

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

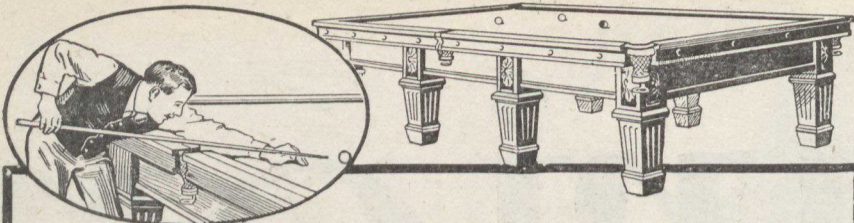


Conquering the Last Outlet  
By MONTAGUE VESEY

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO





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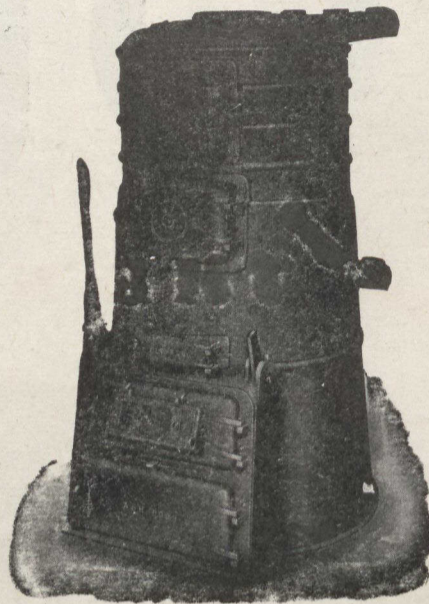
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 7

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## WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

Entertainment with variations in the timely topics discussed this week by "Erin," among the topics: "A Coveted Gift" and "The Red-Haired Heroine." An up-to-date financial suggestion embodied in a special article on "Women's Banks—a Departure," by M. J. T. A letter from "A Ratepayer" and editorial comment on the salaries of women teachers in Toronto. And the news in brief with some exceptionally good illustrations.

- Money and Magnates . . . . . By the Financial Editor.
- Reflections . . . . . By the Editor.



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—Verse seen in a Forty-second Street car, in a brewing company's advertisement:

"As losses on bottles quickly run into coin,  
We make an allowance on every return."

—Evening Post.

### A Fair Athlete.

**S**HE could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,  
She could fence and she could box;  
She could row upon the river,  
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;  
She could golf from morn till evening  
And play tennis all day long;  
But she couldn't help her mother  
'Cause she wasn't very strong!

—London Opinion.

**A Bonanza.**—"What I want to see," said the reformer, "is a city that knows absolutely nothing of graft."  
"That's what I'd like to see," replied the ward politician. "Wouldn't it be a gold-mine for the right parties!"—Washington Star.

**Chapter of Accidents.**—Miss Samantha, the presiding genius of the kitchen, was relating her experience with an icy pavement. "Ah had an awful fall las' week," she told her friend. "Comin' from church Ah fell on de consecrated sidewalk, an' Ah wuz two hours unconscious afteh dey tuk me home."

**His Reason for Delay.**—That things are often a whole lot worse than they appear at first sight was demonstrated by a story told by Senator Henry Lippitt, of Rhode Island, at a recent banquet.

Some time since, according to the Senator, a man wearing an exceedingly thoughtful expression, entered the office of a lawyer.

"Mr. Smith," said he, addressing the legal light, "can I bring suit against a man for calling me a rhinoceros?"

"You certainly can," was the prompt reply of the lawyer. "When did he call you a rhinoceros?"

"Let me see," reflected the client. "It was three years ago last August."

"Three years ago!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer. "And you are just thinking of bringing suit?"

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "You see, it is this way: I never saw a rhinoceros until yesterday."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### A Thought.

**I** LOVE the Christmas-tide, and yet,  
I notice this, each year I live;  
I always like the gifts I get,  
But how I love the gifts I give!  
—Life.

**A Simple Remedy.**—An American traveller found himself the sole occupant of a compartment in a British train, until a woman with a lorgnette entered. She gazed sternly upon the man opposite. Before seating herself she opened the carriage window and sent it down with a bang. At the next station another woman entered. As she sat down, she gave a look at the open window and shivered pathetically. Then she shot an appealing glance in the direction of the male person. "I shall be frozen to death!" she cried. "If that window is closed I shall suffocate!" retorted the woman with the lorgnette. Just then the porter came around. At the request of the second woman he began to raise the window. Then, at a furious glance from the lorgnette, he desisted. Clearly he was in a predicament. "What, sir," asked he of the man, "what would you say as 'ow I should do, sir?" "It's quite simple," said the man, as he rose to leave the train. "Leave the window as it is until one lady is frozen to death; then close it and suffocate the other."—The Argonaut.



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



Vol. XV.

January 17, 1914

No. 7

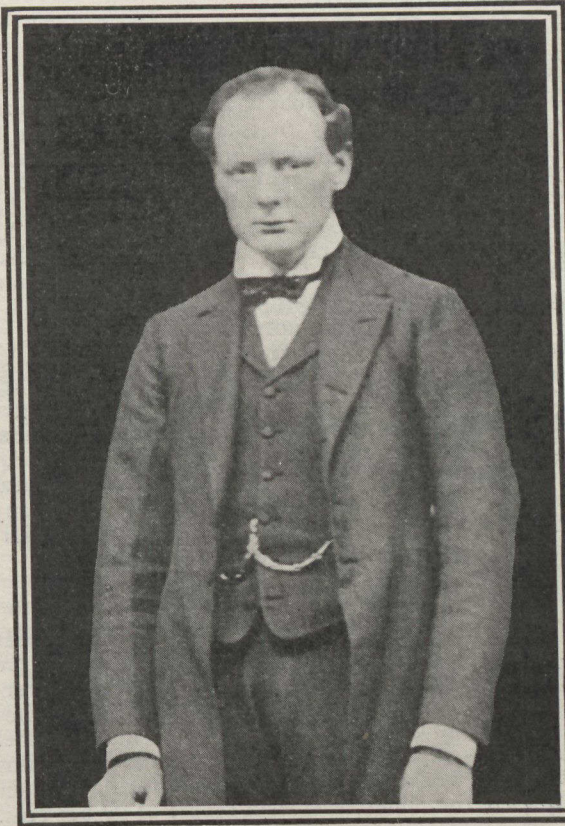
# The First Lord Flies a New Flag

An Interview With the Right Honourable Winston Churchill

By HUGH S. EAYRS

**R**T. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL is now having his most serious time with the naval problem. A large number of Liberal M.P.'s have decided that it is time to put a crimp in the naval estimates, which in the programme for the coming year is expected to show an alarming increase. A deputation of these cautious Liberals recently waited on Premier Asquith, intimating that they would refuse to vote for increased expenditure on keeping up what the Chancellor of the Exchequer has called the "organized insanity of European armaments." The Premier argues that economy in naval expenditure has reached its limit. Lloyd George has himself stated that the father of the First Lord of the Admiralty resigned rather than acquiesce in the "bloated and profligate expenditure on armaments." Sir John Brunner, President of the National Liberal Federation, has written a letter to the press urging that all Liberal associations which believe in peace, retrenchment and reform, pass resolutions before the end of January favouring reduction of expenditure on armaments. The Opposition press have nicknamed the Liberal naval economists "The Suicide Club."

And it was a few days before the anti-organized-insanity deputation waited on Premier Asquith that a representative of the CANADIAN COURIER, being in London, contrived an interview with the First Lord of the Admiralty asking him for a statement of his views on the naval problem for Canadians to read. Mr. Churchill said nothing in the Englishman's customary elaborate way; and he said it so interestingly that the interviewer detected in his statements a decided change of front on the naval question as it affects Canada. In view of subsequent developments Mr. Churchill's non-committal admissions should be of peculiar interest to the Parliament of Canada, which re-assembles this month.—THE EDITOR.



"I saw a gentleman of middle height, walking as though he were used to the quarter-deck."

wherein, surrounded by satellites, sits my Lord Winston, who helps King George by looking after the navy, and, quite incidentally, sends an occasional memorandum to Mr. Borden.

Winston has done well. It is not many years since he was a Conservative member for Oldham. Consumed with ambition, he did not think the Tory party sufficiently appreciated his capabilities, so in the session of 1904 he joined the Liberal party under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Wisely, the Liberal General, sizing Mr. Churchill up, put him in office as Colonial Under-Secretary, knowing full well that it would then be very difficult for Winston to switch. Since that he has been President of the Board of Trade and Home Secretary, and now last—and Winston, apparently, thinks best—head of the Navy. Whether anybody could be competent to undertake three such difficult jobs in eight or nine years, and make good on them, is a debatable point. But if there is anybody competent, Winston is probably the man.

When the COURIER representative entered the portals of the Admiralty, he looked very small and insignificant by the side of the be-laced and beribboned myrmidons of His Majesty's Navy. But one of them was very condescending and so, after some little palaver, he was allowed to sign his name in the Visitors' Book. In the mind of the condescending porter that was privilege enough for one day, and when I mentioned—greatly daring—that I wished to get a word with Mr. Churchill's private secretary, the condescending porter looked at me with admiration and pity—admiration for

my boldness, but pity because—well, really, you know, such a thing as a mere newspaper man interviewing Mr. Churchill's private secretary was out of the question! However, I had an *open sesame* in the shape of an introduction from Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and when this was mentioned the condescending porter changed his attitude, and in a hoarse whisper commanded a subordinate to come and pilot me to a room where I might wait, and if Mr. Churchill's private secretary could spare the time he might come and see me. I spent the next half hour looking over the London *Times*. Then the messenger came and admitted me to the near-great, the private secretary.

"I want to get a word with Mr. Churchill," said I, "about the Canadian naval question." I presented my card.

The private secretary managed to bear up after a pause, during which he appeared to be pondering on the possibility that I was joking. He said it was quite impossible. He put it to me, he said: Could I really expect Mr. Churchill to see me? Really, now, was it not very unheard of and quite impossible? When I considered the thing, I really could not expect it, now could I? So we came to a dead-lock. I could see the passage was going to be rough.

It appeared, after some colloquy and suggestions on the part of the private secretary, that he considered it impossible to obtain what I asked, that even if Mr. Churchill would see me for a moment, he certainly would not say anything about the Canadian naval question. His position in His Majesty's Government, pointed out Mister Private Secretary, precluded him from talking to every Tom, Dick and Harry that came along. Whereat the CANADIAN COURIER representative felt his heart sink into his boots.

"Well," said I, clutching at a straw, "can you bring Mr. Churchill to say to me that he will not say anything to me?"

The private secretary ruminated. Yes, there was just a faint possibility that that much favour might be granted me. I was handed over to the messenger again, who tugged me to the waiting-room. Another wait of twenty minutes ensued, during which I had time to reflect on the importance of being Mr. Churchill.

Then he came. I saw a gentleman of middle height, stooping slightly and walking as though he were used to the quarter-deck. He looked a Marlborough, and, saving the beard, the reincarnation of his father, Lord Randolph. He had the same round head. His hair—it is a pity it is nearly red—had receded far, leaving a huge expanse of brow. His eyes had a merry twinkle—Winston was once a newspaper man. Altogether, Mr. Churchill is an impressive looking gentleman, and as like the Duke of Marlborough of great and glorious memory, as a descendant could possibly be.

"I have come to tell you," he said, "that I really cannot say anything about the navy question."

"But I have come all the way from Toronto, Mr. Churchill, to ask you to give me a message to Canadians about this question, which is all-important to them."

"Well, all I have to say is, that I do not think at this juncture it is wise for me to say anything with regard to the Canadian navy question."

"Why?"

Mr. Churchill, who had been pacing the room

**W**INSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, First Lord of the Admiralty, is one of the great ones of the earth. You are made aware of that fact whenever you pick up a paper, whether it is published in London or some twopenny-halfpenny village somewhere near the Shetlands. And you are made considerably more aware of it when you are presumptuous enough to think you can get an interview with Winston himself.

There are no set rules by which the newspaper man may get to see Mr. Churchill. When he is not on his yacht (which, together with the forty-five hundred pounds, is his annual remuneration for his duties as First Lord), and when he is not down at Portsmouth jollyng the sailors, he is almost certain to be in his offices at the Admiralty. You walk down Whitehall, passing the window from which Charles I., a kingly fool and a foolish king, walked out to his death, past the Horse Guards, one of whom is wide awake but scowling, and the other scowling, but apparently asleep. Passing a good many of the parliamentary offices you come to the dark, almost foreboding, Admiralty buildings



as though it were the quarter-deck of a flagship, turned round.

"Why?" he said. "Because I do not think I should say anything lest I seem to interfere with the movements of a self-governing dominion."

"What about Australia? You know—"

Mr. Churchill held up his hand. "I know all about it," he said.

"Can you not say anything more?"

"No. That is, not more than I have said. I will not say anything more just now, lest I seem to interfere with Canada," and putting on his best won't-you-vote-for-me smile, he steamed out of the room.

The little he had said spoke volumes. He might have said a good many more things, but none of them could have been more significant. Mr. Churchill is flying a new flag. His famous memorandum to Mr. Borden was certainly in some measure dictatorial. Twelve months ago he could not have been accused of the desire to abstain from interference with the movements of a self-governing dominion. He did interfere. But on the principle of "once bitten twice shy" he has changed his front. That famous memorandum put Winston in the wrong with a great many people in Canada. For once, all was not plain sailing. All sorts of

small craft got in the way, and it turned out that not even the First Lord of the British Island may undertake to govern the Dominion of Canada in its naval policy. A few months ago Winston told the people of Canada, in effect, that they should give three Dreadnoughts to the British navy. Now, the First Lord of the Admiralty will not interfere. He prefers to leave it to the good sense of the people of Canada. He recognizes that, while Canada does not forget or wish to forget its relation to the mother country, it also does not forget, it dare not forget, its duty to itself and its sons.

Mr. Churchill is surely wise in heeding the writing on the wall. The unwritten memorandum from Canada to the First Lord was unmistakable. It quashed the First Lord's memorandum to Canada. The question of a contribution or a Canadian navy is a matter which must be decided by Canadians and Canadians alone. Mr. Churchill left no doubt whatever that he grasped this all-important fact.

Now, it is up to Canada. It can only be settled there, when Grit and Tory alike have for the moment obliterated their party conviction and have joined hands in elevating the matter of defence above the unsettled and turbulent realm of partisan politics.

## Shall We Have Free Wheat?

By THOMAS ROBERTSON

CANADA is face to face with the settlement of a fairly important question which may be summarized in the phrase, "Shall we have Free Wheat?" The question has been forced upon our attention by that clause in President Wilson's tariff which says that we may send our wheat into the United States free of duty just as soon as we are prepared to admit United States wheat and United States flour on the same conditions. If it were a matter merely of the exchange of free wheat there would be no question. But when it comes to the question of a free exchange of flour several points of doubt are raised at once in the mind of the average man.

At the present time and for many years past our wheat has been going into the United States to be ground for export. The United States miller takes it in, pays the duty and gets a rebate of ninety-nine per cent. when he exports the flour. But what would happen if all our wheat or a large portion of it were milled in the United States? Would it prevent the farmer getting cheap mill feeds such as bran and shorts for his cattle, his sheep, his hogs and his poultry? Would it affect our production of these food products? Would it affect the traffic which we expect to have for the Hudson Bay Railway, the new Welland Canal, and for our three transcontinental railways? Would we be foolish to go on spending money for internal storage elevators at several points in Western Canada, for new harbour works at Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Vancouver and elsewhere, if the greater portion of our wheat were to be sent over the southern border of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, instead of being shipped down the Great Lakes to Canadian ports? Would these big enterprises be a wasteful expenditure of money if the Canadian flour mills were unable to compete with the United States mills and our manufacture of flour should steadily diminish?

The advent into the political arena of the cry for free food has afforded the Grain Growers an opportunity to renew their demand for free wheat and to enlist in their behalf the force of a movement which tends in the same direction, though based on entirely different principles and seeking an entirely different result. The free foodists are working for the easier entry of food into the country, while the Grain Growers are aiming at its freer exit; thus one has the consumer in mind, while the other is solely in the interests of the producer. The agitation for the removal of wheat duties is, therefore, one that blows hot and cold from the same month.

### The Price Illusion

Those who favour free wheat maintain that the chief advantage will come from the Western Grain Grower obtaining a higher price in Minneapolis. The range of prices during the past two years has weakened this argument somewhat, and it is doubtful how great an advantage the Grain Grower would get from increased prices. The fact of the matter is that with the exception of about two months in the fall of 1913, the Minneapolis price has been lower than the Winnipeg price during the past two years by from one to as much as ten cents

per bushel. Even allowing for the alleged differences in grading, whereby Canadian and American wheat equal nominally in grade, differs in quality owing to the higher grading of the Canadian article, there would seem to be little if any advantage in selling in the southern market. The spread to-day on May wheat is more than two cents in favour of the Winnipeg market. Just how the Canadian farmer will gain by selling in the Minneapolis market under such conditions is hard to see.

The United States, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, is still a great exporting nation, as far as wheat is concerned. During the past ten years United States' exports of wheat have averaged 117,000,000 bushels per annum. This means that "Uncle Sam" exports every year an amount of wheat in excess of half the total Canadian wheat crop of 1912. It is certain, therefore, that any wheat he buys from Canada will be used for export trade, whether sent out as wheat or flour.

### Here's a Fine Quibble

When we come to consider milling of wheat in bond, we run up against something that the "free wheaters" seem completely to have overlooked. The Wilson tariff imposes on wheat imported from Canada a tax of ten cents a bushel when it is imported for domestic consumption. But when the wheat is milled in bond and the product exported, the miller receives a rebate of 99 per cent. of the duty paid. In other words, on wheat imported for export milling or manufacturing purposes the net duty amounts to but one one-hundredth of the regular impost, or ONE-TENTH OF A CENT PER BUSHEL.

The Canadian Grain Grower who sells in the United States is, as we have shown above, selling for manufacturing purposes. Under present circumstances he encounters a tariff barrier of only one-tenth of a cent per bushel. On a shipment of a thousand bushels, one carload, therefore, the tax he has to bear is exactly one dollar. If the United States duty were taken off to-morrow, he would thus save one dollar on every thousand bushels of wheat he shipped into the United States. It can thus be seen that we would have to send pretty big shipments into Uncle Sam's domain before the difference between tariff and no-tariff would mean anything to the individual farmer.

