

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ISAAC B. SOMERVILLE

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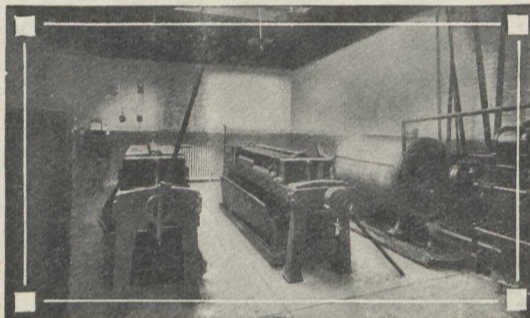
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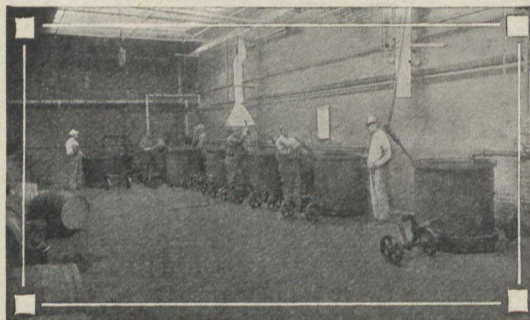
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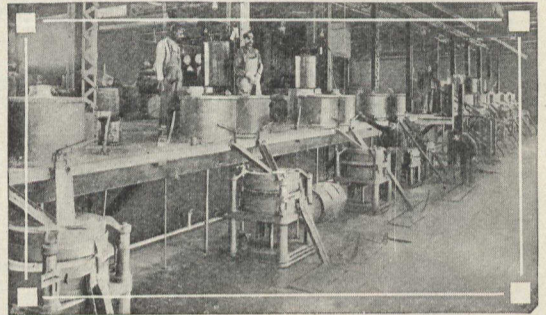


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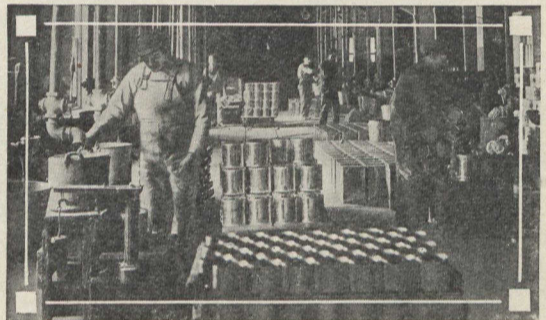
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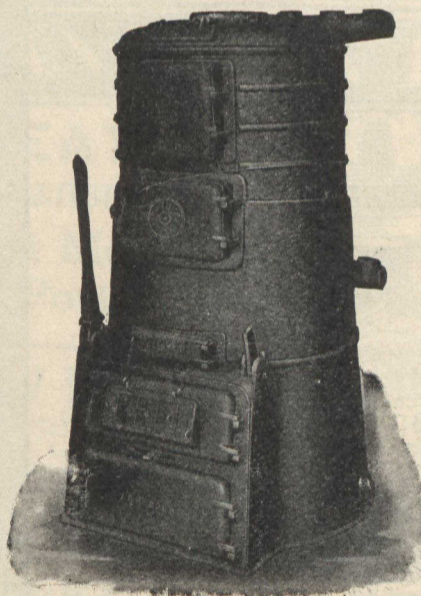
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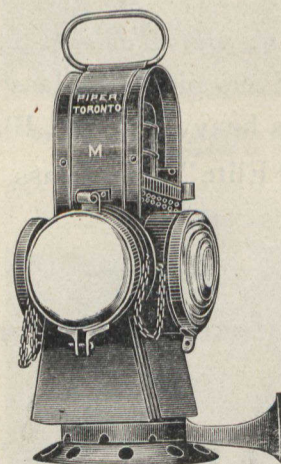
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 12

CONTENTS

HOME PRODUCTS NUMBER

- Human Side of Big Business**By John E. Webber.
 A Glance at the Welfare Work of some United States Industries.
- Human Factor in Management**By W. W. Swanson.
 A University Professor's Ideas of the Dangers in Scientific Management.
- Western Canada Market**By C. F. Roland.
- Makers of Big Industries**By Augustus Bridle.
 Three typical manufacturers who have helped to build industrial towns.
- Manufacturing Areas**Industrial Map of Canada.
 The census figures of 1910 presented in a new and graphic form.
- A Model City**By Hugh S. Eayrs.
- The City Born Lucky**Illustrated.
 The Story of Medicine Hat's Industrial Growth.
- Reinstatement of Dolan, Story**By J. A. Holden.
 Illustrated by Arthur Lismer.
- Demi-Tasse**By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates**By the Financial Editor.
- The River of Stars, Serial**By Edgar Wallace.
- News of a Week**Photographs.
- For the Juniors**Illustrated.
- Reflections**By the Editor.

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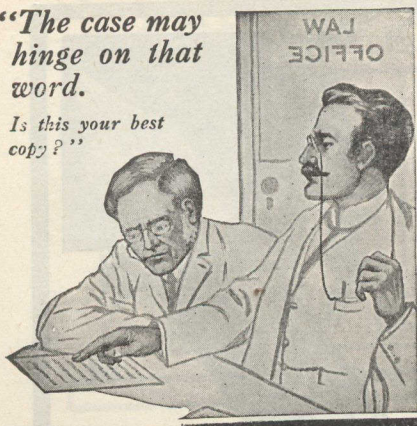
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TORONTO

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Editor's Talk

A FEW years ago, the economists thought that the relations between employers and employees would be solved by profit-sharing and co-operation. To-day, profit-sharing has been eliminated. It was tried by numerous firms, but found unsatisfactory, though of course it still survives in some cases. Co-operation in the economic sense has been only slightly successful, although co-operation in the broader, more general sense is quite general. On the whole, the employer is managing his business in the same absolute way he did fifty years ago.

There is, however, this difference. The employer has retained the confidence and good-will of his employees by a steady improvement in wages and working conditions. In all large establishments, lunch-rooms, locker-rooms, showerbaths, recreation-rooms and grounds are provided. The working man lives better, whether at his work or in his home, than he did even twenty-five years ago.

It is the business of this issue to portray and explain these new conditions. Indeed, "welfare work" may be said to be the key-note of this sixth annual "Home Products Number." In addition, there are some interesting stories of typical manufacturers, men who have made not only their own business, but have assisted their neighbours and their communities. The manufacturer of to-day is broad enough to see that the success of his competitors means increased success for himself. Manufacturing in Canada must stand or fall as a whole.

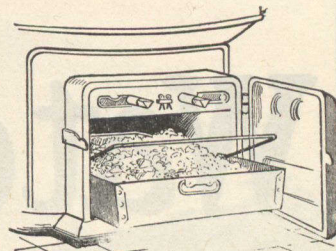
Next week, this same series of subjects will be discussed from a different standpoint. Some time ago, the "Canadian Courier" offered a prize for the best essay on "The Ambition of a Mechanic." The two prize essays will appear in our issue of August 30th. Every reader will be interested in hearing what two intelligent mechanics have to say with regard to both their personal and their class ambitions. It is not often mechanics either have the desire or the opportunity to lay their inmost thoughts before such a public as they will have for these essays. The occasion will be somewhat unique.

The announcement of a new competition for the readers of the Junior Department will be found on page 38. High school pupils are especially invited to study this proposition. There are five prizes and there may be more if conditions warrant an extension of the list.

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in connection with the
NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD CONFERENCE
Birmingham, Eng.,
September 20th to 24th, 1913

