? Why, Kimberley is nothing compared to it . . . I did not believe it until I saw it with my eyes . . . the bed of the river is packed with diamonds, and you'd never find it, Lam-baire, even with the chart, and your infernal compass . . . I've left a cache of tools, and food for a couple of years . . ."

He thrust his hand into his rag of a shirt and brought out a scrap of paper. Sanders bent down to take it, but the man pushed him back with his thin hand.

"No, no, no," he breathed. "You take

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the blood, that's your job—I'm strong enough to stand it—one day I'll get away. . . ."

Ten minutes later he fell into a sound sleep.

Sanders found the soiled paper, and put it into his pocket.

CHAPTER I.

Amber.

AMBER sat in his cell at Wellboro' gaol, softly whistling a little tune and beating time on the floor with his stockinged feet. He had pushed his stool near to the corrugated wall, and tilted it back so that he was poised on two of its three legs.

His eyes wandered round the little room critically.

Spoon and basin on the shelf; prison regulations varnished a dull yellow, above these; bed neatly folded . . . he nodded slowly, still whistling.

Above the bed and a little to the left was a small window of toughened glass, admitting daylight but affording, by reason of its irregular texture, no view of the world without. On a shelf over the bed was a Bible, a Prayer Book, and a dingy library book.

He made a grimace at the book; it was a singularly dull account of a singularly dull lady missionary who had spent twenty years in North Borneo without absorbing more of the atmosphere of that place than that it "was very hot," and further that native servants could be on occasion "very trying."

Amber was never fortunate with his library books. Five years ago, when he had first seen the interior of one of His Majesty's gaols, he had planned a course of study embracing Political Economy and the Hellenic Drama, and had applied for the necessary literature for the prosecution of his studies. He had been "served out" with an elementary Greek Grammar and Swiss Family Robinson, neither of which was noticeably helpful. Fortunately the term of imprisonment ended before he expected; but he had amused himself by translating the adventures of the virtuous Swiss into Latin verse, though he found little profit in the task, and abandoned it.

During his fourth period of incarceration he made chemistry his long suit; but here again fortune deserted him, and no nearer could he get to his reading of the science than to secure the loan of a Squire and a Materia Medica.

Amber, at the time I describe, was between twenty-eight and thirty years of age, a little above medium height, well built, though he gave you the impression of slightness. His hair was a reddish yellow, his eyes grey, his nose straight, his mouth and chin were firm, and he was ready to show two rows of white teeth in a smile, for he was easily amused. The lower part of his face was now unshaven, which detracted from his appearance, but none the less he was, even in the ugly garb of his bondage, a singularly good-looking young man.

There was the sound of a key at the door, and he rose as the lock snapped twice and the door swung outward.

"75," said an authoritative voice, and he stepped out of the cell into the long corridor, standing to attention.

The warder, swinging his keys at the end of a bright chain, pointed to the prisoner's shoes neatly arranged by the cell door.

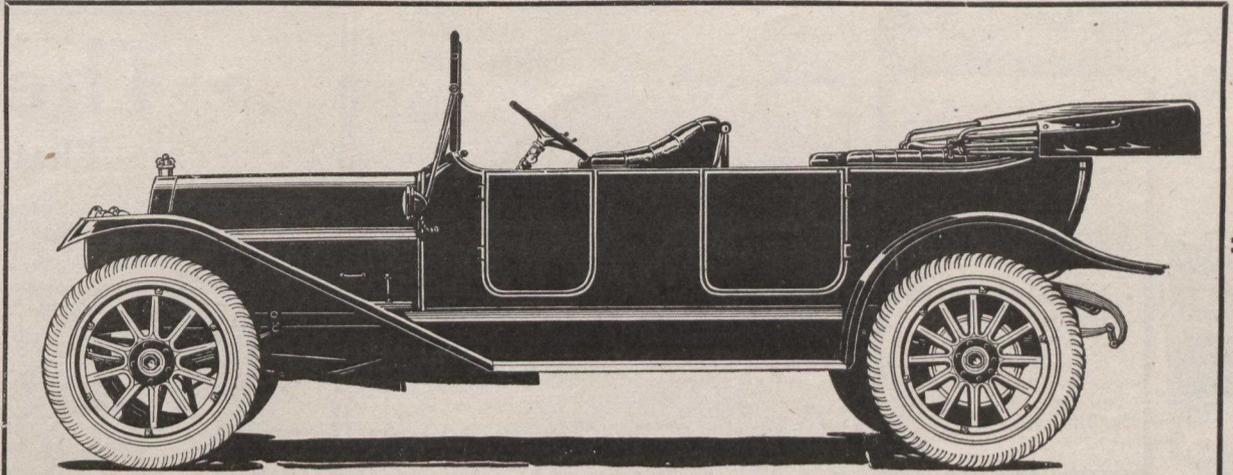
"Put 'em on."

Amber obeyed, the warder watching him.

"Why this intrusion upon privacy, my Augustus?" asked the kneeling Amber.

The warder, whose name was not Augustus, made no reply. In earlier times he would have "marked" Amber for insolence, but the eccentricities of this exemplary prisoner were now well-known, besides which he had some claim to consideration, for he it was who rescued Assistant Warder Beit from the fury of the London Gang. This had happened at Devizes County Gaol in 1906, but the prison world is a small one, and the fame of Amber ran from Exeter to Chelmsford, from Lewes to Strangeways.

He marched with his custodian through the corridor, down a polished steel stairway to the floor of the great hall, along a narrow stone passage to the Governor's office. Here he waited for a few minutes, and was then taken to the Governor's sanctum.



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 Maximum h. p. attained, 44.9 h. p. for three minutes.
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CONCLUSIONS

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Major Bliss was sitting at his desk, a burnt little man with a small black moustache and hair that had gone grey at the temples.

With a nod he dismissed the warder. "75," he said briefly, "you are going out to-morrow, on a Home Office order."

"Yes, sir," said Amber.

The Governor was thoughtfully silent for a moment, drumming his fingers noiselessly on his blotting-pad. "What are you going to do?" he demanded suddenly.

Amber smiled. "I shall pursue my career of crime," he said cheerfully, and the Governor frowned and shook his head.

"I can't understand you—haven't you any friends?"

Again the amused smile. "No, sir," Amber was even more cheerful than before. "I have nobody to blame for my detection but myself."

The Major turned over some sheets of paper that lay before him, read them, and frowned again.

"Ten convictions!" he said. "A man of your capacity—why, with your ability you might have been—"

"Oh no, I mightn't," interrupted the convict, "that's the gag that judges work, but it's not true. It doesn't follow because a man makes an ingenious success as an architect, or because he can forge a cheque that he would have made a fortune by company promotion. An ordinary intelligent man can always shine in crime because he is in competition with very dull-witted and ignorant fellow craftsmen."

He took a step forward and leant on the edge of the desk.

"Look here, sir, you remember me at Sandhurst; you were a man of my year. You know that I was dependent on an allowance from an uncle who died before I passed through. What was I fit for when I came down? It seemed jolly easy the first week in London, because I had a tenner to carry on with, but in a month I was starving. So I worked the Spanish prisoner fraud, played on the cupidity of people who thought they were going to make an immense fortune with a little outlay—it was easy money for me."

The Governor shook his head again.

"I've done all sorts of stunts since then," 75 went on reminiscently. "I've worked every kind of trick," he smiled as at some pleasant recollection. "There isn't a move in the game that I don't know; there isn't a bad man in London I couldn't write the biography of, if I was so inclined. I've no friends, no relations, nobody in the world I care two penn'oth of gin about, and I'm quite happy: and when you say I have been in prison ten times, you should say fourteen."

"You're a fool," said the Governor, and pressed a bell.

"I'm an adventuring philosopher," said 75 complacently, as the warder came in to march him back to his cell. . . .

Just before the prison bell clanged the order for bed, a warden brought him a neat bundle of clothing.

"Look over these, 75, and check them," said the officer pleasantly. He handed a printed list to the prisoner.

"Can't be bothered," said Amber, taking the list. "I'll trust to your honesty."

"Check 'em."

Amber unfastened the bundle, unfolded his clothing, shook them out and laid them over the bed.

"You keep a man's kit better than they do in Walton," he said approvingly, "no creases in the coat, trousers nicely pressed—hullo, where's my eyeglass?"

He found it in the waistcoat pocket, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and was warm in his praise of the prison authorities.

"I'll send a man in to shave you in the morning," said the warden and lingered at the door.

"75," he said, after a pause, "don't you come back here."

"Why not?"

Amber looked up with his eyebrows raised.

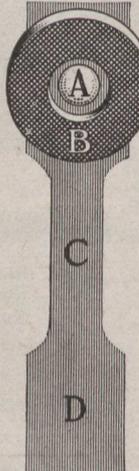
"Because this is a mug's game," said the warder. "A gentleman like you! Surely you can keep away from a place like this!"

Amber regarded the other with the glint of a smile in his eyes.

"You're ungrateful, my warder," he said gently. "Men like myself give this

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place a tone, besides which, we serve as an example to the more depraved and lawless of the boarders."

(It was an eccentricity of Amber's that he invariably employed the possessive pronoun in his address.)

Still the warder lingered.

"There's lots of jobs a chap like you could take up," he said, almost resentfully, "if you only applied your ability in the right direction—"

75 raised his hand in dignified protest.

"My warder," he said gravely, "you are quotin' the Sunday papers, and that I will not tolerate, even from you."

Later, in the Warders' Mess, Mr. Scruton said as far as he was concerned he gave 75 up as a bad job.

"As nice a fellow as you could wish to meet," he confessed.

"How did he come down?" asked an assistant warder.

"He was a curate in the West End of London, got into debt and pawned the church plate—he told me so himself!"

There were several officers in the mess-room. One of these, an elderly man, removed his pipe before he spoke.

"I saw him in Lewes two years ago; as far as my recollection serves me, he was thrown out of the Navy for running a destroyer ashore."

AMBER was the subject of discussion in the dining-room of the Governor's quarters, where Major Bliss dined with the deputy governor.

"Try as I can," said the Governor in perplexity, "I cannot remember that man Amber at Sandhurst—he says he remembers me, but I really cannot place him. . . ."

Unconscious of the interest he was exciting, Amber slumbered peacefully on his thin mattress, smiling in his sleep.

Outside the prison gates on the following morning was a small knot of people, mainly composed of shabbily dressed men and women, waiting for the discharge of their relatives.

One by one they came through the little wicket gate, grinning sheepishly at their friends, submitting with some evidence of discomfort to the embraces of tearful women, receiving with greater aplomb the rude jests of their male admirers.

Amber came forth briskly. With his neat tweed suit, his soft Homburg hat and his eyeglass, those who waited mistook him for an officer of the prison and drew aside respectfully. Even the released prisoners, such as were there, did not recognize him, for he was clean-shaven and spruce; but a black-coated young man, pale and very earnest, had been watching for him, and stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Amber?" he said hesitatingly.

"Mr. Amber," corrected the other, his head perked on one side like a hen.

"Mr. Amber." The missionary accepted the correction gravely. "My name is Dowles. I am a helper of the Prisoners' Regeneration League."

"Very interestin'—very interestin' indeed," murmured Amber, and shook the young man's hand vigorously.

"Good work, and all that sort of thing, but uphill work, sir, uphill work."

He shook his head despairingly, and with a nod made as if to go.

"One moment, Mr. Amber." The young man's hand was on his arm. "I know about you and your misfortune—won't you let us help you?"

Amber looked down at him kindly, his hand rested on the other's shoulder.

"My chap," he said gently, "I'm the wrong kind of man: can't put me choppin' wood for a living, or find me a position of trust at 18s. a week. Honest toil has only the same attraction for me as the earth has for the moon; I circle round it once in twenty-four hours without getting nearer to it—"

He dived his hand into his trousers pocket and brought out some money. There were a few sovereigns—these had been in his possession when he was arrested—and some loose silver. He selected half a crown.

"For the good cause," he said magnificently, and slipping the coin into the missionary's hand, he strode off.

CHAPTER II.

At the Whistlers.

N O. 46 Curefax Street, West Central, is an establishment which is known to a select few as "The Whistlers." Its official title is Pinnock's club. It was

founded in the early days of the nineteenth century by one Charles Pinnock, and in its day was a famous rendezvous.

That it should suffer the vicissitudes peculiar to institutions of the kind was inevitable, and its reputation rose and fell with the changing times. In 1889, 1901, and again in 1903, it fell under suspicion, for in these years the club was raided by the police; though without any result satisfactory to the raiders.

It is indisputable that the habitudes of the Whistlers were a curious collection of people, that it had few, if any, names upon the list of members of any standing in the social world; yet the club was popular in a shamefaced way. The golden youth of London delighted to boast, behind cautious hands, that they had had a night at the Whistlers; some of them hinted at high play; but the young gentlemen of fortune who had best reason for knowing the play was high indeed, never spoke of the matter, realizing, doubtlessly, that the world has little sympathy with a fool confessed, so that much of the evidence that an interfering constabulary desired was never forthcoming.

On a night in October the club was enjoying an unusual amount of patronage. Cab after cab set down well-dressed men before the decorous portals in Curefax Street. Men immaculately dressed, men a little over dressed, they came in ones and twos, and parties of three, at short intervals.

Some came out again after a short stay and drove off, but it seemed that the majority stayed. Just before midnight a taxi-cab drove up and discharged three passengers.

By accident or design, there is no outside light to the club, and the nearest electric standard is a few yards along the street, so that a visitor may arrive or depart in semi-darkness, and a watcher may find difficulty in identifying a patron.

IN this case the chauffeur was evidently unacquainted with the club premises, and overshot the mark, pulling up within a few yards of the street lamp.

One of the passengers was tall and soldierly in appearance. He had a heavy black moustache, and the breadth of his shoulders suggested great muscular strength. In the light much of his military smartness vanished, for his face was puffed, and there were little bags under his eyes. He was followed by a shorter man who looked much younger than he was, for his hair, eyebrows and a little wisp of moustache were so fair as to be almost white. His nose and chin were of the character which for want of a better description may be called "nut-cracker," and down his face, from temple to chin, ran a long red scar.

Alphonse Lambaire was the first of these men, a remarkable and a sinister figure. Whether Lambaire was his real name or not I do not profess to know. He was English in all else. You might search in vain the criminal records of Scotland Yard without discovering his name, save in that section devoted to "suspected persons." He was a notorious character.

I give you a crude biography of him because he figures largely in this story. He was a handsome man, in a heavy unhealthy way, only the great diamond ring upon his little finger was a departure from the perfect taste of his ensemble.

The second man was "Whitey": what his real name was nobody ever discovered. "Whitey" he was to all; "Mr. Whitey" to the club servants, and "George Whitey" was the name subscribed to the charge sheet on the one occasion that the police made an unsuccessful attempt to draw him into their net.

The third was a boy of eighteen, fresh coloured, handsome, in a girlish fashion. As he stepped from the cab he staggered slightly and Lambaire caught his arm.

"Steady, old fellow," he said. Lambaire's voice was deep and rich, and ended in a little chuckle. "Pay that infernal brute, Whitey—pay the fare on the clock and not a penny more—here, hold up, Sutton my lad."

The boy made another blunder and laughed foolishly.

(To be continued.)

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