Turning to the question of flour—there is no doubt that the American miller can produce as economically as the Canadian miller, and there are many considerations which enter into the production in the two countries which give the United States miller a great advantage. In the first place he gets his new soft wheat every year much earlier than any of the Canadian mills, as he is nearer the soft wheat fields of the Middle West. Through custom, the American consumer prefers a soft wheat flour, and the Canadian mills, even if they could send flour into the United States free, would be denied a very large share of the trade owing to the preference for the softer wheat. There are, of course, certain parts of the United States where hard wheat flour is used, just as it is in Canada, and there is no doubt that the United States mill requires a certain amount of hard wheat. This

ne can secure in Minnesota and the Dakotas quite as well as in Canada. The Canadian mills grind chiefly hard wheat, and while, therefore, the United States miller, with both hard and soft wheat flour, would have a market throughout the whole of Canada, the Canadian miller would be confined to a small part of the United States market.

Another factor that has to be taken into consideration results from the vast circulation of United States periodicals in Canada. Nearly every housewife reads the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, or some other United States periodical, the back cover of which usually contains a display advertisement of "Gold Medal" or some other well-known Western United States flour. The result is that the Canadian housekeeper is as familiar with American flour brands as she is with Canadian, and when the tariff wall was taken down the United States miller would have no trouble at all in selling his product in Canada; in fact, he occasionally gets a car or two over into Canada now in spite of the duty.

Contrast this with the position of the Canadian miller selling in the New England States. Probably one-quarter to one-half a million dollars would have to be spent by our Canadian millers to advertise their brands and build up their selling connection before any business resulted.

### If Republicans Come Back—What?

But the most serious objection of all from the Canadian standpoint is the instability of the American tariff. It is conceivable that in three years more the Republican party will be in control at Washington, and with their well-known protectionist leanings it is quite within the bounds of reason to suppose that they would cancel the free wheat and flour arrangement. Thus the Canadian miller, after spending a vast sum of money in building up trade connections in the U. S., might have them cut off on a moment's notice and his investment would be lost. This would be a big factor with a company which is catering to a market of eight millions only, but would be of no serious consequence to the big United States mill with its 100,000,000 market.

The Canadian miller's cost of production is higher because of the fact that he has to pay duty on all his machinery and supplies. Generally speaking, he buys in smaller quantities and therefore pays a higher price than his American competitor, who is situated favourably and can purchase all his supplies in his own country without paying duty on them.

The biggest question of all is, however, that of mill feeds or offal. It is inconceivable that just at this time, when there is such a necessity for renewed activity in cattle raising, we should take action which would result in depleting our already too meagre supply of mill feeds. The raising of cattle and all its allied industries, such as dairying and egg producing, are dependent on an abundant and reasonably priced supply of mill feeds. At the present time the dairy farmer in the Eastern Townships or Eastern Ontario is paying about \$20 or \$21 per ton for bran and has difficulty in getting supplies owing to the fact that the price across the border in the New England States is much higher. In that district the Canadian miller can realize from \$1 to \$2.25 more per ton by selling in the United States. If the duty were taken off, prices in Canada would necessarily be forced up to those of the United States and Canadian farmers would probably pay from \$3 to \$5 more per ton for their feeds and would have a smaller supply from which to draw.

### Milling Boosts Mixed Farming

Turning to Western Canada, we have seen mills spring up in Moose Jaw, Calgary, Medicine Hat and many other points in the West in the past few years. These have been an unmixed blessing for the Western Grain Grower and the mixed farmer alike. The local demand for milling wheat has stiffened the price in every milling centre. It has relieved the car shortage question. It has provided a supply of mill feeds right at the door of the farmer who owns cattle, something that he did not have west of Winnipeg until two years ago. Nearly every one is agreed that before the West will be on sound lines it must raise more cattle. That a movement in this direction is already started is shown by the fact that the entire offal output of the Ogilvie mill at Medicine Hat is absorbed readily within a few miles of that city, and the demand is for still more. If we take the duty off, many of the mills in Western Canada will have to close down, or at least lessen their production, as it is obvious that if the United States miller comes in and takes some of the trade there will not be as much trade for the Canadian miller. The Min-



neapolis mills are particularly well situated to compete with the Canadian mills under free trade conditions in Western Canada, and every bag of flour they sell in Canada not only lessens the production of flour of the Canadian mill in the West, but, more important, reduces the amount of feeds available for Canadian cattle.

Another element that enters into the discussion is the fact that the building of large mills in the various centres of Western Canada has provided a stability and diversity of employment which has been long felt as a great need. The employees of the flour mills in Western Canada spend their money in Western Canada over the counters of Western Canadian merchants and among the farmers of the surrounding community. If we sent our wheat over to the United States to be milled all this money would be spent among United States people for the building up of their communities. It would seem, therefore, that unless the Western farmer is sure he is going to get a substantial increase in price he should be very slow to advocate a change which is bound to bring serious disadvantages not only for the Canadian miller, but for the mixed farmer, and all Western communities, which already have or are seeking big mills.

### Transportation Charges

The transportation question is another vital factor in the situation. In the seventies the Canadian people planned their first Transcontinental railway, feeling that it was essential to the national well-being that there should be an Eastern and Western connection in this vast country. Development since that time has all been along the lines of moving traffic from East to West. To-day we have the original Transcontinental, practically double-tracked, and two new cross-continent railways almost ready for business. We have built up vast facilities at Fort William and Port Arthur for the handling of wheat and other crops. Our whole

aim has been to have as much of this traffic pass through Canadian channels as was possible. Now it is proposed to change the conditions under which the traffic has been built up on East and West lines, and to send a great part of it to the South. Instead of hauling Canadian wheat on Canadian railways and steamship lines for two or three thousand miles to the seaport, we propose to give the Canadian railways from 60 to 200 miles of a haul, merely to the border towns. If we have free wheat every bushel that is sent South from Winnipeg means less money distributed to Canadian railway and steamship employees, the Canadian grain man and their employees, and in fact in Canadian business channels generally. From Winnipeg to Montreal is approximately 1,500 miles, while from Winnipeg to Emerson is 60 miles. The amount of money that is spent in Canada in handling and transporting Canadian wheat via Emerson and via Montreal respectively will be as 60 to 1,500 under free wheat. Leaving the miller, the railway magnate and the grain man aside, is it safe for the country to embark on a policy which is bound to have serious effects for the railway employee, the mill hands, the mixed farmer and all those who are dependent, directly or indirectly, on the traffic and business that is created by our vast wheat crop?

If the writer of this article has stated the proposition fairly and if the facts are as he has given them, it is quite clear that the cry for free wheat is not one which can be entertained without very serious discussion. It would seem as if the disadvantages to our millers, our transportation companies, our shipping interests and our agricultural producers of animals and other foodstuffs largely outweigh the advantages. Putting this cry in its most favourable aspect, it is merely the cry of the purely wheat farmer against what seems to be the best interests of several other classes of the community, including ten times as many people and ten times as great capital investment.

among Liberals; just as it is practically impossible for a popular man among Liberals to be at one and the same time a popular man among Conservatives. But in all cases of popularity the fundamental conditions are the same. Those conditions are involved in the different faculty of making an average appeal to human sentiment. It may be called the art of glorifying what is commonplace; of dressing a common thought, or a common idea, or a common feeling with so much distinction that people will fall over each other in acclaiming it as though it were something new and unique.

But although there is no finally acceptable type which always and under any circumstances might be popular, there are men in all ages and in all classes who do actually and vividly approximate to such a type. We all know the social type of the popular man: the man everybody is glad to meet, the man everybody wants to meet, the man who is asked out everywhere and everywhen, who is the pivot of all social gatherings, the life and soul of party and game and tete-a-tete alike. How shall we define such a man? He is as intangible as air, as incapturable as a breath of wind upon a summer's day. Yet he is more obviously a fact than twice two are four! We know that. Have we not all felt his influence from time to time? Have we not all felt we could never have too much of him? Have we not all felt how much duller a place this world would be if we had none of his kind? And yet—and yet we cannot say what it is in him that captivates us so easily. We only know that we are captivated and joyous in our captivity. It is not as though he were a man who gave away what Wemmick in "Great Expectations," called "portable property." To be sure there are many popular men who are blessed with all the signs and characteristics of generosity.

YET a man may possess these charming qualities and be far from popular. He will be in demand, but to be in demand is not necessarily to be popular. Popularity in its fullest sense does not depend on usefulness or capacity for service, much as these qualities may be appreciated. In its widest meaning popularity depends for its effect upon suggestion rather than performance, and generally upon the suggestion of human kindness, friendliness and good-fellowship, and above all when these are associated with buoyant spirits and good humour. Think of the great popular men of more or less recent years, men who have won the hearts of great masses of the people in all phases of social life, and you will find that these men have been men who have created about themselves an atmosphere of good-humoured kindness. I will name three memorable examples, a popular actor, a popular novelist, and a popular monarch: John L. Toole, Charles Dickens and King Edward VII. No one will deny the transcendent popularity of these three men. And apart from their gifts as actor, novelist and ruler, it is fairly obvious that their immense popularity was not due to either of those things. We have had many novelists, actors and monarchs of genius and ability who have not been

(Concluded on page 16.)

## Men We Meet

### Number Five in a Series of Six Benevolent Satires

#### THE POPULAR MAN—By HOLBROOK JACKSON

THE popular man is the man we think we should like to be in our gayest moments. He is the salt of the feast of social life; the ingredient who, by bringing out the best flavour of all the others, makes for that unity of feeling which is the eternal necessity of all human association. He is of course distinct and rare—but sufficiently frequent for the purposes of life. Too many popular men would spoil the broth. We require just that few which has been given to us by a wise nature.

It is, of course, idle to aim at popularity, for to aim at such a mark is to lay yourself open to missing it. Popularity is inborn, it is not a conscious achievement. The popular man is born, not made. No one really deserves to be popular because of any effort expended in attempting to become so, for the condition of being popular droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the just and unjust alike! There are popular men who are veritable cads—yet they serve their purpose. How many times does one hear the saying: "I don't know what people see to like in that fellow"? And yet he is liked. Such a doubt is not always due to jealousy; it is often the outcome of genuine and disinterested surprise.

POPULARITY is therefore something of a mystery, like so many other human characteristics. We have all worshipped at the shrine of the popular man, and we have all been glad to do so; and whether we have got anything tangible or not by our worship, we shall all worship at the identical shrine again and again. Not that we should expect anything tangible from worship; worship is its own reward. And by our readiness to worship the popular man we are perhaps being rewarded by the peculiar joy of feeling at one with a large body of our fellow men. The popular man is actually the contact-point of that hardly definable human emotion; that recalling of separate individualities to love of the herd, the pack, the crowd. And it does not matter what kind of popular man it is, the feeling is always the same. Whether it is the footballer who scores a goal in our hearts by some superb free-kick; or the airman who thrills our souls by banking gloriously at an angle of eighty-five degrees; the music-hall artist who sings, or juggles, or tumbles, or dances his way into our

imaginings; the actor who captivates our sentiments, the politician who imprisons our common-sense, or the king who wins our devotion—it is all the same.

There is no abstract type of popular man; his forms, like his appearances, are manifold. Generally speaking, our idea of the popular man if analyzed philosophically, resolves itself into faith in the goodness of some man for some desirable object. In politics, for instance, it is rarely possible for, say, a popular man among Conservatives to be at one and the same time a popular man

### A WATERSIDE CITY THAT HAS A REAL CANADIAN WINTER



This View of Montreal, Showing the Dome of St. James' Cathedral, is one of the Finest Winter Pictures in Canada. Toronto, Halifax and St. John Seldom or Never Present Such a View; Neither do Vancouver and Victoria. Winnipeg is the Only Other Large Canadian City Having a Winter at All Comparable to that of Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec.



# Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat

Recommended to all who either Hate or Love Cats as a Remarkable Case of Feline Intrusion into Family Affairs

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

MAX always blesses the animal when it is referred to; and I don't deny that things have worked together for good after all. But when I think of the agonies Ismay and I underwent on account of that abominable cat it is not a blessing which rises uppermost in my thoughts.

I never was fond of cats, although I admit they are well enough in their place, and I can worry along comfortably with a nice matronly old Tabby that can take care of herself and be of some use in the world. As for Ismay, she hates cats and always did. But Aunt Cynthia, who adored them, never could bring herself to understand that any one else could possibly dislike them. She firmly believed that Ismay and I really liked cats deep down in our hearts, but that, owing to some perverse twist in our moral natures, we would not own up to it, but wilfully persisted in declaring we didn't.

Of all cats, I loathed that white Persian cat of Aunt Cynthia's. And indeed, as we always suspected and afterward proved, Aunt herself looked upon the creature with more pride than affection. She would have taken ten times the comfort in a good, common puss that she did in that spoiled beauty. But a Persian cat with a recorded pedigree and a market value of seventy-five dollars tickled Aunt Cynthia's pride to such an extent that she deluded herself into believing that the animal was really the apple of her eye. It had been presented to her by a missionary nephew who had brought it all the way home from Persia; and for the next two years Aunt Cynthia's household existed to wait on that cat, hand and foot. It was snow-white, with a bluish-grey spot on the tip of its tail; and it was blue-eyed and deaf and delicate. Aunt Cynthia was always in agonies lest it take cold and die. Ismay and I used to wish that it would, we were so tired of hearing about it and its whims. But we did not say so to Aunt Cynthia; she would probably never have spoken to us again and there was no wisdom in offending Aunt Cynthia. When you have an unencumbered aunt with a fat bank account it is just as well to keep on good terms with her if you can.

So we listened meekly when she discoursed on Fatima—the cat's name was Fatima—and if it were wicked of us to wish for the latter's decease we were well punished for it later on.

One day in November Aunt Cynthia came sailing over to The Pinery. That was a Jonah day for us all through. Everything had gone wrong. Ismay had spilled grease on her velvet coat, and the fit of the new blouse I was making was hopelessly askew, and the kitchen stove smoked, and the bread was sour. Moreover, Huldah Jane, our tried and trusty old family nurse and cook and general "boss" had what she called the "realagy" in her shoulder; and though Huldah Jane is as good an old creature as ever lived, when she has the "realagy" other people who are in the house want to get out and, if they can't, feel about as comfortable as St. Lawrence on his gridiron.

And on the top of all this came Aunt Cynthia's call and request.

"Dear me," said Aunt Cynthia, sniffing, "don't I smell smoke? You girls must manage your range very badly. Mine never smokes. But it is no more than one might expect when two girls try to keep house without a man about the place."

"We get along very well without a man about the place," I said, sulkily. Max hadn't been in for two days, and though nobody wanted to see him particularly, I couldn't help wondering why. "Men are nuisances."

"I daresay you like to pretend you think so," said Aunt Cynthia, aggravatingly. "But no woman ever does really think so, you know. I imagine that pretty Miss Barrett, who is visiting the Smalls, doesn't. I saw her and Max Irving out walking this afternoon, looking very well satisfied with themselves. If you dilly-dally much longer, Sue, you will let Max slip through your fingers yet."

THAT was a tactful thing to say to me, who had refused Max Irving so often that I had lost count. I was furious, and so I stopped scowling and smiled on my maddening aunt.

"Dear Aunt, how amusing of you," I said, smoothly. "You talk as if I wanted Max."

"So you do," said Aunt Cynthia.

"It's no secret that I've refused him time and

again," I cried, for well Aunt Cynthia knew it. Max always told her.

"You may do it once too often," said Aunt Cynthia, "and find yourself taken at your word. And this Barrett girl is very pretty."

"Lovely," I assented. "She has the most charming complexion and eyes I ever saw. She would be just the wife for Max, and I hope he will marry her."

"Humph!" said Aunt Cynthia.

"Well, I won't entice you into telling any more fibs. They may be charged up to me. And I didn't walk over here to-day in all this wind to talk sense into you concerning Max. I am going to Montreal for two months and I want you to take charge of Fatima for me while I am away."

"Fatima!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I don't dare trust her to the care of the servants and taking her with me is out of the question. Mind you, always warm her milk before you give it to her and don't on any account let her run out of doors."

I looked at Ismay and Ismay looked at me. We knew we were in for it. To refuse would mortally offend Aunt Cynthia and

This is the picture of how it came about in the first place that the white Persian cat with a blue spot on the tip of its tail was able to plunge a whole family into distraction for two weeks. The story says: "We left her one afternoon curled up asleep in her basket by the fire under Huldah Jane's eye."

that would never do. Besides, if I betrayed my unwillingness, Aunt Cynthia would be sure to put it down to grumpiness over what she had said about Max and rub it in for years. But I ventured to ask—

"What if anything happens while you are away?"

"It is to prevent that I am leaving her with you," said Aunt Cynthia. "You simply must not let anything happen to her. It will do you good to have a little responsibility; and you will have a chance to find out what a really adorable creature Fatima is. Well, that is settled. I'll send her up to-morrow. I am going on the afternoon train."

"You can take care of that horrid Fatima-thing yourself!" cried Ismay, when the door closed behind Aunt Cynthia. "I won't touch her with a yard stick. You had no business to say we would take her!"

"DID I say we would take her?" I demanded, crossly. "Aunt Cynthia took our consent for granted. And you know as well as I do we couldn't have refused. So what is the use of being grouchy?"

"If anything happens to her Aunt Cynthia will hold us responsible," said Ismay, darkly.

"Do you think Patty Barrett bleaches her hair?" I said, curiously.

"I daresay. Does she eat anything but milk? Will it do to give her mice?"

"Oh, I guess so. But do you suppose Max is really in love with her?"

"I daresay; what a relief it would be for you if he is."

"Oh, of course," I said, frostily. "Only I don't know that I want to see Max throw himself away on a peroxide-of-hydrogen girl, that's all. Ismay Meade, if that stove doesn't stop smoking I shall fly into fits. This is a detestable day. I hate that thing!"

"Oh, she isn't too bad a girl," protested Ismay.

"She may bleach her hair, of course—but—"

"I was talking about Fatima," I cried, in a rage. "Oh," said Ismay.

Ismay is stupid at times. I thought the way she said "Oh!" was inexcusably stupid.

FATIMA arrived the next day. Max brought her over in a covered basket, lined with padded crimson satin. Max likes cats and Aunt Cynthia. He explained how we were to treat Fatima and when Ismay had gone out of the room—Ismay always went out of the room when she knew I particularly wanted her to remain—he proposed to me again. Of course I said no as usual, but I was rather pleased. Max had been proposing to me about every two months for two years. Some times, as in this case, he went three months, and then I always wondered why. I concluded that he could not really be interested in Patty Barrett and I was relieved. I didn't want to marry Max, but it was pleasant and convenient to have him around, and we would miss him dreadfully if any other girl snapped him up. He was so useful and always willing to do anything for us—nail a shingle on the roof, drive us to town, put down carpets—in short, a very present help in all our troubles.