SAILING DATES

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

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

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

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

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

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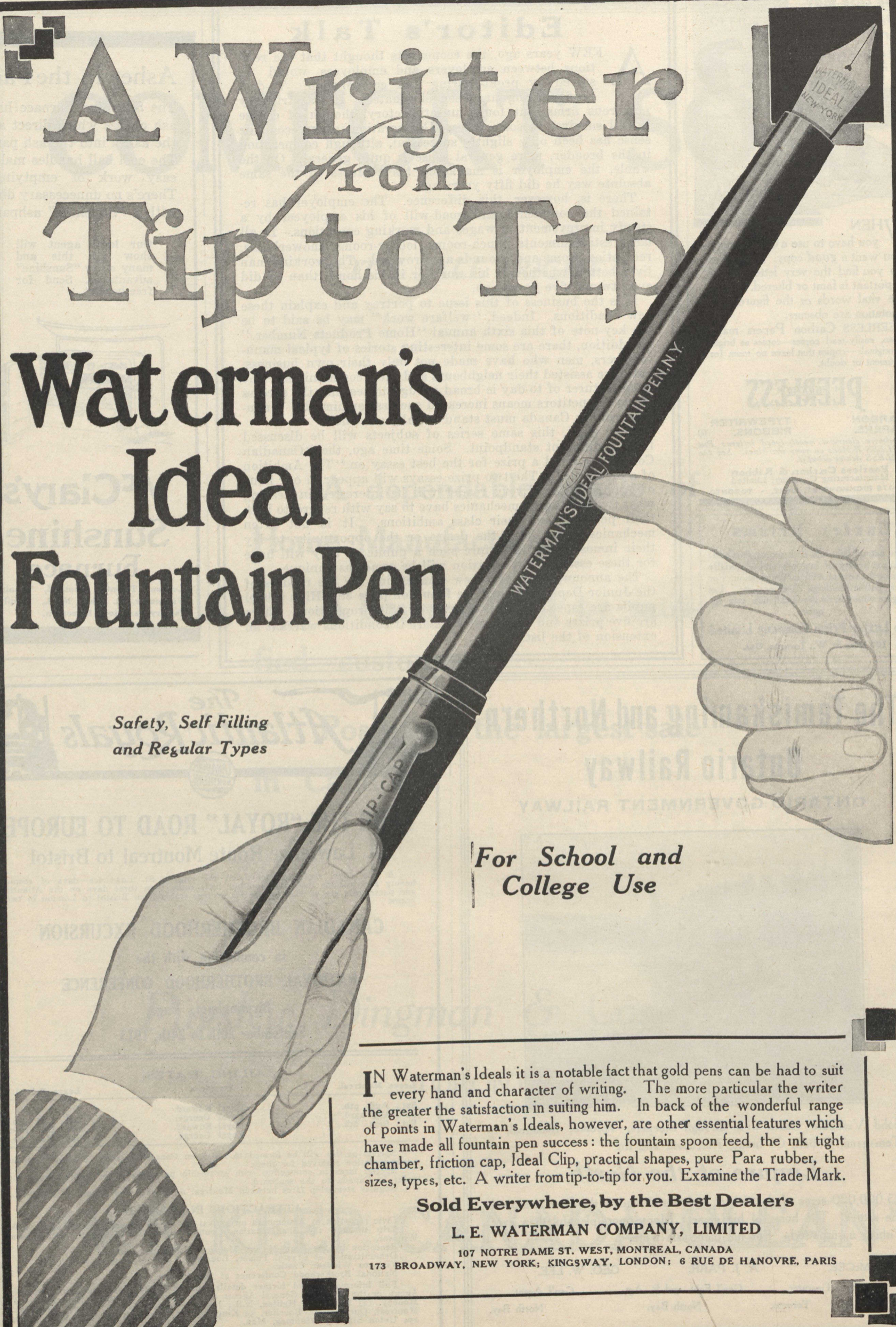
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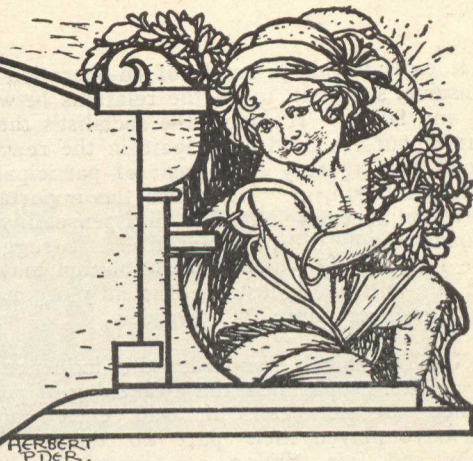
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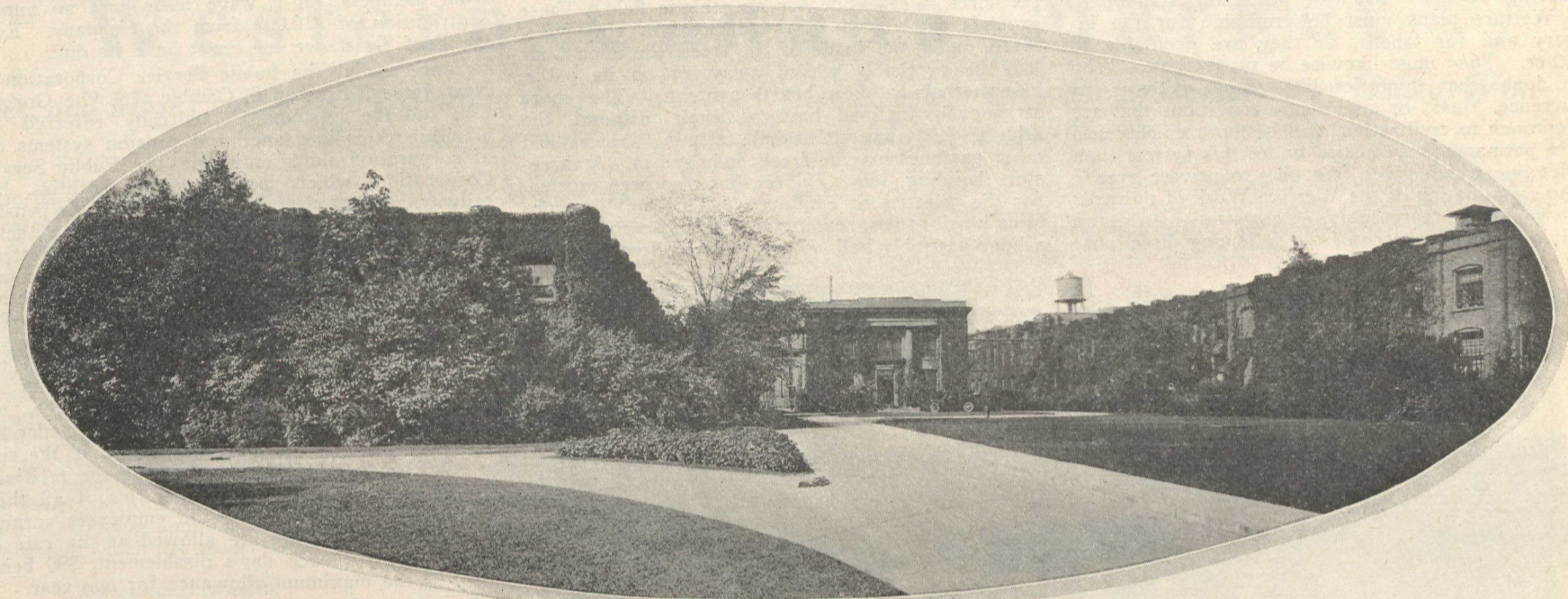
The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIV.

August 23, 1913

No. 12



This is Neither a Government Institution Nor an Art Gallery—Merely a Modern Factory Where Men and Women Work Under Proper Conditions—The Eastman Kodak Factory, Rochester, N. Y.

The Human Side of Big Business

A Glance at the Welfare Work of Some U. S. Industries

By JOHN E. WEBBER

THE evils of Big Business are ever before us—(muckrakers and a demagogic press see to that)—the good is oft interred in tomes of silence.

The spectacle of financial and industrial magnates, haled as malefactors before the bar of every investigating committee, which political trimmers can invent, and publicly "guillotined" to gratify the lust of the mob, is a daily occurrence. Yet among these men are sterling citizens, like George W. Perkins—peers of their traducers in every way—men of clean, clear vision, devotedly patriotic, and best of all—*human*.

Andrew Carnegie is a kindly, little, old gentleman—too soft-hearted, I suspect, to swat a fly. Yet he is popularly regarded in some quarters as the author and instigator of the Homestead murders. The worst that can be said of him is that he draws an income of perhaps \$100,000,000 a year, and controls securities that can be reckoned in billions. Of course, that is a crime, but not his, so long as our social system protects him in the possession of his loot.

All these things, however, only go to show that the evolution of modern industry, in which the organizing genius of these men played such a prominent part, has left a trail of deep and lasting bitterness. Perhaps the attending crimes and brutalities were incident to that progress. Perhaps some were unnecessary. At any rate, they were impersonal. Evolutionary processes, as we know, whether in nature or in human affairs, have little regard for the systems they supplant or the individuals they crush. Man is a unit in a great orderly progress—social, moral or economic—and the system that brought the Carnegies, Rockefellers and Morgans into being, may in the end turn and rend them. No individual is immune, no system safe from the onrushing forces of human progress. We, who are men, can only learn to play the part of men—then and now.

The two problems that confront all industry are, broadly, *production* and *sharing*. Scientific organi-

zation, automatic machinery, and efficiency experts, have practically solved the problem of production. But the solution of the other, and by far, more complicated problem—for it introduces the human equation—rests boldly on our ultimate attitude toward property rights. Meanwhile, that this problem is engaging the serious attention of large corporations, any just observer must admit.

Between the two immediate factors in production, the mind that directs and the hand that fashions, there is little real chance for disagreement. Each labours and each is paid a market wage for the labour he performs. Modern organization has, however, been forced to introduce another factor—

Capital. The interest of this partner is purely speculative, his power, practically unlimited. He usually has an office in Wall Street, gambles in the rise and fall of his holdings, and draws his quarterly dividends. These dividends are the first charge against the profits. His salary as president or director, the second.

Under the old system, he would have drawn, say, five per cent. interest on his investment, put the mortgage away in a safe place, and lived a quiet, God-fearing life.

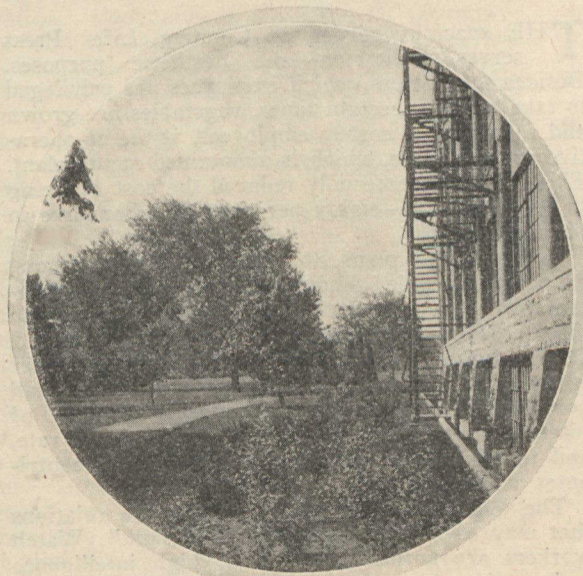
Just what the reward of his lineal descendant should be is a problem that involves our entire economic system. The theory of private ownership protects him to the limit of his own conscience. The theory of government control or of industrial ownership would ignore his claims entirely.

Meanwhile, he is a real factor in modern industrial life, a heavy claimant on the rewards of labour and, with ample power to collect his claims.

With this shifting of power, however, has also come a changed perspective, a new economic vision, that is expressing itself in pension and insurance schemes, sick benefits, profit-sharing and other plans for improving the conditions of labour. All of which at least shows a disposition on the part of Capital to divide his profits with those who earn them, and on occasion admit the workers themselves to partnership.

In the United States Steel Corporation, for instance, 50,000 employees have become shareholders within the past ten years, either by allotment of shares or on a profit-sharing plan of purchase. A pension fund of twelve million dollars and a voluntary accident relief and insurance plan are also items in the Welfare Work of this giant corporation. Far from being an exception, moreover, this is only a conspicuous example of a new order of things that is becoming general.

And this attitude is entirely free from sentimental philanthropy. It is a natural sequence of the change already observed in business methods—a change from a policy of competition to one of co-opera-



A Factory Set in a Small Park is the Latest Idea in the Industrial World.

tion. It extends this principle of co-operation for the consumer's benefit, to all the relations between capital and labour. It adopts the socialist's theory that the labourer should participate in the rewards of labour, leaving only the extent of participation for future adjustment. It implies the importance of individual incentive and the indispensability of the human mind, in industrial life. It suggests possible lines, along which a final solution may be worked out, with the industries efficiently organized and the producer equitably rewarded.

CHANGED ethical standards, the influence of socialistic propaganda, the awakening of public conscience, the new religion, and even muck-raking, have played their part no doubt. For sympathy and fair dealing are moral qualities rather than intellectual. But the big factor after all is economic. And far from being a flaw in the title, the economic aspect is the best guarantee of enduring results. From a pecuniary standpoint, all Welfare plans must be profitable for the industry and for labour, or they are profitable to neither. They must likewise be progressive. Who can doubt that iniquities like those exposed at Lawrence, Mass., or sweat-shop conditions that are a reproach to civilization, will be more quickly and more permanently remedied under this system than under one which gives free play to private greed?

An examination of the Welfare Work of upwards of two score representative corporations shows activity in one or more of the following directions:



Another Artistic Factory, With a Flower-garden Set in the Quadrangle Between the Two Wings. Publishing and Printing Plant of Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, Long Island, New York.

Environment, Social Welfare, Profit Sharing, Wage Dividends, Old Age Pensions, Accident Insurance, Sick Benefits, Saving Funds, Emergency Hospitals, Rest Rooms, Free Medical and Dental Service.

In the surroundings of the worker, much improvement has been made. The importance of sunlight, fresh air and sanitation are freely recognized by every modern industrial plant. They are the first steps to efficiency. But the business code, as written in its environment, is still a harsh code. The habitual severity of manufacturing industries, the forbidding aspect of their surroundings, are traditions not yet outworn. They conform to some vague idea of surroundings appropriate to the severely utilitarian aims of business, they prescribe the frame of mind for its approach, they frown like a fortress against the invasion of sentiment on its eminently practical domain.

Examine these traditions or conventions in the light of the beautiful home of the Eastman Kodak Co., in Rochester; the house of Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L.I.; or the Waltham Watch plant in Waltham, Mass., and we discover that they are neither good psychology nor sound logic. Almost your first impression on approaching any of these places is of a new attitude toward business, a new psychology, and more human, come to take the place of the old and unhuman. In the case of Kodak Park, you will probably reflect its singular appropriateness in an industry, based as this is, on a recognition of man's aesthetic side. You will also appreciate the consistency with which this corporation is practising at home the love of beauty it cultivates abroad.

The home of the Country Life Press (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is set in a spacious garden of flowers, under the care of expert gardeners. The Waltham Watch plant offers a natural and an acquired setting that is probably unequalled anywhere. Looking

across the Charles River in its rear, the hills and farms of New England stretch for miles. In front, and flanking each side, are parks city blocks in extent, bought and maintained by the company for the comfort and enjoyment of its operatives.

Question these ivied walls at Kodak Park, or the rose bushes at Garden City; question the windows that look out on trees, flowers and lawn, or on the hills of New England, and you discover a practical application, on broad lines, of the new economy, that a whole man is more efficient than a half man, that health, comfort and aesthetic enjoyment are as necessary to human efficiency as tools; that without the cheerful, personal happiness of the worker in his work, only the husk of service is rendered.

Kodak Park, which is typical of this new attitude, comprises a tract of 140 acres, situated on the outskirts of Rochester. Fifteen of these acres are laid out in trees, shrubs and lawn, and a further six acres is set aside for an athletic field. These grounds are always at the disposal of employees. Here, under the shade of the trees, the noon hour may be agreeably whiled away, or on its paths, lovers stroll to their hearts content. The more strenuously inclined have at their disposal the athletic field, where baseball, tennis, soccer and other pastimes may be freely indulged in. A three-story building, 180 x 75 feet, has also been erected, for the sole use of employees. This building contains lunch rooms, reading rooms, smoke rooms, and a huge assembly hall, whose polished floor bespeaks

the winter gaieties provided for its youths and maidens. In addition to its Social Welfare Work, the Eastman Company have, for the past two years, declared a wage dividend to employees, based on the previous year's operations.

A fund of \$1,000,000 has also been set aside, the income from which goes to the payment of accidents, sick benefits and pensions.

A fully equipped hospital at the plant provides first aid for the injured or indisposed, and rest rooms are provided on all floors in which women are employed. A physician and experienced attendants are always on hand to render service.

THE spacious garden of Country Life Press serves utilitarian and aesthetic purposes. Besides the flowers, which employees are privileged to take home at certain times, vegetables are grown and furnished at cost to employees, at the co-operative grocery store, which is maintained at the plant. This store has materially reduced the cost of living to its employees—eighty per cent. of whom live in the locality.

Saving Fund plans, to encourage thrift among employees, while smacking somewhat of paternalism, have, nevertheless, much to commend them. Many industries, like Doubleday, Page & Co., and Du Pont Powder, have devised schemes whereby employees may regularly deposit a small portion of their earnings and receive a rate of interest considerably in excess of the bank rate, and to which the company, in most cases, contributes a like amount.

The Waltham ideal would seem to be relations that may be at once classed as "pleasant." Watch workers are naturally people of high intelligence and considerable refinement—and this fact, coupled with the segregation of the operatives, in practically a community of their own, offers unique advantages

for promoting Social Welfare. Free classes in millinery, dressmaking and domestic science, for young women, are also maintained in connection with the social work. Emergency rooms, with two resident nurses, and beds maintained at the City Hospital, for the free use of operatives, are also included in their Welfare Plans. A Relief Association, with a nominal admission fee of twenty-five cents, and twenty-five cents per month dues, to which the company contributes annually, provides relief in case of sickness, and a sum to cover funeral expenses in the event of death.

In the Welfare Work of Morris & Co., of Beef Trust fame, are included a hospital, with free medical attendance, free dental service, and an employees' benefit association. The object of the latter is to afford relief to employees in case of accident or sickness, and to their dependents in case of death. The fund is made up of contributions from members, on a wage basis, and an annual contribution of \$10,000 from the company. Even the Beef Trust, we see, must have its due.

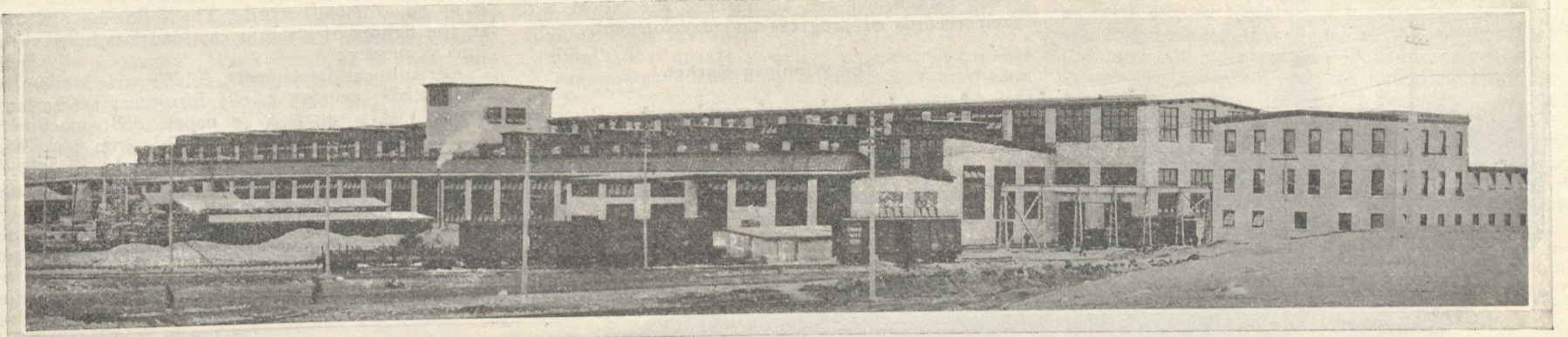
Concerns like the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, Proctor & Gamble Co., the Gorham Co., and the Eastman Co., already referred to, maintain their insurance and pension systems out of corporation funds entirely. The Public Service Corporation, which includes public utilities, like railway, gas and electricity, has adopted the pension plan of leading American railroads, like the Lackawanna, Pennsylvania, Chicago and North Western, and, I believe, Canadian railroads. The voluntary retiring age is set at 65, provided the employee has been constantly in the service for 25 years. The compulsory retiring age is 70, after 20 years of service. Pension payments are computed on the basis of 1 per cent. for each year's service, of the average wage or salary received during the ten years immediately preceding retirement. Under the insurance plan of the Jersey Corporation, the sum of \$300 becomes payable at death to the relatives, dependents or designated beneficiaries of all their employees. Sick benefits to all employees earning not more than \$1,800, are allowed at the rate of \$1 per day for each day's disablement, \$90 being fixed as the maximum allowance for one year.

Proctor & Gamble, the Ivory Soap people, have in connection with their pension plan an arrangement whereby employees who are disabled, sick or have reached the retiring age, may be provided with work which they can readily perform, at a rate of wage suitable to such employment. This wage is then supplemented from the pension fund to an amount equal to 75 per cent. of the average wage earned in the last two years of service. This agreement was entered into between the company and its employees, and can be terminated at any time, on six months' notice, by either party.

The Bell Telephone Co. have set aside a fund of \$10,000,000 for pensions, sick benefits and life insurance, available to all employees of the Bell system, which includes also the Western Union Telegraph. The statement of the company, while somewhat oracular, may be taken as a sincere expression of the general attitude on the subject.

"It is but natural that every employee should desire to assume the normal responsibilities of life and to surround himself and those dependent upon him with the things that make life complete and enjoyable. Unforeseen happenings may make these responsibilities heavy burdens, and whatever may be put aside for the day of misfortune must in the beginning be small and accumulated slowly. A realization that obligations must be met in times of misfortune as well as in times of prosperity has made the need of something beside merely an old age pension appear absolutely vital."

The Bankers Trust have recently followed suit, setting aside \$75,000 as the nucleus of a pension fund, to be added to each year as the needs of the fund may require, or their profits warrant. Participation is voluntary, but no officer above the rank of assistant secretary or treasurer will be eligible. Participating employees will be required to pay three per cent. of their annual salary, and to be entitled to the benefits of the pension, are required to have rendered fifteen years of service. In case of retirement prior to that period of service, the employee will receive all that he has paid in, with four per cent. interest. Voluntary retirement is fixed at 60, compulsory retirement at 65. Pension payments are based on length of service, the annual amount being as many fiftieths of salary as years of service, provided it shall not exceed thirty-five fiftieths nor \$5,000 a year. For 25 years' service the pension continues until death, for less than 25 years, for as many years as years of service. The widow of an employee eligible for a pension will receive half the amount to which her husband was entitled.



Canadian Pacific Railway's Locomotive and Car Shops, "Ogden," at Calgary. Open March, 1913. Employees Now Number 1,200; to be Increased to 5,000.

Western Canada Market

Largest and Most Prosperous Territory in the World Now Under Development---Home Consumption Heavy, With Increasing Demand for All Classes of Manufactured Goods

By CHAS. F. ROLAND
 Commissioner, Winnipeg Industrial Bureau

THE Western Canadian Provinces beyond the Great Lakes, which are now attracting hundreds of thousands of settlers annually, offer, perhaps, the greatest market in the world for manufactured goods of nearly every description.

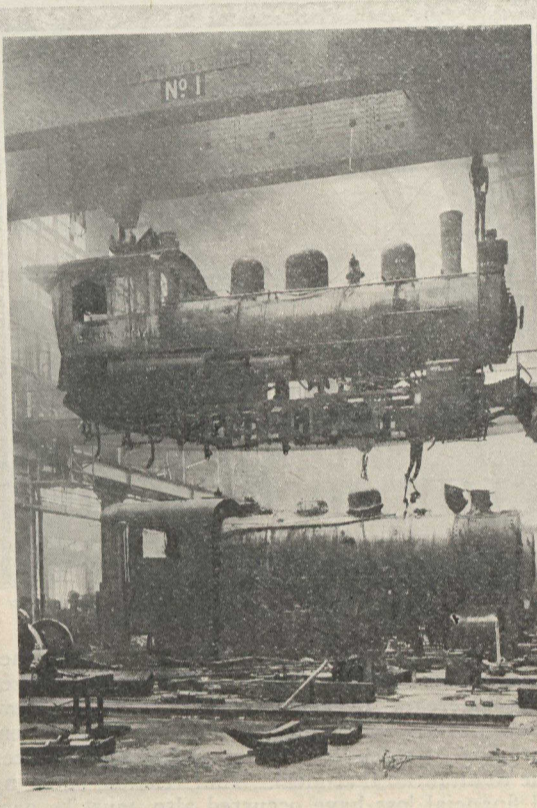
During the customs fiscal year ended March 31st, 1913, Canada imported from the United States goods valued at \$441,155,855. During the same period the value of imports received from Great Britain was \$138,659,429.

Unfortunately absolutely accurate provincial figures of the imports from different countries are not readily obtainable, but it may be taken as correct that the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are receiving annually over 75% of manufactured goods which are made elsewhere.

Agricultural Wealth.

THE greatest source of wealth in Western Canada is agriculture, and the greatest single contributing factor is wheat. Probably there has never been a more striking instance of the power of agriculture to create a great and prosperous community than that which is on view on the plains of Western Canada to-day. Here is a country, where no more than forty years ago there were about 12,000 people, mostly half-breeds and Indians, but which has now a population of 1,500,000 and is adding to that rather considerable number in the spring and summer months each year at the rate of over 1,000 a day. The soil of Western Canada is rich beyond the dreams of agricultural avarice, and produces crops year after year in unexcelled quality and higher average yield than any other country in the world where farming is done on the same big scale. Wheat produces twenty to sixty bushels to the acre; oats from fifty to one hundred bushels, and barley from thirty to sixty bushels.

The area of the three provinces is 479,162,438 acres. Of this it is estimated that exclusive of the territory recently added to Manitoba, some 200,000,000 acres are arable. In 1900 the acreage under crop—wheat, oats and barley—was 3,491,413; in 1906 it had increased to 7,894,666; in 1911, 14,626,234, and in 1912, 17,329,000. In addition to this 1,110,000 acres of flax were sown in 1912. The



Interior View Ogden Car Shops, Calgary.

money value of last year's grain crop alone is conservatively estimated at \$250,000,000.

That these facts and figures are only records of the beginning of progress and development in the prairie provinces and that the future holds tremendous possibilities for this wonderfully productive country, may be judged by the fact that only eight per cent. of the available land is under cultivation. Commerce is measured by the power of the land to maintain population, and cities and towns can grow to the limit of the crop resources which directly or indirectly support them. The future of the cities and towns of Western Canada will be measured by the size of the crops of the three prairie provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The greater part of the immense annual crop is handled at Winnipeg. Indeed, as a handler of grain, Winnipeg has surpassed the famous markets of Chicago and Minneapolis. In 1911, 101,326,250 bushels of wheat were handled at Winnipeg, as against 96,647,850 bushels at Minneapolis, and 42,629,751 bushels at Chicago. Last year 143,682,750 bushels of grain were handled at Winnipeg, which is now the largest primary grain market in the world.

On the basis of local trade figures it is conservatively estimated that the city of Winnipeg alone is annually at the present time selling throughout the extensive area for which that city is the economic distributing centre, manufactured goods to the value of \$175,000,000. The purchasing power of the Western Canada market, probably the greatest growing market in the world to-day, based on

actual value of last year's crops—about \$250,000,000—and the other developed resources of forests, fisheries and mines, is calculated to be in the neighbourhood of \$300,000,000.

Western Canada's Water Power.

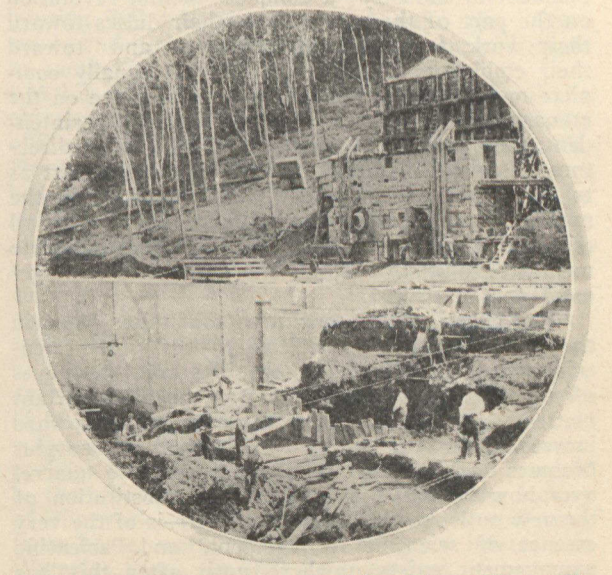
IN these days, when hydro-electric power is becoming so important a factor in industry, it is of interest to note that in the Western Provinces there are vast possibilities in this regard. In Manitoba there is water power which would produce 7,000,000 horse-power, and only 78,000 horse-power is being used. This is at Winnipeg, which has a municipally owned hydro-electric plant, supplying light and power to consumers at cost.

A Forecast of Development.

THE wealth of Western Canada's partially developed resources is yet untold. With only a small fractional part of the arable land under cultivation, with the resources of mines and forests and mines practically untouched, with immigration increasing yearly, both in quantity and quality, and money pouring in year after year in ever increasing amounts, who can foretell what the future may hold for the prairie provinces. In the early sixties people scoffed at the idea that Chicago would ever be more than a frontier town, but the agricultural and commercial conditions demanded a great city on the spot where Chicago now stands, and that hitherto undreamed-of development should follow the settlement of the Western States. And so it is with Winnipeg and Western Canada to-day, with this difference. Never before has pioneering been done under such favorable conditions as exist in the prairies of the Canadian West to-day. Railway building in Western Canada is one of the wonders of the age, over seven miles of new track being laid down for every day in the year. Each year the railway map of Western Canada shows hundreds of miles of extensions laid in all directions. The railway mileage of the Western Provinces in 1900 was 3,680, and is now 13,560 miles, and before long, instead of one, three transcontinental railroads will belt the prairies, with branches and feeders extending in every direction, opening up



Winnipeg's Industrial Bureau and Permanent Exhibition. Also Contains the First Free Civic Art Gallery in Canada.



Power Development at La Colle Falls, Prince Albert. The City is Spending a Million Dollars to Generate 15,000 h.p.

ready established are astonishing the world with their records of progress and development.

The Winnipeg Market.

A PART from the government records of imports and manufactured products various efforts have been made to estimate the Western Canada market for manufactured goods, or at any rate the quantity of goods handled annually at Winnipeg, from which centre the larger part of these

is no government record. The following are some of the figures of straight car load lots billed direct into Winnipeg:

Agricultural implements, 2,120; wire nails, fencing, 1,539; cement, 1,180; furniture, 1,090; hardware, 1,042; sugar, 972; paper, 868; machinery, 765; carriages and waggons, 712; iron pipe, 682; stoves and ranges, 584; canned goods, 571; brick, 539; barrels, 514; sewer and drain pipe, 667; automobiles, 436; glass (window and plate), 406.

Another compilation prepared from the records of Winnipeg jobbing houses, based on the actual turnover of one year (1912), gives further interesting and instructive information in this connection. The available records showed that a turnover of

as much as \$25,000,000 is credited to the agricultural implement and farm machinery dealers; \$16,000,000 to the hardware trade; \$15,000,000 in groceries; \$17,000,000 in dry goods and textiles; \$12,000,000 to the iron and building trades; over \$6,000,000 to the boot and shoe trade; \$5,000,000 for the automobile industry, and so on, including large sums for railway and municipal supplies, furniture, drugs, electrical appliances, chemicals, confectionery, metal products, leather lines, stoves, ranges, furnaces, household necessities, and other less important commodities.

It is true that some cities of this section have made progress along certain lines of manufacture, but the demand is so insistent and grows so rapidly that there is no hope that the West will be able to supply it for some years at least. It must be true, too, that Western Canada will always be a good customer for the manufacturer of other parts of Canada.



A Trainload of United States Traction Engines Arriving at Winnipeg. Illustrating the Magnitude of the Western Market.

large areas of territory for agricultural and commercial development. The railway extension programme laid down for completion this year by the C. P., C.N., and G. T. P. railways is the largest yet attempted. Active work is now in progress on the Hudson's Bay railway, which in addition to forming a new outlet and more direct ocean communication for the Western provinces, will open up a large area of new and undeveloped territory to the north. This extensive increase in transportation facilities will, without doubt, increase the acreage cultivated, which will in turn create an ever increasing demand for manufactured goods. Not only will the actual necessities of life be required, but the Western farmer has money and buys liberally of the luxuries as well. Along the lines of new railways new towns are being, and for many years will be, built up to provide for the immediate needs of the agricultural population, and cities and towns al-

goods is distributed. One compilation made in 1912 by the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau, of car lot commodities billed to Winnipeg during the year 1911, throws interesting light on the enormous interprovincial commerce being carried on, of which there

The Human Factor in Scientific Management

By W. W. SWANSON

Associate Professor, Department of Political and Economic Science, Queen's University.

That this is a consummation devoutly to be wished for, cannot be gainsaid. If this ideal were realized it would create, from an industrial point of view, a new heaven and a new earth. And it is encouraging to note, too, that much has already been done to attain to that ideal. That friction, suffering and financial loss have occurred also, must be confessed. That has come about when managers have taken the machine point of view, and not that of the interests of humanity. It is of the dangers inherent in this "cash-nexus" standpoint that one should warn labour, and capital as well.

WHEN one gets beneath the human interest advocacy of scientific management, to methods by which it is carried out, what does one find? Emphasis is placed upon it as a device for securing labour efficiency. In a way it is simply a new system of figuring costs. It includes within itself the piece-work system, the bonus system and the premium system of paying men. It brings the stopwatch into play as a means of speeding up work; of securing the same ends with fewer motions, and greater precision. It means divided or functional foremanship, so that each foreman supervises his own special branch of the work, and co-ordinating foremanship whereby the results of the separate foremen are correlated and unified. It means new and improved cost-keeping systems, time-study of work, and a scheme of paying men according to the results they separately achieve. In a word, it aims at keeping machines and men at the very top-notch of speed and efficiency.

Now, that there are grave dangers in this situation is only too well recognized. High tension and intensity of application have become marked features of our industries. We are fast following, in this respect, the example set by the United States. In that country particularly, machinery and men are worked to their physical limit; and when worn out are cast on the industrial scrap heap. As illustrative of this tendency may be quoted the testimony of Mr. Harrah, of the Midvale Steel Company,

given before the Congressional Committee on Labour, March 1, 1900. The report reads as follows:

Mr. Graham: "I was going to ask whether you thought that you could put your machines so as to accomplish getting out more work in eight hours than you can now in ten?"

Mr. Harrah: "No. The machines are worked to their fullest capacity now."

Mr. Graham: "You would have to get some kind of improved machinery?"

Mr. Harrah: "We have the most improved kind of machinery now; but we make it a rule to run a machine to break. For instance, the life of a hammer bar may be two years. If that hammer bar does not break within two years, I go for the forge master, because I know he is not getting the work he ought to out of that forge. It is the same way in the machine shop. If a lathe, the natural life of which might be two years, does not break down before that, I would go to the engineer in charge."

Mr. Graham: "Everything is run to its full capacity now?"

Mr. Harrah: "Absolutely. Yes, sir; we have absolutely no regard for machinery or men."

It is, in this connection, interesting to note that the Midvale Steel Company is one of the plants where scientific management was first applied by one of the leading exponents of the new system.

Now, it appears to me, that the evidence of Mr. Harrah is conclusive in pointing out a fundamental weakness of scientific management. The human factor is too apt to be ignored in those industries which have adopted scientific management, or a system akin to it. To-day the wage-earner is stimulated to greater physical exertion by the constant pressure exerted upon him through superintendents and foremen. Elaborate cost sheets are prepared monthly by every department. The lowest cost accounts are sent to similar departments which have not done as well, and the foremen are politely requested to state the reasons why they have not achieved like results. The hint is more than sufficient. The foremen speed up the men, the machinery and the system, with the result that sooner or later the scrap-heap pile grows higher.

Moreover, specialization and subdivision of work tend to make the workmen specialists in some one

IN recent years scarcely any subject has exercised the mind of employers and employees alike more than that of scientific management. Manufacturers have eagerly studied the possibilities of this new science of industry, and have predicted great things of it. It is my object in this brief study to direct the reader's attention to some phases of the question which have been, in general, overlooked; namely, the bearing of scientific management upon the work and welfare of the working classes.

But, first of all, something should be said to make clear the meaning of the term "scientific management." It is generally agreed that Dr. Frederick W. Taylor is an authority on this subject, and therefore his definition of what scientific management actually professes to be may be regarded as authoritative. In giving his testimony before a congressional investigation committee he said:

"**N**OW in its essence, scientific management involves a complete mental revolution on the part of the working man engaged in any particular establishment or industry—a complete mental revolution on the part of these men as to their duties toward their work, toward their fellowmen and toward their employers. And it involves an equally complete mental revolution on the part of those on the management's side—the foreman, the superintendent, the owner of the business, the board of directors—a complete mental revolution on their part as to their duties toward their fellow-workers in the management, toward their workmen, and toward all their daily problems. And without this complete mental revolution on both sides scientific management does not exist.

"The great mental revolution that takes place in the mental attitude of the two parties under scientific management is that both sides take their eyes off the division of the surplus as the all-important matter, and together turn their attention toward increasing the size of the surplus until this surplus becomes so large that it is unnecessary to quarrel over how it shall be divided. The substitution of the new outlook—this new viewpoint—is of the very essence of scientific management, and scientific management exists nowhere until after this has become the central idea of both sides."

line or a mere fraction of a line. Where knowledge of a trade or industry is confined to but a few simple operations, be those operations never so deftly or swiftly accomplished, skilled, all-round mechanics cannot be produced. Work ceases to be an art and a joy forever. The zest of life is gone. Workmen become mere cogs in the machine, and all pride in their work vanishes. In this direction scientific management becomes eminently unscientific.

The system fails on another count. It does not include an adequate system for the education of apprentices from whom competent mechanics can be developed. It does not provide for the workmen's progress in mechanical knowledge, but tends to restrict him to the subdivision of a specialty. It keeps him endlessly performing the same operation. It disregards the fact that endless repetition, which

in time becomes semi-automatic, through its very monotony, numbs the mind. It can thus never inspire the workman to express himself and his individuality in his work.

Finally, it is unsafe as well as unscientific, because it emphasizes quantity in production, rather than quality. The number of bricks which can be laid in a day is one thing; the strength and durability of the wall is another. The number of steel rails which can be run through the rolls in a day may be an interesting and important item in production; but of far more interest and importance is the ability of those rails to stand the strain and burden of traffic. The automobile and railroad accidents that from time to time shock the public are a terrible indictment against this obsession of the mind for speed and output at any cost.

With all their shortcomings—there are few human institutions free of them—the labour unions have at least proved their right to exist by steadfastly standing between the single, humble workman and the powerful corporation. Scientific management is ruthless in dealing with the individual workman; but it must come to terms with the union. As long as the union does not ask the public to tolerate inefficiency, "soldiering" and fraud, it will meet with support. It must not stand in the way of progress. But when it endeavours to safeguard the rights of humanity, in its pride of work and joy of service, it must command the public's co-operation and respect. And in confronting pseudo-scientific management it may surely count on every loyal and intelligent citizen to render whatever aid he can consistently with his convictions.

Makers of Big Industries in Small Towns

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE big man is not measured by the size of the town he inhabits. There are as many big men in the small towns and young cities of Canada as there are in the large centres of population. The difference is that though as a rule you don't find big financiers, newspaper magnates, and railway builders in small towns, you often do find the really big manufacturer, and when you do he is likely to be rather a bigger mentality than the man at the head of a big city business.

There are reasons. The greatest philosophers have usually lived in obscure places. A small-town, big manufacturer is likely to have a certain degree of philosophy and all-round culture in his make-up. He reflects more the life of his town; takes a keener personal interest in people, lives a saner life, and in many cases may become a humourist. At the same time he is likely to have a good deal to do with more than one business. He may not sit on a great many directorates, but he may have a personal connection with more than one business that keeps his particular town to the front and gives it character.

Preston, Ont., known to a large number of health-seekers as the home of mineral baths, might be overlooked by most of the tourist traffic if it were not so much of a manufacturing metropolis. Population is no measure of this. Estimates place that at 5,000. But the wage bill of Preston in one year runs into a million and a quarter dollars, which on a basis of population is one of the very highest in Canada. Building estimates for the same period run to about \$400,000. And though Preston was originally just as German as the rest of Waterloo county, it is now almost as cosmopolitan as Hamilton. On the street you may see Poles, Russians, Finlanders, Galicians, hundreds of Englishmen, some Scotch—

BUT not so many Scotch. Most of them live in Galt, which is part of the same industrial precinct mapped off by Preston, Galt, Waterloo, Berlin and Hespeler. These towns are all in a midland area no bigger than some large cities. Berlin and Waterloo are so close together that nothing but an earthquake can much longer keep them apart, for Berlin is growing clear around its neighbour. Galt and Preston are just about as close now as Fort William and Port Arthur; three miles apart only—with Hespeler but three miles away from Preston. Ten years from now this manufacturing district will be as famous in Ontario as any of the industrial areas of England. These are the small towns with the big industries. In these five young cities may be found a greater variety of industries than in most of the big cities of Canada. And the reasons why are in most cases dependent upon two things—power and people.

Of these two factors power is second. Berlin has no water power. Galt has the Grand River. Preston and Hespeler have the Speed. But Berlin has the diligent Germans, Galt the indefatigable and thrifty Scotch, Preston a little of everything, and Hespeler the same.

Preston has also the Clare Bros., and without them it would be a much different town. Subtract George Clare and his brother Fred from Preston and you have left a busy community, reaching out hungrily like a new western town for more sidewalks and more permits and more people and more railroads; but not the two most typical and interesting industries in the town, one of them the newest of all the big ones and the other just about the oldest.

Beginning with the newest, the Canada Car and Coach Co., you get a curious sensation, even without meeting Mr. George Clare, the man behind it and one of the heaviest shareholders. It's a strange thing to step into one of the many big erecting

shops of this firm with its fourteen acres of space and find a large number of electric cars being built for the Edmonton Street Railway; a whole line-up



MR. GEORGE A. CLARE, M.P., P.C.,
of Preston, Ont.

of electrics for British Columbia; freights for the Canadian Northern; passenger cars for the Intercolonial; combined baggage and smokers for some other road, and nearly 400 men working every day at an industry which five or six years ago was only



LIEUT.-COL. J. W. WOODS, OTTAWA,
Ontario Vice-President, C.M.A., 1912-1913.

a cubbyhole of a shop engaged in repairing cars. This peculiar industry, backed by the personal prestige of Mr. George Clare, M.P., P.C., might never have been in Preston but for an accident.

The present manager, Mr. D. M. Campbell, was having a chat with the manager of the Galt, Preston and Hespeler Railway in a smoker one evening and intimated that he had a notion to leave the Ottawa Car Co. to start a shop of his own. The hint was sufficient. Thanks to Mr. Campbell's knowledge of the business and the personal prestige of Mr. Clare the shop was started in May, 1907. To-day it is making a large percentage of the cars used in almost any part of Canada. Some of the best cars to be seen running on the electric roads through Preston are the work of the Canada Car and Coach Co. And the firm have been so over-stocked with orders that they have been unable to accept large contracts from some of the biggest Canadian cities.

Cars are made as nearly as possible out and out on the premises. The motors are imported, as well as some of the fittings. But the trucks and the cars themselves are manufactured from the raw material in the shops of the company, which are almost as new as the cars just being painted up.

IT takes considerable courage to start under way in a town like Preston an industry that makes cars worth at least \$6,000 each, when you may count in the erecting shops at once not less than fifty cars in all stages of erection, some of them costing many times \$6,000 to build. It takes some imagination to realize that this modern mammoth industry is carried on in a town that a few years ago was known to most people as the home of mineral baths for ailing people, with a few factories along the main street to keep one end of it from running clear away from the other, nearly three miles distant.

For Preston has the longest main street of any town of its size in Canada, and it doesn't run directly along the banks of the Speed, that canters lazily down the flats to the Grand, but shoots sheer away towards Galt in a straight line dotted by stone houses the best part of a century old.

But Preston's main street is no longer for its size than the head of Mr. George Clare is long for his 200 pounds or more of energetic avoirdupois. Mr. Clare was born to be a manufacturer. His father, John Clare, a sturdy, thrifty German, planted the Clare industries in Preston in 1853. You can still see the old stone sill that held up the original foundry and show-room and engine-room of John Clare; but it's about the only part of the old outfit that seems to be plainly visible as you pass along the main street close to the banks of the Speed. Some of the rest of the shop is built around by new stone walls clambered already with ivies and housing 300 busy workers that make the Clare stoves and furnaces that go from one end of Canada to another.

A big stone house right next to the works is the old family mansion of the Clares. It is now the office; probably the only office of its kind in Canada. Drawing-room and dining-room and kitchen and bed-rooms are all occupied by the firm, both of the senior members of which were brought up in that old-fashioned stone mansion. It's as quiet as a home; but right next to it hundreds of men are making as much noise as it is necessary to transform pig iron into a modern stove or a furnace, each with from forty to a hundred separate pattern pieces in its makeup, and from melting-furnace to box-car out on the siding a complete, progressive series of interesting operations.

George Clare, M.P., brought up in that house, perhaps never expected to see the day when it would be the office of such a place as that modern factory of iron-work. For some years, in fact, he was away from home, working for the Seagram interests in Waterloo town. In 1881 he came back, some years

before the death of his father, and began to put the weight of his personality behind the business. He stayed in Preston when he might have gone to many a bigger centre of business; just as other forceful, aggressive men have stuck by the old town through thick and thin—not Preston alone, but scores of other towns like it in older Canada. And Preston, like many another town, plugged away through the slow years of small markets and one railway and hard times. Thanks to such men as the Clares, it hung on to what it had and got as much more as it could, all down through the slow eighties and the patient nineties, and on down till the end of the century, which was clean gone before most of these old industrial villages began to so push out into the proportions of real, live manufacturing towns whose products go all over modern Canada.

When Preston got electric road connection with Galt and Berlin, the old town began to look up. Competition came in for hauling freight. Any day now you may see freight cars being hauled in and out of Preston to Berlin and Galt, trailed by electric locomotives to the steam roads. Any day may be seen two or three box cars tracked up alongside the works of the Clare Bros. to be loaded with stoves and furnaces.

There is something in the German temperament that sticks hard and goes ahead at full speed when it gets a chance. It is so in modern Germany; not less so in the little Germanies of Canada. George Clare is a man of two outstanding qualities; a sort of sixth sense and a strong will. The former has enabled him to foresee what was going to happen anyway. The latter has made him able to grapple with the conditions of what happened—when it was necessary for him to get on the firing line.

YEARS ago, during a political campaign, George Clare was so ill that he had to be carried on the platform to make a speech. But he made it, and he got in. That was after he had broken the ice; and it was pretty thick. Years almost without number that Waterloo had been Liberal. In 1900, through the personality and hard work of George Clare, manufacturer in dead earnest under a reasonable survival of the N.P., it went Conservative. He went to Ottawa. Eleven years he stayed in Opposition. Twice during Opposition he kept the seat for the Conservative party. In 1911 he got it again—but not in Opposition.

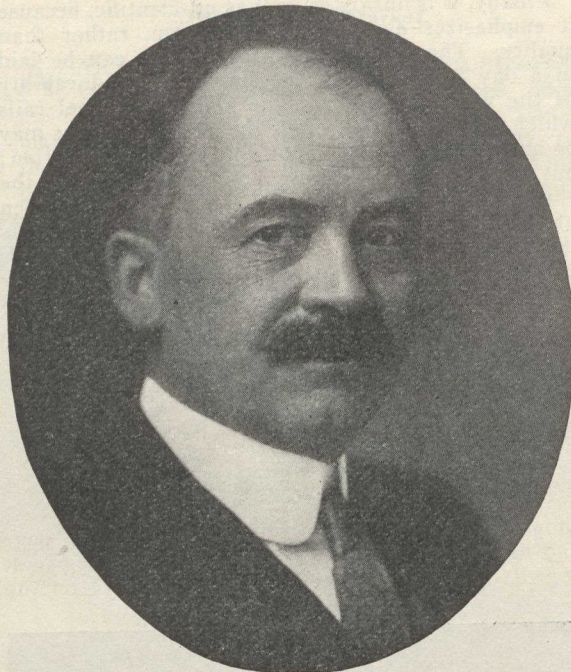
George Clare never went really hard after anything with that uncanny sixth sense of his that he didn't achieve. He realized that while he might dock his own time at the foundry by going into Parliament, by so doing he might make Preston and Waterloo of more account in national arithmetic.

He is still in Parliament. For his political services, amounting to a degree of patriotism, he was made a member of the Privy Council. This is a greater honour than to be a Canadian Cabinet Minister and has the advantage of being conferred for life.

The foundry business—well it probably resembles any other ultra-modern stove and furnace business a good deal—except for the stimulus that comes from having George Clare down in the office; though latterly he has quit climbing through the works, leaving a good deal of that to his more athletic son, Alfred, who can get through the labyrinth in record time. Be sure the works knows, just as Preston town knows, whenever George Clare gets back from Ottawa, or from Honey Harbour, his fishing resort. And he knows, just as intimately as his brother Fred or his son Alfred, the ramified details of the concern; clear from the pattern-shop to the box-car on the track next to the shipping-room. It takes about 50 men to make one stove. And to follow that stove through from pig iron and coke, from moulding sand and pattern-shop; on into the moulding rooms and the casting rooms and the tumblers and the polishers and the nickel platers and the assembling rooms—is part of a modern liberal education. No man would stick at that kind of business if he didn't like it. George Clare likes it. So does his brother Fred. So does his son Alfred. It's a Clare quality—to have strong likes and affinities; and the sixth sense added to the strong will has had most to do with the Clare brand of success.

FROM the cedars of Preston to the ferns of Hespeler is the length of a minute. The first stop of the interurban at Hespeler is right alongside a tremendous fabric that looks big enough to house the whole town. The knitting and cloth mills of the R. Forbes Company are an instance of the biggest industry in a small town in Canada—for a town of that size. On a basis of employees St. Johns, Que., has an industry about the same size; but St.

Johns has twice the population of Hespeler, which has about 3,000 people, seven hundred of whom work in the R. Forbes Company. Some of the



MR. A. C. FLUMERFELT,
(The Hastings Shingle Manufacturing Co., Vancouver, B.C.),
British Columbia Vice-President, C.M.A., 1912-1913.



MR. WILLIAM GEORGESON,
(Georgeson & Co., Limited, Calgary),
Alberta and Saskatchewan Vice-President, C.M.A., 1912-1913.

employees live in Preston; some of the Preston hands live in Hespeler and in Galt—thanks to a very accommodating interurban service that has done much to build up these little industrial cities.

Here again is the persistence of a personality and a business principle. The business, under its present name, was started by the elder Forbes, a Scotchman who bought out a small concern that moved to Holyoke, Mass. About the comparative size of a tool-box to a motor-car there still stands

as the time office of the new works the old office of the firm. Just above it the old bell—for in those days the factory was run by the Speed and there was no steam whistle—still hangs in its little tower. Nearly all the rest looks as though it had been built yesterday.

Here are over 800 horse-power total capacity from three sources, the Speed, Hydro-Electric and a steam plant auxiliary; 14 acres of floor space; 700 workers that come from the towns and the farms round about, from England, Scotland and continental Europe; machines that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, the product of the best concerns in Europe; a private transforming station for Hydro-Electric power from Niagara—up to 500 horse-power; tracks alongside the works; wool that comes from any country that produces the right kind of sheep; products that go to every corner of Canada—all in a peaceful little town that straggles lazily along the pretty river where all its factories are. The total property assessment of Hespeler outside of factories is probably a good deal less than the aggregate value of this one huge, consolidated enterprise. Which is a case of the part being greater than the whole. And the Forbes industry is at the same time one of the greatest woollen concerns in Canada, or even America.

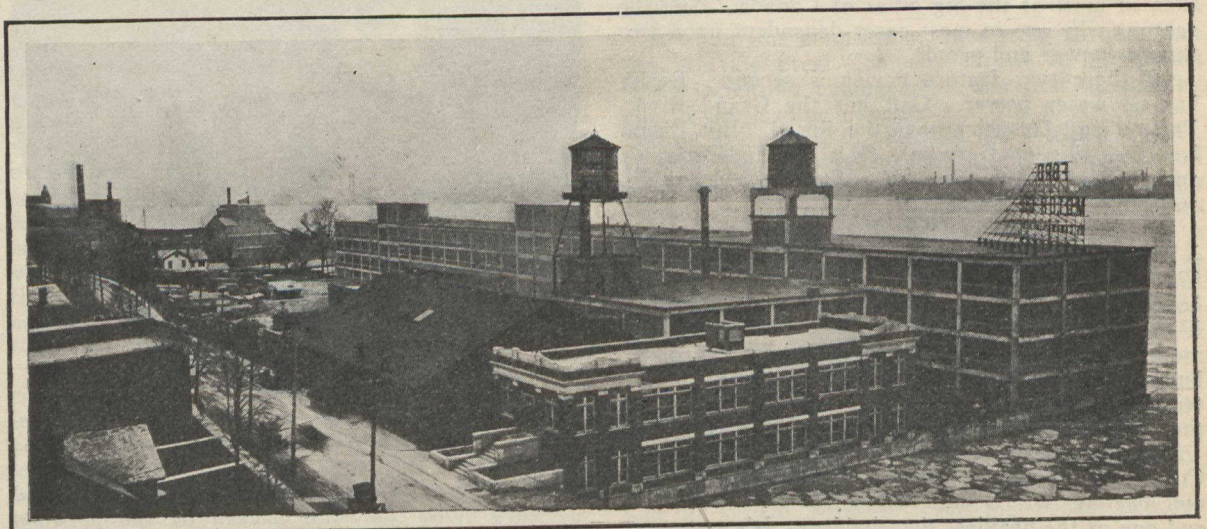
All this should read like a romance. How often in season and out of season since first the British preference was announced by the Laurier Government, have the woollen men lifted their voices in wails of blue ruin protest against a sentiment that would wipe out the prosperous woollen mills of Canada. We were led to believe that the woollen industry in this country was doomed to extinction unless the preference were amended. The Yorkshire spinner and weaver, with his immense advantages both coming and going, would drive out the Canadian maker of cloth. There would be deserted villages, empty mills, cold smoke-stacks, etc., etc.

And the prosperous, tremendously optimistic Forbes Co. is one of the abandoned mills. What has happened since the days of lamentations and deputations to make it possible for a huge business like the Forbes to grow up there in that quiet little town on the Speed?

Mainly—Forbes.

It is a Forbes axiom that the Canadian market is big enough to take all the goods that the company could turn out. And the axiom is big enough to include—that there is no machinery so modern and expensive too good to be used in the knitting industry and the cloth-making in competition with Yorkshire; that there is no labour anywhere too skilled to find employment in a Canadian factory; that in a small town there are advantages to labour in cost of living, in low rents and the lower prices of the necessities of life; that there are also advantages to capital in the lower cost of land and generally lower taxation than in large cities; and that no good, healthy town is too small to maintain a big world industry so long as the personal force of the men behind is of the right, persistent character to build up the industry on its own merits no matter what newspapers might say about the certainty of blue ruin.

THE Forbes Company has worked out these axioms in a practical way. When the preference looked as though it might hit the cloth trade—more or less—they set out to produce cloth under the handicap that could be sold in direct competition with the best weaves of Yorkshire in that class. They are doing it. The worsteds made in Hespeler have been sold by retailers as imported
(Continued on page 27.)



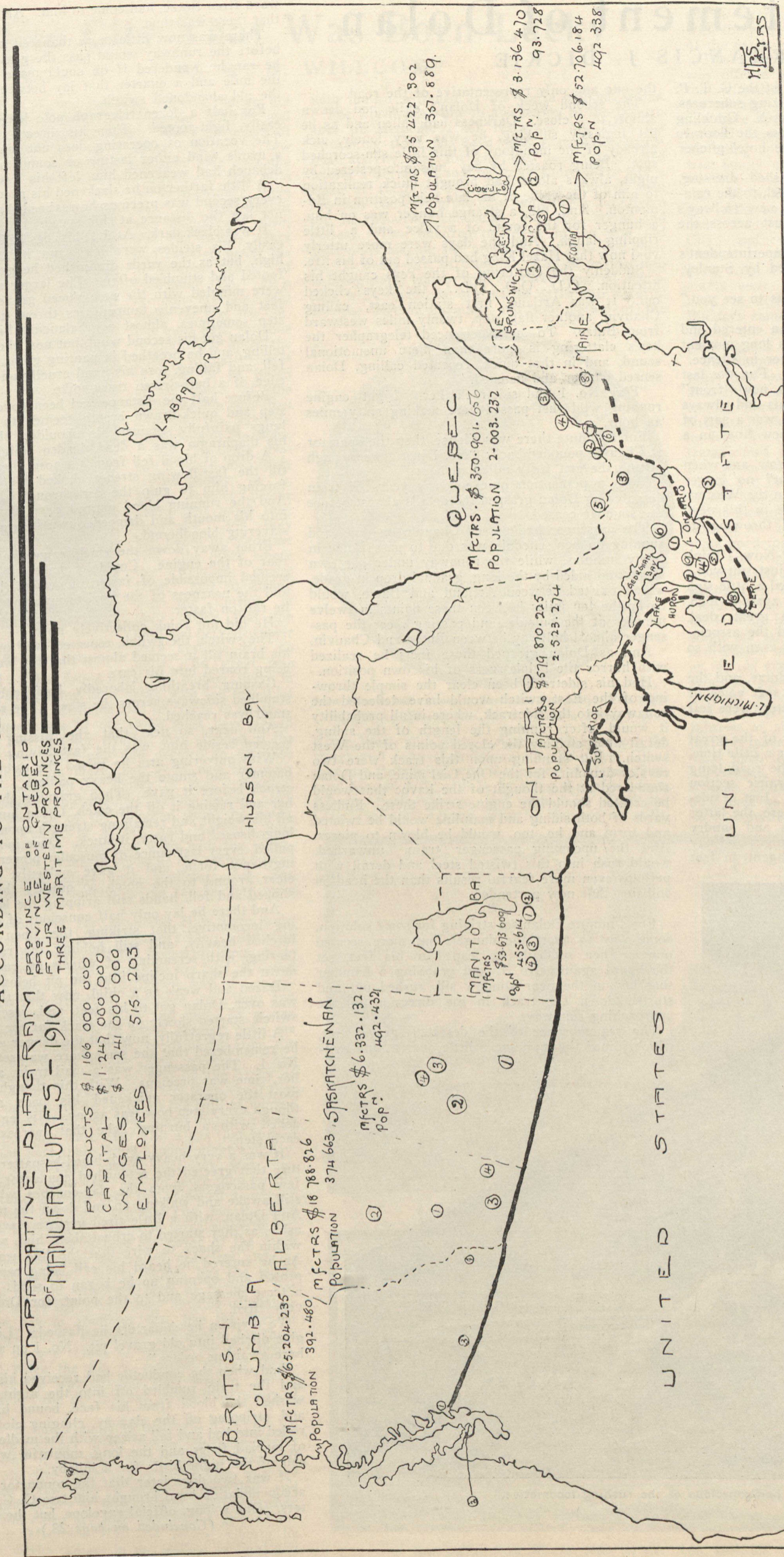
The Ford Automobile Factory in Ford City, on the Detroit River—One of the New Canadian Municipalities Being Built Up By "Branch" Factories From Over the Border.

The Distribution of Canadian Manufacturing

ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS OF 1910

COMPARATIVE DIAGRAM OF MANUFACTURES - 1910

PRODUCTS	\$ 1,166,000,000
CAPITAL	\$ 1,247,000,000
WAGES	\$ 241,000,000
EMPLOYEES	515,203



CANADA'S manufacturing in 1913 is much larger than it was in 1910, but only the 1910 figures are available. The above map gives the figures for 1910 only. In 1890 the total products of Canadian factories were valued at \$369,000,000. In 1900 they were not much greater, amounting only to \$481,000,000. During the last decade the increase was tremendous, and the total was \$1,166,000,000. In the last decade the greatest growth is shown in the Western Provinces. The total manufacturing in the West in 1900 was \$32,130,000; in 1910 this had increased to \$207,500,000. If the West does as well in the next ten years, Eastern Canada will have to look to its laurels.

The following table gives a list of the leading manufacturing cities in each province, with the total value of the products produced each year according to the 1910 census. The numbers correspond also with the numbers in each province on the map. During the past three years there have been few changes in seniority; perhaps the most notable change would be that of Medicine Hat. Several very important towns are left out of the Ontario list on account of its length. These include Bowmanville, Bracebridge, Brockville, Chatham, Collingwood, Galt, Goderich, Hawkesbury, Huntsville, Ingersoll, Kingston, Lindsay, Midland, Niagara Falls, Oshawa, Owen Sound, Paris, Penetanguishene, Preston, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Sarnia, Steelton, Stratford, Wallaceburg, Waterloo, Windsor, and Woodstock. All of these produce more than two million dollars worth of products every year. Welland is also in this class, although not so placed by the census returns.

1	Vancouver	\$15,070,000
2	Victoria	4,244,000
3	New Westminster	2,854,000
4	Fernie	1,354,000
5	Nanaimo	1,368,000
1	Calgary	\$7,751,000
2	Edmonton	4,493,000
3	Lethbridge	1,174,000
4	Medicine Hat	863,000
1	Regina	\$1,313,000
2	Saskatoon	847,000
3	Prince Albert	816,000
4	Moose Jaw	739,000
1	Winnipeg	\$32,699,000
2	St. Boniface	6,701,000
3	Portage la Prairie	2,534,000
4	Brandon	2,330,000
1	Toronto	\$154,307,000
2	Hamilton	55,126,000
3	Ottawa	19,877,000
4	London	16,274,000
5	Brantford	15,866,000
6	Peterboro	10,633,000
7	Berlin	9,266,000
8	Walkerville	8,342,000
9	Guelph	7,392,000
1	Montreal	\$166,297,000
2	Maisonnette	20,814,000
3	Quebec	17,149,000
4	Shawinigan	13,784,000
5	Hull	7,259,000
6	Lachine	6,296,000
7	Valleyfield	4,099,000
8	Sherbrooke	3,934,000
1	St. John	\$10,082,000
2	Moncton	3,234,000
1	Halifax	\$12,140,000
2	Sydney	9,395,000
3	Amherst	4,626,000

Reinstatement of Dolan

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

DOLAN, chief train despatcher of the G. T. P. at Edmonton, woke to agonizing soberness. He had been drunk for a week. Crawling out of bed he shuffled across the floor to the wash-stand and half emptied the hotel pitcher of luke-warm water.

With throbbing head Dolan finished dressing, walked downstairs and out of the hotel, to the ramshackle temporary buildings of the new railway's division headquarters, which lay just across the track.

Entering the outer office of the superintendent's two-room shanty, Dolan was greeted by Stanley, the chief clerk.

"The old man's inside and he wants to see you," Stanley remarked, in a low voice.

After a precautionary knock Dolan entered and stood just inside the door, and for a long moment the superintendent eyed the despatcher in silence.

They were old timers, these two. For the last ten years now wherever had been a new "front" there had come superintendent Dennis and always Dolan had been upon the division. It was a part of their lives now, this following of new lines in a dozen parts of the continent.

Together they had seen the U. P. grow, and when the work was done and the "front" no longer existed they had hied themselves on to the Western Pacific and then on again once more to this new, big Canadian road which was fast throwing its bands of steel across a continent.

"Well, Dolan, it's happened again. Now, I think a couple of months up at Butze will just suit you."

Dolan nodded in silence and breathed a little sigh of relief. At least he was at work again, which, in his present financial state, was a great deal. Dolan was a good railroad man, and the associations of the past went for something even with so stern a man as Dennis.

So Dolan took the night train to Butze, and the lights and life of Edmonton and the soft voice of Hazel King, the train master's daughter, were left behind.

If you look carefully on the map of the great transcontinental railway you will, after a little time, find Butze. It is a mere point of the road lying midway between divisions of the prairie section most westerly toward the mountains. Just a sidetrack and a dismantled box-car are there, the latter made habitable with added windows and sundry boards, for the lone man who acts as night and day operator, ticket, freight and baggage agent, in fact

the one and only representative of the road.

The second week of Dolan's exile had drawn almost to a close. Darkness had fallen and as he sat listlessly smoking, he was very lonely, sick already of the monotony of this little sun-scorched spot. Being roasted by day, mosquito-pestered by night, always alone, had brought quick realization to him of the value of his late held position in Edmonton. And, too, a strange hunger was on him, a hunger for the sound of a voice and a little rippling laugh. And the days were more utterly void now that Hazel King had passed out of his life.

Suddenly the clattering of the keys caught his attention. Q.D...Q.D...Q.D... the keys clicked out. It was Artland, first station east, calling Chauvin, another flag stop, twenty miles westward from Butze. To an experienced telegrapher the key's clattering is more than mere unemotional sound, and in that quick, repeated calling, Dolan sensed danger and listened.

"Flag No. 1 and sidetrack her. Light engine running wild just passed here making sixty miles an hour."

For a minute there was silence, then the operator at Chauvin pounded back: "No. 1 just gone through hitting the grit forty miles an hour."

With a perception quickened by years of train despatching Dolan grasped the details almost before the sounder ceased.

The passenger had passed Chauvin on time, and running on her schedule was due to pass Butze in thirty minutes, while the runaway under her own steam and aided by the long, gradual drop in grade, which existed between Artland and Butze, would cover the ten miles between these points in twelve minutes at the outside, and passing meet the passenger almost halfway between Butze and Chauvin.

And as Dolan grasped these facts he realized with horror the helplessness of his own position.

Had his sidetrack been clear the simple throwing of the East switch would have deflected the runaway into the sidetrack, where in all probability it would, after running the length of the siding, derail upon striking the closed points of the West switch. But standing upon this track were two cars of dynamite for the One Girl mine, and Dolan shuddered at the thought of the havoc that would be created should the engine strike these. Endless yards of both siding and mainline would be twisted and torn, and he, too, would be blown to pieces. And the upcoming passenger train, unwarned, would rush into this twisted steel and derail with perhaps even more fearful results than the head-on collision that now portended.

For a minute Dolan sat striving for some solution, some way to avert the danger, but there seemed none. