

THE CANADIAN COURIER

A NATIONAL
WEEKLY

*Tourist
Number*



Drawn by
GEORGE BUTLER.

1831 or 1911?

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Maritime Provinces
—A Tourist Mecca

Results of Civic
Spirit Competition

Where American
Millionaires
Congregate
By W. Arnot Craick.

Whycocomagh
By Kathryn Munro Tupper.

The Narrow Way
By Kate Seaton.

A Page for Juniors
By Estelle M. Kerr.



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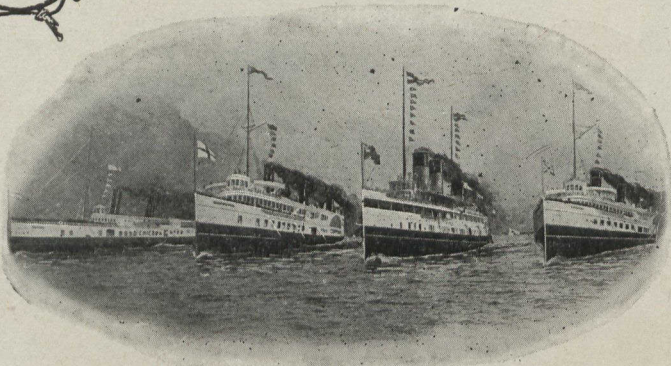
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THE TRADERS BANK of CANADA

INCORPORATED 1885.
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA
Capital and Surplus \$6,650,000

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 2

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Editor's Talk

SOME of the summer holiday and travel spirit will be found in this issue. Canada is becoming more and more popular with the world's travellers, while the temporary northward migration from the United States cities grows steadily. The reader who mails his copy of this week's issue to some friend in the United States will undoubtedly help the movement.

* * *

The essay which won first prize in The Courier's "Civic Spirit Competition" appears in this issue. The other prize essays will be printed in the following issue. Several of the contributions, though not prize-winners, will make excellent reading.

* * *

Nan Moulton's second article on the Mormons of Alberta will be printed next week. Her first article seems to have created great interest, and subsequent articles will strengthen the good impression made by the first.

In a recent article in Everybody's Magazine, ex-Senator Cannon charges that a Mormon refugee from the United States fled to a "polygamous Mormon colony in Alberta." Miss Moulton will tell what she discovered about this phase of Mormon religion.

* * *

Next week's issue will contain the monthly "Woman's Supplement," which has come to be so popular with the women readers of this paper. The following issue will be a Coronation Number, and that of July 1st an Educational Number.

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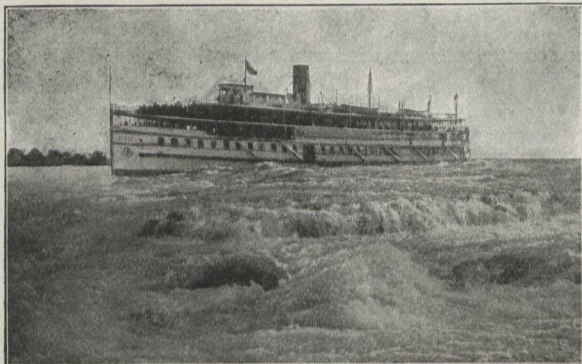
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IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

President D. R. Wilkie's Address at the Annual
Meeting Held 25th May, 1911

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in rising to move the adoption of the report.

The profits of the year have been at the rate of 15.184 per cent, as compared with 14.05 in the previous year. This increase justified your Directors in declaring a higher dividend for the last quarter. By a comparison of the balance sheet with the same return for 30th April, 1910, you will note that the circulation of our bills has increased by about \$650,000, and that deposits have increased \$5,100,000 (about). The total gain in deposits and circulation has been from \$45,302,000 to \$51,052,000. On the other side of the account, liquid assets are \$28,300,000, as against \$23,256,000, and current loans are \$33,571,000, as against \$31,368,000—a condition of affairs which is, I should think, perfectly satisfactory to all concerned.

The additional capital referred to in our last annual report has been taken up most satisfactorily; out of a total allotment of \$975,000, \$769,559 having been already paid up. The additional capital has enabled us to take on valuable business, and the additional dividend charges have been compensated for by a very substantial increase during the year in deposits and circulation.

Our shareholders now number 1,392, as compared with 1,327 in 1910.

The staff has increased in number from 665 in 1910 to 691 in 1911.

The advance in the rate of dividend to twelve per cent, per annum is, I am sure, from expressions of opinions which I have heard here on more than one occasion, in line with your own views. Anyone occupying my responsible position would naturally hesitate before recommending an advance in the usual rate of dividend, unless he is fairly confident that it can be maintained; if not maintained, disappointment is the result; but unless conditions throughout the Dominion change substantially for the worse, or unless we suffer some unlooked for reverse, I do not at the moment see why with our established business and ever-growing reserves and resources, the present dividend should not be earned from year to year.

We are still expanding, and, I think, are doing our full share in providing the country with necessary banking facilities. We have opened up seven new branches during the year and have ten others under way. The first cost of opening these branches is considerable, outside of expenditures upon structures, which may be looked upon as of permanent character, the whole expense has to be provided for out of the profits of the year. Moreover, it is not to be expected that such development will receive an immediate return. We are, as I think other banks are doing, carrying a number of branches which form pivotal or strategical positions and which, although not yielding a profit to-day, are not only protecting more important points from the attack of competitors, but will, themselves, in proper time become directly profitable. We now have, including sub-branches, one hundred and seven offices.

We expended during the year, in connection with new bank premises, over \$250,000, and we have now under construction about half a dozen new buildings, besides incurring the expense of alterations to a number of others, the cost of which will be reported to you in due course.

Our policy and practice to write off each year from this account a sufficient amount to bring the book value of the premises well within what we are satisfied is their realizable value.

The decennial revision and renewal of bank charters has again been postponed by the Dominion Legislature in deference to what was considered to be more important legis-

lation. In the meantime the charters of all banks have been renewed until 1st July, 1912; the policy of the Government and any new provisions in the Act will, it is promised, be announced during the Autumn session of Parliament.

The Government has been reticent so far as regards its own policy, but we have no reason to doubt that what is best in the interests of the country, which are your interests, will be decided upon. As regards the policy of inspection, we are quite willing to submit to any reasonable form of inspection. At the same time we have no faith whatever, any more than the Finance Department itself has faith in Government inspection. Effective Government inspection is impracticable and ineffective—Government inspection would be misleading and dangerous. "Outside" inspection has its advantages, and if it had not been that the whole subject will be threshed out in a few months in Parliament, we should have had some suggestion of our own to submit to you for your approval.

In comparing the returns furnished the Government by the banks on 30th April, 1911, with the returns for the same day in 1910, I find that the paid-up capital of all the banks has grown during the year from \$97,000,000 to \$100,000,000; Reserve from \$78,800,000 to \$85,000,000; Circulation from \$78,000,000 to \$83,000,000; Public Deposits, \$768,000 to \$837,000,000; Total Liabilities have grown from \$993,000,000 to \$1,046,000,000. Amongst the assets, loans in foreign countries have come down from \$161,000,000 in 1910 to \$118,000,000 in 1911. Bear in mind as regards this last item that is an error to suppose that these loans are placed abroad for the purpose of earning a higher rate of interest than can be obtained at home. As a matter of fact they earn less, but they form a part of the necessary cash reserves of the banks, are loaned on readily marketable securities on sharp call, at low rates of interest, and are quickly realizable. The total of these reserves is not excessive when total liabilities of \$1,046,000,000, the greater part of which is payable on demand, are taken into account. Moreover, such loans include the investment of foreign deposits held by the banks having agencies outside of this country amounting to no less than \$69,000,000, so that the net loans of Canadian funds by Canadian banks, elsewhere than in Canada, do not amount in all to more than \$47,000,000.

The Bank Premises Account of all the banks has grown from \$22,400,000 to \$27,000,000. This is not a large amount, when it is borne in mind that the total number of branches over Canada has grown from 2,276 in 1910 to 2,435 in 1911. The total assets of all the banks have grown from \$1,183,000,000 in 1910 to \$1,247,000,000 in 1911. Current loans which represent manufacturing, agricultural, lumbering, mining and all mercantile business have grown from \$645,000,000 to \$719,000,000, so that setting aside an indispensable amount by way of cash reserves against deposits and circulation, it may truthfully be said that the whole amount owing to the banks of Canada to the public of Canada is loaned back again to the public of Canada by the banks of Canada.

As regards the "crops," my latest information is to the effect that the acreage under crop in the three Prairie Provinces is 16,000,000 acres as against 14,850,000 acres in 1910. The total yield of agricultural products in these three provinces in 1910 was valued at \$145,000,000, a falling off from 1909 of no less than \$47,000,000, the result of drought and heat, although the acreage had increased by 1,857,300 acres. The total area of field crops grown in all Canada in 1910 was 32,711,062 and the value \$507,185,000, as compared with 30,065,500 acres and \$532,992,000 in 1909. We are glad to know that the condition of the crops at the present moment is in every respect first-class; there has been an abundance of moisture and there is a sound of gladness throughout the land. The average yield of wheat per acre in the Western Provinces over the past ten years has been 19 bushels, but in 1910 it was only 15 bushels.

Our reports regarding manufacturing interests are uniformly satisfactory. We have reports from a hundred different points and in not one instance is there a complaint. Everywhere prosperity reigns.

There has been a steady emigration to Canada for several years past and I am informed that the present year is to add several hundreds of thousands of most desirable settlers to our population; for the year ending 31st March there were no less than 311,064 new arrivals, compared with 208,794 up to the same date in 1910. The character and desirableness of the new citizens is guaranteed by the fact that all have undergone inspection and have complied with emigration laws. No less than 123,113 of the new arrivals came from the British Isles and 121,451 from the United States. British Columbia has benefited from these new arrivals to the extent of 54,626, Alberta by 44,782, Saskatchewan 40,763, and Manitoba by 34,653; the total population of Manitoba is now 540,000; Saskatchewan and Alberta have 860,000. Although we look upon and have a right to think of our Prairie Provinces as an integral part of ourselves, we must bear in mind that it will not be long before their interests and ambitions may lead them to look somewhat askance at the present dominating influence of the Eastern Provinces. In the meantime the older provinces are contributing of their best blood and bone to the prairie country. The population of some of the older provinces is at a standstill, none are increasing in the same proportion as the Western Provinces. The tendency is westward. Of 1,269 branches in all Canada of the nine leading banks doing business in the West, 616 are in the West, as against 653 in the East.

It must be borne in mind that the prosperity of the country at the moment is largely due to the enormous expenditures of money borrowed from abroad for railway construction. At the present moment there are no less than 1,681 miles of railway actually under construction and no less than 10,000 men employed in the work, in addition to which a further mileage of about 3,000 miles will shortly be under way. The work entails enormous expenditures in the purchase of the natural products of the country, ties, lumber, oats, butter, hay, beef, pork, etc., besides giving help to many new settlers, who, by obtaining temporary employment on the works under construction, are enabled to earn sufficient cash to carry them over the early months of settlement and to make a fair start amongst new and untried surroundings.

We are told by Cobalt authorities that the silver production of that camp during 1910 realized \$14,500,000 (as against a total output in the Yukon of \$4,126,727.60 for the same period), and that the total production since the discovery of the mines is valued at \$47,340,886, more than fifty per cent., perhaps sixty per cent., of which has been paid out in dividends to shareholders. Cobalt produces thirteen per cent. of the total silver production of the world, and apparently there are better things to come as the industry is now being helped by the introduction of electric and compressed air power. Fortunately, also, the market price of silver is advancing. Porcupine is somewhat of an unknown quantity but there is great promise of enormous yields of free milling gold ore. It is gratifying to know that the great belts of fertile land which are even further north than Cobalt and Porcupine are being taken up by a desirable class of settlers; in one district alone not many miles from Cobalt there are over 2,000 farmers who are apparently satisfied with their conditions and who will have a home market, the best market, for everything they produce. But what the north country needs very badly are good wagon roads; these are of almost greater importance to the agriculturist than additional railway facilities and can be furnished much more economically.

The total exports of merchandise and agricultural products during 1910 amounted to \$274,000,000, as against total imports of \$451,000,000. There is no difficulty in finding out where the \$177,000,000 came from.

Our loans abroad were considerably more than \$200,000,000. Our exports of agricultural and forest products fell off during the year in value by \$10,000,000, but our exports of the mine increased from \$40,000,000 to \$43,000,000, and of manufactured goods from \$31,500,000 to \$35,300,000. Our imports of merchandise for 1910 exceeded those of 1909 by \$81,000,000.

The success and wealth which have followed upon the expenditure of immense sums of borrowed money, of money made in honest toil and in real estate, has introduced a period of extravagance by way of personal expenditure that is unparalleled in the history of the country and may yet occasion disaster to many. It is true, however, that business failures are few. Luxuries of every description, motor cars and foreign travel, are now indulged in by thousands who were satisfied a few years ago with short trips by land or water to local points of interest.

I beg to move the adoption of the report.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Vol. X.

June 10, 1911

No. 2

MR. LARKIN AGAIN

THE Tea King is at it again: this time in the political arena. Mr. P. C. Larkin, of Toronto, has recently climbed into the presidency of the Ontario Club, placed there by the Liberals composing that organization. Such a step is not extraordinary for Mr. Larkin; what it may mean is another matter. Mr. Larkin has always taken an interest in public affairs. His party work has been done quietly and earnestly. Much politics he follows in his big library—somewhat after the dilettante mode. Not infrequently he flares out conspicuously as in his cryptic message on reciprocity in the *Globe* this spring. But these spasmodic outbursts of active political interest on the part of Mr. Larkin are invariably succeeded by great periods of calm when the oracle is never heard. Mr. Larkin has been unusually stirring this spring; his acceptance of the Ontario Club presidency, his latest move, may mean that he is developing parliamentary ambitions; though some of his friends point out that the quiet dignity of the Senate and not the tense atmosphere of the Commons is the limit of any vision of Mr. Larkin's Ottawawards. Philanthropic work on the board of the Toronto General Hospital is much more a serious hobby with Mr. Larkin than politics. He rarely misses a Board meeting, and knows the detail of the institution almost as well as the departments of the Salada Tea Company. Of course tea is the big thing to Mr. Larkin. Years ago he was a drummer with a tea dream as elusive, his friends thought, as a pipe dream. The story of how the young traveller in groceries persuaded his customers that selling tea in bulk was antiquated, and introduced British packet tea from Halifax to Vancouver, is one of the romances of Canadian business.

* * *

LEAVING JOURNALISM

THE *Toronto Mail and Empire* has lost its Editor. Mr. Arthur F. Wallis has glided into a civil service sinecure, appointed Registrar of the Surrogate Court of the County of York, by Sir James Whitney. The *Mail's* Editor has been with his paper for thirty-six years. He began journalism in the era before the reporter with a college education. Like Joe Clarke, of the *Toronto daily Star*, the late John Ewan, of the *Globe*, John Robinson, of the *Telegram*, he made the long climb from type-setting to editorial writing. During his career on the *Mail*, Mr. Wallis has seen many changes—several recently in a bunch. The Chief Editor's old guard has been fading away. Not long ago, the whimsical "Kit" deserted; and the genial Flanneur died in harness. Possibly the man who for years gave these their assignments grew lonely in his sanctum upon the old Bay Street corner, Toronto.

Mr. Wallis has a lot of things to look back upon with satisfaction in his useful newspaper life. He has been the "man behind" many a public campaign, many a politician's rise to fame. Sir John A. Macdonald early recognized his abilities. It was Mr. Wallis who reported for the *Mail* the famous National Policy campaign of that statesman. Frequently Mr. Wallis supplied arguments and advice to Sir John, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, and Mr. Borden, before they announced their policies. His most memorable work in political journalism of recent years was his slashing attacks on the Ross Government in Ontario. To Mr. Wallis is given much of the credit of discovering and booming Sir James Whitney. And the doughty first Minister of Ontario has not forgotten his old henchman.

A QUEBEC TRADE MAGNATE

GEORGE ALFRED VANDRY is president-elect of the Federated Boards of Trade of the Province of Quebec, which is the most important commercial body in French Canada. The convention this year came off in Quebec City. There was a national sentiment in it; the members made it understood by their resolutions that they wanted inter-provincial trade as free as is compatible with provincial autonomy. For instance, Hon. Mr. Desjardins, of Montreal, was emphatic in asserting that warrants issued and judgments rendered should be liable to execution in any province. Mr. Vandry for president was a unanimous choice. He is one of the broad business men of Quebec City. As chief executive of the Paquet Manufacturing Company, Mr. Vandry has exercised a potent influence on commercial policy in Quebec. His interest in the affairs of "New" Quebec—where tram cars rattle over the stones down by the Plains, and thick smoke curls over the Citadel—has made him head of the Quebec City Board of Trade as well as the Provincial boards; also president of the Canadian Club, and member of the Quebec Harbour Commission. Away from his desk, Mr. Vandry is a fox hunter, a prominent member of the Quebec Hunt Club—Master of the Hunt this year.

* * *

COL McLEAN, IMPERIALIST

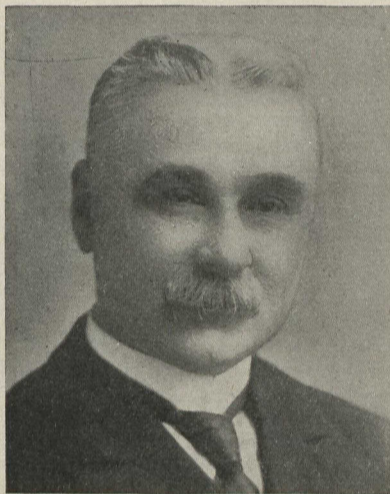
THE pomp and sounds and colour of the King's festivities will be a lyric delight to the men in the ranks of the Canadian Coronation Contingent; Colonel Hugh H. McLean, K.C., M.P., commanding, will probably find the gay Imperialistic London of this June quite to his liking. Imperialism is the Colonel's hobby. He has been fostering it down in New Brunswick now for half a century or thereabouts—in a rather big way for an avocation. In forty-five regimental years he has only missed one annual drill; which minute attention to detail is rather a significant record for a man, who is a lawyer, piloting corporations and a busy parliamentarian.

Colonel McLean is a constructive force in Canadian military circles; he has ideas, also money—and a big bump of initiative to set the two in combination. The War Office knows him. In 1878, a row with Russia threatening, they shook hands with him for his offer of sixty men and himself for the front; and in 1899 they bowed their acknowledgments, for he was ready for the veldt with one hundred guides and trappers—he's practical, mind you—raised at his own expense.

During the major portion of his military career, Colonel McLean has been identified with two regiments, the 62nd St. John Fusiliers, and the 12th Infantry Brigade, both of which he has commanded. Since March

last, he has been Chief of the 28th New Brunswick Dragoons, which consists of four squadrons of dashing cavaliers, organized by himself. In the humdrum barrack life and parade ground manoeuvres, he has taken huge interest. For one thing, he has done a lot of shooting and encouraged it; he was Commander of the Bisley Team in 1899, President of the Provincial Rifle Association in 1900, and still holds down that job. He wants the young idea to squint down the sights; six years ago he took hold of a lot of raw boys, organized them into the St. Andrew's Boy's Brigade, and outfitted them with accoutrements similar to those of the celebrated Black Watch. One of his own sons he gave to the Imperial Army, a young man who saw exciting service in South Africa.

MEN OF TO-DAY



MR. ARTHUR F. WALLIS

Toronto
Who has left editorial chair of *Toronto Mail and Empire* for a Provincial appointment



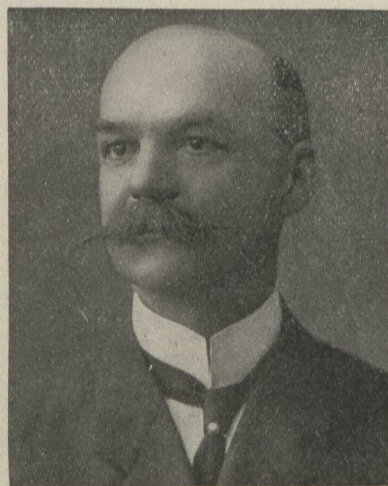
GEORGE ALFRED VANDRY

Quebec
President-elect of the Federated Boards of Trade of the Province of Quebec



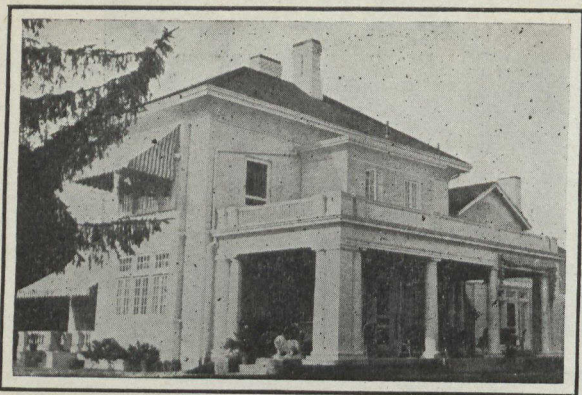
COLONEL HUGH H. McLEAN

St. John
Who is off to England in command of the Canadian coronation contingent



MR. P. C. LARKIN

Toronto
Who has been elected President of the Ontario Club



Geo. A. Howe's Restful Home



Carroll Fitzhugh's Attractive Residence



Home of W. L. Abbott, Former Steel Maker

WHERE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES CONGREGATE

Wealthy Colony's Handsome Houses Add to Cobourg's Charm

By W. ARNOT CRAICK

HERE are two things of which the pretty little town of Cobourg is particularly proud—its horse show and the handsome houses of its American colony. Other towns may be pretty, other towns may have as cool and refreshing a climate but the horse show and the swell houses can't be matched in any town of its size within the bounds of this wide Dominion—not to speak of the people who live in the houses.

Canadians are all tolerably familiar with the species of American holiday-seekers, who crowd the trains and steamboats and fill the hotels from cellar to garret in the good old summer time; they are a common enough variety, occasionally in more ways than one. But the rarer kind, who come along unheralded by brass bands and spend thousands and thousands of dollars in the erection and furnishing of palatial and permanent residences on Canadian soil, is unfortunately less generally known. Cobourg has its share of both, though there is no intention of emphasizing the presence of the former unduly.

To get at the origin of the movement of Americans to the town, one must hark back to the days when the old Arlington Hotel used to stand about as high in the ranks of swell houses of entertainment as the Chateau Frontenac does to-day. It marked the top-notch of style in summer hotels. While its glory has to a certain extent departed, the halo of the past still sheds a lustre about its walls. In the old days when it was first opened it had a great vogue among the officers of the United States army and navy, and for some years it was occupied almost exclusively by what was known about town as "the army and navy crowd." Cobourgers like to recall the season when the old hotel accommodated no fewer than seven admirals of the fleet, most of whom, let it be hoped, were on the retired list. Then in time a different class of people drifted in. A certain social status had been conferred on the place by the presence of the military and naval elements, and the *nouveau riche* were attracted to it, gradually displacing the older frequenters.

But the gay life at a summer hotel, while it suited many people, had no very great attractions for others, and about fifteen years ago a movement set in for the erection or purchase of private residences, which would give their owners a privacy denied them in the hotels. A gentleman, well remembered in Cobourg—Colonel W. P. Chambliss, of Virginia—was the pioneer land-owner. He erected a beautiful home in the town, to which he invited his friends, and extended a generous southern hospitality to all. This gave an example and incentive to others, and from year to year more handsome residences have been erected on choice lots along the borders of the town, until to-day a fringe of them, some costing \$100,000 or more, extends right around from east to west, adding an appearance of great affluence to the place.

The attractions with which Cobourg lures its summer guests are by no means of a loud and showy nature. The merry-go-round, roller-coaster idea is entirely absent. Situated right on the shores of Lake Ontario, and rising from its beach by a slow and gradual ascent, the temperature of the town is cool and refreshing after the sweltering heat waves of Pittsburg, Philadelphia and the south. The houses embowered in foliage and the streets lined with arching shade trees offer a pleasant relief from

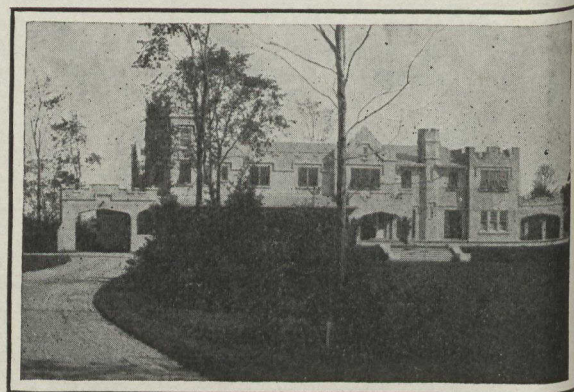
the midsummer glare. For recreation there are motor trips along the country roads extending to Rice Lake, a few miles to the north; golf on the extensive Cobourg links; or tennis on the numerous courts adjoining the American houses. The horse show, which has attained international fame, is held annually in August, and it, with its accompanying festivities, marks the height of the season. While the Americans do not participate in it to any great extent, they are always enthusiastic onlookers.

It may be said, however, that the Americans who have built and occupy summer homes in Cobourg do not go there as a rule for excitement, but rather to escape the heat and to spend pleasant and comfortable days amid attractive surroundings. They must be carefully differentiated from the hotel crowd, which in some seasons has been by no means a credit to the town, if certain Cobourg divines are to be believed.

Pittsburg millionaires own just about the whole east end of Cobourg. From the Arlington along the south side of the main street of the town limits, a distance of three quarters of a mile, every lot with the exception of three, is in the hands of the foreigner. Anti-reciprocityites may be alarmed and exclaim against a policy which admits Americans to the privileges of landowners free of duty. But the people of Cobourg are not antis when it comes to reciprocity in summer visitors, and they have very little objection to seeing their choicest lots falling into the hands of the newcomers knowing very well that the prices obtained are at the top of the market. "The Pittsburg end," it is called, and it is to a large extent a product of the great steel trust; for the greater part of the Pittsburgers who live there from June to October made their pile in steel. Very charming in contrast to the smoke and grime of Pittsburg are the clean, white houses set among the trees and gardens, with an outlook to the south over the broad expanse of the lake and to the north across the graceful, undulating hills of Northumberland. Very different the repose of the lawns and verandahs to the noise and dust of city streets. No wonder these wealthy business men are attracted to their Canadian home when the summer months come round.

Possibly the handsomest estate in this section is that of Willis H. Rowe. Including house, grounds, stables, garage and servants' quarters, it is reputed to have cost him in the neighbourhood of a quarter of a million dollars, a pretty sum of money to lay out on a summer home. Wire fencing made it possible, for that is the industry with which Mr. Rowe has been chiefly associated. Across from him is situated W. L. Abbott's property, extending from the Kingston Road right to the shores of Lake Ontario and covering fifty or sixty acres. Mr. Abbott belongs to the old Carnegie crowd of steel makers and retired from business some years ago, as he says, "before the melon was cut." Adjoining the Abbott estate are the grounds of Fred. G. Kay, a leading real estate man. His house, while hardly as substantial or expensive as some of the others, being built of wood, is, however, a pretty summer residence and the surrounding grounds are charming.

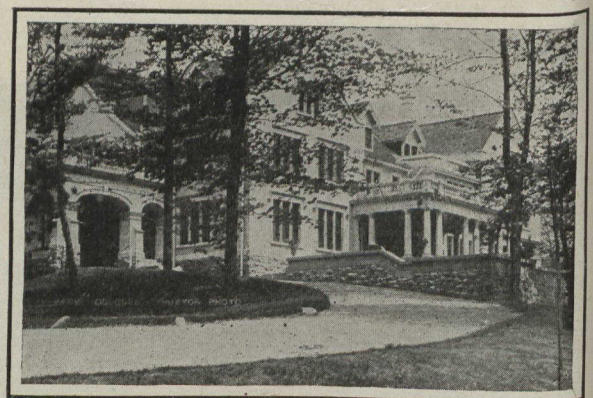
Immediately opposite Mr. Kay's house is the imposing castellated residence of Mr. W. F. McCook,



Imposing Residence of W. F. McCook, Lawyer



Willis H. Rowe's Costly Estate



House on Senator Oliver's Farm



House of the late Charles Donnelley

a prominent corporation lawyer, who is attorney for nearly all the large steel companies in Pittsburg. His property in Cobourg is valued at about seventy thousand dollars. Next come the house and grounds of the late Mr. Charles Donnelley, which are still occupied by the family. The gardens were laid out at great expense by landscape gardeners and are very beautiful, one of the most attractive features being a Japanese pond.

At the eastern extremity of the Pittsburg end stand the residences of General C. L. Fitzhugh, of Pittsburg, and his son, Mr. Carroll Fitzhugh. The General is a Virginian by birth, who fought for the north in the Civil War. He has now become so attached to Cobourg that he has disposed of his Pittsburg residence and makes his permanent home in the Canadian town. A private drive of a quarter of a mile from the Kingston Road, winding through the trees, brings the visitor to the two houses, which are situated in grounds of one hundred acres and fifty acres respectively. Here both father and son live as country gentlemen of means. Another son, Mr. Harry Fitzhugh, has bought and occupies the residence of the late Hon. Geo. S. Boulton, an old resident of Cobourg. He has also won the hand of one of the town's fairest daughters.

On the high ground to the north of the town, with a magnificent view of the lake and the surrounding country for many miles, stands the imposing residence of George T. Oliver. Mr. Oliver is an important personage, being nothing less than one of the two federal senators for the state of Pennsylvania. Representing the steel interests in Congress as he does, he is a steel-clad protectionist. His family is prominent in Pittsburg, one brother who died recently leaving an estate valued at many mil-

lions. His Cobourg property covers several hundred acres and is known as Dungannon Farm. Here he leads in summer the life of a country landlord, with plenty of support in the way of farm hands and domestics to make it realistic.

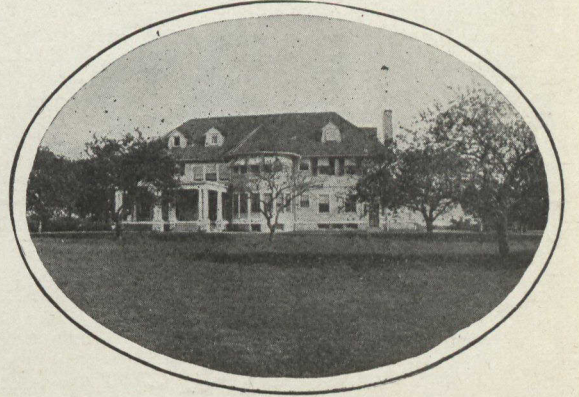
To proceed at this rate to set down the names of the entire American colony one by one would be

Cobourg for many years and owns a nice property in the west end, situated on a hill overlooking Lake Ontario. While her mother was alive, she spent many summers with her daughter in her Canadian home.

Another handsome residence to the west of the town is that of Mrs. Tracy, of St. Louis. The house



Home of Gen. Fitzhugh, a Virginian



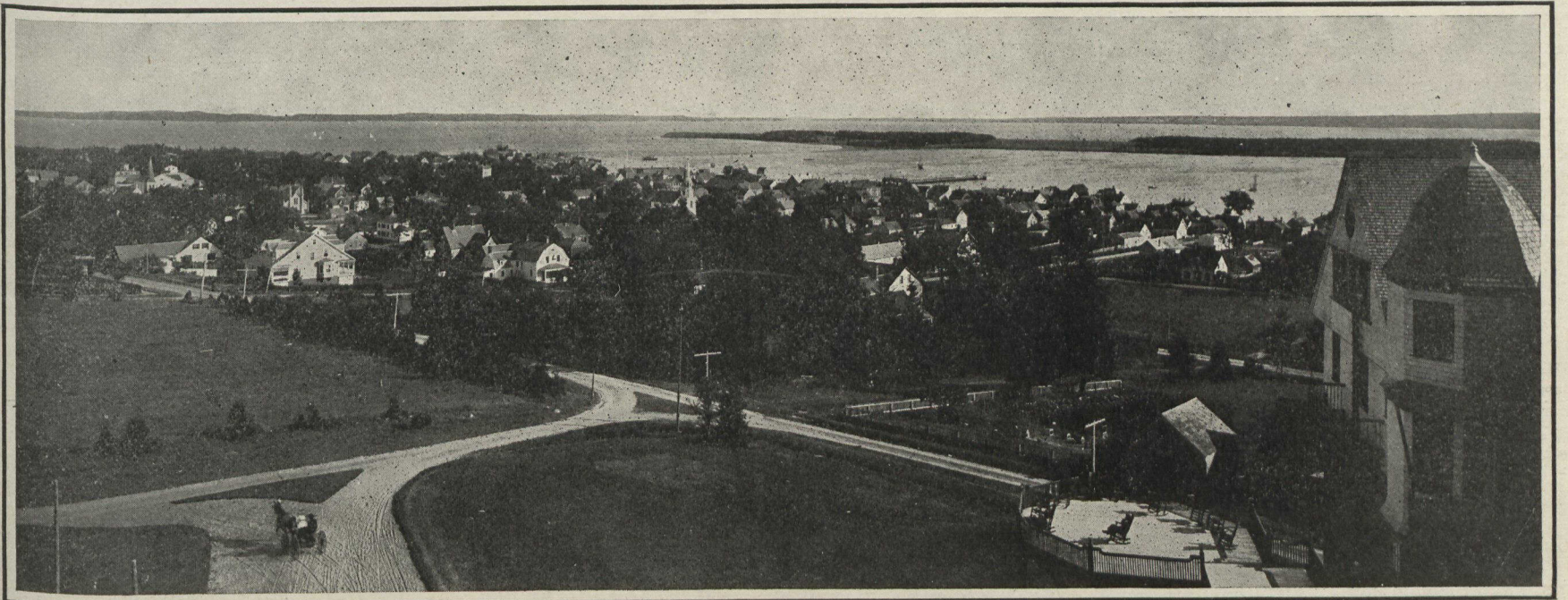
Pretty Home of F. G. Kay, Real Estate Man

wearisome alike for the reader and the writer. At the risk then of offending many worthy people who may think their names should be recorded in this gallery of fame, only one or two personages will be referred to. On no account can Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris be overlooked. To do so would be to omit Cobourg's most brilliant social luminary. Mrs. Sartoris is the daughter of the late President Grant, and is consequently a person of distinction, as she once dwelt in the White House. She has been going to

stands near the lake shore on the site of the old mansion which the late King Edward occupied, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Cobourg in 1860. It is perhaps the most beautifully furnished and decorated of all the American houses and is surrounded with charming lawns and gardens.

The other members of the American colony hail principally from Washington, D.C., and New Orleans, though some come from St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago and other cities.

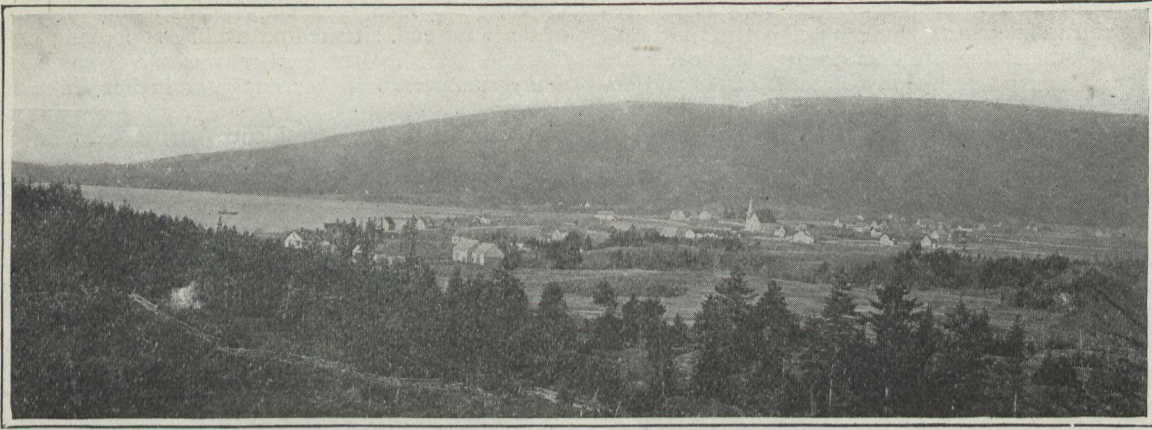
ST. ANDREWS BY THE SEA; THE "BAR HARBOUR" OF CANADA



This Particular View of a Charming New Brunswick Tourist Resort on the Bay of Fundy is Taken From the Verandah of the Algonquin Hotel



Fort Tipperary, the Splendid Summer Residence of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy at St. Andrews by the Sea



Whycocomagh--on the Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton

WYCOCOMAGH: HEAD OF THE WATERS

Interesting Indian Folk-lore of Quaint, Beautiful Village

By KATHRYN MUNRO TUPPER

PICTURESQUE Whycocomagh, quaint and beautiful, lies nestled at the foot of a range of mountains at the western extreme of the famous Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton. Its approach by land or water is equally charming. In the background, the fir-clad heights, intersected by shadowy ravines from whose cool depths ever curl up stray wisps of fog. Along the shore, like a thread of silver, winds the village, its white cottages, foliaged walks and hedges of sweet brier reminding the traveller of Swiss chalets. Lying beneath, the bay, land-locked and amorous of the encircling hills draws down within itself their august image.

Whycocomagh was for hundreds of years an Indian possession. Indian folk-lore has it that centuries before the coming of the white man, on a day far back in unwritten history, a band of Micmacs in their birch-bark canoes paddled into its virgin waters. For eons, countless as the fir-blades on the surrounding mountains, it had awaited their coming. Cudouqui, the Great Spirit, directed them thither. He it was who told them of future events and, when death came, carried them up into the glowing orbs of night, there to wander at happy ease through flowery fields and valleys of luscious fruits. Their story of the creation was that Cudouqui, after He had made all things, took a number of arrows and stuck them into the ground, from whence sprung up men and women who have multiplied in the world till now. And they also had a devil, the Evil Spirit, Mendon, whom they greatly feared. He appears to have been very much like our devil, but they treated him differently. They flattered him, praying him to protect them from evil, which was perhaps a doubtful compliment, he himself being personified evil. However, it appears that they in this way kept in his good graces.

They had indeed found a happy hunting-ground. With arrow and spear they invaded the home of the moose and caribou and the many furred and

feathered denizens of the mighty forest. In winter they clothed themselves in the skins of bears, foxes and martens. He that excelled in hunting and feats of daring and fearlessness was chosen as leader of the tribe. This, moreover, gave him the royal prerogative in affairs of the heart and precluded even the possibility of a rival.

Thus they continued in their mountain fastness, free and untrammelled as its native air, until the inevitable coming of their civilized brethren.

The first to appear were the French. They did not attempt to drive out the Indians, but through the tactics of their government kept on good terms with them. Jesuit missionaries soon followed. A noted French priest, the Abbe Maillard, laboured with great success in the early days at Whycocomagh, and succeeded in the conversion and baptism of the tribe. They still cling to many of their old superstitions, however, and even yet after the lapse of three hundred years strong traces of them remain. The Abbe Maillard gave them a written language, translated the Lord's Prayer, and compiled for their use Indian text-books. Several of these, bearing Maillard's signature, with notes in French and Micmac, are now in the library at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Clearer intelligence naturally followed their conversion, and the old order of things gradually began to change.

When Cape Breton came under English rule the Indians no longer enjoyed unlimited possession, and in 1862 the tribe at Whycocomagh were granted a reservation of two thousand acres a few miles eastward of the present village. They now have a population of over one hundred, with a good school where English is taught, and are undoubtedly the most progressive, intellectually and commercially, of the Nova Scotia Micmacs. They live on small but well-tilled farms, and raise their own stock and vegetables. The old-time wigwam has given place

to modern frame structures. Along the shore skirting the settlement skiffs and canoes lie moored. The Chief of the tribe, Captain Simon Basque, was personally interviewed by the writer one day in August of 1910. I found him busy in the hayfield driving his own mowing-team. With the utmost courtesy he invited me into his house and introduced me to his family. Of keen intelligence, with a practical knowledge of the affairs of the day, and speaking excellent English, he is a leader of whom the tribe are justly proud. In a clear, concise manner, he told me of the present conditions of his people.

"We are," he said, "a self-governing people. Highest in rank is the Grand Chief of the entire Island. Next below is the Captain or Sub-Chief of each tribe. The Grand Chief is elected by acclamation and cannot refuse the appointment. He holds office for life. Should he, however, fail to live up to a certain standard of morals a Great Council is called and the erring leader is unseated. We have in addition to Grand Chief and Captain a Speaker, whose duty it is to deliver speeches, make announcements, call special meetings, and so forth.

"Religious services are regularly held on the reservation by the priest of the parish, and in his absence by myself. On Sunday we meet at chapel and one of the tribe standing outside calls aloud, three times, 'Alasotmanety!' (which means, 'Let us pray!') We have no chapel bell; where there is one the call is dispensed with.

"When one of our tribe dies we hold a religious service, the people being called together by the cry, 'Alasotmanety!' as on Sunday.

"The Mission of Saint Anne's, held every year on the 26th of July, at St. Peter's, in Richmond County, was established in the latter part of the sixteenth century by French missionaries. With us it is the most important event of the year, and it was especially so in the early days, for then took place the year's marriages and baptisms. This was of necessity, not of convenience, for in these times many moons passed between the Abbe's visits. We do not marry during Lent, nor on church holy-days. The first Indian baptism in the Province took place in June, in the year 1610."

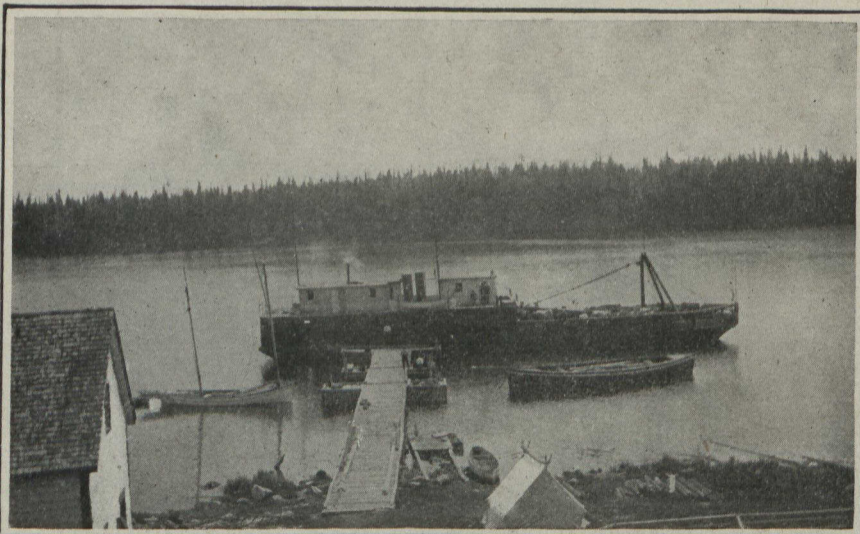
In the course of his narrative the Chief unconsciously showed the proud spirit of his race, and as he spoke of his tribe the dark eyes glowed with the slumbering but unquenchable fire of his blood.

Once seen, Whycocomagh becomes a favourite summer haunt. It has a charm peculiarly its own. The view from the top of Salt Mountain, a bold headland overlooking the Bras d'Or waters, is well worth the climb; and a visit to the Falls, tumbling on their way over huge moss-grown boulders back in their rendezvous among the hills, is something always to be remembered.

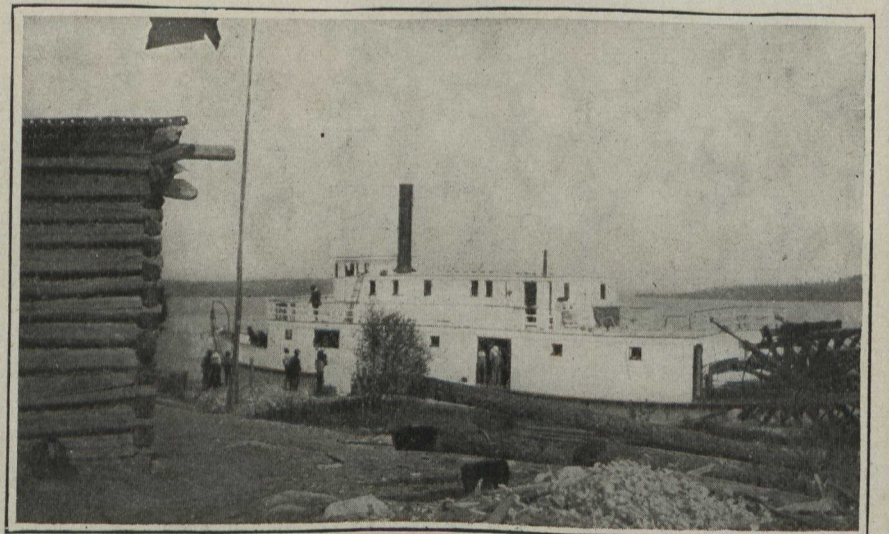
A Tip for Tourists

IF you are going to take a trip, leave behind you your home and your job and their worries. Lock up your house, tell the police to keep an eye on it, get a neighbour to board the cat, and—go! Remember your home address and that of each person to whom you have promised to send picture postcards. Otherwise forget the old town. It will get along just as well if you don't worry.

PIONEER TOURIST TRAVEL IN NORTHERN ONTARIO



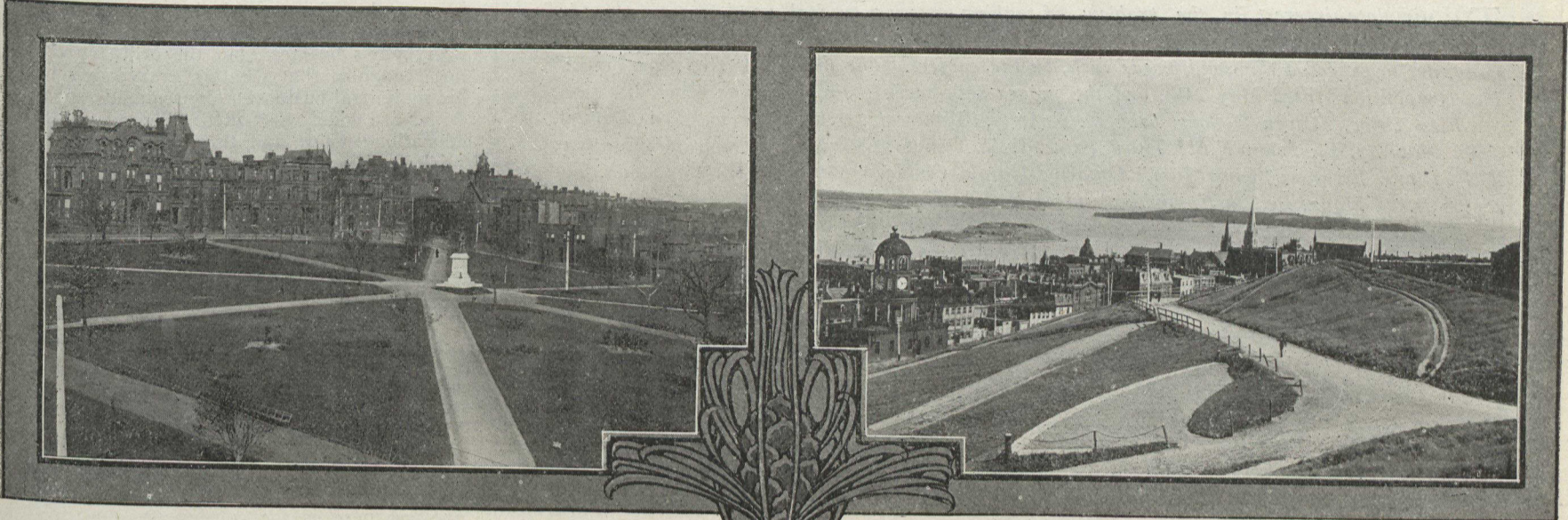
The Minawa on Nipigon Lake



The O'Brien on Sturgeon Lake

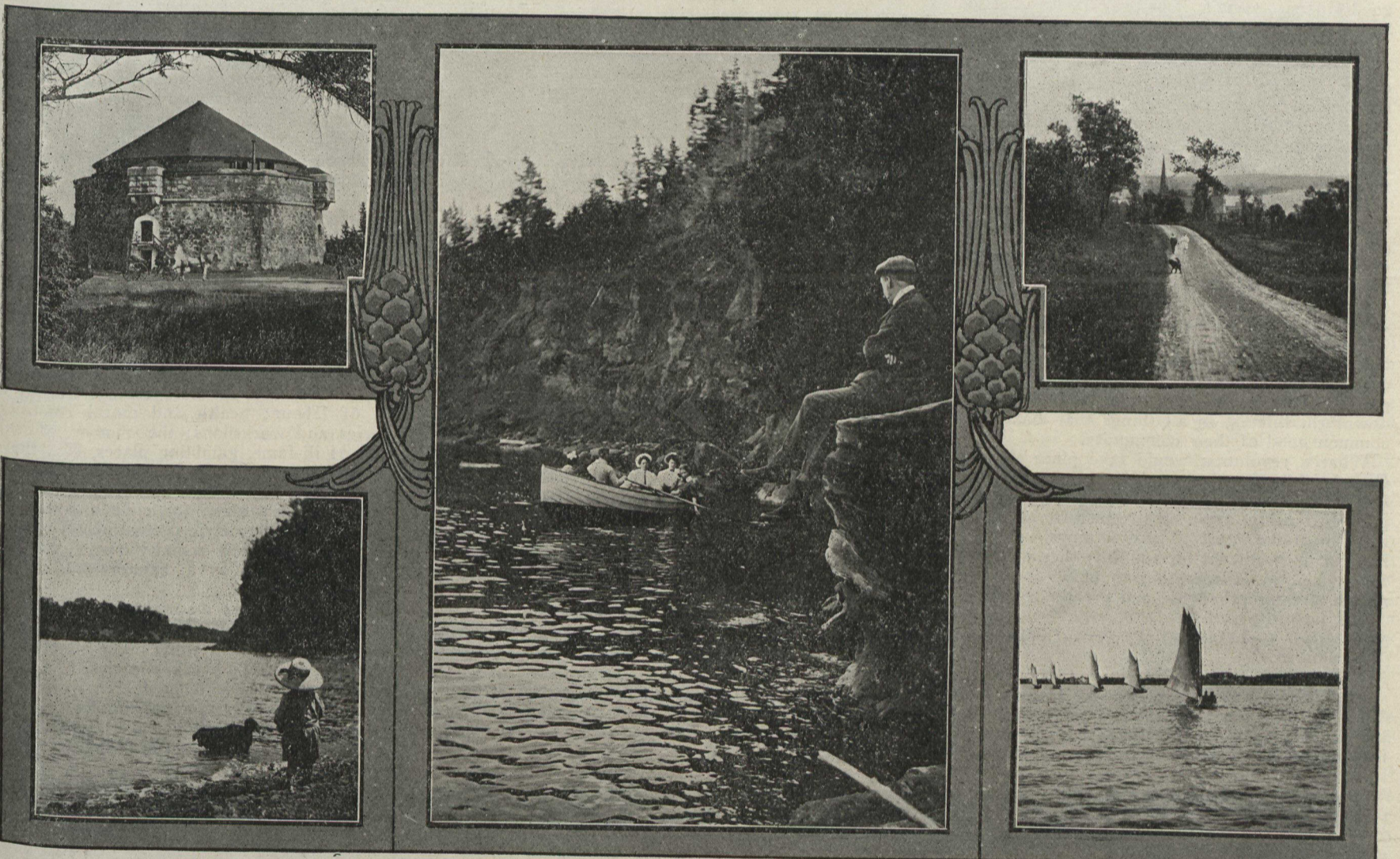
In the western portion of Northern Ontario are two splendid lakes, which are to be reached by the now these steamers are carrying the railway supplies, some prospectors, and a few tourists explorers. Sturgeon Lake is in the centre of a possible gold-mining district. National Transcontinental Railway shortly. Just Next year they will probably carry more tourists.

MARITIME PROVINCES—A TOURIST MECCA



St. John—Queen Square

Halifax—From the Citadel



Martello Tower, Halifax
Beach, Prince Edward Island

Sea Breezes and Boating
on the Prince Edward Island Coast

A Pastoral Scene
Lobster Boat Race, Charlottetown



Red Cliffs moulded by the Atlantic

Far from the Sky scraper

An Attractive Beach in "Surf-land"

CIVIC SPIRIT OF OUR TOWN

TO stimulate interest in the problem of making a town a profitable and pleasant place in which to live, the "Canadian Courier" recently announced a competition for the best essay, not to exceed a thousand words each, on the subject, "The Civic Spirit of Our Town." The competition closed May 24th, and the judges have made their awards as follows:

First Prize, Fifteen Dollars, John H. Roberts, Montreal; Second Prize, Ten Dollars, Colin MacKay, St. John, N.B.; Third Prize, J. M. Denyes, Oakville. Honourable Mention: E. V. Illsey, Trenton; "Civis Sum," Ontario; Harold Childe, Ontario; J. W. Bengough, Toronto; D. V. Mann, British Columbia; and T. W. Sheffield, Regina.

Some of these essays are given herewith, and the others will appear in subsequent issues. Mr. Charles F. Roland, publicity commissioner of Winnipeg, has written a special introduction for the series.

The Civic Spirit

BY CHARLES F. ROLAND.

"MY religion is humanity, my politics patriotism, and my friends shall be my masters." This sentiment is civic spirit. The promotion of the welfare of any community in all its branches demands self interest and the interests of others. Every town is a good town, but it takes good citizens to make it better. Civic spirit makes big, broadminded, progressive and helpful citizens.

Civic spirit makes and multiplies good citizens, who, thoroughly organized for the common good of the community, become the greatest factor in its betterment, socially, financially and commercially. Civic spirit properly defined means the education of the citizen into higher ideals of social and political conditions which promote trade, commerce and finance.

If the text, "Civic Spirit" that the CANADIAN COURIER has taken up, were preached from the pulpits of every church in Canada next Dominion Day, it would mean more for the material prosperity of the country and the tightening of the bonds of fraternal co-operation throughout the Dominion than any national movement ever launched.

Promotive civic spirit can best be done by the holding of revivals where citizens might become enthused with interest in home affairs and where people might become possessed with a real, true, downright interest in all things that make for the common good of their community.

What a revolution would take place throughout Canada if the churches would devote greater thought to this important subject and preach the gospel of good-citizenship from their pulpits at intervals throughout the year! These sermons would surely impress upon citizens the full duty they owe to their fellow-men in co-operating to build up a greater nation, greater provinces, and greater towns.

Suggestion for Opening Prayer.—Dominion Day Service.

ALMIGHTY GOD.—We desire to acknowledge THEE as the giver of life and the author of our human opportunities. We thank THEE for administering to our comfort and happiness and for the

inheritance THOU hast given us in this our home community. We desire to acknowledge THEE as the incarnation of our highest ideal of social justice and business integrity. Help us to see that we are obeying the Divine law and paving the way for higher citizenship. Grant that our motives for progress and development may be carried out in a clean and healthy spirit, free from vanity and self-glory. May we regard ourselves as patriotic civic agents of an honourable calling in all things that make for better citizenship. Bless every effort to impress our community into developing and maintaining civic pride and guide us in all our deliberations so that truth and justice may prevail. Grant that the prosperity of our people may go hand in hand with social righteousness and personal integrity.—In the name of the Master—AMEN.

The Civic Spirit in Montreal

First Prize Essay.

BY JOHN H. ROBERTS.

THE Civic Spirit of our Town is addicted to periodical drunkenness; happily so. At other times it is on the water-waggon, very sober and undemonstrative. If it would leave the "periodical" class and join the "habituals," it would be a better civic spirit. In other words, the Civic Spirit of our Town does not seek to get outside its limitations often enough; its efforts at self-manifestation are spasmodic and not sustained. Like charity, it is long-suffering. When its patience is exhausted it is liable to smash things. Two years ago it awoke. Our Town had been in the grip of grafters for years. Most of our Aldermen were boodlers. Our police force was either inefficient or corrupt, or both. The man in the moon had to cover his nose when ever he sailed over our town because of the stench. Hammered at by a handful of citizens, bludgeoned out of its lethargy by the press, aroused by its own sense of wrong, our Civic Spirit awoke and shook itself and then—things happened. The boodlers were bundled out neck and crop. A Board of Control was elected, the number of Aldermen was cut in two, and the whole system of municipal administration subjected to a process of vacuum-cleaning. So far, so good.

Our Civic Spirit is on the water-waggon again. It is again sober and undemonstrative. The result of this relapse is that our Aldermen are degenerating and conditions generally are approximating to those formerly existing. There are evil influences at work. It pays to graft. Evil doesers play their game because there is money in it. Reformers have their private businesses to attend to. Civic reform is everybody's business, but the ordinary citizen does not recognize that what is everybody's business is his individual business. Consequently social or civic duties are widely neglected. There is a lack of civic educational work, and, therefore, a dearth of public-spirited citizens. Too few of our leading citizens will come forward to bear the burden of elective position. They seem to think that if they were to come out as candidates for any municipal office, their friends would cut them off their visiting lists. The result is that we have a council composed, with a few honourable exceptions, of fifth-rate nonentities, mostly, thank heaven, too non-intellectual to be dangerous. Our Aldermen, instead of realizing that they are to be the builders of a City Beautiful and a City Prosperous, are chiefly concerned in looking after the interests of their individual wards, in building up a ward-machine, and in getting as many of their own supporters on the civic pay-roll as possible.

The remedies are not so easy to prescribe. Our greatest need is the continuous education and development of the Civic Spirit. To do this we should have a federation of the various civic improvement and betterment agencies, the specific work of which should be the creation of a civic conscience and the intelligent direction and supervision of the various units comprising the Federation in their individual work for civic reform. From this Federation would result co-ordination of effort, the understanding of each other's view-point, and the learning of the one basic fact that most reformers never learn, viz., that as evils are interdependent, leaning for support upon each other, so reforms are correlative, each helping each to blaze a trail.

A Civic Commission to study and diagnose the City's diseases is an absolute essential. At heart our people are sound. They desire to have a clean city. They have no time individually to make investigations. A Civic Commission which would make a social survey of our City and find out the truth about our social condition. It would tabulate every tabulatable fact—our exact population, the different nationalities, the number of houses and the number of people living in them; how many families living in one, two, or more rooms; wages; conditions of labour; health and moral conditions in factories and workshops; the number of saloons, houses of ill-fame, gambling places, etc., the cause of immorality; delinquent children; treatment of prisoners in jails, societies at work for civic betterment; forces organized for civic undoing, and so on. What a mighty civic revival would result from the report of such a social survey, covering the above points, made by a disinterested and trustworthy body!

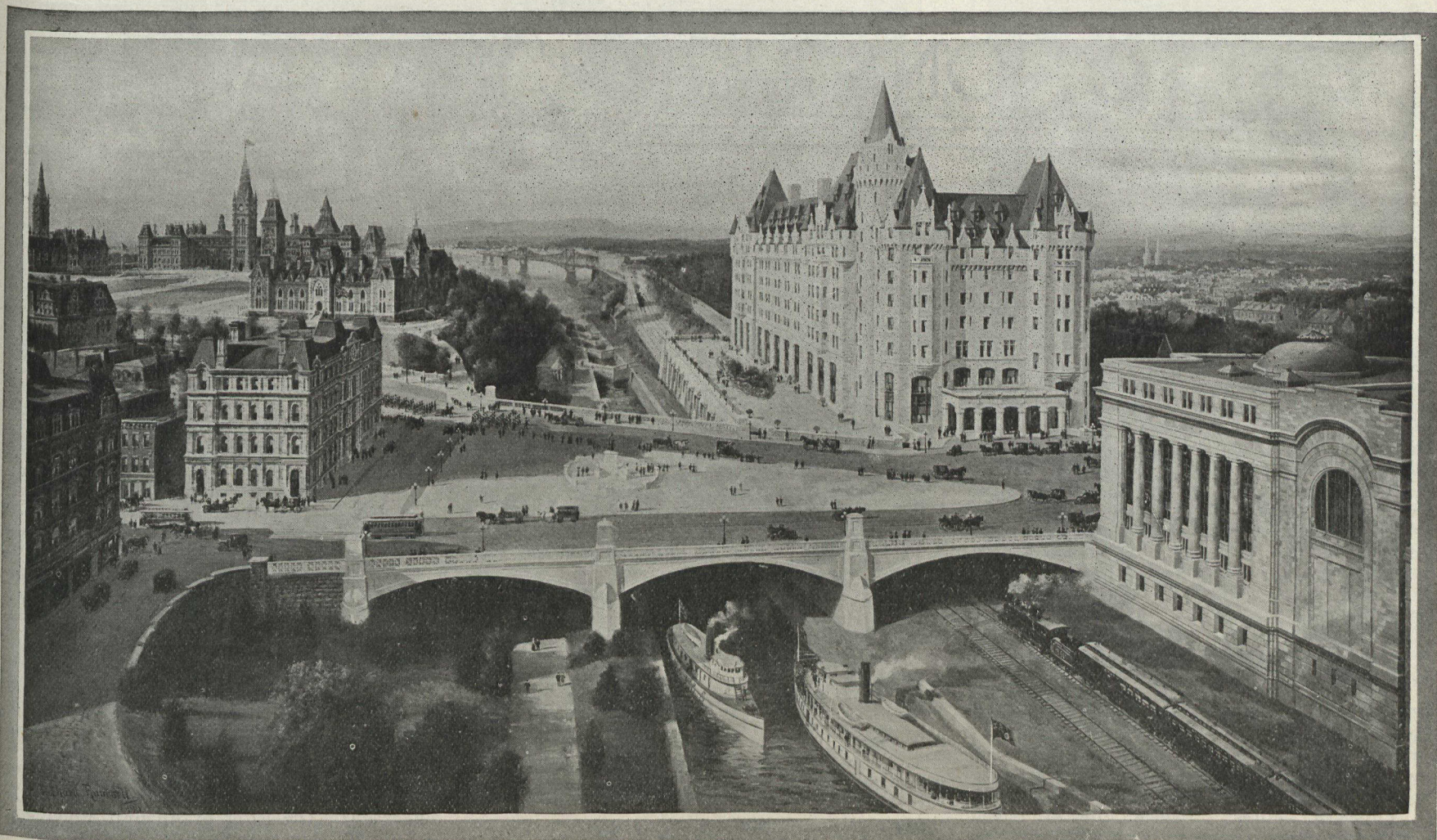
The churches must do more for Civic improvement than they do; our churches must be organized to do social betterment work. The adoption of the Parish system would work miracles. Each church should have a clearly defined area over which to exercise a social oversight, card-indexing its inhabitants, knowing the people and their condition by visitation of the people of the parish by the people



Officers' Mess of the 91st Regiment, Canadian Highlanders, Hamilton, Ont. This picture was taken in the Mess Room of the regiment a few days ago.

Photograph by Cunningham.

IS OTTAWA OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY?



Great Improvements are being made in the appearance of the Capital of the Dominion. This painting shows the Post Office and Parliament Buildings on the left of the Canal, the new Plaza and twin bridges, the Chateau Laurier in Major's Hill Park, and the recently completed Union Station.

Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway.

of the church (not by the minister only), and recording every social fact of importance. And if the churches would undertake this work not simply to get the people into Heaven, but to get Heaven into the people, the churches would gain immeasurably and the City would be saved.

But beyond everything there must come to me and every other man an individual recognition of social duty as a duty that cannot be relegated to another, that if not done by me will be left undone, but performed bravely, cheerfully and unselfishly will make life sweeter and purer.

Our City is the biggest in Canada; I want to see it the best in the World.

The Civic Spirit

Honourable Mention.

BY HAROLD CHILDE.

A CITY or town can have no better asset than a well-directed Civic Spirit. Such a spirit fosters the union which makes for strength, promotes enterprise, makes for progress and elevates municipal life.

But to attain these objects, the Civic Spirit must be well directed. It must be a spirit characterized by breadth of view, courage, definiteness of aim, high ideals, unselfish service. Too often so-called civic spirit is built upon selfishness, jealousy of rivals, worship of quantity rather than quality, blatant materialism, demagogism, lack of moral standards and easy-going acquiescence in the control of affairs by ambitious incompetency. Such a Civic Spirit is as real a curse as the true Civic Spirit is a blessing.

The most common fault in the Civic Spirit of this country is the impression that bigness is the only object to be aimed at in the building up of a municipality. The real estate agent and speculator play too large a part in fixing municipal ideals.

The ordinary citizen is no better off if his property is increasing in value if at the same time taxes and the cost of living are advancing. Few people realize that a town of 8,000 may be made an almost ideal place of residence; that a city of 25,000 may be made infinitely more desirable for a home than a city of a million; that Toronto was a better city ten years ago, before the foreign invasion had destroyed its homogeneity and brought in the problems of slumdom, than it ever will be again. The

ordinary so-called civic spirit is a mere mad rush for population.

Another weakness of our Civic Spirit is the lack of moral courage which induces men of vision to acquiesce in the vulgar ideals of the majority, rather than set themselves to lift public opinion. This pandering to the mistaken idea that growth in size spells progress is a case in point. The same indisposition on the part of leading citizens to fight for their opinions often results in the election of men to offices for which they are not fitted; in the adoption of measures not in the public interest; in the incurring of unnecessary or otherwise undesirable expenditures, and in the unsound financing.

The Civic Spirit which does not induce the most capable and trustworthy citizens to serve in the public bodies of the municipality fails in one of its primary objects. The spread of municipal ownership of public utilities makes it the more necessary that the successful business and professional men of the community should give of their time and ability to the direction of public affairs. Large enterprises, involving big investments, and thorough organization cannot be successfully conducted by men whose experience is limited to a corner grocery. It is at this point that municipal ownership and operation threatens to break down. Men of large affairs are unable or unwilling to find the time for municipal business. It is for the Civic Spirit to create a public opinion which will apply a pressure that will correct this.

Where the Civic Spirit is what it should be, the citizens with means will place not only their time, but also their purses, at the service of the community. I do not refer here so much to gifts to philanthropic objects, as to the development of industrial resources and other natural advantages. Too often there is failure at this point. Towns sigh for factories, but depend on bonuses and outside capital to provide them, whereas the money their own citizens invest in outside enterprises (often foolishly, in projects which return neither capital nor interest) would develop their own communities, and bring indirect returns, even if the industries did not earn big dividends. Peterborough, Oshawa, Brantford and Orillia are towns that owe their industrial prominence largely to home enterprise and home capital.

The Civic Spirit which does not drive politics out of municipal affairs is lacking in health and vigour. Politics have no place in municipal affairs, though they too often poke their nose in there. Their in-

fluence is only evil, and evil continually. If the Civic Spirit be healthy and vigorous, politics will be kept in their own domain, and citizens of both parties will sink political differences in the interests of the community. In too many Ontario towns, the population is split in twain on political lines, and kept in a state of turmoil by political quarrels.

A town with a well-developed Civic Spirit will be characterized by the absence of captious criticism of those in office. Having chosen their leaders, the people should trust them—entirely as to motives, and largely in matters of judgment. The men in office usually know more of the conditions upon which they form their judgment than do their critics. On the other hand, there should be no resentment shown by those in office against criticism of a helpful and constructive nature, particularly on the part of the local press. Very often exactly opposite conditions obtain—there is too much criticism of individuals, and not enough of measures.

The true Civic Spirit recognizes that there are interests paramount over those of the municipality—Provincial interests, National interests, and Imperial interests. It does not go upon the principal that loyalty to one's town is one's first duty. It is not characterized by jealousy of neighbouring towns or cities, and would spurn to act towards them in a mean or unneighbourly fashion—by trying to inveigle established industries out of other towns by offers of bonuses, for instance.

Finally, a Civic Spirit worthy the name will not confine itself to aiding the material progress of its town, but will interest itself in the moral uplift of the community—in beautifying the surroundings, in raising the standard of living, in providing for the education of the young, and for the intellectual nourishment of those of more mature years. It will see to it that the churches, schools and other public buildings are in keeping with the pretensions of the town and that there the parks and playgrounds are adequate for its needs. It will inspire private individuals to improve and beautify their properties for the general good. It will soften political animosities, break down class snobbishness, and promote a unity of aim and strength of purpose by which surprising things will be accomplished for the community.

For inculcating and developing such a Civic Spirit, the chief agency is the local press, backed by the voice and example of a few leading citizens, who have definite civic ideals, and work steadily, patiently and unselfishly towards their attainment.

REFLECTIONS

By THE
EDITOR



The Cool Air of the North

COMFORT during the summer months for the people of the United States means a migration northward. Some of this migration comes to Canada, and we call it tourist traffic. As the population of the United States grows, more and more of this summer tourist traffic comes this way—to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, where the Atlantic provides cool, wholesome breezes, to the St. Lawrence and other river valleys in New Brunswick and Quebec, to the various lake districts in Ontario, to the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific Coast of British Columbia.

Are Canadians taking advantage of this great opportunity as they should? In Ontario, yes. In Quebec, yes. In the Maritime Provinces, no. Ten or twelve years ago, the writer wrote an article on Charlottetown, and pointed out that its greatest need was a huge summer hotel. The people were so angry at being given advice by a man "from Canada" that when a second visit was planned some hot-heads talked of getting a few rotten eggs ready for the occasion. Yet Charlottetown is still without a summer hotel, is still the same "sleepy hollow" as it was at that time. It has one of the most beautiful natural positions on the continent—a charming inland harbour, salt water-bathing, warm days and cool nights, magnificent drives, everything that the tired city dweller from Boston, New York and Pittsburg desires. Prince Edward Island might be the greatest pleasure spot in North America, but there isn't a summer hotel on the Island.

Much the same might be said of other portions of the Maritime Provinces. The tourist traffic goes where the summer hotel is, and the Maritime Provinces lack summer hotels. The C. P. R. has two hotels at St. Andrews, and it will have others. The C. N. R. has done something to help the south-western coast of Nova Scotia. The rest of this great play-ground is served by Government railways, and, therefore, is without hotels. A Government cannot build and operate hotels, and few hotel men are anxious to build along a Government railway. Therefore, the Maritime Provinces will probably continue to get only a comparatively small tourist trade, until such time as private railway corporations get in there and build up the traffic.

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Travel by Rail and Ocean

BESIDES this migration northward from the United States, there has grown up in recent years a traffic by rail and water from all countries of the globe. A few years ago, the routes around the world, or from the Occident to the Orient, did not touch Canada. In the twinkling of an eye almost, Canada got to be part of the highway of the nations. The number of steamers coming from Europe to Quebec and Montreal is ten times greater than it was five years ago, and the human traffic is also ten times as large. The C. P. R. hotels from Quebec to Victoria have done much to make this trip pleasant and to induce tourists to travel more leisurely, and enjoy more of our cool, invigorating climate. The C. N. R. and G. T. P. have also entered on a hotel-building policy. Our trans-continental railways are superior in service and situation to those of the United States, and the traffic between Europe and Asia will ultimately pass largely through this country. Canada will be the Suez Canal of the West, if such a metaphor is permissible.

The ocean trip up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence is much more enjoyable and much more picturesque than an ocean trip with New York as the destination. The overland journey also offers more diversions, more contrasts, and much finer natural scenery. There are no deserts between Montreal and Vancouver, while the Canadian Rockies are superior to those of the United States.

Within ten years much of the summer traffic between Chicago and Europe will go via Montreal and Quebec. The railways are equal, and the steamboats will soon be equal. The Allans, the Canadian Pacific, the White Star and the Canadian Northern, are all straining for this tremendous ocean traffic, and they are bound to get it. Indeed,

already they have much of it, while in the meantime they have completely captured the summer steamer traffic between Canada and Great Britain.

* * *

Politics and Newspapers

POLITICAL writing in Canada has fallen to such a low ebb, that few people take it seriously. For example, Toronto is a Conservative city and will vote down any parliamentary candidate who does not declare against reciprocity, yet the two leading papers of the city are Liberal. The Toronto Tories read the *Globe* and the *Star* because they are good newspapers, and ignore their politics. This is especially easy in the case of the *Star*, because it puts its case mildly and fairly reasonably.

The same state of affairs exists in Montreal with conditions reversed. Montreal is Liberal in its tendencies, but the Liberal *Herald* hasn't anything like the vogue of the anti-reciprocity *Star*. The *Herald's* political editorials do not save it, and the *Star's* political fulminations do not hurt it.

In the United States, a newspaper's reputation depends upon its news and its general value as a newspaper. The political leaning of the paper is subordinate. It is coming to be the same in Canada. Few Tories refuse to read a good Liberal newspaper because of its politics, and few Liberals refuse to take a good Tory paper if it appeals to them in other respects.

The writing of political editorials is being left more and more to weak men, and this probably accounts for the manifest decay of ability and sanity in that form of editorial writing. The best men in the business are doing special writing and general editing where the work is more congenial to the conscience and more beneficial to the savings bank account.

With the decline in political editorials has come an increase in the circulation and earning power of the leading daily papers.

* * *

The Much Abused Minority

SOME Liberal newspapers in Ontario and elsewhere are printing a lot of indignant talk about the iniquity of the Opposition at Ottawa which refuses to let the Majority rule. Isn't it a downright shame? Mr. Borden and his followers are acting disgracefully. They are blocking the voting of supplies and thus preventing the Government from passing reciprocity and generally doing what they blooming please. Why shouldn't Mr. Borden and his minority fold their arms and show that they are the nonentities which the Liberals say they are, and would like them to be?

Seriously, though, what is an Opposition for but to block legislation which they think the country does not approve? If an Opposition cannot do this justly, legally and constitutionally, why have an Opposition at all? Why not let only government supporters sit in the House, and then everything could be done quickly and smoothly?

It is the legitimate right of the Opposition to force a general election if it can. It was done in Great Britain not long ago, and no one criticized the Opposition for doing it. The voters returned the Government to power, and that settled the questions in dispute. It is the only method. It may be inconvenient, it may be expensive, and it may be that the Government will be sustained on appeal, but that does not prove that the Opposition is not acting properly. It would prove only that the Opposition misjudged the attitude of the people.

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British Migration to Canada

IF a citizen moves from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, Canada has lost nothing. If a citizen moves from Great Britain to Canada, the Empire has lost nothing. Therefore the surplus population of the congested portion of the Empire should be encouraged to migrate to the sparsely populated portions of the Empire. This is no loss, and it may be a gain.

This idea was advanced on this page a few weeks

ago, and not wholly approved by the Kingston *Whig*. If Great Britain encouraged its people to go to the colonies it would not be trying to "get rid of them," but rather it would be sending them where they could do most for the flag, the Empire and themselves. Surely a Britisher in Canada earning a surplus over living expenses is a better asset than a Britisher in London whose existence depends largely on charity, state insurance, state employment bureaus and old-age pensions. Of course, if the Empire is only a figment of the imagination, then the *Whig* is right.

* * *

Shooing the Professional Evangelist

AT last the Methodist Church seems to have wakened up to the loss of dignity which it has sustained because of its approval of the professional evangelist. He was a wise preacher who stated at Stratford last week that "evangelism without instruction is the most fruitful source of Methodist backsliding."

Evangelism is all well enough in its way, but when it becomes a profession it is a source of grave danger. It savours of sensationalism, and a religion based on that quality can have little permanence in it. A Conference evangelist might perform valuable service; a professional wandering evangelist does a little good and much harm.

If Methodism would cease pursuing its Workmans and its Jacksons, would allow education and reason great scope, and would rely more fully upon personal contact between pastor and people, its opportunities for growth would be greater.

* * *

Will the United States Confess?

WILL the raising of the Battleship *Maine* in Havana harbour show that the Spaniards were not responsible for the disaster which precipitated the Spanish-American war? Will it place one more black mark against United States diplomacy? The letter of Admiral Melville, written in 1902, but now published for the first time, seems to indicate that Washington was officially informed that the Spaniards were not responsible. Yet Washington allowed the Yellow Press and the over-zealous government contractors to get the nation shouting "Remember the *Maine*."

If an accident happened which put Canada in a bad light, would the Government at Washington allow misinformed public opinion to run riot in that country as happened ten years ago? It seems inconceivable, yet uncontrolled public opinion is a mob and observes only mob rules. Fortunately for us, American diplomacy has gained much in experience and modesty during the past decade.

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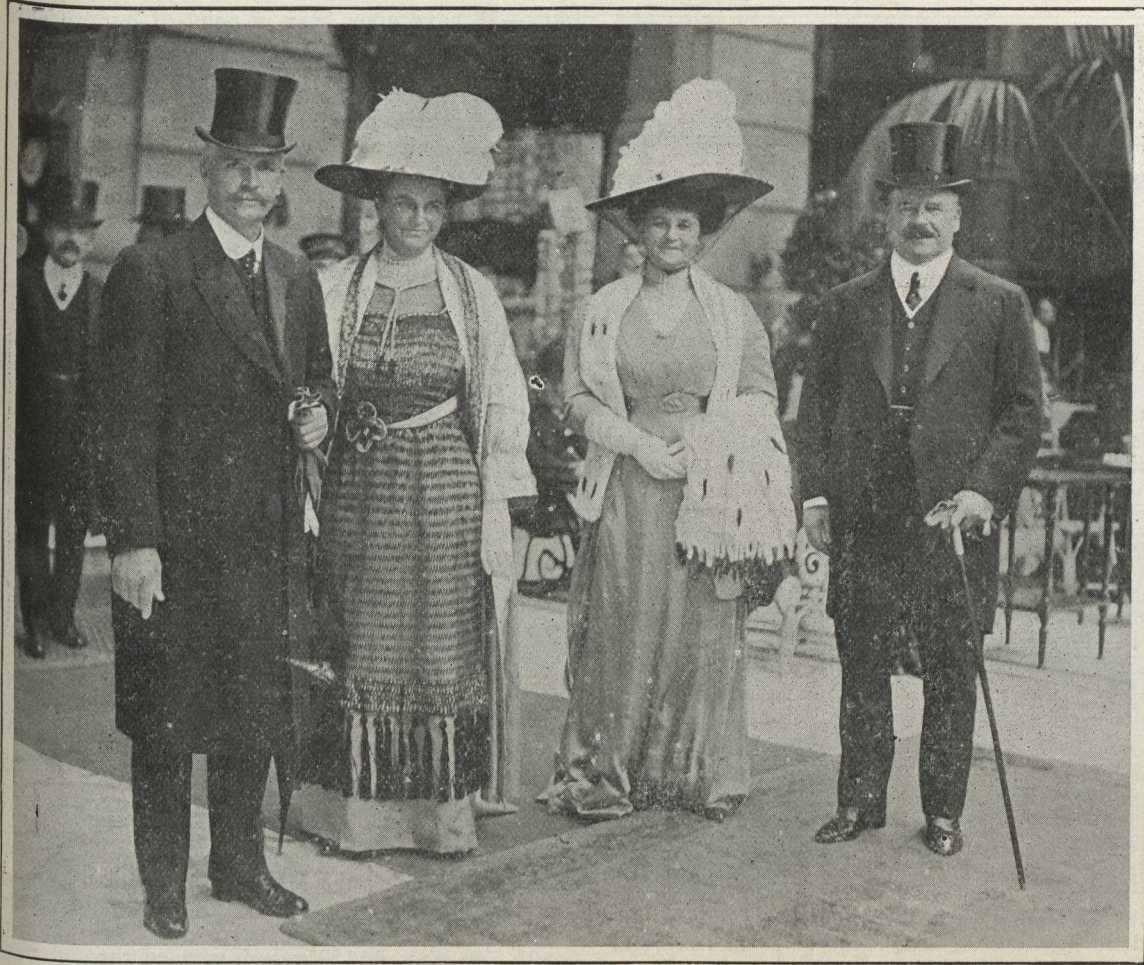
More Fat Jobs Presented

NEARLY every newspaper in Toronto has written eulogistic editorials about the appointment of Mr. Arthur Wallis, editor of the *Mail and Empire*, to a fat position in the gift of Sir James Whitney. With all the kind things that have been said of Mr. Wallis, every journalist in Canada will agree. He is lovable, generous and honourable, and utterly incapable of giving offence in any personal way. His services to the party were worthy of a pension. But why should the Conservative party led by Sir James Whitney pension Mr. Wallis at the public expense? Why not at the party's expense?

The *Globe* replies to this somewhat generously by saying that the same position was once given by the Liberals to Mr. Gordon Brown—presumably for political service. The *Globe's* generosity is not quite equal to its inconsistency. It has been a keen advocate of high standards in public life; but because Mr. Wallis is a journalist, the *Globe* throws these standards into the hell-box in order to approve his appointment. If it is wrong to appoint a member of Parliament, a political organizer, or a ward-worker to public office as a recognition of party service, it is equally wrong to appoint a journalist.

Another appointment announced by the Whitney Government at the same time is even worse. A politician is made Inspector of Insurance for the Province. This is a position requiring highly technical knowledge and special experience, yet the appointee knows as much about insurance as most of us know about aeroplaning.

It is exceedingly strange that Ontario, the leading Province of the Dominion, should complacently allow its civil service to be bedevilled by political appointments. Not that all appointments to the provincial service are based on "pull" or "reward," but enough of them are to keep the service as a whole from realizing its highest possibilities.



Hon. Andrew Fisher, Mrs. Fisher, Lady Ward and Sir Joseph Ward.



Sir Edward P. Morris and Lady Morris.

THE EMPIRE'S PREMIERS GATHER IN LONDON

THAT the Imperial Conference will accomplish much that is definite, is unlikely. Its great benefit will be in the meeting of so many important statesmen from all parts of the Empire, with a consequent exchange of views on many subjects. Before any group of men can

work together to advantage they must have met each other face to face and become acquainted. It is almost impossible for two men who have never met to carry on a satisfactory correspondence, or to act together with common intention. The meeting of so many British Premiers in London will smooth out many difficulties and remove many misunderstandings. This in itself is worth while.

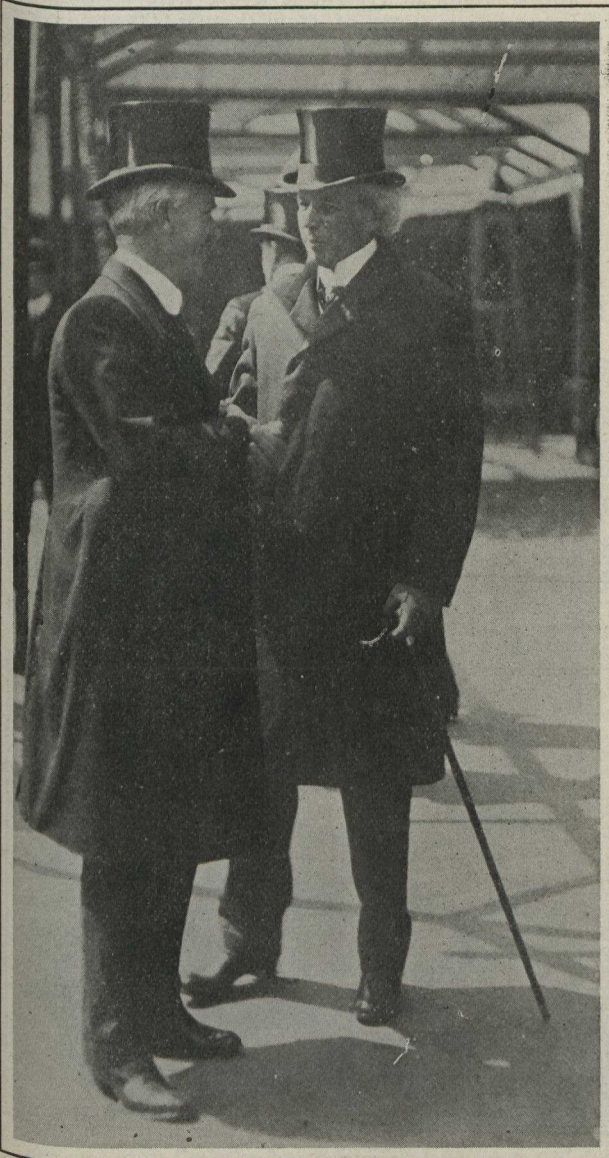
Among these Premiers Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the leading figure, and the reports issued daily indicate that his policy of *laissez faire* in Imperial matters has met with general approval. Sir Wilfrid is determined that all Imperial co-operation shall be based upon voluntary intention rather than obligation. So far as one may gather, the Premiers largely agree with him.

Honourable Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia, is perhaps the most romantic figure at the gathering. A man who rises from coal miner to Prime Minister has accomplished something which appeals to the most ordinary imagination. He was once Secretary of the Ayrshire Miners' Union, was blacklisted by the employers and migrated to Australia. He holds no grudge against his former British employers and returns to London prepared to co-operate for their benefit. In this cabinet of cabinets his influence must be very great. Though an ardent Imperialist he is almost as keen as Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his support of colonial autonomy. His naval policy is practically the same as that adopted by Canada—a home-made fleet stationed in home waters and directed by home authorities, yet always ready in case of Imperial emergency.

Newfoundland is represented by Sir Edward Morris, the Prime Minister, the Honourable Robert Watson, and the Honourable Robert K. Bishop. Sir Edward Morris has been a member of the Newfoundland Legislature for many years, and was a Cabinet Minister as early as 1889. He has been Prime Minister for about two years. The smallness of the colony which he represents prevents him from being a great figure, but he will, nevertheless, do great work for that colony while in London.

Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, is probably the keenest Imperialist at the Conference. He is a successful merchant, a successful Postmaster-General, and is doing fairly well as a Premier.

The Honourable Louis Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, is not a fluent user of the English language, and so his part in the Conference will be largely that of the silent listener. Nevertheless, anything earnestly desired by Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be supported by the South African statesman.



Sir Wilfrid talking with Mr. Fisher.



Sir Wilfrid attending Hamar Greenwood's Wedding.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

A SENSIBLE HONEY-MOON

JUNE is the month of the Bride. The June moon is the honey-moon. A year or so ago, a couple of friends of mine were married; and they observed a honey-moon of so sensible a fashion that I think I will tell you about it in this anything but sentimental department. The marriage took place at a country house. It was a bungalow on a small island in a mountain lake—an ideal spot for happy married lovers. When the marriage ceremony was over, the bride did not hurry upstairs to get into a travelling suit—"ditto" the groom—and then both hurry, flurry, downstairs to dodge confetti and old boots on their way to the cab which should carry them to the train. Nor did they then hurry, worry, through a "wedding tour" that atrocity of modern invention—stared at by strangers, gayed by hotel servants, and pestered by everybody who hoped to make a dollar out of them. They did nothing so silly.

* * *

THEY simply stayed quietly at the island bungalow where the shadows and the silences fell softly at night, while the guests went away in boats, and so eventually to their distant city homes. All the hurry, flurry, worry, was endured by the prosaic people who were not supposed to enter at this particular time into that idyllic dream which comes to fortunate people once in a lifetime—and never oftener. Islanded safe and secure from all the hustle and bustle of the money-grubbing world, these two happy mortals joyfully took the primrose path and looked into the depths of each other's eyes without a thought of how the callous world looks at love—or how lovers look to a callous world. As placid as the bosom of the lake by which they were guarded, their happy hours went by; and each could be all the world for the other, as they could never have been, had some cynical member of that other outside world popped up, at every turn to remind them that love is not all of life, and that even the golden moon of June fades finally from sight.

* * *

THIS keeping of the honey-moon in peace is an English custom. Those who live the "vie de luxe" in that fat green island are in the habit of loaning to young couples their country houses to which they go immediately after the wedding, and spend their days of joy wandering in English lanes and idling in rare old gardens or punting in placid rivers, unpestered by the cares of travel and undisturbed by the interruptions of sight-seeing or other "recreations." Travel can come later. When the groom has become so accustomed to his good fortune that he can take an intelligent interest in an Old Master for at least two minutes at a time without making sure that Angelina has not strayed away and got lost, and when the bride is willing to admit that there are other people in the world beside the golden Arthur, then travel becomes a delight and an education, and not merely a penance. But marriage is quite a big enough event in the lives of most folks to absorb their entire attention for the first four weeks of its existence; and it is a remarkably stupid idea to send young people at this time careering about the world, easy prey to daylight robbers of all sorts and wanting nothing so much as to be left alone.

* * *

OF course, a newly married couple would not like to stay at home. Better the uncaring eyes of strangers than the prying gaze of old friends and new relatives. It is possibly this natural desire to flee those we know at this delicate period in the life of man and maid which has led to the "wedding tour." Not having country houses to loan our children, we send them forth to the hotel and the railway car. But it would surely not be impossible in most cases to manage a honeymoon in somebody's empty house for the expense which is wasted on rushing about from one public place of torture to another. Loving couples are not particular as to the elegance of their surroundings, provided they are secluded and in harmony with the spirit of the hour. One other thing is necessary, I am aware. They must be the sort of place that "all the other girls" would like to stay at under similar circumstances. That is a bride's standard of excellence at the bridal time. She must do what her "chums" approve. But if it were once the custom for "all of us girls" to get some relative's house for our

honey-moons, then that would become the correct thing to do; and honey-moons in hotels would be regarded as common and vulgar.

* * *

I AM strongly of the opinion that a wedding, and all that appertains thereto, should be exactly what the bride wants it to be. It is her wedding. The groom is necessary but not important. That is, his feelings and opinions quite properly do not count. It really does not matter very much to him how things are done, provided he gets the Bride and finally settles down somewhere with her in a Home. Then his tastes and desires become of greater weight than even he imagines that they are worth. But the wedding is purely a Bride's function; and I should like to see every young Bride get her wedding observed in exactly the fashion she would most prefer. Life will seldom look quite so rosy to her again. She may easily be far happier and more content than she had ever dreamed as a girl that it was possible for a human being to be; but there is a golden halo which the dazzled eyes of youth see surrounding the outlines of this portal into serious life, which hardly appears again about any other object, even to the eyes of the most romantic of us.

* * *

AS for the groom, I cannot help feeling that he is just a little apathetic figure. He would resent this feeling very hotly; but he is only a boy—and he has had so little experience in life—and he knows nothing, nothing of women. Yet he is about to attempt to handle with his clumsy fingers that most sensitive thing in the world—a young girl's heart. Hundreds of times will he unwittingly wound it. Hundreds of times will he make it bleed. Hundreds of times will he fill it with shame; and yet, if he will but give it the smallest chance, it will be so proud of him. Still if, through it all, he loves its owner—and this its owner will infallibly know—the wounds he inflicts will heal, and the memory even of the shame will pass; and the boy will gradually come to know that it is as impossible for a man to solve the subtle mystery of womanhood as for a plunging horse to catch the flitting shadow of a swallow.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"The Seventeen"

AMONG the thousands of parties from the ends of the earth arriving in London every day for the King's festivities—swaggering millionaires from America, diamond-laden potentates, from

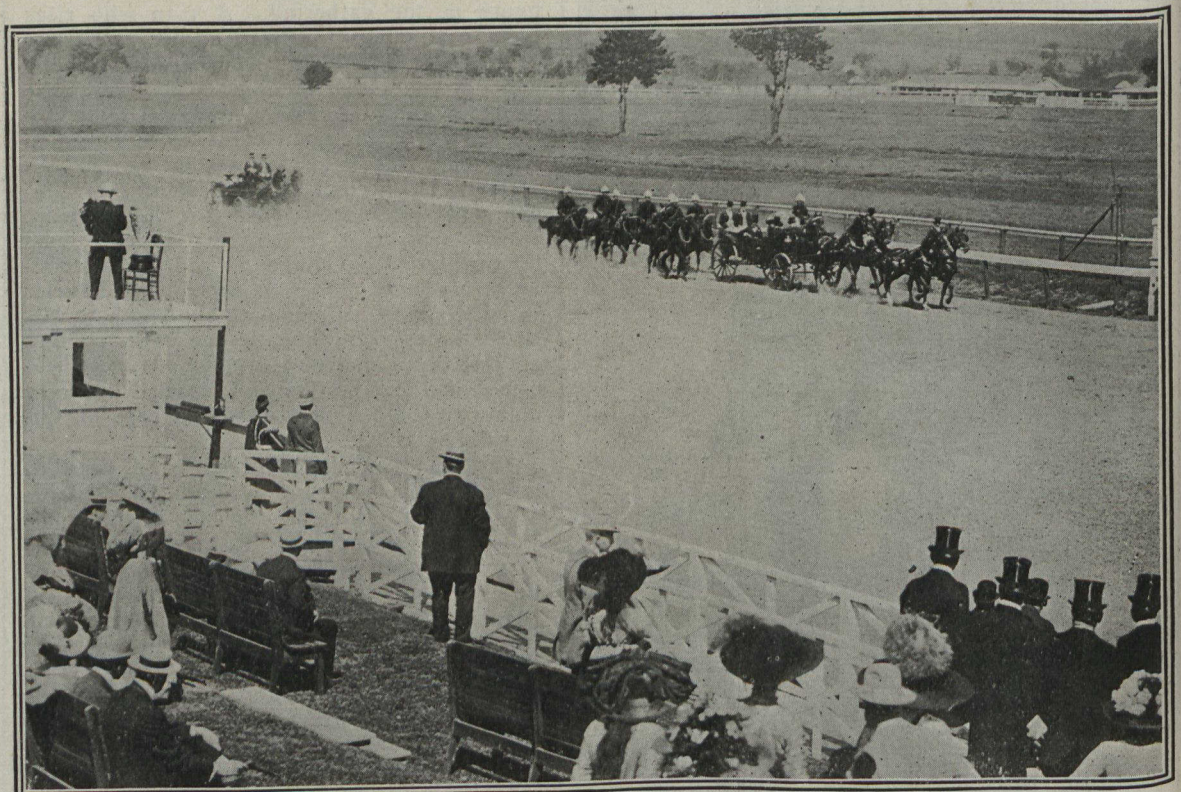
India—all have given way in point of interest during the past ten days to a little silk-hatted gathering at the Colonial office in Downing Street. They are the seventeen Colonial Premiers, and they have been "talking it over." They are as cosmopolitan an assembly as there is in London this June. And they represent the greatest interests in the world to-day these seventeen men. From British possessions in two hemispheres they have come to confer with the heads of his Majesty's Imperial Government on a world-big subject—colonial expansion. They will present every phase of it, for they are experts. By practical experience some of them know colonial government from the town council to the first chair in the Cabinet of a nation. Several of these seventeen are rulers of colonies in whose territory first rate European powers would be lost. Others are first Ministers of subordinate Governments in these nations. The opinion they represent is that of the nation and that of the district—which taken together is as inclusive as can be. The Premiers are in Downing Street on the business of the whole Empire. Sir Wilfrid, the elegant; Botha, the Samson from Africa; Fisher, the Labour protagonist from Australia; Sir Joseph Ward, the New Zealand Irishman—when you look over these giants of the seventeen, you must agree that the personal characteristics of the Colonial Premiers are about as complex as the problems of the Empire which they would solve.

Marine Records at Montreal

THE Big Port has just had a record month. In May last year the Montreal Harbour Commission looked very happy when five million bushels of grain saw Montreal *en tour*. This year in the month just passed, 150 vessels slipped through the Lachine Canal, loaded with six and a half million bushels from the wheat fields. Navigation on the St. Lawrence has only been in session five weeks of the 1911 season. From the way things have been happening, it looks as if Montreal were going to make marine history this year. In five weeks eighty ocean vessels have called at the metropolis; seven hundred lake boats, canal boats and barges have tied up there. The procession of these craft has been commercial pageantry in earnest. The shipping business in Montreal has been piling up totals. Export shipments are fifty per cent. ahead. Human freight is a big item to the fore. Immigration statistics show that 55,000 immigrants have landed in Montreal from eighty boats in five weeks. That is an average of 10,000 a week; last year's weekly dribble of five and six thousand, Canada thought remarkable.

One of the notable additions to the boats which will touch at Montreal this year is the "Ascania," the new big Cunarder, belonging to the only line which sails direct from London and Southampton to Quebec and Montreal.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT BLUE BONNETS



On Saturday last, His Excellency attended the opening day of the Montreal Races, arriving in State with outriders and dragoons.

Photograph by Gleason.

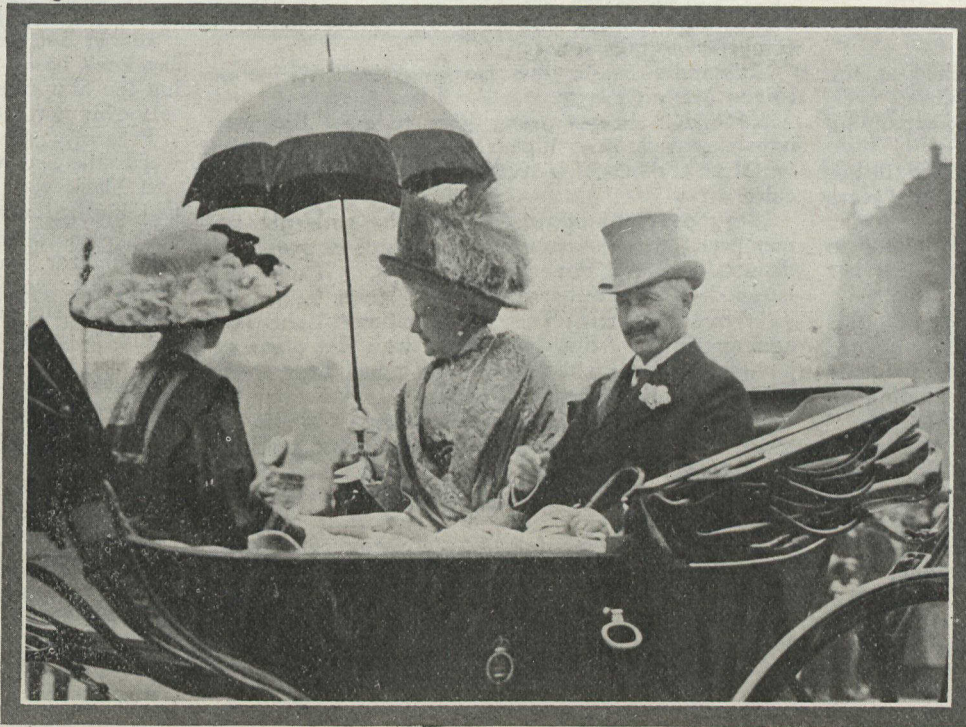
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

German Royalty in London

THE unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial brought to England some forty royal personages, among them being the Kaiser and Kaiserin and their only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, affectionately called by her own people, "The Little Mouse-Princess." Since their arrival in London the gossips have started to talk about the possibility of a marriage between Prince Edward and the young Princess. It may be that the wish was father to the thought, and that many people conceived that an alliance such as this between the two royal families of Great Britain and Germany would be more potent than an arbitration treaty. However, there are many people who find objection to the match. The chief of these is that she is nearly two years older than Prince Edward, and that the fathers of both are first cousins. These two objections can be appreciated by every subject since they are the objections which are most seriously considered when they arise in connection with marriage among all classes of people.

The young Princess is nearly nineteen and is the youngest child and only daughter. Not long ago she was confirmed and presented with her own castle and practically her own court. The castle is at Rheinsburg and has been re-modeled and re-decorated to suit her taste, the colour running mostly to the paler shades for which the Princess has a preference. She is only moderately fond of sport, although she rides a horse exceptionally well, and the castle has been fitted up with an idea to interest her in out-door exercise. There is a tennis court, croquet grounds and even a skating rink. According to the *Ladies' Field*, for an only daughter of a ruling monarch, surrounded by everything that



GUESTS OF THE KING AND QUEEN

The German Emperor and Empress and their only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, who came to London to be present at the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial. The picture was taken as they were leaving Buckingham Palace to lunch at the German Embassy.

Photograph by London News Agency.

might lead a child to be autocratic, she is an exceptionally unspoilt young lady.

The London visit must have been a most interesting one for the Princess, and according to the English papers she has found sight-seeing in the great city a very delightful experience. The King and Queen entertained their Imperial guests to a banquet at the Palace, and also to a command performance of *Money*, a drama by the late Lord Lytton, presented at Drury Lane. On the following day they visited Windsor and the final festivity of the week was the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, to which over two thousand invitations were issued. The Princess should have a great many pleasant memories to take back with her to the Fatherland.

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Canadian Ladies at Court

AMONG the Canadian ladies present at the first court of King George's reign were Lady Strathcona and Mrs. J. Howard, wife of the Agent-General for Nova Scotia. Mrs. Howard presented her daughter, Miss Jean Iris. Miss Howard's gown was splendidly sketched to introduce the flower after which she is named, and the idea was most beautifully carried out by Goringe, the famous London court dressmakers, as is shown in the portrait reproduced on this page. The dress was of white satin, the skirt trimmed with silver beads, and the bodice veiled in silver lattice with a spray of white iris across the front and one sleeve. The train of white satin was bordered all round with silver beads, one corner having exquisite sprays of white iris fastened with a silver bow. The only ornament worn was a magnificent large opal carved to represent the head of Athena. Mrs. F. Orr Lewis and Mrs. Clifford Sifton were also presented. Mrs. Adam Beck was presented at the next court on May 24th.

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Pride Before a Fall

IF Mrs. Eva Willing Astor desired to cause a sensation at the ball given by Lord Winterton, in London, last week, with her impersonation of Kuno, she had her wish, although not in the way she imagined.

The ball room at Claridge was well filled when Mrs. Astor, clad in pink gauze, with a mantle of turquoise blue, and leading a live peacock by a gilded chain, swept into the room. She wore a gown of solid gold, carried a long staff, and wore sandals.

Her progress was a triumph, shared by the peacock, until suddenly the poor bird became frightened, and screaming wildly, broke away and ran about the room, terrifying the women. Lord Falconer and

others finally captured the bird, and put it in a stockade.

* * *

Hamilton Girls to be Housed

A SPECIAL meeting of the Daughters of the Empire of Hamilton was held a few days ago in Swale's Hall, for the purpose of furthering a project for the erection of a clubhouse for young girls in the East-end. Mrs. Cregar, Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Nesbitt spoke in advocacy of the enterprise, and every girl in the audience, which filled the hall, signed the list circulated in endorsement of the scheme. A site with 125 feet frontage on Barton Street East has been purchased, and it is the intention to equip the institution with dormitories and suitable parlors and a garden, in fact, to make it a desirable home for girls.

* * *

Honored by Winnipeg Women

A MEETING of the Winnipeg Woman's Canadian Club was called in the old rose room of the Royal Alexandra Hotel one day last week for the special purpose of conferring an honour on Her Excellency, Countess Grey, and upon Lady McMillan, by placing their names on the honorary membership list of the Club. Miss

Jones, the President, and Mrs. Matheson, both made excellent addresses, the latter proposing the names of Countess Grey and Lady McMillan as honorary members, a motion which was seconded by Mrs. A. W. Ross. A standing vote was taken, after which Miss Gertrude Simpson and Miss Hattie Strang presented the guests of honour with bouquets of exquisite roses. Later, the executive committee entertained their guests at tea in the vice-regal suite, at which a great number of prominent Winnipeg women were present.

The Women's Canadian Clubs are rapidly gaining strength in the various towns and cities.



DOING THE SIGHTS OF LONDON

Princess Victoria Louise has been sight-seeing during her visit to London. She is accompanied by the Princess of Wales who is seen on the steps behind her.

Photograph by London News Agency.



A CANADIAN GIRL AT COURT

Miss Jean Howard, daughter of Major Howard, Agent-General for Nova-Scotia, who was presented at Court on May the tenth.

THE NARROW WAY

A Summer Holiday Lost and Won

By KATE SEATON

I.

MARY CULLODEN sat and looked at the cheque in front of her with dazed eyes, then read again the brief accompanying note of explanation.

An old, long-forgotten debt owing to her father and now discharged to herself more than ten years after his death.

Fifty pounds! It represented untold wealth to the little woman, whose tiny annuity provided her with only the merest necessities of life.

Having once grasped the delightful fact that this mine of wealth, which had so unexpectedly opened before her, was really her own, she sprang suddenly to her feet, a faint flush of excitement lending an air of youth to her slightly careworn face.

Going swiftly to an oak bookshelf, she took down a little pile of variously-coloured papers and booklets issued by different enterprising railway companies and touring agents, and pushing aside her almost untasted breakfast, she spread the alluring programmes on the table before her, leaning over them in a very abandonment of delight.

All her life the quiet English woman, whose fate it had been to live in a narrow groove, had had her gentle soul possessed by an intense desire to travel; she, who had been denied the privilege of viewing the beauties even of her own land, had been consumed by a feverish longing to visit other parts of the world.

Not a soul—least of all her father, who earlier in life, when a degree of prosperity had been his, had set out to satisfy his own cravings for travel—had ever suspected the quiet, shy girl, with the gentle, dreamy nature, to be possessed of any such ambitions. And she, with a rare unselfishness, had carefully hidden her own desires, knowing that what sufficed for one to travel would be totally inadequate for both, and so had remained patiently behind.

After her father's death, her small annuity had proved insufficient to keep on the old home, and she had been compelled to take two small rooms, in keeping with her means.

On the long winter evenings, when books or sewing began to pall on the lonely woman—now quite removed from all the friends of her girlhood—she would take out her little collection of touring programmes and, with a pitiful pretence, would decide on an imaginary tour, which was always to be taken in the coming season.

To-day, with that wonderful cheque smiling up at her from the table, she began once again the old, delightful task—this time with the assurance that the long-coveted opportunity was at last within her reach.

With hands that trembled with excitement, she turned over the leaves of a small booklet; then, with a sigh and a decided little shake of her head, she put aside the alluring prospect of a three months' tour, ending with a month in Imperial Rome. That had been the height of her ambition, the point to which she had soared in her wildest dreams; but fifty pounds—large as the sum had seemed at first—would scarcely suffice for that!

She seized a loose leaflet, and, with a soft little laugh, carefully spread it out in front of her; then, drawing a blank sheet towards her, began scribbling down various items, and added them together with a pleased air of satisfaction.

"Yes," she murmured decidedly, "that will be the one. Two months in lovely Switzerland! That dream at least shall come true!"

Half an hour later, the flush of excitement still on her face, she was hurrying out to make a few necessary purchases for her coming visit to the land of snow-capped mountains and sunshine. Just a quiet evening dress, a tweed costume, and a few blouses would suffice, she decided.

As she ran lightly down the stairs, she heard a harsh complaining voice from behind the closed door on the lower landing, and with a shrinking gesture would have hurried on out of reach of the unpleasant sound. But before she had crossed the landing, the door swung suddenly open and a tall, angular woman came quickly out.

"Good morning, Mrs. Marsh," said Mary, with her gentle smile, feeling, in the flush of her own joy, a sudden pity for the woman whose disagreeable manner had alienated the sympathies of those who would have been friendly towards her, and who had made herself so generally disliked by all the occupants of the third-rate boarding house where,

like so many others with small means, she had been compelled to take refuge.

"It's quite bright this morning, isn't it?" continued Mary cheerily.

"Humph! Seems pretty grey to me. But perhaps the sky's bluer higher up where your window is, Miss Culloden," retorted Mrs. Marsh sarcastically.

Mary coloured confusedly, as she suddenly remembered that the morning was indeed grey and dismal, the sky dark and overcast. Then she laughed—a shy, embarrassed little laugh.

"Why, of course; how stupid of me!" she said apologetically. "But—you see, I was just planning a holiday—to Switzerland, and must have been thinking of the blue skies there."

She looked wistfully for some sign of kindly interest or congratulation from her companion; but the gloomy expression only deepened on Mrs. Marsh's face, as she ejaculated in an aggrieved voice:

"Well to be some folks! Here you can go off on an expensive holiday like that, while I"—her voice trembled suddenly—"I must just see my child fade before my eyes for want of the fresh sea breezes I can't afford to give her!"

Mary Culloden's face clouded instantly.

"HOW is Jenny this morning?" she asked, almost guiltily.

"As bad as one would expect, after a wretched night," snapped Mrs. Marsh abruptly.

"Is there anything she could fancy?" began Mary gently. "I am going up to town and could bring—"

"The only thing Jenny fancies is the thing she can't have," interrupted Mrs. Marsh sharply. "But don't let me keep you," she finished pointedly, and turning back into her room she closed the door with a decided little click.

Mary Culloden half paused; then turned, and, with a little sigh, passed slowly down the remaining

flight of stairs, the radiance gone from her face, and in her eyes an expression of perplexity and pain.

The next few days found her busily turning out her old trunks, from whose mysterious depths scraps of rare lace, filmy scarves and other oddments, long forgotten, were unearthed and set aside to augment the modest little wardrobe which was to be used on this wonderful holiday.

But at last her arrangements were completed, and she knelt beside a new dress-basket carefully packing the first layer of things, humming softly to herself over her pleasant task.

Presently she rose and glanced with a smile towards the bed, where lay a pretty evening dress of soft black veil. She had already tried it on, and had blushed with shy pleasure at the sight of the slim, graceful figure, reflected in the narrow wardrobe mirror, and she was looking forward to the time—now so delightfully near—when she would wear it in the quiet Swiss *pension* to which she was going, with all the innocent enjoyment of a young girl.

A sharp rap started her from her happy reverie, but before she could cross the room Mrs. Marsh opened the door and came hurriedly in.

"Jenny's bad again," she began without preface; then stopped and glanced about her with a quick frown. "I see you are busy," she said more slowly, "so I'd better not trouble you now."

Mary looked pityingly into the tired, worn face, and stepped suddenly forward, as if to hide from the unhappy woman the evidences of her own approaching enjoyment.

"I'm not too busy to do anything for Jenny," she said quickly. "Is there something you were wanting?"

"I was going to ask you if you would get me this prescription made up at the chemist's, if you were going out," returned Mrs. Marsh wearily; "but it doesn't matter."

"Of course I will," responded Mary promptly. "Please give it to me. I shall soon be ready."

With her usual ungracious manner, and without a word of thanks, Mrs. Marsh handed her the paper, and with another glance at the open box abruptly left the room.

As the door closed behind her, Mary stooped and hastily closed the lid of her trunk, with what, for her, might have been termed a decidedly vicious movement. Then she turned and, ruthlessly sweeping together the array of pretty blouses and the dress lying on the bed, hastily thrust them into a small wardrobe.

She felt as miserable and guilty as if she had intentionally flaunted her own happiness before another less fortunate than herself, and without delay she set out to fulfil her commission at the nearest chemist's.

When she returned to her own room, after leaving the small bottle of medicine with Mrs. Marsh, she threw off her hat with a gesture of relief, but instead of renewing her delightful occupation, she sat gazing drearily in front of her, her face white and tired—like one who had fought a hard fight and was now experiencing the reaction.

She realized now that the sacrifice she was about to make had raised a beckoning finger to her from the very first. Even on that memorable morning when her newly-acquired riches had made possible the realization of her long-cherished ambition, she had been conscious of it. The trouble of her neighbour, even then, had cast a shadow over her own radiant sky, and a small voice had whispered to her of another way. But for once, she had deliberately shirked the path of sacrifice; nay, had resolutely shut her eyes to the beckoning hand and her ears to the unwelcome voice, and had wilfully chosen the more alluring path of her own desires.

Now at last she realized that she could not follow it; she could not go gaily off to the sunny, snow-clad mountains and leave poor Jenny languishing here.

A week later, the rooms below Mary Culloden's were silent and empty. Some generously disposed



Tell me about the Old Man of the Sea an' the Pale Princess.

(Continued on page 23.)



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



Flower Ladies

BY AUNT HELEN.

I AM afraid if I told you about my garden—a narrow strip of ground shut in by tall city houses—you would find the tale as barren as the soil, so instead I shall tell of a garden that was full of delights for me when years ago I used to visit my kind but strict old grandmother.

The country road about the town where my grandmother lived, was none too fertile, and the winters set in early in those parts, but the ground behind the house through years of toil and loving care, had been made to bloom like a garden of Italy. A white sundial stood in the centre of a circular rose-bed, and lesser flowers bloomed in segments of the outer circles, intersected by gravel paths and bordered neatly with sweet elysium, while verberna, phlox and sweet William grew like weeds, and portulaca spilled its cups of silver seeds and tried to swamp the garden and bloom even in the pathways. Sweet peas, larkspur, canterbury bells and love-in-the-mist, formed a hedge between the garden and the smooth green croquet lawn where gaily-coloured humming-birds fluttered invisible wings around tall white urns brimming over with sweet-scented blossoms, while holly-hocks, sunflowers and dahlias nodded and smiled from the opposite wall.

Beside the orchard wall stood a summer-house, vine-covered and tenanted by spiders and other creepy, crawly things, a place I never entered but found useful, as it aided me in scaling the wall when I went to play with the little girl next door. It would have been much simpler for us to visit each other by means of the street and other respective gates, but there was a charm and mystery about this wall-climbing—a thing my grandmother would have prohibited if she had dreamed I was capable of such an unladylike proceeding. Even the companionship of the little girl was discouraged, for my grandmother considered her "rough." I sometimes wondered if the little girl's mother, who heard the whistling and saw the climbing, had a similar opinion of me—I cannot remember the little girl's name, only that she had a lock of dark hair that was constantly falling over her eyes and to be shoved back, and that she taught me a fascinating game called "mubley-pig," which we used to play by the hour while grandmother was busy among her flowers.

At other times we would steal up to the garden and gather our aprons full of flowers, returning to the shady orchard to play our favourite game of "Flower-ladies." By standing the flowers on their heads with their stems sticking up we fancied they resembled gaily-dressed ladies in voluminous skirts. Mrs. Dahlia, pompous and gaudy; Miss Carnation, slender and sweet; and poor Sweet Pea, who was a cripple and could never stand upright, but lay on a sofa all day long. Madame Rose and her pretty daughters, Rosebud and Sweet Briar, led the social life of our flower village beneath the apple trees, and the Geraniums were a prosperous and prominent family, though some of the flowers thought them "common." It was great fun to arrange them in families, name them and find them a home and the necessary furniture for simple housekeeping.

The Asters were a good, reliable family. There was Mrs. Aster in purple, and her daughters, Violet, Blanche, Rose and Daisy, all very nice girls, but their aunt, Mrs. Dahlia, was constantly making trouble, and getting herself generally disliked. Then there was Lily White, the finest girl in the village, who was always doing sweet, unselfish things, and spent half her time nursing poor Sweet Pea, but her mother, Mrs. Tiger Lily, had a dreadful temper, and made life so miserable for her that the poor girl wanted to become a nun! The Geraniums were fond of giving garden parties and it was a pretty sight to see the flowers in their green bodices and skirts of every hue, dancing together on the green. Sometimes the Wild Flowers came to look

on, but they were only invited on one occasion, and then they disgraced themselves by their loud voices and rude manners. On one occasion a hot-house Rose came from the city, and she looked so lovely that the garden flowers stared at her enviously, even her country cousins looked fat and red beside her fair loveliness, but alas, her beauty faded in an hour, the fresh air was too much for her and she was forced to rest in the shade with wet cloths on her head.

The entire population of Flower Village was feminine and it was surprising to see how well the fair sex got along by themselves. On the rare occasions when the events of the day called for a man, a forked stick was produced, to stand for the doctor, the clergyman or the bridegroom. I remember the wedding of Rose White—a brilliant affair—when the Carnation girls in pink, and the Asters in mauve acted as bridesmaids with two little Daisies at the end of the bridal procession. The bridal arch was hung with bells of lily-of-the-valley, wild canaries sang the wedding-march and all the villagers in their best clothes assembled on the green. It was only when the ceremony was half over that we remembered we had forgotten to provide a groom.

The last day I spent in the garden, the Marigolds gave a luncheon party. A cloth of white petals was spread on the ground and the flowers drank nectar from acorn cups and saucers. While the sun was at its highest my grandmother called me to get ready to drive to the station and I had to leave the dear garden and say good bye to my little



The Wedding of White Rose

friend whom I never saw again. The last glimpse of her was a black-stockinged leg that vanished over the wall.

* * *

My Garden

Brockville, May 26th, 1911.

DEAR Aunt Helen,—My lovely garden is in bloom, and it is so pretty. You have never seen it, have you? Then I'll walk through the different paths and tell you as best I can, though I have not words beautiful enough to describe my garden. Everything is so beautifully kept in wild tangles and clusters by my gardener, Nature, who carefully watches over each little plant. Some time in May our family move out of town to our summer cottage on the banks of the dear old St. Lawrence. Then every day I inspect my garden, picking and smelling the flowers. In the woods at the back of our house the trilliums and May flowers, the little purple and white hepaticas, which peep from under the dried leaves, are the first to come. Then the modest little Violet, in its rich dark purple gown, hides among the green leaves in the shade, and the bright red Columbines cling to the cliffs by the roadside. Then go to the marsh, and among the stately ferns, you'll see the gold, oh, the gold of the Marsh-marigolds, that blend with the lovely variety of greens!

But the inevitable hour comes to flowers as to us in a certain sense. They wither and die, and I go to

another corner of my garden. In the swamp the bright blue and purple Flags, or Irises, dance with the Bull-rushes. Look, oh look, at the bush of Wild Roses, tossing their pretty heads in the breeze! Can't you see it all?

The country roadside is bordered with Buttercups to catch every drop of glistening dew that falls. Look through the rustic fences into the fields at the sea of Daisies; aren't they pretty in their spotless-white frocks? And see, amongst them, is the rare, coveted brown-eyed Susans (or ox-eyed Daisy). And last of all we gather in the tall, yellow stalks of the Goldenrod. Oh, it makes such a pretty scene, and how I love it! So the long summer passes, each day new beauties spring up and Fall approaches. We'll have to turn to another corner of the garden.

What has happened since the strawberry, raspberry and blackberry blossoms died? Why, the fruit has been ripening. Oh, those ruscious berries, how good they are, as one after another, you pop them into your mouth.

And what about the hickory, butternut and sweet acorn trees? Their fruit is coming, too. And soon for, far too soon, my wonderful harvest is over, and the snow tenderly tucks my garden under her warm, cosy blanket for the winter.

Yours truly,
DOROTHY BUELL.

* * *

Garden Days

By FRANCIS CIEMAN (Age 13.)

"I AM, Eras, Erat, Eram. Oh! I am sick of studying Latin," I exclaimed as I arose from the hammock. I had studied patiently in the garden for a *whole half hour!* It was very hot and the sun was pouring down upon me. I looked around the garden and seemed to find more amusement now than I had for a long time before.

Mamma had entrusted the garden in my care, and

I was very proud of it at that moment, as I looked about me. At the end of the long rectangular garden is the "Kitchen Patch," and on each side is a long, narrow flower border. To my right is a large apple tree, and about the centre is an old pear tree.

"Frances, Frances!" It was my mother calling me. I ran to the house to see what was required of me. To my great delight I was told to water the garden. This was better than studying. It was cooler now and the sun was not pouring down so fiercely upon me.

I commenced to water the flowers near the entrance. The sun-flowers had not yet peeped their heads above the ground. The asters were sprouting forth in little shoots. The apple tree buds were swelling and will soon burst into blossom. The morning-glories were showing themselves in little double leaves, and some stray dandelions were closing their long, green lashes. I was now at the "Kitchen Patch." It consists of

five long beds. In the first I had set carrots. They were growing very rapidly, having two leaves on each stem. In the next row were radishes, a few of which were peeping out of the ground. I was amazed when I saw that the lettuce in the next bed had grown to such an extent that there were scores of them crowded together. The beets were shooting up in red leaves, which were enclosed about each other. The cucumbers in the last bed were growing the best of all. Along the other border was the meek violets. The pear tree was in full bloom. It is a very valuable tree. Last year it bore four barrels of large, juicy bartlett pears.

Not only does it satisfy the lust of pleasure, but it is also a great benefit to the human taste to study nature. In that small picture God gave me an idea of the magnificent way He hath clothed nature.

—Certified by J. Cieman.

* * *

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
Where the dew reposes.

"Up!" they cry, "the day is come
On the smiling valleys:
We have beat the morning drum,
Playmate, join your allies!"

—R. L. Stevenson.

Canadian Summer Resorts and Hostleries

It is possible to mention only a few of the leading summer resorts in an issue of this kind. There are many other charming places within Canadian borders where an outing may be enjoyed. Anyone desiring further information can obtain the same by enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter addressed to "Information Bureau," Canadian Courier. Railway folders and booklets mailed free on application.

Location	Muskoka Name	Rates Per Week	No. of Guests
Bala	Windsor	10.00-15.00	175
Bala Park	Morton's	10.00	75
Bent River	Ernscliffe	9.00-14.00	100
Ferndale	Ferndale	8.00-12.00	100
Gregory	Gregory House	10.00-15.00	25
Lake Massonoga (Kalandar)	Bon Echo Inn	10.00-15.00	600
Lake Rosseau	Royal Muskoka	18.00	300
Morinus	Morinus House	8.00-12.00	125
Mortimer's Point	Rossclair	7.00- 9.00	50
Port Carling	Stratton	10.00-12.00	150
Port Cockburn	Summit House	12.00-16.00	200
Port Sandfield	Prospect	9.00-15.00	200
Rosseau	Monteith	12.00-20.00	200
Stanley House	Stanley House	9.00-12.00	90
Windermere	Windermere	10.00-12.00	200
Kawartha Lakes			
Mt. Julian	Mt. Julian	6.00- 8.00	40
Stony Lake	Dulce Domini	Special	40
Young's Point	Lake View House	Special	50
Lake Simcoe District			
Jackson's Point	Lakeview	6.00- 9.00	150
Orillia	Orchard Point Inn	10.00 up	125
Sparrow Lake District			
Hamlet P. O.	Peninsula Farm Resort	6.00-12.00	65
Georgian Bay Hinterlands Tourist Camps			
<i>Bolger Lake—</i> Brownell's Camp	Thos. Brownell	Rate on application	
Magnetawan River District			
Ahmic Harbour	Cliffborn House	4.00- 6.00	80
Burk's Falls	Clifton House	5.00- 8.00	100
Simpson's Hotel and Camps		8.00-10.00	50
Lake of Bays District			
Baysville	Point Pleasant	6.00-10.00	75
Birkendale	Sea Breeze Cottage	7.00-12.00	30
Fox Point	Ronville	10.00-14.00	125
Huntsville	The Grenwald (Lake Mary)	10.00-15.00	100
Norway Point (Via Huntsville)	The Wawa	12.00-18.00	300
Port Sydney	The Balsams	6.00- 8.00	35
Temagami			
Lady Evelyn	Lady Evelyn	16.00-25.00	200
Temagami Island	Temagami Inn	16.00-21.00	150
Roanoco	Roanoco	12.00-17.50	100
Temiskaming	Bellevue	12.00	100
Georgian Bay			
Honey Harbour	Royal	12.00-14.00	200
Sans Souci	Sans Souci	10.00-12.00	200
Minnicoganashene	Minnicoganashene	12.00	200
Parry Sound	Belvidere	12.00-17.50	300
Rose Point	Rose Point	15.00-18.00	200
Pt. au Baril	Ojibway	10.00-18.00	100
Algonquin Park			
Algonquin Park	Highland Inn	12.00-16.00	100
Algonquin Park	Algonquin Park	12.00-16.00	100
Rideau Lakes District			
Jones' Falls	Hotel Kenney	Special	75
Chaffey's Locks	Lake Opinacon Club House	12.00	75
Portland	Garrett's Rest	8.00-10.00	60
Newboro	The Rideau	Special	50
Aylmer, Que.	The Victoria	10.00 up	200
Thousand Islands			
Gananoque	The Inn	14.00-25.00	
Grenadier Island	Grenadier Hotel	Special	75
Rockport	Island View House	10.00	100
Carillon			
Carillon	Bellevue	1.00 per day	60
Lower St. Lawrence, Que.			
Little Metis	Turiff Hall	9.00	100
Murray Bay	Manior Richelieu	21.00 up	300
Quebec	Frontenac	24.00 up	500
Tadousac	Tadousac	16.00	200
Ottawa River			
Ste. Anne de Bellevue	Clarendon	Special	100
New Brunswick			
Seaside	Seaside	5.00	20
St. Andrew's	Algonquin	21.00 up	250
Nova Scotia			
Digby	Columbia	8.00-12.00	40
Halifax	Halifax	3.00 per day up	350
Yarmouth	Queen	10.00-12.00	60
Sydney	Sydney	20.00-25.00	100
Yarmouth	Grand	20.00	150
Prince Edward Island			
Charlottetown	Victoria	12.00 up	50
Hampton	Pleasant View	6.00-10.00	50
Summerside	Queen	5.00	50
Souris	Cox's Hotel	12.00	30
Charlottetown	Queen's	12.00	50
Charlottetown	Lennox	9.00	25
Niagara Falls	Clifton House (400 Rooms)	4.00 per day up	
Alberta			
Laggan	Lake Louise Chalet	21.00	
Banff	Banff Springs Hotel	21.00	

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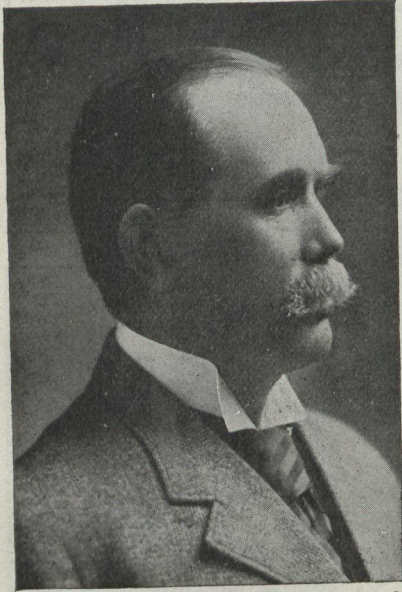
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

MONEY AND MAGNATES

From Railway Contractor to Railway Director

IT is certainly a long way from being a contractor on a section of a railroad to becoming a director, more especially when the system is such a large one as the Canadian Pacific, but such a space has been covered by Mr. H. S. Holt, who was elected the other day to the Board of the big Canadian railway to take the place of his former colleague, Senator L. J. Forget.



MR. S. HOLT, MONTREAL,

Who has covered the entire distance from contractor to director of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. H. S. Holt, in days gone by, was quite intimately in touch with the construction work of the big system, but in latter years has been more directly in touch with the men at the head of the railway, because he has been one of the strongest individual forces in corporation circles in Montreal, and has gradually won his way into many of the best positions to be secured in the leading corporations of Canada. For a number of years, in fact, ever since its organization, he has been President of the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Co., having previously been President of the Royal Electric Co., of Montreal, one of the principal companies included in this consolidation, and since the death of Mr. Kenny, who was very close to forty years at the head of the affairs of the Royal Bank of Canada, Mr. Holt has also occupied that position. He has also been, for some time, a director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., a concern which, it is understood, pays the C. P. R. over \$2,000,000 a year in freight charges. He was also always identified with the Dominion Textile Co., which, back a few years ago, took over a number of the principal cotton companies of Canada. In this concern he will also take the place of Vice-President, made vacant by the death of Senator Forget.

* * *

Where Head Offices Get Information Second Hand

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the head office of the Sao Paulo Co. is situated in Toronto, London always seems to get official reports regarding the company much earlier than the Canadian city, and again the other day seemed to get the official announcement that an early increase in the dividend to 12% might be looked for during the coming year. The news, of course, was cabled from London to Toronto, but before Toronto would accept it, they asked for confirmation. Once they got it, they certainly started in to buy Sao Paulo pretty fast, and the other day the stock had sold as high as 181½ as compared with 165 a couple of weeks previous. Undoubtedly a good deal of this stock was for London account, and the same applies to the recent buying of Rio de Janeiro Tramway Light, Heat & Power common stock, which has been steadily touching new high levels.

* * *

Leading Capitalists Now Going Into Pulp and Paper Industry

THE general feeling that the main reason why the United States has been so anxious to effect a reciprocity agreement with Canada, was in order to secure access to the tremendously valuable pulp limits that are situated in different parts of Canada, has resulted in some of the strongest groups of Canadian capitalists turning their attention to the pulp and paper industry, and some of them have recently acquired some of the most valuable pulp limits in the country, and have made arrangements for the erection of large paper and pulp plants, in order to be in a position to take advantage of the rapidly growing markets for their outputs.

The biggest deal in this particular field was concluded just the other day when it became known that a group, headed by Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P., Mr. J. N. Greenshields, K.C., and Mr. Clarence J. McCuaig, of Montreal, had formed the Wayagamack Pulp & Paper Company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, with a view of taking over 1,121 square miles of the finest timber and pulp wood lands in the Province of Quebec, situated in the St. Maurice River district, in which the most successful of the Canadian paper enterprises are at present located. These limits are what is known as the Baptist Limits, having been owned by the old Baptist Family of Three Rivers for some generations past. The company also takes over the business of Alexander Baptist, of Three Rivers, together with its saw mills, wharves, marine slips, machine shops and real estate.

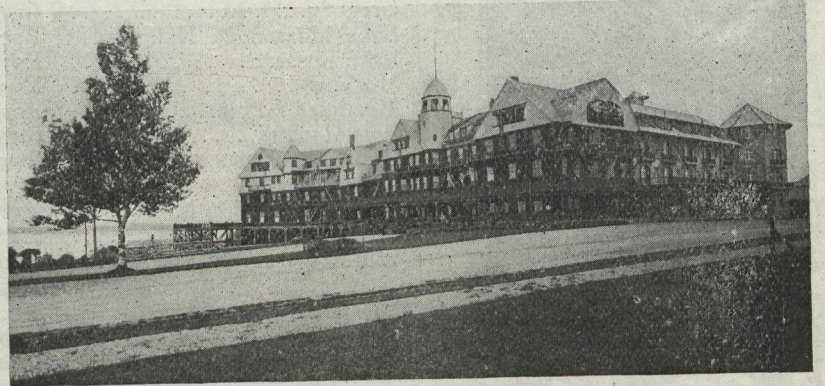
Among the properties secured is a large island situated in the mouth of the St. Maurice River, where it enters the St. Lawrence, and offers the greatest advantages as a site for the large pulp and paper plants, for which the company has already given contracts, and which are now being rushed forward, with a view of having them completed and in operation by the coming fall.

The plant will consist, at the outset, of a 200 ton pulp mill and a 50 ton paper mill. It is also the intention to immediately proceed with the installation of a further 50 ton unit for paper, which will be in operation by the spring of 1912.

The paper plant will be devoted almost entirely to the manufacture of what is known as "Kraft" paper, for which there is a tremendous market owing to its superiority over almost any other form. There is also the further advantage from an earning standpoint that the profit on this particular form of paper is said to be considerably larger than almost any other grade.

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People and Places

Tupper, the "War Horse"

SIR CHAS. TUPPER justly earned the title of the War Horse of Cumberland. It was in his native county that, as a youth, he measured swords with the indomitable Howe and beat him. Having an extensive medical practice about Amherst, Sir Charles did considerable driving, using his doctor's gig, and it was in the vehicle shown in the accompanying photograph that he campaigned in 1854, or fifty-seven years ago. The rig is in the best of condition, and was used at the bur-



lesque Horse Show given by the Pilgrims of Amherst recently.

The noble steed in the shafts is another old war horse. It is some twenty years of age and was a champion in weight-hauling contests several years ago.

* * *

First Census Return

CANADA'S first census return, showing a population of 1,800 for over 1,000 square miles of territory, was received a few days ago at the Census Bureau, Ottawa. The return covers the 400 mile stretch of territory along the west coast of Hudson Bay, north from Fort Churchill to Chesterfield Inlet and inland as far as the trappers and the Eskimo of that district penetrate.

The figures were gathered during the past winter by the Northwest Mounted Police patrol at Churchill.

Of the total population of the great area only about 200 are whites, the balance being Eskimo, with a few Indians.

Ten years hence, with the advent of the Hudson Bay Railway, which will be under construction by the Government in a few months hence, and with the development of Hudson Bay as the new route for trade between Europe and Western Canada, the next census will probably show more thousands than there are now hundreds.

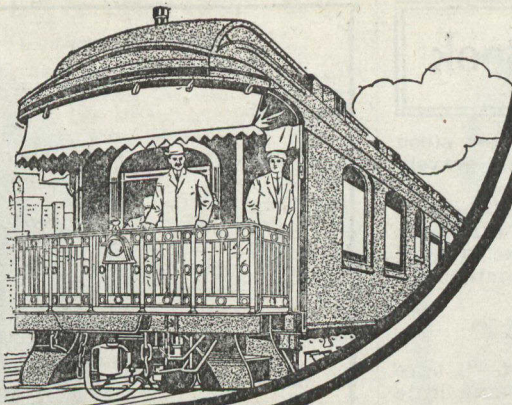
This is the first time an attempt has been made to secure anything like an accurate estimate of the population, previous estimates being based on unreliable reports of missionaries, trappers and other casual explorers of the Northern wilds.

In the present census of Canada an attempt is being made to cover accurately every bit of Canadian territory where human life is known to exist. The district of Ungava, stretching from the east coast of Hudson Bay to Labrador and comprising an area of 354,000 square miles was also counted by the Mounted Police last winter, but no report is yet in. One white man to 1,000 square miles of territory there is a liberal estimate.

In the North, Captain Bernier, on the Government steamer Arctic, is counting the Eskimo, whalers and missionaries around the Arctic circle.

In the western hinterland Mounted Police are taking the count in the MacKenzie River basin north to the Arctic Ocean. Their report is not expected until October next.

With the exception of these outermost districts, however, Chief Census Commissioner Archibald Blue expects to have the population figures of all the provinces ready about the end of July.



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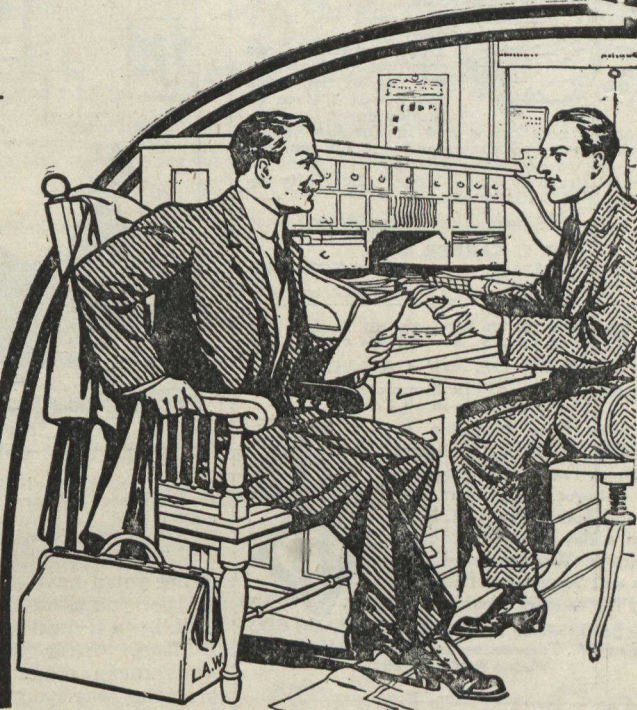
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The Scrap Book

His Only Hope.—The doctor stood by the bedside, and looked gravely down at the sick man.

"I can not hide from you the fact that you are very ill," he said. "Is there any one you would like to see?"

"Yes," said the sufferer faintly. "Who is it?"

"Another doctor."—Judge.

A Poor Adviser.—Skinflint—"I have no money, but I will give you a little advice."

Beggar—"Well, if yer hain't got no money yer advice can't be very valuable."—Christian Advocate.

Spelling for Profit.—There was an aged Scotchman who by native shrewdness made a fortune, and he did it without the slightest bit of education. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan: "Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell bird." "B-u-r-d," said Duncan. "I tell you you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a



"Do you know, little boy, that your sister promised to marry me at the party last night?"

"Of course. That's what the party was for."—The Bystander.

living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred you can't spell bird." "I'll tak' ye," quickly replied Duncan. After the money was put up Duncan said: "B-i-r-d." "That aint the way you spelled it the first time." "I wisna bettin' then."

Nevada.

Nevada, 'tis of thee,
Sweet State of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.

State where our fathers flee;
State that sets mothers free—
Marriage, because of thee,
Hath lost its sting.

Americans Abroad.—A number of tourists were recently looking down the crater of Vesuvius. An American gentleman said to his companion:

"That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An English lady, overhearing the remark, said to another:

"Good gracious! How these Americans do travel."—Lippincott's.

Not His Language.—"Don't use too long words," said F. Hopkinson Smith, the author, at a luncheon in Philadelphia. "I was once on the way to Reading by train, and at a town nestling inside the river I came out on the platform and drew in deep breaths of the pure, delicious air.

"Isn't this invigorating?" I said to the brakeman.

"No, sir, it's Conshocken," he said. —Fall River Iron Journal.

The Only Way Out.—Peter (sent for the milk)—"Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?" Small Brother—"Easy. We'll drop the jug."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.



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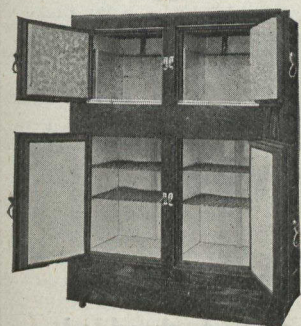
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No. 10

SCOTCH

THE NARROW WAY

(Continued from page 16.)

friend had sent an anonymous gift, which had opened the way for the realization of the little invalid's greatest desire, and Mrs. Marsh had lost no time in availing herself of the unexpected help.

"I suppose you will be gone soon, too, Miss Culloden?" she said, as she wished Mary good-bye. Then, her sympathies enlarged by her own good fortune, she added warmly: "I hope you'll enjoy your holiday. You deserve to; you are always so kind and thoughtful for others!"

Mary smiled faintly. "Thanks; I—I think I shall manage to have a happy time," she said confusedly.

As she turned back into her own room, her eyes caught sight of the little pile of tourist programmes, and her lips quivered a moment tremblingly.

With a quick gesture she thrust them out of sight, behind a thick volume on the bookshelves.

"Perhaps—some time, I'll enjoy some more prospective trips with you," she said whimsically; "but"—with a little catch in her breath—"I'm afraid I couldn't bear it yet."

II.

ON one end of a form in St. James' Park sat a tiny boy tightly clasping a white Pomeranian dog in his arms, his young face preternaturally grave and anxious.

At the sight of the forlorn-looking little figure Mary Culloden halted in her walk; then turned and sat down beside him.

"What a pretty dog you've got," she ventured, admiringly.

"Yes. Rennie is a beauty, isn't she?" he responded enthusiastically. Then his face clouded again. "But she doesn't like sitting on my knee."

"Then why not take her for a run?" suggested Mary.

"I daren't. Auntie said I mustn't let her down a minute, 'cause the leash had broke, and"—he shook his curly head dismally—"I'm so tired of waiting here."

"Are you waiting for your auntie?" asked Mary gently.

"Yes; she said she wouldn't be very long, but"—his little mouth quivered threateningly, but with a little gulp he mastered the humiliating emotion and finished with a shaky smile—"she must be buying an awful lot of hats, or else she's forgotten I'm waiting here an' gone home without me."

"Oh, I don't think she would do that," said Mary reassuringly. But she saw that the fear still lingered in the bright blue eyes.

"I know a grand way to make the time pass quickly," she said guilefully.

"Do you? What?" he asked curiously.

"Telling fairy tales," she said promptly. "Shall I tell you some?"

"That would be just rip—just splendid," he amended, with a polite little air that at once won Mary's susceptible heart. "But—have you time to stop and tell me some?" he added.

Mary nodded brightly, and plunged at once into an absorbing adventure, soon making good her boast.

"That isn't in Grimm's," he said, with a long-drawn breath of enjoyment. Then, as she finished, "Please tell me another out of your book."

Mary smilingly began again, but before she could finish the new story, her little friend interrupted her with an exclamation of dismay, as he saw a lady hurrying towards them.

"Do wait a minute, auntie!" he cried excitedly, as she approached. "The giant's just got caught in a great big net, and the little shepherd boy is going to kill him!"

Mary stopped as the lady paused—an amused smile on her face.

"It was very kind of you to entertain my little nephew," she began, but broke off suddenly and extended her hand with a little cry of delight.

"Why, Mary—Mary Culloden! Don't you know me? I'm your old school friend, Beth Maynard! Now Beth Winchester," she added, with a laugh. "I should dearly have loved a few days' visit from you, Mary," said Mrs. Winchester regretfully, "but I'm going

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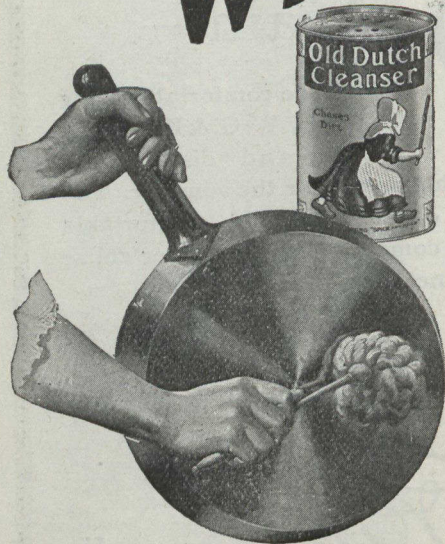
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out of town to-morrow. Have promised to meet my brother Douglas at Lucerne. You never met him, did you? He's been out in India ten years, but is returning to England for health. He buried his wife seven good now, though in rather poor years ago, when Jackie was born. Jackie was sent to England to me, and now, after not seeing his little son for nearly seven years, Douglas is so impatient that I've to meet him at Lucerne with him."

"That will be very nice for you," said Mary wistfully.

"Nice? Humph!" retorted her lively friend dubiously. "I don't know about that. Douglas is certainly much better already, but Jackie is rather a handful, and his governess, on whom I had been relying to take him off our hands occasionally, has taken ill at the last moment, and I fear it's too late now to find anyone else suitable."

"He is rather a little pickle, you know," she added ruefully.

"He's just a dear!" returned Mary indignantly.

The boy slipped his hand in hers and smiled triumphantly.

"You are the dear!" he said enthusiastically. "I like you heaps better than Miss Coulson." Then, as a sudden inspiration seized him: "You come with us to Lucerne; then you can tell me more fairy tales."

"I would—if I were your governess, dear," answered Mary, with an odd little laugh.

"Mary, do you mean it? I know you were always awfully good-natured and obliging at school." Mrs. Winchester paused and laughed reminiscently. "You helped me out of many a tight corner, there. Dare I ask you to help me out of another? I wanted to spend part of my time in Switzerland with some friends, but, of course, I should not like to leave Douglas in sole charge of Jackie. I—would make it worth your while," she added hesitantly, as Mary seemed undecided.

"Oh, I should accept nothing but my expenses; those I could not afford," said Mary simply. "But I shall be only too delighted to come."

III.

BETH WINCHESTER sat in the shade of the trees, apparently absorbed in a book, the scent from the pines above her filling the air with a sweet fragrance. Opposite her lounged her favorite brother, now fully restored to health; whilst a few yards away sat Mary Culloden, her devoted little admirer sitting at her feet, his eager blue eyes fixed intently on her face as she began another of those delightful stories, of which she seemed to have an unlimited supply stored away in her small brown head.

"Just one more," he pleaded, as Mary paused and seemed about to rise. "The one about the Old Man of the Sea and the Pale Princess."

Lowering her voice, so as not to disturb the other two, Mary began once again the story of the transformation of the Old Man of the Sea to a charming young Prince; of his wonderful hairbreadth escapes after leaving his home beneath the green waters, before he reached the cruel building where the pale Princess languished a prisoner, and from which, with the aid of a sympathetic mortal, he effected her release and carried her off to his own beautiful home by the sea, where his kisses soon brought the roses back to the cheeks of the young Princess, and the sight of the white, foamy breakers a new light and glow to her lovely dark eyes.

Jackie listened entranced, as if hearing the enchanting story for the first time; and his father, to whom the story was new—except for the fragments which he had heard from his little son—ceased to wonder at Jackie's infatuation for this special piece of fairy lore, or for the winsome narrator of the same. For there was a strange thrill in Mary Culloden's voice as she told the story, and a warm light in her eyes that moved him with a new emotion and longing.

Beth Winchester, glancing up from her book, was surprised at the look on her brother's face, and the tender expression in his eyes as they rested upon her old school-fellow's face, and

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a slumbering suspicion leapt into certainty.

In sweet and gracious Mary Culloden, her brother had found one who would not only make his little son—who already adored her—an ideal mother, but also a woman who would be to himself at once a charming companion and wife.

With a quick intuition Beth rose to her feet.

"Come with me, Jackie. I've promised to take you to see Marjory," she said abruptly. "No, you needn't come, Mary," as her friend made a motion to accompany them. "It's too hot for much exertion this morning. Stay and have a quiet read until we return."

Mary obediently took up a magazine, and with a glance at the recumbent figure close by, began nervously turning over its pages.

"Miss Culloden."

Mary looked up with a start.

"I—I thought you were asleep, Mr. Maynard," she said.

"Asleep?" He smiled whimsically.

"I believe I have been—for some time. But I'm wide awake now. It was your fairy tale, I think."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I disturbed you," she answered, with a flush of distress.

Maynard had risen, and crossing the small strip of grass which divided them, stood looking down at her.

"Mary," he said abruptly, "I've awakened to the fact that—I need a wife, and—Jackie a mother. You speedily won the love of his young heart, and I realize, at last, that you have won mine also. Will you marry me, dear?—if you can care for a man who has left all his youth behind him."

"You forget that I too am long past my youth," she said quietly. "But I have loved Jackie from the first; while you—"

She broke off, but the light in her eyes satisfied him.

"Then you will marry me, dear?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"Here?—or at home, in England?"

"Here?" repeated Mary, startled.

He laughed.

"Yes; why not? You said you thought the little Swiss church up there amongst the pines an ideal one for a wedding, when you witnessed one there last week."

"So I did," she said, laughing softly.

"Then why not have ours there? Then, if you wish, we could spend the rest of the year abroad."

"What will Beth say? And how about Jackie?"

"Beth will be only too pleased to get me off her hands, and be able to go home in time for her husband's return. And as for Jackie, Miss Coulson will be here to-morrow. Yes"—

as Mary's eyes widened with surprise—"she is quite well again now, so I sent for her, as Jackie was absorbing too much of your time."

In the end Douglas Maynard got his way—as he had a habit of doing—and gentle Mary Culloden was married to him in the quiet little Swiss church amongst the mountains.

Two months later, in the golden glow of the setting sun, they sat upon an old stone terrace, looking out over the Eternal City.

Mary had reached the summit of her dreams. The gate of sacrifice had opened for her upon a wider road. She was actually in Rome at last!

"Mary," said her husband, breaking in upon her happy silence, "tell me Jackie's favourite fairy tale once more. I think it must be your favourite, too, you tell it so well."

Mary laughed at his request.

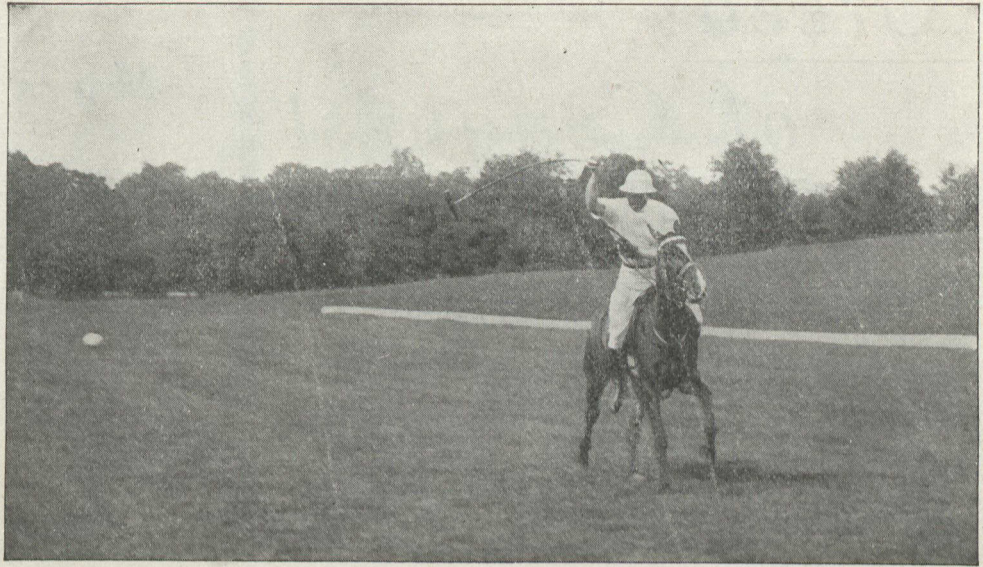
"Yes," she said softly. "It is my favorite also, because it is—my own."

"Your own?" he asked. "You mean you invented it?"

"Yes—in a sense," she said slowly.

Then, after a slight pause, and another glance round the old city, which lay before them bathed in the evening light, as with all the glamor and romance of the centuries, she interpreted to him the story, passing lightly over her own share in the escape of the pale Princess from the shadows of sickness to the sunshine of health.

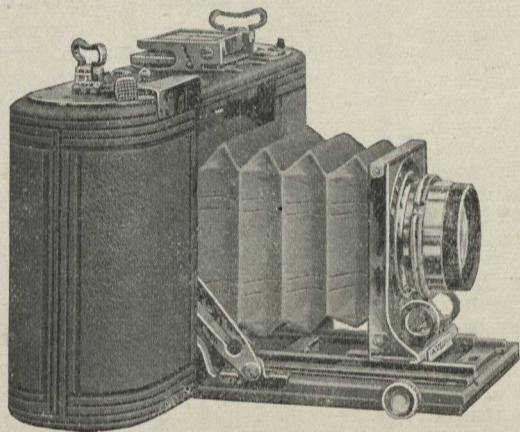
"Ah!" she finished reverently, "that is ever our Heavenly Father's way! He gives to us far more than we ever give up in our puny sacrifices for Him. If I had carried out my own desires, as I had planned, I might never have met you."



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By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XV.

THE letter dropped from the girl's nerveless fingers to the floor, and nearly a minute elapsed before she stooped to pick it up. Then she read it through again, and there was a look of fear in her eyes as she perused the message from the man she loved.

Ralph Lowick in England—in the neighbourhood! He must have escaped, then, from his captors. He was hiding from his own countrymen. There was a warrant out for his arrest, and he was afraid that it might go hard with him if he were caught. He wanted her help? What did that mean? How could she help him, except by her love and sympathy?

For two or three minutes she stood by the window, and looked across the marshland that lay between Easternhoe and the sea. It was nearly dark now, but she could see the black patch of trees in the twilight. Ralph Lowick was there, hiding among the trees, or perhaps in the house itself, and he wanted her help.

She flung herself upon her bed and burst into tears. She had parted from him in anger, but all that had passed into nothingness. It was as though they had quarrelled years and years ago about some trivial matter which had been forgotten. That terrible night, when death sprang out of the darkness on the sleeping inmates of Cransea Hall and destroyed those who had watched in vain, had placed countless ages between the present time and the date of the quarrel. The future of England, the future of the world, were nothing compared to the life of this one man whom she loved. She had given him back her ring, and he had taken it. But she knew why he had allowed the quarrel to end in separation, why he had been so hard, so unreasonable. He had realised that his life would be so encompassed with danger that he could not ask any woman to share it with him.

And now he had returned—had escaped from one peril, to encounter another. He was a fugitive from the laws of his own country, and he was in need of her help. What did that mean? Something more substantial than love and sympathy, without doubt. Perhaps it was money—yes, of course it was money. How foolish she had been not to think of that at once. He would be penniless.

She rose from the bed and went to her jewel-case. She had fifteen pounds left over from her last quarter's dress allowance, and her jewellery was worth over two hundred pounds. She put all the trinkets and the money into the leather bag she carried on her wrist, and placed the bag in a drawer, which she locked. Then she began to dress for dinner.

At half-past nine Joan Endermine, pleading a headache, went upstairs to bed, and at half-past ten she left the house, creeping softly down the back stairs, and making her way out into the garden through the kitchen.

Nothing but the fact of her lover's danger would have induced her to engage in such a secret and, as it seemed to her, such a disreputable enterprise. She felt like a criminal as she passed the smoking-room window, where a light was still burning, and her cheeks grew hot with shame as she thought of what would happen if anyone caught her stealing out of the house at this hour of the night. And if she were found talking to a man in the lonely grounds of Cransea Hall—she covered her face with her hands at the very thought of it. But as she made her way down the road across the marshland, thanking Heaven that it was a dark night and that no one could see her, she realised the ridiculous side

of her fears, and rejoiced that she had been strong enough to overcome them. The risk of being caught wandering about the countryside at eleven o'clock at night was nothing compared to the magnitude of the object she had in view. The man she loved was in danger, and she would give more than her reputation to save him.

It was so dark that at first she could hardly see the road, and, though it ran straight as a New York street, she blundered off the edge of it on to the grass more than once. But by degrees her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and she could distinguish a faint streak of grey against the blackness. On the eastern horizon there was a bar of dull yellow light. It marked the rising of the moon behind the thick canopy of clouds that covered the whole of the heavens.

When she reached the main entrance to the grounds of Cransea Hall there seemed to be more light, and she could distinguish the white gates and the outline of the trees against the sky. The complete silence had now given place to the murmur of the wind among the leaves and branches, and the girl fancied that far off she could hear the breaking of the waves on the other side of the island.

She kept close to the wall, and walked along it till she came to the little wicket gate that faced the east, and which was only a few yards distant from the pier. Here the trees overhung the road, and under their shadow it was very dark indeed. But looking eastwards there was more light than there had been on the marshland, for the sea always seems to reflect any glimmer there may be in the darkness. When she reached the little gate she paused, and leaning against the wall waited for something to happen. Then, when five minutes had elapsed, she began to whistle—very softly. The tune was one known to Ralph Lowick—the air of a song that he had often asked her to sing to him. She thought it would serve as a signal, and if anyone else heard it it would convey nothing to their ears.

The sound seemed very loud in the silence, and it made her realise that she was afraid. Up to now the strength of her purpose had given her courage, but now—she understood that she was alone—far away from any help—at the mercy of anyone who chose to attack her. It was possible that Ralph Lowick had been pursued and captured, and that the men who had taken him knew that he had written a letter and was waiting for her. Certainly it was very dark and very lonely. The house had been shut up, and there was not even a cottage nearer than Easternhoe.

Another ten minutes went by, and still there were no signs of Ralph Lowick.

"I am early," she said to herself, "or perhaps something has detained him."

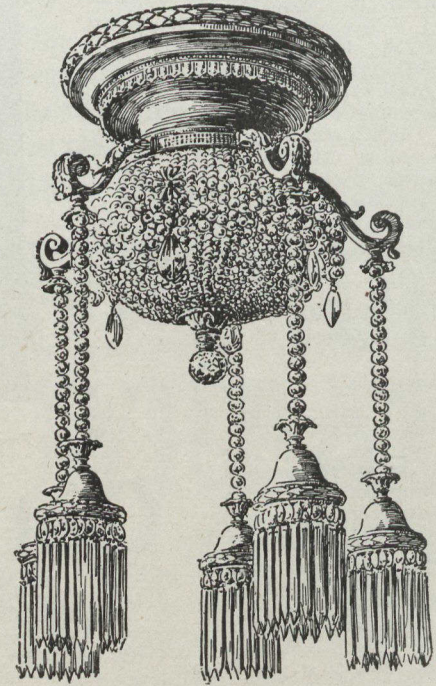
Then she started, and every muscle in her body seemed to grow rigid. There was the faint sound of footsteps in the distance—the sound of someone walking among dry leaves and fallen twigs, and the swish of boughs being parted by the pressure of someone's body. Then the latch of the gate clicked, and hinges creaked, and the gate itself swung to with a rattle.

"Is that you, Ralph?" she whispered. There was no reply, and she grew cold and sick with fear.

"It is I—Joan," she faltered, thinking that perhaps he would not betray himself until he was certain who was speaking to him.

Still there was no reply, and the girl gave a scream of terror—a scream that was muffled as something was thrown over her head, and died away into silence as a sickly sweet smell

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forced itself into her nostrils and crept into her lungs.

She struggled feebly for a few seconds and then collapsed in a heap on the ground.

When Joan Endermine came to her senses she found herself in a small cabin, some ten feet square. She was lying in a bunk on a heap of nets and old sails. There was an overwhelming smell of tar and lamp oil, flavoured with a very unpleasant odour of fish. A lamp swung from the ceiling at an angle which showed that the boat was heeling over under a stiff breeze. The water gurgled past the planks, but otherwise there was silence.

Joan Endermine raised herself from her unsavoury couch, and pressed her hands to her forehead. She was still dizzy, and the motion of the boat made her feel sick. She stared round her for a few seconds, and then lay down again.

Two minutes later the hatch was pushed back, and a breath of fresh air came into the cabin. Then a man lowered himself down the ladder, and sat down on the opposite bench. He was a tall, thin man with a brown, handsome face. His hair and eyes were as black as jet, and he was unmistakably a foreigner.

"You are better, madam?" he queried, speaking with a very slight accent.

"What is the meaning of this?" she cried, fiercely. "Who are you?" Why have you brought me here?"

"Why not?" he answered, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Madam shall receive every attention. You soon be on a fine ship, where you can have every comfort. Champagne if you like it, eh? For this"—and he pointed round the cabin—"we must apologise."

"What do you want with me?" she groaned. She felt so sick that she could not even think of her possible fate. She lay back on the nets and sails and closed her eyes.

"It is Mr. Lowick who wants you," the man replied, with a smile. "We are taking you to him."

Her only answer was a groan. "I will get you a brandy and soda, madam," said the man, politely. "All this will be over in a few minutes. You shall have every comfort, every luxury, if you will do as we wish."

He went to a locker, and taking out some bottles and a glass mixed a brandy and soda. When he offered it to Joan Endermine she did not refuse. She drained the glass to the dregs, and felt so much better that she sat up and faced him with glittering eyes.

"What do you want with me?" she asked. "What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"We only want you, madam, to use your influence with Mr. Ralph Lowick."

"I don't understand. Please speak out plainly."

"Well, it is like this, madam. Mr. Ralph Lowick has only to speak a few words to save himself from death—from a rather unpleasant death. He refuses to speak them. We thought that perhaps you would be able to persuade him."

Joan Endermine looked at the man with horror in her eyes. Then she placed her arms on the table and buried her face between them. So this was what they wanted her to do—to persuade Ralph Lowick to be traitor to his country and his own conscience, to use her love as a weapon. Oh, it was monstrous, horrible!

Two minutes elapsed before she spoke again. Then she raised her head and looked contemptuously at the man. "I shall not try and persuade him," she said, quietly.

"We shall see," the man answered, grimly, and rising from his seat he made his way up the ladder and disappeared.

And when he had gone Joan Endermine lay down on the heap of nets and sails, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE sun blazed pitilessly in a cloudless sky, and the white sand beneath it was so hot that it seemed to scorch the bare feet of the man who moved

slowly across it to the edge of the sea. He moved very slowly indeed, shuffling his feet along inch by inch, and stopping as if exhausted after he had traversed every yard. This was not to be wondered at, seeing that his ankles were fettered with a heavy chain, and that he dragged behind him a ball of solid iron weighing a hundred pounds.

Three months had passed since Ralph Lowick had been taken out of the darkness of his cabin and rowed ashore to this lonely island in the South Pacific—three months of insult and degradation and pain. His skin had been burnt a dark brown, and his black hair was flecked with grey, but his sunken eyes burnt as fiercely as ever. His spirit was yet unbroken.

He knew now with whom he had to deal. A band of adventurers, bound together by a common purpose, had outwitted and forestalled the Governments of Europe in the contest for supremacy. Their object was the glory of no particular nation, for they numbered all nations in their ranks, but simply and solely the plunder of humanity. Their leader was a wealthy Spaniard, who was English on his mother's side, and who united the dogged courage of the Anglo-Saxon race with the fierce hot-blooded cruelty of the people who had conquered South America with fire and sword. He chose to be known as Senor Smith, and Ralph Lowick had never heard his real name. It was doubtful, indeed, if anyone knew it, for he was one of those men who, when they emerge from obscurity, find it advisable to forget their past. All that Lowick knew of him he had heard from the man's own lips. There were none of his followers who would have dared to discuss their master's affairs with the prisoner, lest the gossip should come back to their master's ears. He was feared by everyone who served under him, and loved by some, for he was a modern type of the old buccaneer—fearless, ferocious, and a leader of men.

But so far Ralph Lowick had held his own. They kept him short of food and often of water. Occasionally, but not often, he was lashed with a whip, but the chains were never taken off his ankles. Yet his spirit was still unbroken, and he defied the ruffians to do their worst. He knew they would not kill him so long as there was a chance of forcing him to speak. He was only waiting his opportunity to kill them. He felt sure that would come one of these days.

And as he slowly dragged his aching feet across the sand this thought was uppermost in his mind—that one day he would turn the tables on his torturers, that one day he would be able to gain access to the machine, which was guarded so carefully in the centre of the island, and that he would be able to rain death upon Senor Smith and all his accursed crew.

At last he reached the water's edge, and sat down where the fringe of the surf swept over the sand in a surge of cool, white foam. He moved a little further forward, and allowed it to run past him till he sat waist deep in it. A lagoon of still water ran round most of the island, and the sea beat on the coral reef outside. But here, for quarter of a mile, the coral insects had not yet built high enough to stop the onslaught of the waves, and twenty yards away they broke like thunder on the shore.

"My bath," he muttered, grimly. Then he lay back with extended arms and allowed the foam to sweep over him, covering him entirely from sight. A coarse canvas shirt and an old pair of blue serge trousers were all the clothes he possessed, and they were not likely to be spoilt by the seawater.

"Bath and laundry as well," he said, aloud, as he sat up again and wiped the salt water from his eyes. He had got into the habit of talking to himself lately—not to any great extent, but occasional sentences now and then. At first there had been plenty of conversation between him and Senor Smith, but during the last month the latter had pursued a policy of silence, and the other men had been forbidden to speak to the pris-

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oner at all. This is the sort of treat-
ment that forces a man to talk to
himself.

"I must bide my time," he thought,
as he gazed seawards, where the blue
sea met the blue sky. "Sooner or
later one of the men will give me a
chance. It is a fine bribe to offer—
the lordship of the world."

Yes, that was his chance, that
sooner or later rogues will fall out,
and that among a body of men actu-
ated by those of greed, there is sure to
be some traitor who will sell his
comrades for gold. Let there be a
quarrel—one of those harsh punish-
ments that the leader meted out at
times to insubordinates—and there
would be a weapon ready to the hand
of the man who was content to wait.
An offer to divulge the secret—to work
hand in hand with the traitor.

"Hi! you come out of that," said
a sharp voice, "we don't want you to
drown yourself."

Lowick looked round and saw a tall
man sauntering slowly across the
sand—a remarkable fine-looking man
with a short-pointed black beard, and
a neatly-trimmed black moustache.
He was clad in a spotless suit of white
duck and a Panama hat. His face and
hands were burnt almost to the color
of mahogany.

"We don't want to lose you," said
Senor Smith, "at least, not yet."

Ralph Lowick rose slowly to his
feet, and though he was a tall man
the other overtopped him by four
inches.

"I was having a bath," he said,
quietly. "I don't intend to commit
suicide—at least, not yet."

"H'm," said the big man, thought-
fully. "We shall have to guard
against that. You have too much free-
dom. Come out of that water."

Ralph Lowick obeyed. He had pass-
ed the stage when he quarelled with
this man, and gave back insult for
insult. He was content now to wait
his time.

"I live in hopes," said Lowick,
pleasantly.

"So do I," was the grim reply. "We
must try and persuade you."

"Take care you don't carry your—
er—persuasions too far, Mr. Smith.
You might kill the goose that you hope
is going to lay a golden egg for you."

"We shall be careful," said Smith,
stroking his moustache—"I think we
have been careful. Well, I've news
for you, my friend—good news."

Ralph Lowick looked at him in-
quiringly, but without much show of
interest. It pleased Senor Smith to
talk like this at times. He had prob-
ably devised some new form of pun-
ishment.

"There is a vessel in sight," Smith
continued, and he smiled as he saw
the light of hope flash into Lowick's
eyes.

"It is the Vallombrosa," the man
went on, after a pause, and again he
smiled as he saw the sullen look of
despair. "She has signalled to us that
she has a friend of yours on board."

"A friend of mine?" queried Low-
wick, sharply.

"Yes. Miss Joan Endermine."

Lowick's face grew white under the
tan. Then he clenched his fists and
made a spring forward, falling to the
ground as the heavy weight checked
his feet.

Senor Smith laughed.

"You lie!" cried Lowick, rising to
his feet. "You lie, you mongrel!"

The Spaniard's dark eyes glittered
at the insult, but he kept his temper
admirably. "I have read the signals,"
he answered. "Miss Joan Endermine
is on board."

"You—you have dared to carry her
off—to bring her here. You shall pay
for this—I'll have your life. You vile
scoundrel—to bring a woman into this
den of thieves and murderers. Oh, but
you shall pay for it!"

He spoke fiercely, incoherently, and
a slight foam gathered at the corners
of his parched mouth. He had been
for eight hours in the burning sun, and
not one drop of water had passed his
lips.

"She shall come to no harm," said
Smith, quietly. "She will be treated
here with as much respect as if she
were in her own home. And she has
come here for your sake."

"You lie! You forced her to come

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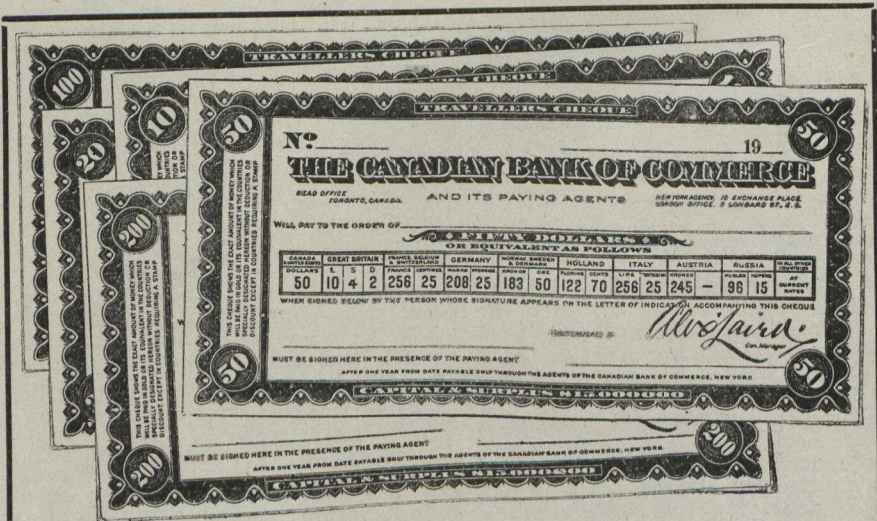
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against her will!"

"Yes—to some extent that is true. But when she knew that you wanted her help she was glad to come."

"Her help? What do you mean?"

"She has come to help you to decide whether you will give up your secret or be put to death."

"Oh, I see," said Lowick, very quietly. "That is your game, is it?"

"It was thought advisable that you should have a chance of consulting the lady you hope to make your wife. She ought to be consulted—that is to say, if you have any regard for her."

"I shall do my duty," Lowick answered, coldly. "This is not a matter in which a woman can decide. Only a mean, contemptible coward could have thought of such a trick."

Senor Smith shrugged his shoulders. "We have acted for the best," he said, simply. "No harm will come to her. She shall be sent safely home again—either with or without you. Now, you'd better get back to your hut. I should like you to look your best when Miss Endermine arrives. She will come ashore in about an hour."

Ralph Lowick clasped his hands together and looked seawards; then he turned and shuffled across the sand. The Spaniard walked on in front very slowly, but pausing every now and then for his prisoner to come up to him.

They crossed the waste of dry sand that sloped upwards from the water's edge and came to a small hut. A sentry stood outside, leaning on his rifle. A few yards beyond the hut there was a wooden palisade with a gate in it, and the palisade extended for two hundred yards in either direction, curving round till the ends of it ran into the sea. Beyond this there was a higher ridge crowned with palm-trees, which shut off the view of the rest of the island.

"Help him to change his clothes," said Senor Smith to the sentry; "he must look very smart to-day. He is expecting visitors."

Then he turned on his heel, and passing through the gate he climbed the ridge and disappeared among the palm trees.

"If I could get hold of the machine," thought Lowick, as he watched the tall white figure vanish, "I'd make them all dance to my own tune."

Then he went into the hut, and the sentry followed in silence.

"So you are the famous English lady on whom so much depends," said Senor Smith, coolly, looking over Joan Endermine from head to foot. Well, please sit down, and we will have a little talk."

Joan Endermine seated herself in a padded wicker armchair, and leant back on the cushions. Her face was very pale, but she seemed to be in good health. Her eyes and mouth were resolute, but otherwise she showed no outward signs of resentment.

"I hope you had a comfortable voyage," said the man, after he had scrutinized her with an impertinent stare.

"Quite, thank you," Joan replied, for all the world as if she had just stepped off a liner.

"I gave instructions that you were to be made very comfortable, Miss Endermine. I should like to know if you have any complaints to make, because I am not accustomed to having my orders disobeyed."

"I have no complaints to make, except that I have been brought here against my will."

"Is that strictly true? Before you left Europe you were given a chance to return, were you not?"

"Yes, and I refused."

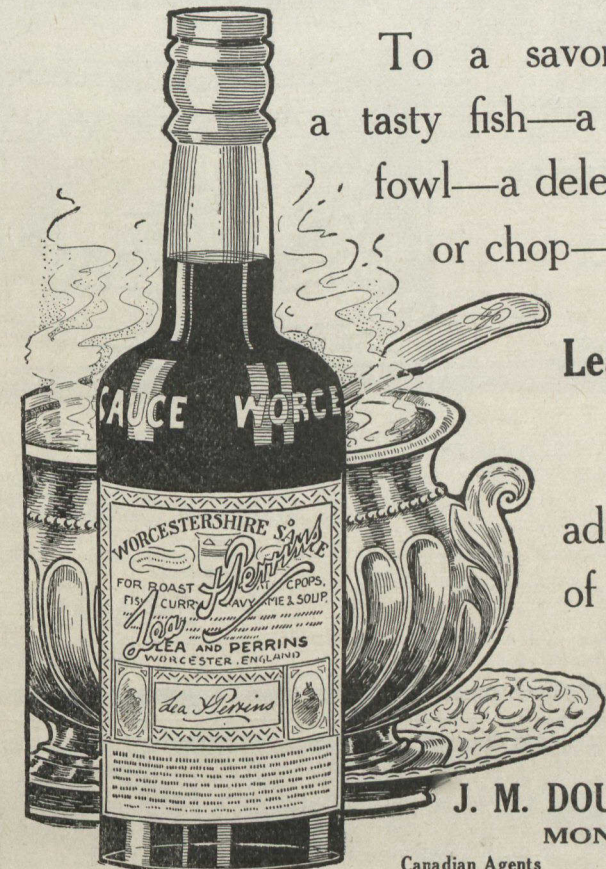
"Then you can hardly be said to be here against your will, Miss Endermine. But we need not discuss that. You are here, and you have come, or been brought, if you like the term better, for a definite purpose. You need have no fear for yourself. You will be treated with the utmost respect, and if any man dares to offer you an insult he will be shot."

She did not answer him. She stared round the room, and noted the luxurious furniture, the silver, the valuable pictures on the walls. This man was rich and powerful. He was, after his own fashion, as such a gentle-

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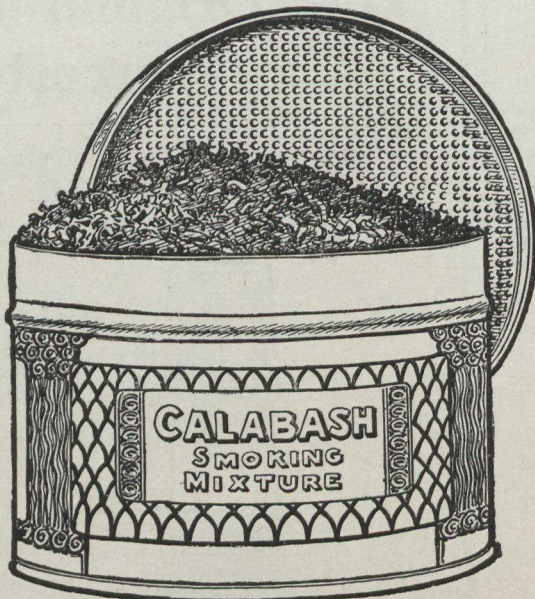
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man as the highwaymen of other times. She felt sure that she would be safe in his hands, so long as he had no great temptation to ill-treat her.

"I am going to give Mr. Lowick three weeks in which to make up his mind," the Spaniard continued. "If at the end of that time he decides to keep his secret, he shall carry it down with him to his grave. If he decides, on the other hand, to do as we wish, we shall detain you both here till we have made a large machine, and tested its efficiency. We shall then send you back safely to Europe."

"How are we to know that?" queried Joan. "It might suit your purpose to kill us, after you have gained possession of the secret."

The Spaniard flushed a dark red. "I have much on my conscience, madam," he said, harshly, "but I have never yet broken my word. Now, if you will come with me, I will conduct you to Mr. Lowick's residence. It is not all that one could wish for a gentleman of his position, but he is a prisoner of war."

Joan Endermine rose, and the man held open the door for her. As she passed him he looked hard at the profile of her face, and a hungry look came into his eyes. It was more than a year since he had even spoken to a woman.

(To be continued.)

The Social Whirl.—"What are her days at home?"

"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone hours."—Smart Set.

All Bad.—"Yes; I have just done Europe." "Can you give me a list of hotels to go to?" "No; the best I can do is to give you a list of hotels to keep away from."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Hardy Scot.—Recently a first-year high-school pupil handed her history teacher what she evidently considered an exhaustive and final study of Lacedaemonian customs. In it she stated that one Spartan habit of strengthening youth was to compel the boys to sleep always on beds of thistles.

The incident reminds one of a story that is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel.

The chief, when bivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the lad rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He thereupon rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, boy!"

Not as Green as the Garden.—"Wombat must have made a garden before."

"Goes about it in an intelligent manner, does he?"

"Yes; he isn't promising his friends any vegetables."—Washington Herald.

Respectability.—Dean Ramsay's story of the artist whose interest in the picturesque was thought out of place on the "Sawbath," recalls an anecdote told by Max O'Rell. Once when the genial Frenchman was staying with a friend in Edinburgh he took up his walking-stick preparatory to going out for a walk. But it was Sunday, and his host remonstrated. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" he said. "It looks more respectable."

Death's Shining Mark.—Crawford: "Who was the man killed in the wreck?"

Crabshaw: "I don't know, but he'll be the fellow the coroner's jury will put the blame on."—Life.

The Viewpoint.—"Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain." "Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."—Washington Herald.

Doesn't Owe Much.—"Hear Dubbleigh over there bragging about his wife." "What's he saying?" "He's telling Brown that all he is he owes to her." "Humph! Do you call that bragging?"—Boston Transcript.

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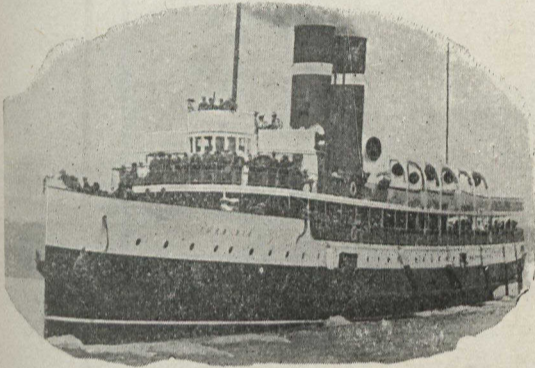
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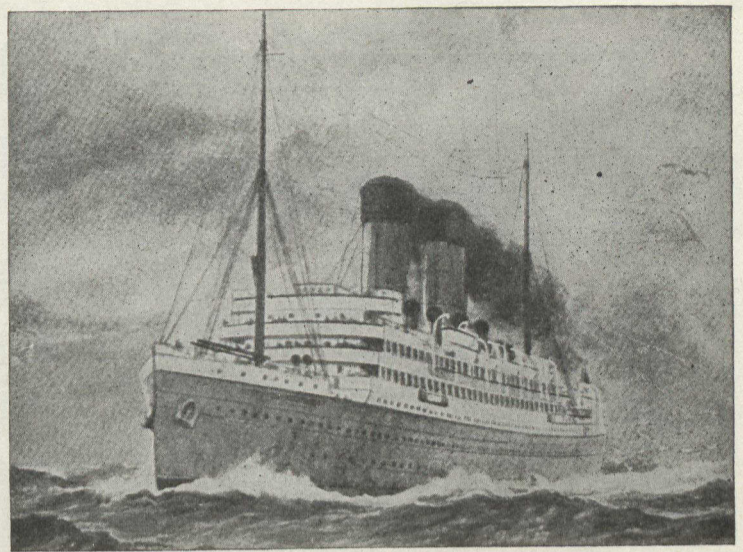
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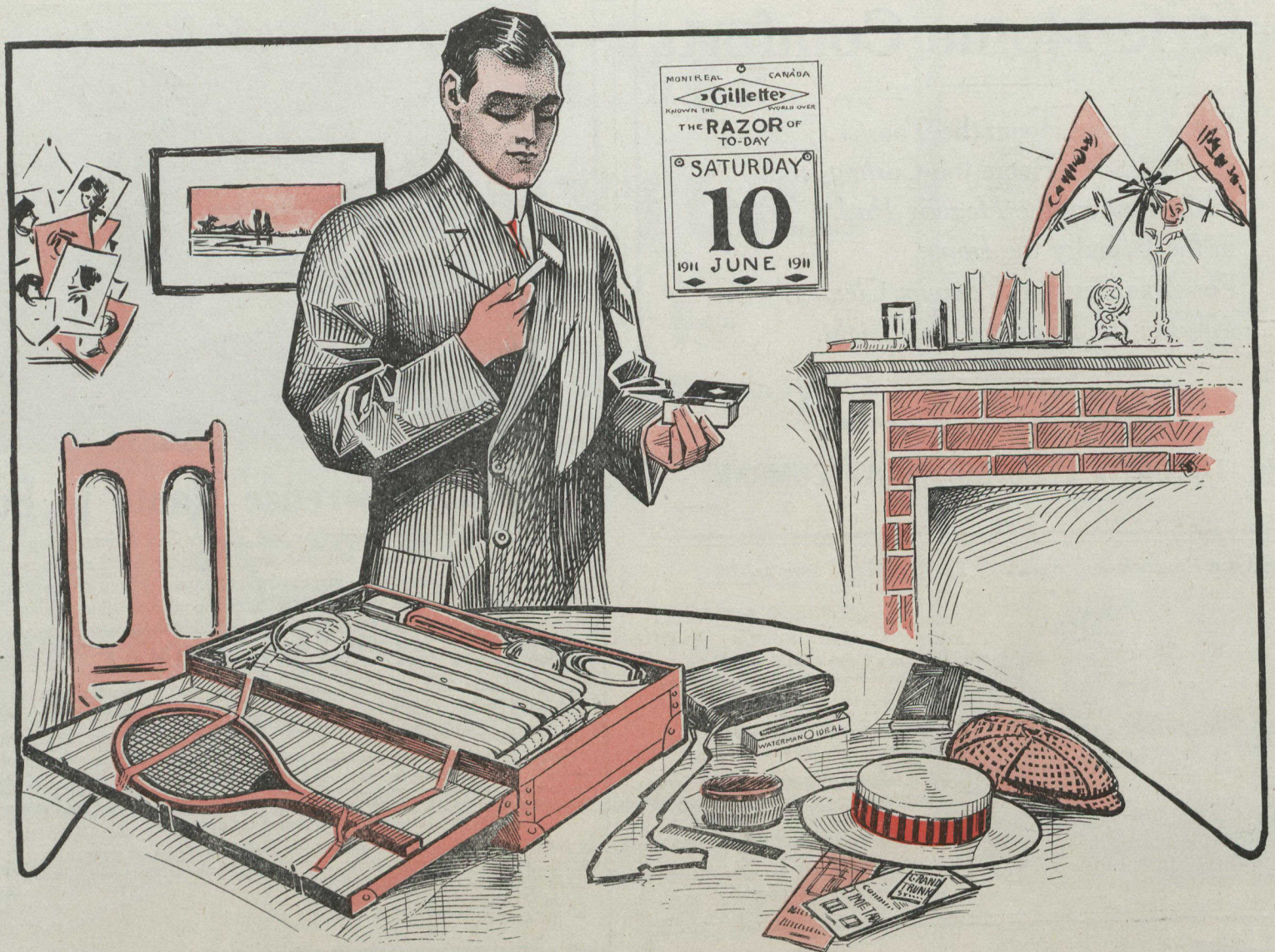
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