So I just beamed on him when I said no. Max began counting on his fingers. When he got as far as eight he shook his head and began over again.

"What is it?" I asked. "I'm trying to count up how many times I've proposed to you," he said. "But I can't remember whether I asked you to marry me the day we dug up the garden or not. If I did it makes—"

"No, you didn't," I interrupted. "Well, that makes it eleven," said Max, reflectively. "Pretty near the limit, isn't it? My manly pride will not allow me to propose to any one girl more than twelve times. So the next time will be the last, Sue darling."

"Oh," I said. I forgot to resent his calling me darling. I wondered if things wouldn't be rather flat when Max gave up proposing to me. It was the only excitement I had. But of course it would be best—and he couldn't go on at it forever; so, by way of gracefully dismissing the subject, I asked him what Miss Barrett was like.

"Nice little girl," said Max. "I always liked blonds, you know."

I am dark, with brown eyes. Just then I detested Max. I got up and said I was going to get some milk for Fatima. I found Ismay in a rage in the kitchen. She had been up in the garret and a mouse had run across her foot. Mice always get on Ismay's nerves.

"We need a cat badly enough," she fumed, "but not a useless, pampered thing like Fatima. That garret is literally swarming with mice. You'll not catch me going up there again."

Fatima did not prove such a nuisance as we had feared. Huldah Jane liked her, and Ismay, in spite of her declaration that she would have nothing to do with her, looked after her comfort scrupulously. She even used to get up in the middle of the night and go out to see if Fatima was warm. Max came in every day and hung around and gave us good advice.

Then one day, about three weeks after Aunt Cynthia's departure, Fatima disappeared—just simply disappeared, as if she had dissolved into thin air. We left her one afternoon curled up asleep in her basket by the fire, under Huldah Jane's eye, while we went out to make calls. When we came home Fatima was gone!

HULDAH JANE wept and was as one distracted. She vowed that she had never let Fatima out of her sight the whole time, save once for three minutes when she ran up to the garret for some summer savory. When she came back the kitchen door had blown open and Fatima had vanished.

Ismay and I were frantic. We ran about the garden and through the pines like mad creatures, calling Fatima—but in vain. Then Ismay sat down on the front door-steps and cried.

"She has gone out—and she'll catch her death of cold—and Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us," she sobbed.

"I'm going over for Max," I declared. Go I did, through the pines and over the fields as fast as my feet could carry me, thanking my stars that there was a Max to go to in such a predicament.

Max came over and we had another search, but





## On the Road to "Votes for Women"

we did not find Fatima. Days passed and we did not find Fatima. I would certainly have gone crazy had it not been for Max. He was worth his weight in gold during the awful week that followed. We did not dare advertise lest Aunt Cynthia should see it; but we inquired far and wide for a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail and offered a reward for it; but nobody had seen it, although people kept coming to the house night and day with every kind of cat in baskets, wanting to know if it was the one we had lost.

"We shall never see Fatima again," I said, hopelessly, to Max and Ismay one afternoon. I had just turned away an old woman with a big, yellow tommy which she insisted must be ours, "cause it came to our place, mem, a-yowling fearful, mem, and it don't belong to nobody not down our way, mem."

"I'm afraid you won't," said Max. "She must have perished of exposure long ere this."

"Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us," said Ismay, dismally. "I had a presentiment of trouble the moment that cat came to The Pinery."

WE had never heard of this presentiment before, but Ismay is good at having presentiments—after things happen.

"What will we do?" I demanded, helplessly. "Max, you must find some way out of this scrape for us."

"Advertise in the city papers for a white Persian cat," suggested Max. "Somebody may have one for sale. If so, you must buy it and palm it off on your good aunt as Fatima!"

"But Fatima had a blue spot on her tail," I said. "You must advertise for a cat with a blue spot on its tail," said Max.

"It will cost a pretty penny," said Ismay. "Fatima was valued at seventy-five."

"We must take the money we have been saving for our new furs," I said, sorrowfully. "There is no other way out of it. It will cost us a good deal more if we lost Aunt Cynthia's favour. She is quite capable of believing that we made away with Fatima deliberately and with malice aforethought."

So we advertised. Max went to town and had the notice inserted in the biggest daily. We asked any one who had a white Persian cat, with a blue spot on the tip of its tail, to dispose of to communicate with M. I., care of the *Chronicle*.

We really did not have much hope that anything would come of it; so we were delighted and surprised over the letter Max brought home from town four days later. It was a typewritten screed from Montreal stating that the writer had a white Persian cat answering our description for sale. The price was eighty dollars and if M. I. cared to go to Montreal and inspect the animal it would be found at 310 St. Sulpice Street, by inquiring for "Persian."

"Temper your joy, my friends," said Ismay, gloomily. "The cat may not suit. The blue spot may not be in the right place or it may be too big. I consistently refuse to believe that any good thing can come out of this deplorable affair."

Just at that moment the door-bell rang and I hurried out. A boy was there with a telegram. I tore it open, glanced at it, and dashed back into the room.

"What is it now?" cried Ismay. "It was from Aunt Cynthia; she had wired us to send Fatima to Montreal by express immediately. For the first time in our lives Max did not seem ready to rush into the breach with a suggestion. It was I who spoke first."

"Max," I said, imploringly, "you'll see us through this, won't you? Neither Ismay nor I can rush off to Montreal at once. You must go to-day. Go right to 310 St. Sulpice St., and ask for 'Persian.' If the cat looks enough like Fatima, buy it and take it to Aunt Cynthia. If it doesn't—but it MUST! You'll go, won't you?"

"That depends," said Max. I stared at him. This was so unlike Max. "You are sending me on a nasty errand," he said, coolly. "How do I know that Aunt Cynthia will be deceived, even if this unseen cat should be a match for Fatima? Buying a cat in a poke is a huge risk. And if she should see through the scheme I will be in a pretty mess. Besides, there will be the wear and tear on my conscience, even if the plot is successful. I shall have to tell or imply some fibs."

"Oh, Max," I said, on the verge of tears. "Of course," said Max, looking meditatively at the fire, "if I were really one of the family or had any reasonable prospect of being I would not mind so much. It would be all in the day's work then. But as it is—"

Ismay got up and went out of the room.

(Concluded on page 16.)



The Suffragettes of New York State have Begun Another March from New York City to Albany. Our Picture Shows General Rosalie Jones in the Centre and Some of Her Devoted Followers in the Background. If These Long Marches Accomplish Nothing, They at Least add Something Spectacular to the Humdrum of Political Life.

## Who Says English People Can't Skate?



This is a Picture of How Many English Well-to-do Folk Spent Their Recent Winter Holidays at Murren in Switzerland, Skating Under the Walls of the Alps.



# Conquering the Last Outlet

The Steam Dredge and the Ice-Breaker at Work in the Waters of Port Nelson, on Hudson Bay, to make a Wheat-Shipping Terminus in the Land of the Fur-pack Canoes and the Huskie Dogs

By MONTAGUE VESEY

FOR the best of forty years the Canadian imagination has been intermittently stirred by visions of a wheat outlet on Hudson Bay and a railway connecting that outlet with the transcontinental systems. For the most of that forty years practically nothing was done to convert the vision into a fact. The railroading and settlement of the West and the increase of our western wheat production to 200,000,000 bushels a year taxed to the limit the spout at the Great Lakes and the overland haulage facilities east of Winnipeg. It made the Welland Canal several sizes too small. It brought about the recent agitation for Canadian wheat entering the United States duty free. But more than all it focussed the imagination of half a continent on the last great outlet at Hudson Bay. Much was talked and little was done.

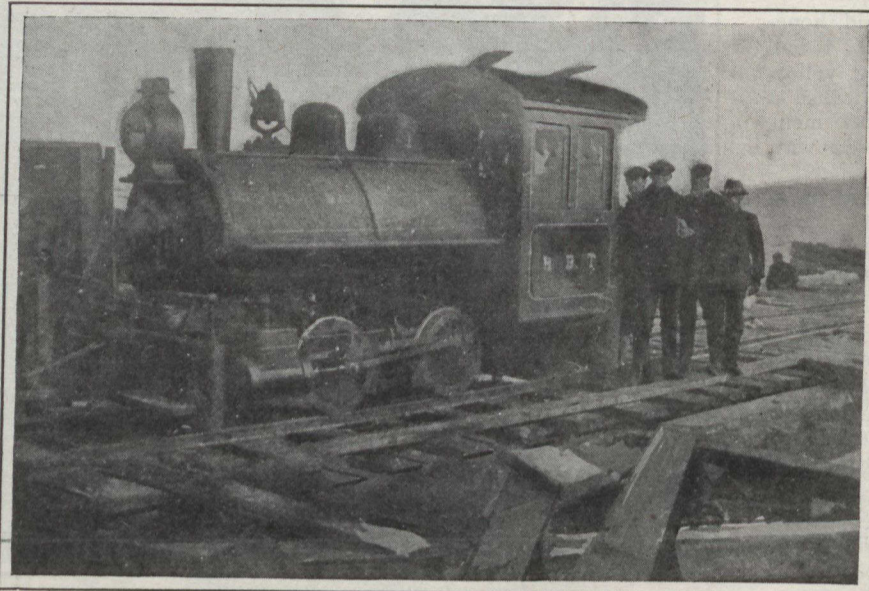
When the present government took office the Department of Railways and Canals, headed by Hon. Frank Cochrane, was confronted with the tremendous and hazardous task of making an accomplished fact out of the fictions concerning a railway to Hudson Bay. The pictures on this page demonstrate some of the difficulties encountered in

LESS than half a year ago Port Nelson consisted of four log shanties and a huddled group of Indian tepees overlooking the Nelson River. In August last the two ice-breaking sister ships, "Belaventure" and "Bonaventure," after a stormy passage from Halifax of between forty and fifty days' duration, landed on the beach here one hundred and thirty mechanics and labourers, all of them under contract to work for twelve months upon the construction and development of Port Nelson; which place—it is predicted by the sanguine—will become the busiest wheat shipping port in North America. It is less than eight hundred miles by rail (projected) from Winnipeg, the grain distributing centre of the middle west; and the distance from the western shore of Hudson Bay to Europe is no greater than that from Halifax, or from the seaports of New England.

On the morning after the disembarkation of the men the sun rose upon a collection of white tents and marquees, and the difficult task of landing the stores, machinery, and working tools was begun. So shallow are the waters of the Bay and the estuary of the river that a steamship of more than fourteen feet draught cannot approach closer than seven and a half miles from Nelson. However, the ice-breakers had brought in their wake a tug-boat and a lighter—the "Kathleen" and "Neophyte" respectively—the latter an auxiliary two-masted schooner equipped with a crude oil engine. To them the necessaries of life and work were transferred; but, so gently shelving is the shore, these again were brought to a standstill two hundred yards from dry land, and the business had finally to be completed by the aid of dories—a monumental task, especially when it is borne in mind that an eight knot current runs at the mouth of the Nelson, which means, in effect, that both barge and tug can only work by the tides.

But natural obstacles exist only to be surmounted—or so it would seem—and within three weeks of the arrival of the ships a wharf jutted out from the shore, its derrick silhouetted against the sky, railroad ties were hacked from the almost virgin bush, a track was laid, and a donkey engine was puffing its way along the shore. This is the first locomotive ever run in Port Nelson (observe the letters, "H. B. T.," painted upon it), and greatly confounded the Cree inhabitants, who, even now—especially the females—remain in some awe of it, and take to the woods upon its appearance.

EARLY in September the S. S. "Beothic"—another ice-breaker—landed a further batch of workmen, mostly carpenters; and a week later the "Cerense" (largest of all) arrived, with yet another batch. The canvas camp (which was blown down by a hurricane on the very night of its evacuation) has given place to a more serviceable wooden one, and at the time of writing there are



Building a new national port on Hudson Bay is one of the greatest tasks ever undertaken in this country of record accomplishments. This photograph shows the first and only locomotive in Port Nelson. The picture came by mail overland for a thousand miles, addressed to The Canadian Courier. The journey occupied over one month.

nearly a dozen large buildings completed, all sheathed against the weather and connected one with another both by rail and telephone. They are: a store, two warehouses (each eighty feet by thirty), three bunkhouses, a combined dining-room and cook-house, and a hospital. In addition to

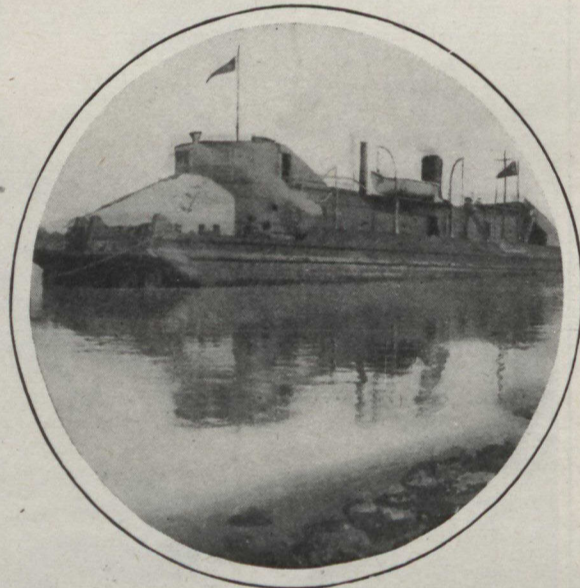
these there are several structures of lesser dimensions though almost equal importance, viz.: Engine, powder and root houses, four bridges, and a pigery; also, a timekeeper's office, and the beginnings of a Marconi wireless station.

In a remarkably brief period of time have these things been accomplished—and in the teeth of a sequence of disasters that seems, looking back upon it, to be almost incredible. The work has cost one life and two ships already. The "Cerense" was wrecked, almost at her journey's end, and became a total loss. (Her crew and passengers had to be taken off in the lifeboats.) She is to be seen on the horizon yet, breaking up; and within a gunshot of her lies all that is left of the "Alette," which, unable to make the open sea, on account of ice, returned to Nelson, ran onto a sand-bar, was abandoned, and has since been totally destroyed by fire (thought to be due to combustion of gas in the bunkers).

THESE were the worst happenings; but ill-fortune, in a hundred minor degrees, has dogged the footsteps of the pioneers, from the very outset of the expedition. The "Beothic" went ashore on a jagged reef at Point Rich, Newfoundland, and had to sacrifice three hundred tons of coal before she could be hauled off into deep water by a warship; after which it was found necessary for her to return to Halifax, where she remained in dry-dock for a month. The "Alcazar," the "Alette" and the "Sindband" all had to leave Port Nelson with only a portion of their cargoes unloaded, owing to the poor and fearfully inadequate facilities for discharging. The three thousand dollar gasoline launch brought up by the "Beothic" sank before she was a week in the Bay; and one-half of a large steel scow, which was brought up in sections, went down within a few hours of touching the water. The dredge, "Port Nelson," built by the Polson Iron Works (a photo of which appeared in the COURIER of August 16th last), experienced such bad weather while being towed from Halifax by the "Bonaventure," that it will be a long time before she can grapple with the bed of the Nelson. She lies beached here now, with her back practically broken.

Labour troubles broke out quite early in the operations, and nearly a hundred men, declining to remain any longer under existing conditions, treated their contracts as waste paper, and demanded to be sent home on the "Beothic" and "Belaventure." This reduced the strength of the camp by nearly one-half, to say nothing of leaving the remaining half in a condition of extreme discontent. Finally, there is scarcely any oil or coal in the whole place.

Yet, despite all these drawbacks, the work has gone on, and present losses will, there is little doubt, transform themselves into posterity's gain. The first novelty of inaugurating the practical construc-



The famous dredge, built in Toronto and towed round the Labrador coast to Port Nelson. On two occasions during the passage she was nearly lost. Once she was adrift for two days and nights. This picture shows her beached at Port Nelson.



Engineers' Camp at Port Nelson. Outside is seen a dog-train about to strike the snow trail for Fort Churchill, nearly three hundred miles farther north.





In this building (built five years ago by a survey party) live the camp doctor and his young wife, who is one of the only three white women in Port Nelson. For some time she was the only one.



A picture of the fore-deck of the "Cerense" after a storm, showing dead cattle and fallen gear. Two hours after this photograph was taken the vessel was wrecked in Port Nelson Harbour and became a total loss. The people aboard took to the life-boats and were saved.

tive regime is over. It was bound to be more or less attended by mishap. If Port Nelson, the terminus, could have been dealt with as a natural extension of a railway line already built and more or less in operation, things might have been far otherwise. But it was impossible to do this. The terminus, being the biggest problem and demanding more energy in engineering and construction had to be tackled without any of the aid furnished by a railway getting in supplies, material and labour. The wonder is, not that so many mishaps occurred, but that the whole thing did not result in calamity. When Port Nelson is conquered the railway connection making it the terminus will be comparatively easy.

Port Nelson, Hudson Bay, Nov., 1913.

## Elgar and Strauss

THE question whether a man like Edward Elgar, the leading musical composer of England for the past twenty years, can hold his own as a modern writer against such a dominant figure as Richard Strauss, the star genius of modern Germany, was well illustrated at the concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra last week. This was a purely orchestral programme, and for those who increasingly admire the work of the orchestra was the best ever given by that organization. This was the first time the orchestra had ever given a work of Richard Strauss, and the first time the concert overture, "In the South," by Elgar, had ever been done in Canada. The Strauss work was the powerful tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," which has been done under the baton of several foreign conductors in this country, but seldom more convincingly than by the Toronto Orchestra last week. Strauss has never written a more musical unmelodious work. It is the kind of modern creation that builds on Wagner, embodies Debussy and Charpentier and Puccini and crowds men like Humperdinck off the stage. Ordinarily speaking, one might suppose that it would completely efface the work of such a man as Elgar, who, by some, was considered to have shot his bolt in several great works now familiar to the musical

world. "In the South," a descriptive fantasia of tone-poem characteristics, was composed not long after "Death and Transfiguration." It is not so grippy a study in psychology; in fact, it is frankly descriptive and lyric in character. In spots it does suggest the discordant modern harmonies of Strauss. Again it recalls the naive melodies of Haydn and Mozart. But it is never a Strauss imitation; neither is it a reminiscence of the old lyric writers. It is real English Elgar, alert and sensuous, always able to "come across" with something peculiarly his own, as modern as Strauss and to the average listener ten times more delightful. Elgar has noth-

ing to fear from Strauss so long as he avoids imitating Strauss. England has still much to hope from Elgar as long as he continues to work out his own genial, mainly simple art in conformity to the best modern usages. In fact, if Elgar keeps going and the younger school of British composers develop as they have been doing of late, England may yet evolve a school of composers the equal of anything in Europe.

England has produced more poets than any other country in the world and is at present engaged in evolving the "Georgian" school. She is centuries behind in music, except in the modern writers.



## THE MOURNFUL "MOVIES."

I HAD a very saddening experience the other day. I went to a Moving Picture Show. I haven't been to one for some years; and optimists have been telling me that they are so much better than they used to be that they have become practically a new thing. My previous experience had been that they grew steadily worse; but one cannot always be skeptical toward intelligent optimism—so the other day, when I had a couple of hours to kill down-town, I dropped into the best we have. I may as well tell you at once that those hours beat Charles II. all hollow for slowness in dying.

THE young man in the glass cage charged me ten cents to get in. It seemed so small, in relation to the mammoth character of the "house," that I thought of taking a box for "a quarter." But when I got in, I found that the ten-cent seats were the better. Wise patrons sat as far from the stage as possible. The front rows were empty, but the back ones crowded. Nor did the "quarter" get the aristocrats a box. There were rows of kitchen chairs in the boxes; and the aristocrats sat packed together on them—the worst placed people in the theatre.

THE things which distressed me most when last I tampered with "the movies" were the wonderful "dramas" they had pieced together for them. But I had been assured that these had disappeared. Now, however, I found myself watching a succession of them. And if there be anything worse in existence, I trust I may be spared them. The way we were jerked around from one scene to another, played in pantomime, would have set a Son of Temperance staggering. You are not given one scene and then the next scene—nothing so sane. But you are plunged into one scene, left there for possibly forty-five seconds while ungraceful and grimacing people try to convey a crude idea to you, then yanked into an entirely different scene where another set of wooden puppets jerk and shrug about to give you another idea, and then yanked as unceremoniously back again to the first scene where the grimacers seem to have been waiting for you to take up their St. Vitus dance just where they left it off when the "machine" blotted them out from the canvas.

TALK about entertainment! It takes a mighty spry mind to follow these flash-light episodes and keep up to the plot. As a matter of fact, I lost one plot altogether—though that may have been because it was too silly and unreal for words. A promoter was represented as having a "franchise" in his private possession which would become law if a "comic Irishman" would take it to the Mayor and get the Mayor to sign it. This same promoter, when he wanted to hammer down a "stock" in which the Mayor had dabbled, gave the "comic Irishman" a cheque and told him to "buy" as hard as he could. Another "drama" proved the shrewdness of a detective by his finding, quite by accident, a stunned man when he (the detective) was not on the case at all, but was simply sauntering about in idle fashion. Moral—Loaf and become a great detective.

BUT never mind the plots. There are foolish plots in other plays. Think rather of the acting. It was indescribable. It is hard enough for a third-rate actor to behave like a human being

when he can tell you by word of mouth what he is supposed to be doing. But when he must put the whole story into gestures and drooped shoulders and grim smiles and flashing eyes—well, I hadn't seen anything like it since, as a boy, I went to hear a one-night troupe play "East Lynne." I thought that that sort of "barn-storming" had disappeared from the face of the earth. But it seems to have found a refuge in the Moving Picture Show. If you had seen the virtuous wife repel the advances of the wealthy villain when her husband was threatened with ruin, you would have been moved to your heart's core—with Homeric laughter.

OF course, there were those highly edifying films—which are always being praised to me as of great educational value—showing actual scenes. They showed us, for instance, a series of views connected with the top of some bluff reached by cable-car. The view from the top was obviously "the thing"—so we got none of that, except as a back-ground to little jerky groups of hurrying tourists and the swinging cable-car. They showed us the cable-car coming toward us—going away from us—in the distance—near at hand. But they never satisfactorily showed us the view. This is as if you pretended to show people a view of St. Paul's dome, but really gave them microscopic "moving pictures" of a fly crawling over it. The cable-car was the most unimportant thing there; but it moved. The view did not. So they turned their "machine" on the crawling fly.

THEN we had vaudeville. I judge they were "chasers" from a regular vaudeville house out of a job; but they seemed almost good after those vibrating impossibilities and insipidities. The only real pleasure I got out of them, however, was from one young songstress who always pronounced "you" as "yeaou," and somehow reminded me of my summer holidays at an American Beach. The audience, which seemed incurably depressed during the moving pictures, practically never applauded what were so obviously unresponsive things, applauded the vaudeville people enthusiastically, even to the verge of risking an "encore." They likewise applauded the pianist—or whatever he was; for he seemed to be playing some patent suggestion of an absentee orchestra. The only other sign of life they displayed was the tendency to get up and get out after each film. Still there was a large audience; and the bulk of them were still there when I came away.

THE popularity of the "movies" makes it impossible to think that the people do not like them. They do; and that is the saddest feature of the whole affair. I imagine, however, that much is due to that ten-cent piece. They are so cheap. If good drama or good music were obtainable at the price, would the people choose the "movies"? It is impossible to be sure. They do choose Hall Caine and Marie Corelli—though they cost as much as real books. I am afraid that this has been a pessimistic article. But can we help asking ourselves whether our modern civilization and progress have brought us a good bargain in exchanging the calm, dignified, thinking readers of classics and lovers of masterpieces who once filled our un-hurried countryside, for all this urban "froth" which has substituted sensations for opinions and hates nothing so much as an hour alone?

THE MONOCLE MAN.



# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

## Making Criminals

SUCH evidence as been given before the Commission now investigating affairs at Kingston clearly indicates that this penitentiary is making criminals rather than making good men out of convicts. The remarks made by Inspector Stewart, as given in the Kingston papers of the 7th, would seem to indicate that this official has no ideals in this respect, that he regards every man sent to an institution of this kind as irreclaimable. Mr. Stewart may be a fine man in private life, but his attitude towards the subject would seem to render him an unsatisfactory man in such a public position.

The day has surely gone by when men are sent to the prison to be treated as lost creatures. When Mr. Downey, a member of the commission, suggested that the men in the isolation ward might be allowed out in the corridor and given some work to do, Mr. Stewart said they should be kept in their cells. Again, when Mr. Stewart said these convicts wanted papers only to keep in touch with their pals, Mr. Downey fittingly objected. The report of his remarks is as follows:

"I dissent from that," said Mr. Downey. "I believe that there are men in the prison, and there will continue to be, who are repentant from the time they enter the penitentiary, and want to gain their freedom, and to so benefit themselves that they will be able to resume their occupation in life when they get out."

"The least these men know about things on the outside, the better for them," said the witness.

Surely Canada is sufficiently civilized to want men of the Downey type at the head of our penal institutions, rather than men of the Stewart type.

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## Economy

MOST of us preach economy, but few of us practise it. When two million Canadian heads of families are extravagant at home, and in their business, how can city councils, provincial governments and federal administrators be expected to be economical.

A man takes a friend to luncheon and gives the waiter a 25 cent tip; he buys a bottle of beer and there is another tip; he has a hair-cut and there is another tip. Then he goes out and buys a box of chocolates for his wife at 75 cents. And so it goes. When he sums up at night, he has squandered two or three dollars uselessly. All his other private expenditures are on the same basis.

Business firms do the same. Their note paper costs double what it did twenty-five years ago. The office furniture is of the most expensive type. So it goes all the way through from office boy to manager. The firm charges a high rate of profit for its goods and can afford to be lavish in its expenses.

All this works up from the mechanic, the typist, the book-keeper and the heads of the firm until we come to the High Cost of Living. The market-gardener, the grocer, the butcher and the merchant lives on the same scale and charges accordingly. On the top of it all, the governments of the day squander millions as if they were thousands.

Economy must begin with the individual. It must begin with the tips. Where a Canadian gives a ten cent tip, the Englishman gives a penny; and yet the Englishman has more money than the Canadian. The savings per head in Great Britain are probably quadruple what they are in Canada.

Governments may trifle with the problem, economists may write wonderfully clever essays, bankers may deliver ponderous speeches, theorists may advocate their remedies; but in the end it comes down to the principle of the ten-cent tip as against the penny tip.

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## Losing Members

WHAT was prophesied as inevitable, has come to be a matter of practical politics—the Maritime Provinces are losing their representation at Ottawa. Prince Edward Island discussed Confederation just fifty years ago at Charlottetown and thought it was promised six members. Now it has four and soon it may have but three. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are also losing ground. The growth of their population has

not been as great as in Quebec or in the Western provinces. Must they submit?

Last week, the three Maritime Province Premiers visited Ottawa and presented the claims which were turned down by the Conference of Provincial Premiers. They laid their petition at the foot of the throne, and Premier Borden was sympathetic. There was something pathetic in the incident.

This is the kind of incident in the growth of all countries which creates sympathy, but little else. One community goes up and another goes down. The movement of population is westward. For every new town created in the West, a town in the East diminishes. The smaller the community, the greater its sacrifice.

The real solution of the problem would be one Maritime Province, with one government, one policy of development, one robust voice. But the

A NAPOLEON OF JOURNALISM.



Lord Burnham, Photographed on December 24th at His Country Home, Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Bucks, Where an Address Signed by 253 Editors and Proprietors of Daily and Weekly Papers Throughout the British Empire, was Presented to Him Congratulating Him on the Attainment of his 80th Birthday. Lord Burnham is Principal Proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," of London, England.

people will not have it so. They refuse to give up the sacred past for a less sacred future. One may admire their sentiment, if one cannot appreciate their judgment.

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## The One Man

OF all the fictions to which the people of Canada cling, the silliest is the idea that the proper men to run a town or city are the fellows that belong to the most societies and do the most hand-shaking. Even bankers and millionaires and successful business men have this insane idea in about the same proportion as the truck driver and the street-car conductor.

And all this foolishness we commit in the sacred name of Democracy.

Somewhere in each town or city of Canada there is one man who would make that town a joy to its inhabitants and a glory to the nation—if he were given the same chance as a German burgo-master. In that scientific country, they pick out the man and appoint him for a term of six years, and double the term if he makes good. Dr. Wilhelm Marx, for example, has been twelve years burgo-master of Dusseldorf, and his fame is spread over all the earth. In twelve years he transformed it from a common town to a magnificent city. The story is well worth reading.

Every city in Canada could get the same results between 1914 and 1926 if they would search out

the man and give him two six-year terms as burgo-master, mayor or town manager. That man would do for the city what Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has done for the C. P. R., what Sir Edmund Walker has done for the Bank of Commerce, and what Sir William Mackenzie has done for the Canadian Northern.

## Mr. Z. A. Lash on the Navy

(Before Canadian Club of Toronto.)

THE question is a national and not a party one, and it is not too much to hope and believe that the reasonable-minded and thoughtful men on both sides (and they holding the balance of the majority) will consider the real issues involved, strip them of all irrelevancy, and exercise upon them a calm, sincere and non-partisan judgment."

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"Fortunately there was a time when both sides rose above party and came to a unanimous decision as to the prime duty of Canada and the principles involved in performing that duty. This decision affords me a good starting point."

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"This resolution (March, 1909) was supported by him (Mr. Foster) in a speech commencing with the wish that the subject of national defence should be 'kept as far outside of party politics and party contentions' as it is in England, and with the statement that it was in that spirit and with that intent that he made the motion."

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"Sir Wilfrid continued on the same high plane. These two speeches gave a superior tone to the debate, in which about a dozen leading members of the House took part, and the subject was kept out of party politics. As a result, a unanimous resolution was passed.

"The debate, though earnest, was not acrimonious; the speakers expressed fair-minded and sincere views, and for this reason it affords unusually satisfactory evidence of the real attitude of both parties, stripped of that which I have termed 'fire-works'."

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"To prove that the policy of one party in 1913 was inconsistent with the terms of a resolution passed in 1909 may give the other party a tactical or party advantage, but it leaves unsolved the main question which is a National and not a party issue."

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"With the promise made by Mr. Borden in opposition, with the information obtained in England, with the statement of the Government and Admiralty of Great Britain, with the people of Canada clamouring for some effective action, what was the duty of the Government? Was it to give no aid until the years had elapsed which it would take, first, to establish ship yards in Canada, and then to build the ships in them."

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"The proposal of the Government was simply to contribute \$35,000,000 for a specific purpose. No announcement of their intentions with reference to the permanent solution of the question, or as to the extension or modification of the Laurier Naval Act was made."

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"What issues did the resolution raise? The grant of \$35,000,000 was not opposed. The Opposition wanted a much larger sum (probably double) spent on Naval defence, but they wanted the money expended under the Naval Service Act of 1910, and they wanted the permanent policy to be the taking of measures at the then session to give effect to that Act. They wanted such policy to embrace aid to Imperial naval defence by ships owned, manned and maintained by Canada and constructed in Canada."

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"The question is a great National question, far above and beyond party, and every Canadian as a Canadian, and not as a party man, should form his own opinion upon it. I shall defer any expression of my opinion until I hear what the Government, whose duty it is to act, may propose. Meantime, as a Canadian addressing this Canadian Club, I am entitled to express an opinion upon the present position.

"I think the Government should outline their permanent policy during the coming session of Parliament and have it discussed in the House and in the Press and Country. They should treat the subject as a National one, outside of party politics, and they should be free to consider impartially all suggestions which may be made, whether by the Opposition or by their own supporters, having in view only the lasting interests of Canada and the Empire. They should then mature their policy as soon as possible and in such a way that it can be submitted clearly and succinctly, and apart from any other question, for the approval or disapproval of the people, but not at a general election. Meantime the building of battleships with money supplied by Canada should be gone on with in Great Britain, where the construction can be completed without delay, in order that Canada may at the earliest date have ships ready to take part in the Empire naval defence, and ready to form part of the Canadian navy under any plan which the people may sanction."



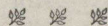
## Seen on the Stage

### Omar, The Tentmaker—A Splendid Spectacle

TORONTO and Montreal were the two Canadian cities chosen in which to try out recently the latest production of the young American playwright, Richard Walton Tully. His earlier work, "The Bird of Paradise," it will be remembered, achieved considerable success several seasons ago. Mr. Tully has now written a Persian play, "Omar, the Tentmaker," based on the life, times, and Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, a period offering considerable scope in the portraying of Oriental mysticism, religious fanaticism and Eastern romance. Mr. Tully has made the most of these opportunities and his beautiful production was received with enthusiasm by the Canadian audiences before whom it was presented. It was the verdict of the critics, however, that success was due more largely to the gorgeousness of the spectacle and a certain quality of fascination, than to the actual story of the play, which is inclined to be discursive and not follow any direct line of presentation.

The role of "Omar" is played by Mr. Guy Bates Post with dramatic force, romantic appeal and whimsical charm. With the ease of a master of his art, he has made his Omar the outstanding character in a drama of many strong parts. Miss Jane Salisbury was charming in the epilogue in her role of "Shireen," the sweet and gentle Persian maid, daughter of the High Priest to whose garden the youthful Omar came each day for learning; and later as the Evil Banou, leader of a band of plains people and an outcast, her acting rose to a fine quality. Miss Salisbury has the gift of a lovely voice and a perfect enunciation.

"Omar, the Tentmaker," opens this week in New York, where a run of considerable length is anticipated.



### Forbes-Robertson's Shylock

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, who is said to be the greatest actor in the world, is shortly to visit Canada on a farewell tour. At present he is playing in repertory at the Shubert Theatre, New York, where enthusiasm has been aroused by his remarkable performances. Canada is looking forward to seeing him in the character of Shylock, a role which he has never before presented here, which, indeed, he has attempted only late in his career. Comparing his portrayal of this character with that of the late Sir Henry Irving, a critic in *Vogue* has said:

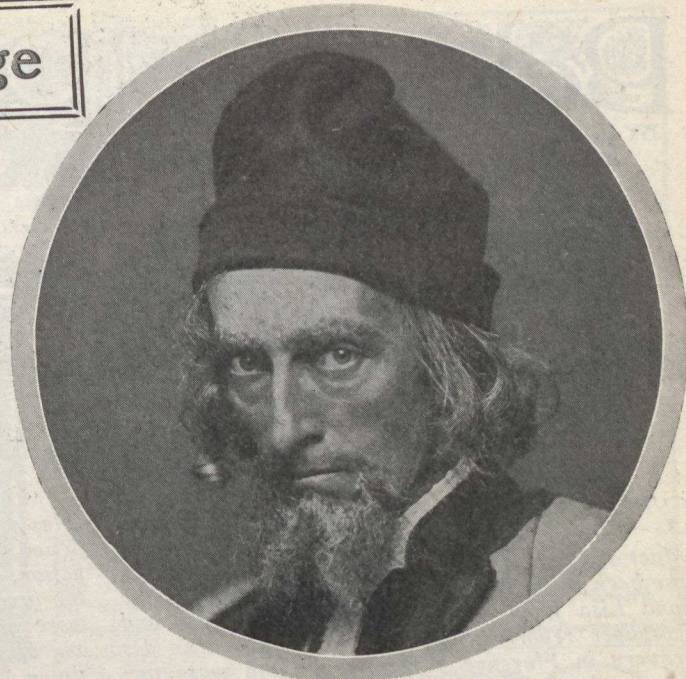
"It was a foregone conclusion that this admirable actor would give an excellent performance of the part; the only question was whether or not he could succeed in expelling from our memory the masterly performance of the late Sir Henry Irving. In this endeavour he has not succeeded, and yet this failure can not logically be recorded to the discredit of Forbes-Robertson.

"Irving's portrayal of this part was a mosaic of a myriad of minor tricks each of which was momentarily effective. Forbes-Robertson's portrayal is much simpler; he has deleted much of Irving's 'business' and thereby rendered his com-



GUY BATES POST.

As Omar Khayyam in "Omar, The Tentmaker," Opening at the Lyric Theatre, New York, This Week.



Forbes-Robertson as "Shylock."

position of the character more 'classical'; but this very simplification (admirable though it remains in theory) is disappointing to the minds of theatre-goers grown native and inured to Irving's multifarious impersonation.

Mr. Cyril Maude and his London company, who toured Canada some weeks ago, are playing at Wallack's Theatre, New York, with considerable success. "Grumpy" is the vehicle which has found the greatest favour with the public of that city, and it is with this play that Mr. Maude has occupied most of his time during his engagement there.

Mr. F. R. Benson and his Stratford-on-Avon players, who are at present touring Eastern Canada, leave shortly for the Coast, where they will appear in all the larger cities in their great Shakespearean repertory.

The first performance of the new opera, "Parisina," with music by Mascagni and libretto by d'Annunzio, took place at La Scala, on December 11th last, in the presence of a splendid audience.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

With Forbes-Robertson, as "Ophelia" in Hamlet.



Scene from the Epilogue of "Omar, The Tentmaker." Guy Bates Post in the role of Omar, and Miss Jane Salisbury as "Shireen," a Persian Maid.





## A New Serial of Great Popular Interest

**G**REAT paintings, and diamond necklaces have been responsible for a good many romances in fact and fiction. For the last few years paintings have been in the lead. The mysterious theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre kept detectives and newspaper reporters guessing for two years. Its recovery in Florence a few weeks ago was even more romantic than the theft. The thief took the Mona Lisa from Paris to Florence to get even with Napoleon for ransacking the art galleries of Italy. His story may have been trumped up, but it was very dramatic. The plot in "Behind the Picture"

is as much more dramatic than the Mona Lisa as fiction is stranger than truth—when it is true fiction. The stolen picture in this case is one of the great Spanish painter, Velasquez, whose works were greater treasures of colour and drama than any of Leonardo du Vinci, who painted the picture stolen from the Louvre. In mystery, sustained interest, suspense, climax and exciting adventure, "Behind the Picture" is sure to supply in detail all that was lacking in the bare newspaper story of the "Mona Lisa." It is written in a style to please people who may not care about art for art's sake.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PICTURE.

**T**HEIR home was in an out-of-the-way valley in the heart of Connemara. From the left-hand windows of the train that runs westwards from Dublin, you catch a glimpse of the sea through an opening in the range of hills. The long vista stretches for miles away back to the horizon, full of pleasant surprises; hedges radiant with wild fuchsia, foot-paths winding in and out through the hills, brooks splashing down slopes to sing and hide in shady places, and at the back of all the high, clear curves of the mountains in the distance outlines against the sky. Work-worn citizens, flying from the dusty, sultry town for a brief holiday by the sea, find in that fairy scene their lost youth again.

It is a place good to be young in, with alluring hints of birds nesting in the woods, and trout fishing in the brooks, of picnics in pleasant shady dells, and glorious swims in the open sea, with a strand, smooth as marble to bare feet, that ran down into inviting waves.

A broad limestone road (a relief work made in the famine time when cost did not count) leaps the railway on a single arch, and runs, a wavering, narrowing white track into the recesses of the picture.

On this road one sultry summer evening a boy and a girl, linked arm in arm, cycled on free wheels like gulls on spread wings down the smooth incline.

"I will be very lonely when you go, Hugh," the girl said.

"But you know, Sybil, I must go sometime. A man cannot live all his life here amongst the mountains."

The "man" was about twenty years of age, slim and handsome, the Grecian rather than the Celtic type, with mouth, chin and nose cut in clear, fine lines. His short, black hair curled crisply round a shapely head, and a faint, dark line of black already showed on his upper lip. The girl, sixteen or thereabouts, was a ruddy blonde, with warm golden locks and eyes of the pure blue of the summer sky, as deep and full of light.

"It is six months off yet," he added, as a consoling afterthought. "Six months is a long time."

The dark eyes were eager, the blue eyes wistful. For the boy those six months were a long stretch of happiness, but the girl's thoughts were already at the inevitable parting.

The bicycles slowed down opposite a wrought-iron gate from which a dark avenue wound through the trees to a house on the slope of the hill.

"You'll come in?" said the girl, as he held the gate open for her. "I want to show you a sketch I finished yesterday; you know the spot where the stream comes round the corner of the hill under the trees."

"Not now, Sybil, I have work to do; but I'll look at it to-morrow, if I may."

She nodded, and he rode away, slowly, as if loath to go, and she, as slowly, pushed her bicycle up the sloping path dappled with light and shade to the door of the cottage set in a niche in the mountain,

with a garden at the back sloping steeply down to face the noon sun.

Close by the house flowed, with swift current, the best salmon and trout stream in all the district. Issuing from a deep, dark lake in the cup of the mountain it wound swiftly but smoothly past the cottage, tumbled over a ledge of rock and raced off at full speed to the sea. Night and day the liquid music of its passage through the woods was pleasant in every room of the house. So close to the wide front window it ran, that an erratic salmon, miscalculating distance and direction, had once leaped sheer through the window into the room.

Her mother met the girl at the cottage porch—a placid matron, lovely still in middle age like a portrait whose colours have mellowed with years. "You have sent Hugh home to his work, Sybil," she said, "that right. He has his way to make in the world, and his mother is as fond and proud of him as I am of my girl—almost."

For answer Sybil slipped her arm round her mother's waist and they went in together like sisters, the daughter the taller of the two.

It was a strange room into which they came, very strange to find in a cottage in the wilds of Connemara. Whoever had made it what it was had fine taste and money to spend. The walls were pure pale green, hung with fine photogravures of great paintings, ancient and modern, the carpet was of a darker shade sprinkled with dark crimson flowers. On the spider-legged tables were Japanese Cloisonne vases and Tanagra terra cottas; books and portfolios were everywhere, in shelves quarter way up the walls or piled on inlaid tables and cabinets. Two cosy grandfather chairs stood by the wide open window that looked out on the hurrying water, green and gold in the sunshine.

Mother and daughter paused together before a picture over the mantelpiece which had a constant fascination for them both. A Velasquez, a judge would have said, if a Velasquez was a credible thing in a cottage in Connemara. It was a portrait, head and shoulders, life size. Modern painters make a portrait stand out from the frame. Here there was the contrary effect. A man, alive and thoughtful, looked out from within as from the window of a dim room. His brown hair curled thickly about his temples and shaded his broad, clear brow. The face was open, tending perhaps a little too much to roundness, the eyes were feminine in their clarity and depth, and the lips smiling yet firm withal and dignified, in spite of the deliberate dandyism of flowing beard and moustache. The alert, confident pose of the head spoke of a temperament that was capable of drawing all that was most worth having from pleasure and power.

**T**HE painter had worked with a caressing brush. No vain display, no mere flash of clashing colours, no technical trickery marred the dignity of his canvas. There was, no doubt, superb craftsmanship shown in the very laying on of paint, but it was there unsought—the result of power, knowledge, sure hand, steady eye—quite a different thing from the wearisome niggling of the modern virtuoso.

The colour scheme was simple. A velvet doublet

of dark green, darkened still more by the absence of any garish light, was slashed in two or three small slits at the shoulders and lined in lemon green silk. Its depth and softness were accentuated by a slender red gold chain which lay across it. A stiff lawn gohilla drew the soft flesh tints into the shadows of the background and wrought the whole composition into subdued harmony with one clear, sharp note of white severity.

The mother's face, as she gazed at the picture, was full of pensive memories, but the daughter's deep blue eyes were lit up with the rapture of the artist. "Glorious, glorious!" she murmured softly under her breath.

"It's very like your father, Sybil, as I first knew him." And the girl, turning quickly, found tears shining in her mother's eyes.

"Tell me all about father," she said, impulsively. "It will be an ease to your heart to tell me."

"Sometime, darling, not now. It is a strange, sad story."

"He is dead, isn't he?"

"I believe so. Oh, yes, most certainly he is dead, or I should have heard from him through all those years. My God! What's that!"

Her face paled, she pressed her hand to her heart as if in sudden pain or fear. Her daughter thought she would faint and clasped her closer. Yet there seemed slight cause for such sudden fright, only the faint report of a gun far away upon the mountain side, two shots following so close they seemed but one.

**T**HE mother broke from the girl's arms and rushed to the open window. There was little to be seen, only a puff of white smoke that hung poised in the still hot August air over the deep purple of the mountain. She turned back with a wan smile to the frightened girl.

"I'm very foolish, Sybil, and full of fancies; a little thing frightens me. Just this day eighteen years ago I met your father for the first time. He was shooting on the mountain, and towards evening he came down by the pathway past the cottage and saw me at the window. A month later we were married. Seven years after you were born he left me and I never saw him again. He is surely dead. All this morning he has been close to me, trying hard to speak, to warn me, as it seemed. When I heard the gun just now a wild notion took me for a moment that it was your father come back again."

She was still trembling, and leaned a thin hand on her daughter's shoulder.

"Poor little mother," Sybil whispered, as she drew her to the couch near the window; "it was cruel of him to leave you."

"You mustn't say that, Sybil, you must never say that again. He warned me before we were married that he would often be called away on business, but he was the dearest, the best of men, the kindest and most loving. To-day, I feel as if he were here, alive, in the room. Just now his eyes seemed to look at me out of the picture."

"It is your nerves, mother. There is thunder in the air. I am quivering all over with it. A sudden touch or sound would make me scream. Look how that purple, black cloud is creeping up over the hill in the hot calm, and the lake is like black marble."

Together mother and daughter watched the birth of the storm as the big cloud with jagged edges crept slowly across the sky. The sun flamed for a moment at its edge and vanished, the air grew hotter and heavier and very still, the trees to the slenderest twigs were motionless as the trees in a picture, not a leaf stirred. The birds had ceased their song, and sat still and frightened, puffed out into little balls of feathers in the close shade. Louder and louder sounded the rushing brook through the still air.

"There's Hugh," the girl cried, suddenly. "I'm glad the storm has not caught him."

She ran to open the door for him, and they came back together to the sitting-room. He was pale with excitement.

"I was riding right into it," he said. "I turned just in time; it will break in a moment. It's wonderful outside, Sybil. There is a smouldering fire on the hills and a strange purple light shining up from the water."

They looked out on the still and sombre world, while the sky came down black and heavy on the shoulders of the mountains, and Nature waited breathless for the storm.

Then for a second the sky flamed, and for the briefest space the whole wide landscape to the horizon lay naked in that vivid light. Quickly following, the ponderous crash of the thunder broke out, shaking the hills with its reverberations. Again and again and again the sky was full of vivid

(Continued on page 22.)





**Courierettes.**

**HARRY LAUDER** announces that he is to occupy a pulpit in Toronto on his coming tour. Some preacher probably wants to get pointers on how to interest his congregation.

At the same time it would be embarrassing if Harry were to forget the place and time and warble his favorite melody, "A Wee Deoch an' Doris."

A woman in Fort William has been sentenced to six months for dressing as a man in order to do a man's work. Yet it is easy for some men we know to act like old women without hindrance.

Officers of European armies have been forbidden to dance the tango. It is a difficult dance anyway for corsetted chaps.

Turkey has bought Brazil's Dreadnought, but we rather think that Turkey has more need of a hospital.

London, Ont., has voted for Sunday cars. It is interesting to know that some people still regard it as a sin to ride on Sunday cars.

Church of England clergy are praying that there will be no civil war in Ireland. More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of—but somebody will have to do more than pray in this case.

Sir Rufus Isaacs, Britain's new Lord Chief Justice, is now wearing a monocle. Blind justice evidently needs some light.

London policemen are paid only \$6 per week and are not allowed to form a union. London has yet some lessons to learn in the little matter of liberty.

Toronto Star refers regretfully to "the perverse vote," probably meaning thereby the ballots of those who voted against its candidates.

Some of the Mexican shells in a recent battle fell on United States soil, and Uncle Sam had to warn the warriors to take better aim. More dangerous to be a non-combatant than a soldier down there.

Seems to us that a good many Yankee editors write a lot of stuff about the Monroe doctrine without taking a minute or two to find out what it means.

Huerta is now fancying himself as another Napoleon. When a man gets that idea, just watch his rapid finish.

**Optimism.**—This old world is not half as cheerful as it should be. Things are never so bad that they might not be worse.

Whenever you are worried about any little ailment, think what it must be for the giraffe to have a sore throat or for the centipede to suffer from corns.

**Is This the Reason?**—Sixteen British peers want to go with Sir Ernest Shackleton on his Antarctic expedition. Anything to get away from that pesky fellow, Lloyd George.

**The Sinews of War.**—Despatches tell us that Mexican federals and rebels expect no quarter hereafter.

They cannot even get two bits out of Huerta.

**The Apt Quotation.**—There is in Canada just now an Irish Presbyterian preacher, pastor of a Belfast church, who is soliciting funds for the education of Protestant children in his city. Recently he went to a well-known school official and asked for a subscription. The list of names he already had on his list was rather

imposing and the official separated himself from a \$5 bill. As he did so he remarked that he rather fancied he might spend the money to quite as good advantage nearer home.

"That reminds me of an incident in my Sunday school experience," he said to the Belfast man. "I want you to hear this. It happened that a teacher of a class of little tots had asked them to bring a special collection for some particular purpose, and she asked each boy and girl to come up to her table and put his or her contribution on the plate, at the same time quoting some appropriate verse from the Bible.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," piped one little fellow as he put his nickel on the plate.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," lisped a little girl as she dropped her coin.

"There were various other verses, more or less appropriate, but the climax came when a matter of fact little fellow walked up, contributed his coin with a careless air, and quoted, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

**The Sad Truth.**—This is the time of the year when we occasionally find evidence to show that there is some truth in the old parody—

"Drink and the world drinks with you—  
Swear off—and you drink alone."

**Why Gotham is Gay.**—New York has a charming young woman as its new Commissioner of Corrections.

Now watch the gallants of Gotham do naughty little things in order to be corrected by the sweet girl.

**Acrobatic Warriors.**—This from the New York Telegram's description of a Mexican battle:

"With legs and arms shot off, survivors cross the Rio Grande and beg Americans to end their tortures."

Those soldiers must either be great acrobats or skilled airmen.

**Think This Over.**—If everybody waited to speak until he had something to say there would be a heap more silence in the world.

**Ever Felt That Way?**—The town of Nutley, New Jersey, has put the ban on poker playing in its high school.

However, there comes a time in the life of many a man when he wishes



"People who once threw bouquets at him now throw eggs."  
"With eggs at sixty cents a dozen! My! they must think

that he knew a little more about the game.

**Villa No Villain.**—We cannot help admiring that Mexican rebel leader, General Villa, in spite of all the nasty stories they print about him.

He has done something that no soldier or statesman in history has had the nerve to do, and it should make him popular. He has ordered that food supplies are to be sold to the poor people at cost.

**Faversham's Quick Wit.**—William Faversham, the actor-manager, who recently put on big productions of "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" in Toronto, and has this week been showing them to Hamilton, Kingston, London and Ottawa, is noted for his resourcefulness and ready wit in stage emergencies.



Wm. Faversham.

the part of a soldier who has to carry important despatches through the lines of the enemy. The papers were supposed to be carried inside my shirt, and I was supposed to make my entrance, staggering to the general.

"It happened at one matinee that I forgot to place those precious despatches inside my shirt. I did not notice the omission until I was in the wings, ready to make my entrance for my big scene. It was then too late to hunt up the papers. Something had to be done. But what?

"I heard my cue and rushed on the stage. Just as I did so an idea flashed into my mind. I reached my hand inside my shirt and grasped a porous plaster I was wearing, tearing it from the flesh. It did not look unlike the papers, and the bit of blood on it gave the thing an added touch of realism. It looked as if I had a real wound—and I had. But that happy thought saved a difficult situation."

Mr. R. D. MacLean, co-star with Mr. Faversham, who has had thirty years' experience in Shakespearean roles, tells of another amusing incident when the late Tommaso Salvini was playing "Othello," the role in which Mr. MacLean is now distinguishing himself.

Salvini, as old playgoers will recall, played the Moor in most tragic fashion, and was at his height of emotional acting in the bed-chamber scene where the jealous Othello murders his Desdemona, then learns of his terrible mistake, and in his despair and remorse kills himself.

"The great Italian had a production that was not all that it might be. The bed in which Desdemona was smothered was open underneath, and the audience could see beneath it. One night Salvini had just finished the killing scene, drawn the curtains of the bed, and was working himself into a frenzy of passion when the audience began to titter. The laugh spread all over the house. Salvini's tragic acting could not smother the merriment. He was at first amazed and then angry. The scene was utterly spoiled, but it was not until after the curtain fell that the actor discovered the cause. The actress who impersonated the murdered Desdemona, seeing the curtains drawn and imagining herself unseen, had swung to a sitting posture in the bed and was dangling her bare feet on the further side, in full view of the audience."

**As It Is in Toronto.**—Senor Robles, the Spanish bull fighter, has had to leave Toronto without pulling off that combat with the bull. He could not get a crowd at \$10 per head. Little wonder when the people can buy the evening papers for a cent and get more thrills out of the names that the editors call each other. Our good friend, Michael Basso, general adviser to the Latin colony, should see to this. Sometimes "bulls" come in editorials.

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**Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat**

(Concluded from page 9.)

"Oh, Max, please," I said.  
"Will you marry me, Sue?" demanded Max sternly. "If you will agree I will go to Montreal and beard the lion in his den unflinchingly. If necessary I will take a black street cat to Aunt Cynthia and swear that it is Fatima. I will get you out of the scrape if I have to prove that you never had Fatima, that she is safe in your possession at the present time, and that there never was such an animal as Fatima, anyhow. I'll do anything—say anything—but it must be for my future wife."  
"Will nothing else do you?" I asked helplessly.  
"Nothing."  
I thought hard. Of course Max was acting abominably, but—but—he was really a dear fellow—and there was Patty Barrett—and this was the twelfth time! All at once I saw that life would be a dreadfully dismal thing if Max were not around somewhere.

"Very well," I said crossly.  
Max took the evening train to Montreal. Next day we got a wire saying that it was all right. Forty-eight hours after his departure he was back at The Pinery. Ismay and I put him in a chair and glared at him impatiently.  
Max began to laugh, and laughed until he turned blue.

"I'm glad it is so amusing," said Ismay severely. "If Sue and I could see the joke it might be more so."  
"Dear little girls, have patience with me," implored Max. "If you knew what it cost me to keep a straight face in Montreal you would forgive me for breaking out now!"  
"We forgive you—but for pity's sake tell us about it," I cried.  
"Well, as soon as I arrived in Montreal I hurried to 310 St. Sulpice Street. But see here—didn't you tell me that your aunt's address was 48 Cartier Street?"  
"So it is."  
"Tisn't. You look at the address on a telegram the next time you get one. She went a week ago to visit another friend who lives at 310 St. Sulpice."  
"Max!"

"Sure. I rang the bell and was just going to ask the maid for 'Persian' when your Aunt Cynthia herself came through the hall and pounced upon me. 'Max,' she said, 'have you brought Fatima?' 'No,' I answered, trying to adjust my wits to this new development as she towed me into the reception room. 'No—I—I—just came to Montreal on a little matter of business.' 'Dear me,' said Aunt Cynthia crossly, 'I don't know what those girls mean. I wired them yesterday to send Fatima at once. And she has not come yet, and I'm expecting a call at any time from somebody who wants to buy her.' 'Oh,' I murmured, miring deeper every minute. 'Yes,' went on your aunt, 'there is an advertisement in the Bridgeport Chronicle for a Persian cat, and I answered it. Fatima is really quite a charge, you know—and so apt to die and be a dead loss—did your aunt mean a pun, girls?'—and so, although I am considerably attached to her, I have decided to part with her.' By this time I had got my second wind, and I promptly decided that a judicious alloy of the truth was the thing required. 'Well, of all the curious coincidences!' I exclaimed. 'Why, Miss Ridley, it was I who advertised for a Persian cat—on Sue's behalf. She and Ismay have become so fond of Fatima that they wanted one like her for themselves.'

"You should have seen how she beamed. Said she always knew you really liked cats only you would never own up to it. We clinched the dicker then and there. I passed her over your eighty dollars—she took it without turning a hair—and now you are the joint owners of Fatima. Good luck to your bargain!"  
"Mean old thing!" sniffed Ismay. She meant Aunt Cynthia, and, remembering our shabby furs, I didn't disagree with her.  
"But there is no Fatima," I said dubiously. "How shall we account for her when Aunt Cynthia comes home?"  
"Why, you will have to tell her that

the cat is lost—but you needn't say when it happened. And as for the rest, Fatima pertains solely to you, so Aunt Cynthia can't grumble. But she will have a poorer opinion than ever of your fitness to run a house alone."

When Max left I went to the window to watch him down the path. He was really a handsome fellow, and I was proud of him. At the gate he turned to wave me good-bye, and as he did so he glanced upward. Even at that distance I saw the look of amazement on his face. Then he came bolting back.

"Ismay, the house is on fire," I shrieked as I flew to the door.  
"Sue," cried Max, "I saw Fatima or her ghost at the garret window a moment ago!"  
"Nonsense!" I cried. But Ismay was already half way upstairs and we followed. Straight to the garret we rushed. There sat Fatima, slick and complacent, sunning herself in the window.

Max laughed until the rafters rang. "She can't have been up here all this time," I protested tearfully. "We would have heard her meowing."  
"But you didn't," said Max.  
"She would have died of the cold," declared Ismay.  
"But she hasn't," said Max.  
"Or starved," I cried.

"The place is alive with mice," said Max. "No, girls there is no doubt that the cat has been here the whole fortnight. She must have followed Huldah Jane up that day unobserved. It is a wonder you didn't hear her crying—if she did cry—but perhaps she didn't—and, of course, you sleep downstairs. To think you never thought of looking here for her!"  
"It has cost us eighty dollars," said Ismay with a malevolent glance at the sleek Fatima.

"It has cost me more than that," I said, as I turned to the stairway. Max held me back for an instant while Ismay and Fatima pattered down.  
"Do you think it has cost you too much, Sue?" he whispered.  
I looked at him sideways. He was really a dear.

"No," I said, "but when we are married you have to take care of Fatima. I won't."  
"Dear Fatima," said Max.

**Men We Meet**

(Concluded from page 7.)

popular. Forbes-Robertson has never had the popularity of Toole; George Meredith has never had the popularity of Dickens, and Queen Victoria, revered as she was, admired as she was, never had the popularity of King Edward. And the reason is that neither of them had just that common quality of geniality. They were able—but austere, good—but a little remote from the wayside of life. The popular man is genial, familiar, easy; he answers the call of the crowd for fellowship, and the crowd takes him to its heart because he indicates for it the path of least resistance. In fact, a man can only be popular if he can convince the mass of his fellow men that he is a glorified symbol of themselves.

There are also instances of popularity which reach a higher plane. These are generally the outcome of geniality associated with more heroic qualities. Everybody likes the happy warrior, the man who always comes up smiling. England has always reserved a special corner of its heart, and a rather large corner, too, for such men. Our laughing fighters, like the great admirals, Drake and Raleigh and Hawkins—grim and brave and cheery, have ever been popular along with the genial men of peace, and such roystering imaginative conceptions of cowardice, as the immortal Sir John Falstaff. We like a man to be a sport in this country, the man who fights the battle of life, with the easy nonchalance of a boy playing a game is always popular. And I should say that the most popular incident in our history is the story of Sir Francis Drake finishing his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe before going out to conquer the Armada.



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Reserve Funds .....\$13,000,000  
Total Assets .....\$180,000,000

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## A Staggering Demand for Capital

IT is not generally realized at what a mad pace the world's borrowing activities have been conducted since the days of a generation ago, when railroad securities and certain well-defined classes of government issues afforded the principal medium for investment outside of realty. Thanks to the swelling schemes of social justice, calling for political toll and expenditure



Uncle Sam—"They won't get me!"  
—Carter in the New York Evening Sun.

(A New York cartoonist's view of England's plight by reason of government ownership of telephones and telegraphs.)

ancing have been frequent in the last five years, and 1913 was characterized abroad by repeated fiascos in this direction.

There has been a great deal of public extravagance in recent years, but this, after all, has been largely a reflection of private waste and abuse of borrowing facilities. The recklessness by which debt has been incurred by the people generally is shown by the statistics of loans on life insurance policies issued by American companies. In the last twenty-five years these loans have risen from 3 1/2 per cent. to more than 16 per cent. of legal reserves, and it has become necessary for the insurance companies to limit this menace to the protection afforded policy holders.

It is time for both public and private borrowers, either voluntarily or through compulsion, to make some kind of sinking fund provision for the extinction of capital debts. Easy dependence on refunding operations has had its effect in a mass of public and private indebtedness which has to be partially repudiated at intervals in order to enable humanity to stagger along under its burden of fixed charges. Money in the credit market is supposed to come back quickly in order to keep credit liquid. At much longer seasons there should be some corresponding return flow of capital.

## Sir Edmund Walker's Forecast

IN the opinion of Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, 1914 will be a good year, financially, for Canada.

"It will not be a boom year," he explained the other day, "but there is every indication that business will be satisfactory in most respects. The West, in particular, will benefit by the events of 1913. A good crop was harvested when the country needed it most, and the grain was marketed at high prices. A large part of the money received was used to pay off long-standing debts, so that the farmers generally are now in a better financial position than they have been for years. If there is another good crop in 1914 the West should go ahead rapidly, after the present breathing spell.

"One condition favouring a good harvest this year is the unusually open winter, which has enabled the farmers to prepare their land for early seeding. This is a most important factor in estimating the result of the crops.

"The collapse of the western real-estate boom will not cause any lasting heartaches, and will be of real benefit in the end. Every new country has similar experiences, and can no more escape them than a child can escape the measles or the chicken-pox. The western districts of the United States went through exactly the same thing, and without permanent injury."

Sir Edmund believes that the United States is entering upon a new era of prosperity, mainly due to the improved relations between the corporations and the public.

"There has recently been a great change in the feeling of the public toward the railways and other corporations," he says, "and as a result I expect to see a period of expansion across the border, the benefits of which should be reflected here. It is altogether likely that the railways will be permitted a five per cent. increase in their freight rates, and this should enable them to continue the constructive work which has been at a standstill for so long.

"The economic position of the United States is excellent. In 1913 the country had the largest excess of exports over imports in history. Its trade balance was so great as to seriously alarm financiers on the other side of the water. Were it not for hundreds of millions of American railway notes held in London the position of that centre would be decidedly uncomfortable. As things are, these notes can be presented for payment, the minute New York begins to draw."

In the opinion of Sir Edmund the recent sales of Canadian securities across the line is only the beginning of a movement which will grow rapidly in 1914.

"It is recognized that our debentures are first-class, and their high rate of interest is attractive to American investors. There is plenty of idle money in New York, and I expect to see much of it flow in this direction."

## The Price of C.P.R.

SOME investors have been shocked recently to see the price of C. P. R., their favourite security, quoted as low as 204 on the stock exchanges. A year ago it was selling above 260, and many have wondered at the decline. Insiders contend that the movement was a perfectly natural one. W. D. Matthews, one of the directors who has long taken a keen interest

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## Motion Pictures Make Money



This picture illustrates the newer type of architecture which is supplanting the old style motion picture house. The Family Theatre, Montreal, one of the six large theatres just organized into the United Motion Picture Theatres, Limited, by Sir Henry Pellatt and Edward Cronyn & Company, stock of which is now being offered by them for public subscription. Correspondence invited.

in the property and its management, says that the stock has long been out of range with the rest of the market.

“C. P. R. was selling on a 4½ per cent. basis when other good rails were yielding 6 per cent. and more,” he explains. “The high cost of living has forced many persons to shift their investments so as to secure the largest possible income consistent with safety. Many of the sales of C. P. R. have originated in Germany, where there has been acute financial stringency. None can say anything against the stock as an investment. It is just as valuable as it ever was, if not more so.

“It must also be remembered that there was in 1913 an issue of new shares which called for the payment of \$105,000,000 by the stockholders. The European stockholders alone were required to pay \$84,000,000 to the company, and many of them placed their new shares in the market in order to raise cash. This accounts in part for the decline in the quoted price of the stock. Sane investors are not worrying over stock-market quotations. They have nothing to do with the intrinsic value of C. P. R.”

### Money Market Improves

MR. E. R. WOOD, President of the Dominion Securities Corporation, who recently returned from a long sojourn in London, believes that there has been a vast improvement in conditions there within the past few months.

“The fact that the Bank of England has been able to reduce its discount rate to 4½ per cent. shows that money is more plentiful than for a long time past. This is having an effect on the prices of securities, and I expect to see a great improvement in the market for bonds. Large amounts of British capital are awaiting investment, and Canada will secure her share.

“I hope, however, that Canadian municipalities will go slow in offering new issues in the London market. An avalanche of new debentures might easily nullify the improvement that has taken place in conditions. The public must have time to absorb the recent sales of Canadian securities before being offered more.

“Trade conditions in England are excellent. 1913 was one of the best years in the country's history and there is no evidence of serious slackening of industry. While some of the Continental nations were suffering from depression on account of war and rumours of war, Britain was enjoying unparalleled prosperity. Her dominions beyond the sea will share the beneficent results of this condition.”

Mr. Wood believes that while there has been some let-up in manufacturing Canada is not facing anything like hard times. “If the 1914 crop approximates that of last year, we will again go full steam ahead. This breathing spell will do us all good. It is unfortunate that there should be men out of work, but they will not be long idle.”

### Notes of the Week

THE Kaministiquia Power dividend has been raised from five to six per cent. The Farrar Transportation Co. of Collingwood declared a dividend of 15 per cent., payable Jan. 15th.

The Dominion Motor Car Company will erect a factory beside the Ford factory at Coldbrook, three miles from St. John, N.B.

After ten months of tight money the Bank of England has reduced its rate from 5 to 4½ per cent. Other European national banks will probably follow suit.

Wood, Gundy and Company have issued a valuable volume entitled “Canadian Municipal Statistics.”

Mr. C. E. Neill, assistant General Manager of the Royal Bank, has been elected to the directorate of that institution.

Sir William Mackenzie says that the Canadian Northern Railway spent fifty million dollars in 1913 and does not expect to have any difficulty in getting all the funds required for 1914. He is not worrying.



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# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### A Brave Woman

WE were talking the other day of a few of our dear friends when Laura said to me:

"There's what I call a really brave woman."

I turned to see Mrs. B— smile and bow before she entered a northbound car.

"You know her, don't you?" asked Laura.

"Yes—and she's a fine woman—but what makes you call her brave?"

"Did you ever notice how she does her hair?" Laura seemed determined to be an interrogation point instead of a bureau of useful information.

"Not particularly—it always looks nice. Now that I come to think of it, her hair is always arranged in the same fashion."

"And what was she wearing?" continued Laura.

"Oh, I don't know. Why should I notice? I do not think I have ever noticed a gown of hers. We are usually too busy talking when we meet."

"That's just it," said Laura triumphantly. "She's a brave woman, because, years ago, she chose her own style of hair-dressing and has kept to it, in spite of styles and changes. Pompadours or flat coiffures might come or go for all she cared; and she never looks a fright, because she chose the style which just suits her. She married a comparatively poor man, but they both like to go abroad in the summer holidays—he's a professor, you know. So, she is as sensible about gowns as she is about her coiffure, and they always can afford a little trip to Brittany or an August in the Tyrol. Their home is a perfect small treasure-house, and just as restful as can be. The other day, I was complaining about my narrow skirt and she said brightly: 'It's your own fault, my dear—I dare to be comfortable.' I suppose most of us are dreadfully like sheep in the matter of how we'll be clothed."

Just then, Laura's car came along and I was left to reflect on the wisdom of the placid-faced woman who dared to be comfortable.

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### The Coveted Gift

THIS is the time of the year when wishes and resolutions are greatly discussed, and few of us are so dreadingly practical as to refrain from spending some moments in reflection on what we should like to do or have during the months that lie ahead of us. Of course, the fairies have hidden around the corner, and it is quite useless for us to expect a little old lady with a wonderful wand to come and transform our common and garden pumpkin into a glorious, glittering coach. What do most of us regard as the most desirable of gifts? I honestly believe that most women would rather have physical beauty than anything else the good fairies have for us. In spite of all the proverbs and the warnings, the beauty of the flesh remains eminently desirable. The wistful desire of the plain woman to be attractive is frequently the subject of flippant and cruel jesting, but there is nothing more naively pathetic. We may be told that beauty is a vain and doubtful good, a dangerous gift, a fatal dower and all the rest of it—but who of us has not longed to have lustrous eyes, tresses like the morn and a complexion of lilies and carnation?

A small person aged thirteen said to me, one day, after she had read "Ivanhoe":

"I'd love to have hair like Rowena's and jewels like Rebecca's, and be perfectly beautiful and Queen of the Tournament. It must have been lovely to have men in heavy armour fight about you."

There spoke the Eternal Feminine, which existed when there was only a garden, and polling-booths were undreamed of, and which will be still active, long after Emmeline Pankhurst has been gathered to her Mother Earth. Of course this paragraph should

end with a little dissertation on the greater loveliness of expression which is far more than any mere regularity of feature. We all know how those sermonettes on having a nice disposition and unselfish character begin. But no such preachment is forthcoming for "beauty is still immortal in our eyes."

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### A Bitter Book

TRULY the American woman who desires only luxury and admiration is faring rather badly in the hands of the novelists. "One Woman's Life," "A Song of Sixpence," "A Modern Chronicle," and now, "The Custom of the Country," have dis-



SENATOR HELEN RING ROBINSON.

The Womanly, Witty and Wise Legislator of Colorado State, Whose Present Lectures in Canadian Cities are Materially Strengthening the Cause of Equal Suffrage.

played this woman in a most unenviable light. Perhaps, the most thoughtful of all such works of fiction was Judge Grant's "Unleavened Bread." However, Undine Spragg, the heroine of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, is the most talked-about young woman on paper this month. She is, mentally and spiritually, without a single redeeming feature, and Mrs. Wharton, the most finished of modern United States novelists (for Mr. James is almost an Anglo-American by this time), spares none of her skill in exhibiting all of Undine's intellectual and moral delinquencies. Duty and honour have absolutely no meaning for this vampirish young person, who discards one husband after another with a bewildering nonchalance. In truth, Undine is the parasitic woman whom Mrs. Schreiner described so graphically in her book on "Woman and Labour."

The various reviewers have noted Mrs. Wharton's bitterness, albeit of a subdued type, in the story of this "rag and a bone and a hank of hair." Is this quality to be attributed to the alleged lack of charity in woman towards erring members of her own

sex? Thackeray, it will be remembered, seemed to regard his "Becky Sharpe" with a kind of whimsical good humour. It is, however, rather a woman's more penetrating comprehension of the vampire type and her more detailed and delicate power of depiction. Mrs. Wharton is so gifted a writer that we hope she will not continue to expend her analytic efforts on such characters as Undine Spragg and Lily Bart.

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### The Red-Haired Heroine

SURELY, it is time for the fair one of the flaming locks to protest against her tresses being used, by almost every novelist, to adorn the extremely vivacious heroine of tainted fiction. Some years ago, an English woman set this fashion, in a hectic romance which set out to be smartly wicked, and succeeded only in being hysterically foolish. Since then, a procession of would-be shocking heroines have flaunted their ruddy tresses on the pages of the second-best sellers. Even so gifted a writer as Mrs. Wharton cannot escape from this fashion of heroine, and we find that Undine is a young woman with flaming hair, which refuses to become streaked with gray, no matter how great her calamities. In the name of many respectable red-haired maids and matrons, who are teaching in our Sunday schools, reading papers on ethical culture in our sociological clubs, and helping in "uplifts" of various kinds, we protest against this insidious suggestion regarding the woman who is possessed of hair of Titian gold. Let us have a few lady villains of the old-fashioned blonde curls or raven locks and allow the red-headed lady to enjoy a well-earned repose. ERIN.

### Epigrammatic Senator

A WOMAN and the one senatorial she in "the Americas," as she is given to calling the United States and Canada in her lectures, is the Colorado legislator we label "epigrammatic."

Downright by virtue of her origin in New England, rhetorical by instinct, succinct by newspaper training, cultured both by inheritance and by education for teaching, experienced richly in life, both private and public, Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, who was recently in Toronto, was remarkably neat with her catapult and pellets moulded from wisdom—epigrams. And Denver may well be proud of this State law-maker. Personally, she is fond of the pellets and her aim is as nice for a lone, lorn boudoir interviewer as it is for a crowded congregation clapping.

How nice that was, a multitude witnessed when the Senator gave her address the other evening, under the auspices of the Equal Franchise League, on her favourite theme, "Where Women Legislate." The address was an ordered succession of pellets that hit, although the marksman was a woman, or maybe because. She hit, at any rate, like a human being.

"Beware the plausible epigram," warns Griggs. "It is one of the frequent obliquities of wisdom which, if truth at all, as often as not is half-truth." In the mouth of Stateswoman Robinson, however, so honest, so frank, so very direct is the epigrammatic saying that none but the false believer need be fearful. Here follows a characteristic sentence, most poignantly true and most well-worth quotation:—

"If home duties cannot keep women out of factories and sweat shops—even out of brothels—how can any man with a sense of justice and a sense of humour think home duties should keep women out of the legislature when laws may be made to sweep out of existence, forever, the brothel?"

That had been part of the lecturer's reply to the question, put in some other city by the mouth of one well-meaning little man:—"Madam, may I ask who takes care of your home while you are making laws to govern other women's homes?" That was just the conclusion. He was answered.

The above is but one of the several score of the speaker's detachable, memorable sayings.



# Women's Banks—A Departure

By M. J. T.

WOMEN, as the writer has been informed by an accountant of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, commonly make use of the savings department in opening their personal bank accounts. The profits from this department are big, and numbers of the banks have found it profitable to equip attractive quarters for women clients.

"Are women in charge of the women's departments in any of your branches?" I put the question.

"No," my informant answered politely (although I suspect him of smiling behind the beyond), "at least, not to my knowledge. It isn't necessary."

"But banks are finding it worth while, aren't they?" I thanked him, smiling myself, and left the phone.

As a matter of fact, in February, if one may trust a clipping, a complete women's bank will be opened

ranks of the Bank of British North America, and is doing the same work now as when she entered. She has risen as high as a woman may because, in banks, to men go all the honours.

"A bank," according to this informant, "will see its girl clerk outwork three of its juniors, and increase her salary at half the rate for a male. Girls have a special aptitude for banking. They have marvellous patience in coping with details, and are more conscientious than the average junior. They have little hope of promotion, however; any ambitions along that line are futile."

"But you have been promoted," I hazarded the assertion.

"I started in my present position ten years ago," she answered, "and though my salary has been regularly increased, my duties are much the same as when I entered. I have more capacity than scope in the field. Like the lord and the stars, I know the bills by name. I do wish there was room for real advancement!"

There are numbers of young women in Canadian banks of whose feelings the above is a trite expression. In the employ of the Bank of Commerce alone there are some three hundred and twenty-seven girls employed in clerical and stenographical positions. Such enterprising institutions as banks should not put brakes on the fine ambitions of youth—though the youth be that of women. Why could not the banks follow New York's example and give their women employees the equal chance? Why not women's banks, in the name of fair play? It is certainly not that the cry is lack of money!

## Recent Events

NOTICE was given at the recent meeting of the Winnipeg Municipal Chapter I. O. D. E., of the formation of three new local chapters—the Navy League, one among foreign-born women, and one for hospital work. Mrs. W. J. Wright presided at the meeting.

Toronto has declared itself favourable to the franchise being extended to married women in that city. Local women's organizations worked concertedly and won their cause with a vote of two to one in the referendum.

Lady Elizabeth Northcote, second daughter of Lord and Lady Iddesleigh, whose marriage to Mr. Robert Randolph Bruce, of Windermere, B.C., was celebrated on January 6th, is a niece by marriage of Lady Northcote, formerly Miss Alice Brook, adopted daughter of Lord Mount Stephen, of Quebec.

At the galleries of the Art Association of Montreal, the president and council held a reception, recently, when several hundred guests were entertained. Mrs. Meredith, wife of the President, was present with her husband.

Mrs. Peter McNaughton, of Vancouver, recently returned from the third convention, held in Cincinnati, of the National Housing Association. Mrs. McNaughton has also done excellent work, locally, on the school board, as nominee of the Local Council of Women. She is one of the nine of that body's



AT SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Crothers snapped during an incident of their recent trip to Europe. They are paying their devoirs at Stratford-on-Avon and, to judge by the attitude of the figure with the crown, "the immortal bard" is returning the compliment.

representatives who will attend the quinquennial meeting in Rome next May.

The engagement has just been announced in Halifax of Betty, youngest daughter of Mr. W. B. Graveley, manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Mrs. Graveley, and Captain Langford, R.C.R. Miss Graveley is one of the most charming girls in her set. She is a granddaughter of the late Senator Almon.

Invitations have been issued in Ottawa for the May Court Club ball, to be held at the Chateau Laurier on January 19th, under the royal patronage and in the presence of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia.

The Young Women's Christian Association in Montreal will shortly open the first home to accommodate fifty girls, of a number it plans to establish in due course. Mrs. James Thom, President of the Y. W. C. A., states also that Camp Fire Clubs are being organized by Mrs. John Bradford.

"Out of the world of silence and darkness she comes to you with the message of brotherhood." So did her teacher, Mrs. Macey, introduce the miracle, Helen Keller, to a Toronto audience the other evening. And the deaf, blind girl fulfilled the



GEORGINA, COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Newly-appointed President of the British Women's Emigration Association. The new President is mother-in-law of Lady Evelyn Ward, of Toronto, and will no doubt be visited by her in the course of "Evelyn's" present trip to Europe.

in connection with one of the banks in the heart of the uptown retail section of New York. It comprises the entire second floor of the building, in which, for the accommodation of women depositors there will be a lounging room and library with all the comforts and facilities of a club. "Filthy lucre" will cease to exist here, clean money only being handled. A woman will manage the institution—Miss Clark, of Philadelphia, namely—a woman of wide experience in finance; and all the officials, practically, will be women.

And depend upon it, in banking matters, New York is far from a hotfoot in innovation. The woman banker has been tried out and vindicated, previously, in a dozen cities in America, including our own country. Boston succeeded with a women's bank. In Texas women bankers are common, fifty having been entered last year as charter members of an association of women financiers. The Cunningham National Bank of Joplin, Missouri, has seven women among its nine employees. Its manager and two cashiers are women. Washington has an authority on the vault department of banks, who is a woman; Philadelphia, Detroit and St. Louis also have women at responsible posts in banks. In Canada, Miss Naomi Farrell is superintendent of the women's department of the Northern Crown Bank of Winnipeg.

What bank's business a woman can do in a special department for women is exemplified in the case of Mrs. Reesor. According to a writer in the Free Press, Winnipeg, Mrs. E. B. Reesor, a Canadian, by birth, though a resident for a time in the country south, was organizer, and also manager of the women's department of the quondam Crown Bank, Toronto. When Mrs. Reesor assumed office, the bank had only some two hundred women clients. In something under two years later the number of women depositors was approximately eight thousand, and the women's rooms, which had been in disuse, were accommodating their thousands of visitors monthly. Banking to this capable woman of affairs was "a fascinating business," and no wonder! She is a clever writer on financial matters, and ranked with her is Miss Moorehouse, of Portland, Oregon, to whose booklet on the woman client is largely due the New York innovation.

There appears no reason why women's banks should not be workable widely in this country. I was talking with a woman only this morning who for ten years has served in



AN EQUIPAGE OF DISTINCTION.

Photographed during the recent meet of the Ottawa Hunt Club and driven by Master Hugh Billings, second son of H. B. Billings, Esq., and youngest member of the Club to wear "the pink." The party ensconced were the guests at a tea given on the day of the meet by the Misses Mimi and May Billings. The Billings are well-known people in hunting circles.



promise. Probably the teacher is as great a miracle. The impression she made was profound in that city as it previously had been in Ottawa.

Senator Helen Ring Robinson, during her brief stay in Toronto, was the guest of Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, President of the Equal Franchise League. Mrs. Hamilton has since left the city to winter in Florida.

Miss Flora Annie Campbell, formerly superintendent of the Women's Hostel, was recently appointed by the police commissioners as a regular member of the Ottawa police and will be paid directly by the police department. The installation of Miss Campbell gives Ottawa the first real police-woman to be directly connected with

police work in Canada. Her duties will consist of various branches of police work, and she will be given her cases at the discretion of the heads of the police department.

Mr. F. R. Benson, Shakespearean actor, addressed, during his stay in Toronto, the Women Teacher's Association, on the subject "The Song Word"—as it effects the national life. He illustrated by reading "Shelley's ode "To a Skylark."

His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, Sir Francis Langelier, Lady Langelier, and Miss Langelier were the guests of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught during their stay in Ottawa for the opening of the Federal Parliament.

## A Teachers' Complaint

THE following letter, which speaks for itself, with the editor's assistance as commentator, was recently received at the Canadian Courier office, and deals with a vexed question in Toronto:—

Toronto, Dec. 31, 1913.

The Editor,  
"Woman's Supplement."

Dear Madam:—

Despite the attempts of the Education Department to keep teachers in Ontario, the following comparison of salaries in Toronto and the West shows why there is still a scarcity, the cost of living being now as high here as anywhere in Canada.

Toronto—min., 600; max., 1,000; when attained, 12th year.

Medicine Hat—min., 800; max., 1,000; when attained, 4th year.

Calgary—min., 750; max., 1,100; when attained, 8th year.

Saskatoon—min., 780; max., 1,060; when attained, 5th year.

Moose Jaw—min., 750; max., 1,000; when attained, 5th year.

Edmonton—min., 750; max., 1,000; when attained, 6th year.

An additional advantage in the West lies in the fact there is not the great discrepancy between the salaries of men and women assistants for the same work. In Toronto, a woman, after twelve years' service, receives what a man (no matter how inexperienced) begins with. If he is experienced he may begin with \$1,200, and receive \$1,500 at the end of three years.

Then, again, take the work of the school nurses, which is very light beside that of the teacher, who is responsible for the discipline as well as the progress of the children, yet the nurse receives \$1,000 in the ninth year while the teacher must struggle on to the end of the twelfth year for the same maximum.

The amount of school taxes paid in Toronto warrants better remuneration to women teachers, many of whom are contributing as largely as their means permit to the upkeep of Toronto homes.

Thanking you for the courtesy of your paper, I am

Yours truly,

RATEPAYER.

Far be it from the editor of the Woman's Supplement to imply by the heading attached hereto that complaint is constitutional with teachers. That it is habitual when the question is that of salary and the teacher is a woman in, say, Toronto, or some less progressive Ontario city, is a fact. And the editor speaks as a former teacher, whose scantness of salary in that vocation led her, some time ago, to improve her situation by becoming the fat incumbent of her present office. Than which what sadder could be said of the lot of teachers?

The word teachers means women, of course, for what is a man among so many? Indeed, it is just that scarcity of him which answers the second point of our correspondent. That men command the larger salaries is a matter, pure and simple, of supply and demand. An inspector of

public schools in this Province said so, at any rate, on a holiday last summer when one had the absence of mind to put it to him. It is not a



ETHEL McDOWALL (CARRINGTON)  
The Accomplished Actress with the Stratford-on-Avon Players, who was Recently a Guest of the Toronto Women's Press Club, in Company with Her Husband, Mr. Murray Carrington, and Mr. F. R. Benson, who addressed the Meeting.

matter of difference in value of teaching as done by men and women. If you want a man for a certain post you have to pay to get him, and the price is, naturally, regulated by the more or less of him in the market. In the West he is "more," in Ontario "less," which accounts in full, to the editor's mind, for the "discrepancy" pointed out by our correspondent.

One tackled the letter-writer's second point first because it punctured the brain in a ready section. To return now, reader, to the first point. The cost of living is high in Toronto, as the editor must admit, despite her stipend, and it is difficult, perhaps, to imagine anything higher. But, personally, one lacks the figures to show it is here as high "as anywhere." One believes it is higher in Winnipeg, Regina, half a dozen of the Western Canadian cities. Has "Ratepayer" the contradictory figures?

As to the third question at issue, should there not then be some discrimination in favour of the nurse, between the salary of the school nurse and that of the more numerous woman teacher? Certainly the nurse's preparatory training is much more severe than is the teacher's. One has, as we said, been trained for a teacher, and thoroughly enjoyed the preparatory process. One has also been trained for the nursing profession, that is to say, endure the life—six weeks!

By all means, nevertheless, one must subscribe to the fourth point, that the salaries of teachers in municipalities ought to bear a very honest relation to the taxes paid for the educational upkeep. Is, or is not, that relationship in Toronto strictly and absolutely honest? Our correspondent thinks there is some question.

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A NEW SERIAL

## BEHIND THE PICTURE

By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C.

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The author, McDonnell Bodkin, is an Irish judge. He has been a newspaper man and a parliamentarian, and was on intimate terms with Gladstone and Parnell. He is a personal friend of the present Irish leaders, O'Brien, Dillon, and O'Connor. The most notable of his books are "Paul Beck" and "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," both of which deal with the life of actors. He is as much interested in the stage as he is in art and politics.

We can recommend this serial to all our readers as being the "classiest" story yet published in the CANADIAN COURIER. We were fortunate to secure the Canadian serial rights of what promises to be a famous novel.

Canadian Courier, Toronto

## Behind the Picture

(Continued from page 14)

flame and stunning sound. Hither and thither the flashes flew and the mountains crashed and roared incessantly. Then, as if the shock had shattered the flood gates of heaven, the rain came in a torrent. The tension relaxed, the lightning ceased, the thunder slowly growled itself to silence. Suddenly through the splash of falling water there came the sound of a furious knocking at the door.

The boy and girl ran together to open it. Out of the downpour a man with two dogs crouching at his heels stepped into the hall. His clothes clung to every curve and angle of his figure, and water ran from him in little rivulets. It streamed from the peak of his cap, from the barrel of his gun, from his elbows and his hands, but his handsome smiling face mocked his own pitiful plight, and his bold bright eyes turned from the boy's face to the girl's in evident admiration.

CHAPTER II.

Flat Burglary.

"CAN you pardon me?" the stranger said, as he watched the water gather and spread and run in tiny streams on the floor. The voice was the voice of a gentleman. "I fear I have made a lake of your hall."

As his eyes met Sybil's there was something more than admiration in their light; something like an effort to catch a vague remembrance of a face seen somewhere before. At that moment Mrs. Darley came into the hall and welcomed the stranger graciously.

"Don't speak of trouble," she said, "there is none. You must change at once. Why, you are as wet as if you had rolled in the river. Luckily, I can offer you a change. My husband —" She broke off abruptly. "In five minutes I will have dry clothes laid out for you. Hugh, will you show him the bathroom? A hot bath is the first thing you want."

As the stranger dragged himself with difficulty from his streaming, clinging garments, he marvelled at the refuge he had found. The artistically-tiled bathroom with all the latest appliances was hardly to be expected in the remote west of Ireland. The linen laid out for him was the finest, the clothes were all of the best material and cut by a tailor who knew his business.

Surprise grew upon him as he came into the drawing-room and was welcomed by his hostess. The taste and costliness of his surroundings amazed him. In Mrs. Darley's eyes, as he thanked her, was the same look that the girl's face had awakened in him, a vague recollection of having seen him somewhere before, a vain effort to remember.

As if in answer to her questioning eyes, he said: "You must allow me to introduce myself. I am Frederick Ackland, Earl of Sternholt. You may have heard of me before, though this is my first visit to Ireland. I believe I am your landlord, but I had no notion the cottage was so charming."

As his eyes, sweeping round the room, found the picture over the mantelpiece, he started and stared.

"What is that? Where did you get that?" he asked almost harshly. But before surprise let Mrs. Darley answer, his courtesy came back to him. "Pardon me," he said, "the picture startled me for a moment. It is very like someone I once knew."

"It is very like what my husband was when I first met him," Mrs. Darley answered softly; "though it was not painted for him, of course."

"Of course not. The picture is a copy of a Velasquez, I think."

"I believe it is an original." He laughed a laugh of courteous incredulity. "Then, my dear madam, I congratulate you most heartily; such a Velasquez is priceless."

"I am no judge," the widow said timidly; "but my husband believed it to be an original."

The earl came nearer and examined the picture closely. "I fear your husband was mistaken," he said at

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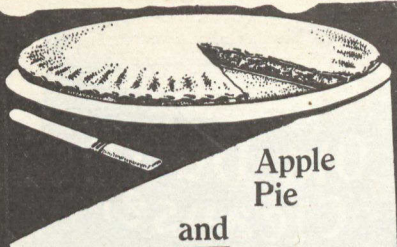
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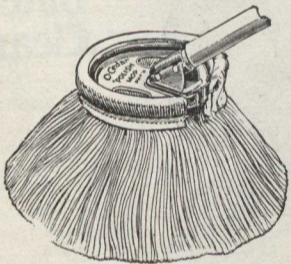
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last. "I happen to know a little about pictures; enough, unfortunately, to be able to say that this is a copy, very clever and very well done, no doubt, but a copy all the same."

"I don't believe it," whispered Hugh to Sybil indignantly. "The man who painted that was a genius, he had his heart in his work, it was his own. The copyist could not put such colour and light into it."

Sybil nodded her sympathy and approval. She, too, loved the picture. It seemed impossible that Lord Sternholt could have heard the whisper, but their faces must have told him their thoughts.

"I see you don't believe me, young people," he said, smiling, "and I fear you won't like me any better for libelling an old friend. I don't blame you in the least. The more I look at it the less sure I am of my own judgment, so we'll vote the picture a genuine Velasquez unanimously. Now, am I forgiven?"

"Do you believe it to be genuine?" asked Hugh bluntly.

"I decline to criminate myself," laughed the earl. He turned from the pictures and admired the sketches and engravings.

"Your taste is perfect," he said to Mrs. Darley.

"My husband's," she corrected.

"His taste was indeed unquestionable," he replied with a bow and a smile to the gracious matron, who flushed faintly at the compliment. "But I have trespassed too long on your great kindness," he went on.

"Won't you stay to dinner?" Mrs. Darley asked timidly; "we have little to offer but a welcome."

"Delighted," he replied with well-bred frankness. "I have been roughing it in the village, enduring bad cooking for the sake of good shooting. I did not know how much I missed the delights of civilization till I came here and found them."

If he set himself to charm the company he certainly succeeded. To them he was a visitor from a new world. In twenty years of vivid adventurous life, he had been everywhere and seen everything. He knew how to talk, too, and make the strange scenes and adventures through which he had passed as real to his hearers as himself. Now and again he checked an exciting story in mid career and slid aside on a new track, as a skater when he verges on thin ice glides round the danger in an easy curve so smoothly that the onlookers have no inkling of the cause. For there were incidents in the variegated life of the Earl of Sternholt that were not for all ears.

ART was his hobby, and the boy and girl, in whom the artistic instinct was keen, listened entranced as he told them of the treasures of the great galleries of the Continent.

Now and again the boy, his shyness lost in his enthusiasm, ventured a word or two of fervid appreciation that amazed the earl.

"You love art, my boy, I can see that. But how did you come to know so much about pictures in this out-of-the-way spot?"

The boy's shyness came back with the direct personal question. "I have to thank Mr. and Mrs. Darley," he said, "for the little I know. He was very good to me when I was quite a child. He saw I loved pictures even then, and he helped me to understand them. Afterwards Mrs. Darley always made me free of the books and the portfolios. More than half his books were about pictures, and men like Ruskin make you see what they write about."

"You would like to be an artist, I suppose?" the man asked the boy when they were alone in the dining-room after the ladies had left.

"Oh, no, I could never draw or paint to please myself. I have tried often and was always ashamed of the result. But Sybil will be an artist, don't you think those sketches of hers wonderful?"

With a cigar between his teeth, Lord Sternholt got up from the table for a nearer view of the sketches to which the boy pointed. Surprise mingled with his admiration. To his trained eye the promise of the pic-

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tures was unmistakable, these unpretentious little sketches, glimpses of mountain, wood or lakes, gleaming with light and colour, were free and bold, careless even and full of faults, but they told of the artistic vision, the love of beauty for beauty's sake.

"The young lady has a streak of genius," the earl said when he had examined the sketches closely. "A true eye, a bold hand. Who taught her?"

"No one. She and I have read books and talked about pictures together, that's all."

"**Y**OU are too modest, young man. The girl has training, wherever she got it, and I fancy you are her trainer. You seem to have a natural twist for this kind of thing."

"I should like above all things to live my life among pictures," said Hugh eagerly.

"Well, perhaps you may, who knows?" said the earl carelessly. "If ever you come to London I must show you my collection; perhaps I should say my brother's, for most of it was his collecting. The late Lord Sternholt, you may have heard, was killed in a railway accident some years ago. I shall be glad to have your opinion if you will be good enough to give it to me."

There was a note of good-humoured mockery in his voice that made the sensitive boy flush scarlet. The other did not appear to notice his confusion. "Hadn't we better go to the ladies?" he said; "perhaps they will give us some music."

At the first asking Sybil sang for him with untutored taste, making no disguise of her own delight in the plaintive Irish melody, and while she sang the earl's eyes were on her face with the same puzzled look that asked in vain where he had seen her before. From her his gaze turned to the portrait over the mantelpiece as if still perplexed by a vague remembrance.

All the evening the picture seemed to have a strange fascination for him. Just before he left he again examined it closely.

"It must be a copy, of course," he said; "but it is a marvellously good copy. An artist painted it. You won't be offended, Mrs. Darley, by my saying that if you wished to sell the picture I should like to be the purchaser. Even as a copy it is value for at least one hundred guineas."

"I should not care to sell it," the widow answered, her pale face colouring a little. "It was my husband's last present to me. He thought it was original. He said it would be a fortune for our little girl if ever she needed one."

The man laughed good-humouredly. "He is so far right," he said, "that if the picture is genuine it is priceless." His keen eyes turned on Hugh, whom his mocking words in the dining-room had silenced effectually. "I see our young art critic agrees with your husband, though he does not say so. His eyes are more eloquent than his tongue. I am the only skeptic. Will you pardon me, Mrs. Darley, if I suggest the matter is worth testing. Ambrose Pallacio, the great picture expert, one of the most skilled in the world, is in Dublin at present examining a picture for me. A wire would bring him down here if you did not mind him having a peep at your Velasquez."

"I should be very glad," said Mrs. Darley, "to have the opinion of such a judge."

"Is he the Pallacio who found the lost Cottarro Vandyke in a farmhouse?" asked Hugh, not unwilling to show he had heard of the famous expert.

"The same," answered the earl pleasantly. "It is clear that there is nothing concerning pictures that escapes you, young man. That Vandyke is at present in my collection. I gave Pallacio a thousand guineas for it; it is worth ten. You shall see it when you come to London."

There was no mockery in his voice now. It was plain that Mrs. Darley's consent to have the portrait inspected by Pallacio sent him home in high good humour.

Two days later the famous expert called at the cottage with the earl.



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"Hints to Housewives."



A big, swarthy, unhealthy-looking Italian was Pallacio, sleek haired and sallow, and looked as if his skin was a size too loose for him. He might have been called stupid-looking if it were not for the restless light that gleamed from his deep-set black eyes.

Mrs. Darley seemed nervous at the ordeal through which her dearly-prized picture was to pass, as though it were in some sense a personal trial. Hugh and Sybil, confident of the result with the serene confidence of youth, were full of anticipated triumph. They, at least, had no doubt of the expert's opinion.

Pallacio lifted the portrait in its heavy frame from its chain over the mantelpiece to the floor, where the light from the large French window fell full upon it. For five minutes he examined it carefully, now standing back a few paces, now coming close up to the canvas, he spoke no word, his face gave no index of his judgment. At length it seemed his mind was made up. "It is a copy," he said deliberately, "very well done, excellent, most men it would deceive, but me not at all. It is undoubtedly a copy."

(To be continued.)

## The Red Virgin

By G. FREDERICK TURNER

(Concluded)

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### Concord.

SOME three weeks after the events related in the last chapter, the February sun was shining with more than winter radiance on the surface of the frozen Rundsee; and for this and other reasons the artificial lake in the Thiergarten was wearing an aspect of more than its wonted gaiety.

A public announcement of considerable interest had been made in the previous evening's edition of the Abendpost.

Let us transcribe literally the elegant language of that admirable and semi-official organ.

"We are authorized to announce, and have much pleasure in announcing, that our beloved Regent Fritz, twenty-third Baron of Friedrichsheim, is about to contract an alliance with the Fraulein Phoebe Perowne, daughter of the late Colonel Perowne, C.B., D.S.O., J.P., and Mrs. Perowne, of Tiddicomb Hall, Somersetshire, England. Miss Perowne is a high-born (hoch-geborn) and beautiful young lady, connected with some of the oldest families in the English aristocracy, and is the possessor of remarkably pure features, a domestic temperament, and some of the richest arable land in the west of England—"

Grimland was very anglophil at the moment, a fact entirely without importance as far as international politics were concerned, but a matter of considerable gratification to the happy couple who glided with locked hands and smiling faces round the crowded surface of the Rundsee.

And all smart Grimland was there to see them, to note the pure features, assess the domestic temperament, and speculate on the rich arable lands that dowered the affianced bride of Grimland's beloved Regent. The von Bilderbaums were there, and the Grunheims, and the Kordrik-Radletz, the Paprikofs, and the Schwartzdorf-Nirderthals.

And far more important things than mere human dignitaries were enriching the snowy beauties of the park, so that it would have been a dull heart indeed that failed to sing responsively to the rhythm of youth and beauty moving triumphantly and graciously in the gemmed setting made by nature's choicest artificers. For the magic goldsmith Sun, and the magic silver-smith Snow, and the magic jeweller Frost had between them wrought a picture of dazzling brilliance that uplifted the soul, and turned the driest hearts into liquid springs of purest exultation. Blue sky, white earth, and the glory of crisp air, and perfect ice! No wonder Phoebe's cheeks glowed with the pulsing blood of joyous youth, no wonder her great eyes shone with the mystic fire of kindled purity.

Nor was Fritz less obviously radiant, only there was a serious, almost a solemn, touch in his joy, that told of boyhood grown to manhood, and reckless joie de vivre turned to the strong triumph of assured happiness. His right arm was no longer in a sling, but his healed scar drew an inerasible line on his handsome cheek, marring his comeliness, thought some, but giving him just the needed stamp of robust virility in Phoebe's loving eyes.

"Tell me your philosophy," Fritz

was saying, "and I will believe in it."

"But I no longer believe in it myself," replied Phoebe, smiling.

"Nevertheless tell it me," he persisted, "and we will both try and believe in it. I am sure it is very beautiful."

"I doubt even that. You know my motto—let that suffice. Du zummüt. Du gude if you can—anyway, du zummüt. I still hold to that."

"So do I," agreed Fritz rapturously, "and I hold to mine, which I used to despise. 'Affaire de coeur, affaire d'honneur.' I used to think I knew all about coeurs and honneur. Now I know that I knew very little about either, just as I now know a great deal about both."

"Conceited man!"

"Not conceited—merely conscious of a true revelation. And now I want you to tell me about your philosophy, which I pretended to take an interest in when I first met you."

"Oh, philosophy is only for old people and old-maids," rejoined Phoebe. "It is the vague something that the unsatisfied soul hugs to itself, when the real things—the better things—are not there to hug. I have done with philosophy."

"Because you have something better to hug?"

Phoebe blushed deliciously. "Be careful," she laughed, "or I will expound my philosophy."

"That is what I am asking."

"Very well then," said Phoebe. "I believed that the highest types of men and women combined the finest qualities of both sexes—bravery and gentleness, honour and tenderness, strength and mercy. Possibly I was right. But I thought that from this the next step was to the higher sexlessness: that there should be love without passion, union without possession, husbands who were not masters, wives who were co-equal in authority with their husbands."

"I AM not a philosopher," said Fritz, "but I do not quarrel with your views."

"Because you know that they are too ridiculous to matter. One does not quarrel with a child who thinks the moon is made of green cheese."

"I would believe the moon was made of spiders' webs if you said so."

"But I do not tell you so. Neither do I tell you that a wife's authority should be equal to her husband's, because I do not wish it to be so."

"Then you no longer believe in 'Votes for Women?'" he asked.

Phoebe laughed gaily. "That is another matter," she said. "I think that married women should have votes, so that they could vote as their husbands told them."

The band came to the end of the ing, and Fritz and Phoebe skated to particular selection they were play-wards the little pavilion, and sat down on chairs by the edge of the ice.

Then just as they were seated, they had to rise again, for no less a person than Karl XXIII. was skating towards them. He looked well and happy, and had that half-humorous, half-wistful smile that was so attractive a possession of his late father. He pressed Phoebe's hand and then clapped Fritz warmly on the shoulders.

"Dear old Fritz," he said, "well done indeed! You have my congratulations,



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and my envy. A Regent can marry whom he wills, but a king must marry whom he must. I take it, Fritz, you would not change places to-day with the greatest prince in Christendom?"

"No, sire. My betrothed, who has ceased to be a philosopher, has made me one. I have become so wise, that the pomps and vanities of life appear to me as valueless as gold and silver to the shipwrecked mariner. There is only one form of wealth, only one form of honour, only one true crown of manhood, and that, sire, lies fathoms deep in the deepest of all seas—a woman's heart."

"Bravo, my old poet-Regent!" cried Karl. Then a shadow stole over his face, and he said in lower tones, "God send me venturing on such a sea when my times comes."

"And you, Miss Perowne," went on the young King, brightening again, "will come with your mother, will you not, and dine with me at the Neptunburg to-night? Needless to say"—with an inclination of his head to Fritz—"there will be better company than my poor self to entertain you."

"We shall be honoured and delighted, sire," said Phoebe.

"Auf Wiedersehn, then," said Karl, and raised his hat and skated away.



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HARDLY had he gone, when two other men approached the happy pair. One was General Meyer, the other Saunders.

"Congratulations," said Meyer, with his whimsical smile. "On these occasions it is the expected that always happens, and the Abendpost, as usual, was some weeks behind-hand with its portentous news."

"My formal congratulations, Fritz," said Saunders. "I cannot say, but perhaps you can guess, how truly happy I am at this denouement."

"If you were not happy at it I don't think I should be," Fritz replied. "I value your opinion more than any man's on earth. You were the heart and brains of the triumvirate that smashed Cyril, and now you are the heart and brains of the Regency. Phoebe, if you are going to be the dutiful wife you have promised to be, you will love Herr Saunders like a brother."

"That will be an easy task," said Phoebe.

"I believe in these mixed marriages," put in Meyer. "I, a Jew, married an American lady. We are a devoted couple, and our little boy loves playing with silver coins, but takes a positive delight in bacon fat. The racial weakness of Judea is obliterated, while the acquisitive virtues of two money-making races are intensified."

"Come away, Meyer," laughed Saunders. "You are death to healthy sentiment, with your silver coins and bacon fat. We all meet to-night, I understand, at the Neptunburg. We will drink your health in Imperial Tokay, and unless I am forcibly suppressed I shall myself propose the toast of the evening."

"It is a good thing to have friends," said Phoebe simply, as the two men left them.

"It is a good thing to have such friends," agreed Fritz. "My heart is warm enough to-day to love even my enemies."

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"And here comes an enemy to test your words," said Phoebe.

An old man with a white imperial was skating slowly towards them. A little stiff, but very upright in carriage and marvellously accurate in his style, the old gentleman approached and gave a courtly salute. It was the Freiherr of Kraag.

"If my congratulations are not out of place—" he began.

"They are welcome and generous," broke in Fritz with boyish enthusiasm. "You are the very soul of magnanimity, Freiherr."

"When one has lived to my age," said the Freiherr, "when one has lost one's wife, one's children, one's position, even one's favourite hound, one does not take an interest in many things. Nevertheless, with your permission, I would take leave to say that I wish you both happiness."

Phoebe stretched out her hand impulsively to the ex-President of the Rathsherren, who took it a little timorously.

"I think you are a very sweet old

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gentleman," she said, "and I hope you will come to our wedding."

"The Regent of Grimland will have only personages of distinction as his guests," said the Freiherr. "I am an old man, shorn of his dignities—"

"You never possessed greater dignity than you do this day," broke in Fritz. "You will come to my wedding and take a seat next the altar rails or—I don't know what I shall do. The Rathsherren have only ceased to exist as a corporate body. Individually they live and the State has need of them. Courage, loyalty, stubbornness, pride even, these are great things if—"

"If wedded to the spirit of Progress?" added the Freiherr with a wry grimace. "I am not a great believer in the spirit of Progress, but I am an old man, and the times change."

"The times change indeed," said Fritz; "and, to complete the quotation, we change with them. I am changed from a young fool into a young man who cannot be altogether a fool, because he has chosen his mate so wisely. Miss Perowne is changed, for she no longer believes in the theories, but in the facts of life. And you are changed, for you were once our enemy and are now our friend."

"I FEAR my friendship will be as unimportant as my enmity proved," said the Freiherr.

"It will not be unimportant to me," said Phoebe in a low tone.

The Freiherr glanced to Fritz as if asking permission for something. The latter nodded almost imperceptibly. Then the old nobleman took the young English girl gently in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks. He said nothing, but there were tears in his eyes. The splendid old iceberg had melted. Perhaps he was thinking of his long-dead wife, perhaps— But pride was not to be permanently defeated, and with an effort he pulled himself together, doffed his hat, and skated stiffly and correctly away.

A moment later the band struck up a waltz. It was the same waltz that Fritz and Phoebe had skated to that January morning on the Rundsee. Their eyes met. In a twinkling their hands joined and they struck out for the rhythmic glories of the ice-waltz. For a while neither spoke, both abandoning themselves silently to the gliding ecstasy of the dance.

Then Fritz broke silence. "Is this better than waltzing with Herr Lugner?" he asked.

"Better, a thousand times better," she breathed, then added with a little laugh: "But that was very good."

Another couple were waltzing near them, and nearly as well, to wit: Saunders and his wife.

"It makes me feel very young again, Robert," the latter was saying, "to see those young people so happy."

"You and I will always be young," said Saunders, "because love like ours is not for a day or a year, but for ever. May their experience be ours. I can wish them no greater blessing from the Giver of all good things."

Mrs. Saunders' hand tightened on her husband's arm. She seemed to find a difficulty in finding her next words. Then with a brave effort she said:

"And may Phoebe ten years hence be as proud of her husband as I am of mine."

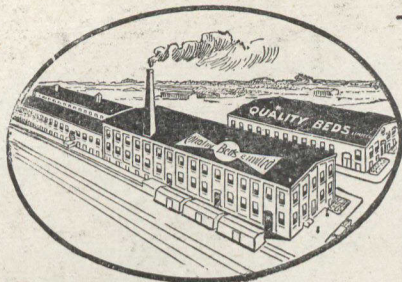
The distant clock of the Domkirche struck the mid-day hour. A strange solemnity seemed to obsess them both, and it did not seem inconsequent to Saunders when his wife said:

"I am thinking of the poor Red Virgin. In her way that strange woman loved you, Robert."

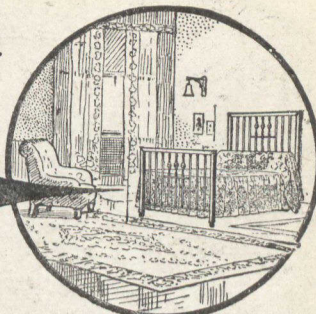
Saunders smiled a little sadly.

"The Red Virgin loved the poor and the sick and little children," he said. "She gave her life to save mine. Love like that cannot hurt one, or come between me and you. It is rather a link to bind us closer. When I come to write my memoirs, I shall set down everything, extenuating nothing, and the world shall hold, as I hold, that in this fierce drama of the interregnum, in that savage clash of forces, the Red Virgin alone fought from unselfish motives, and in her death proved how near humanity can come to the Divine."

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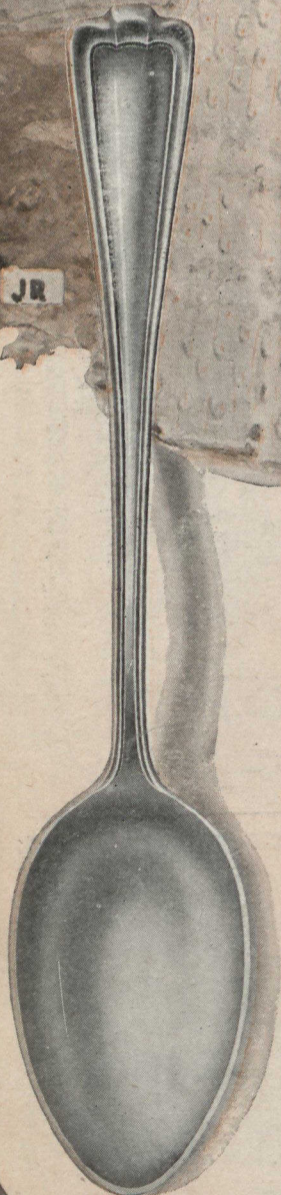
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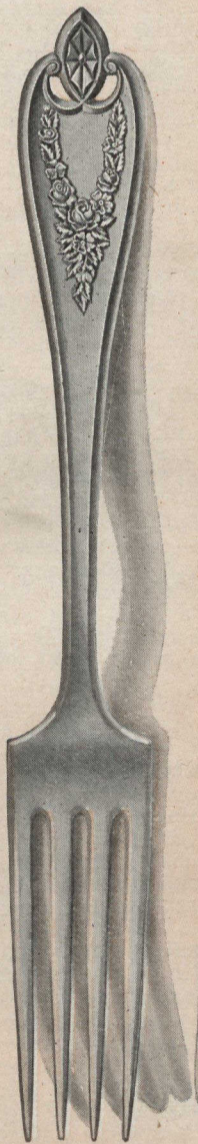
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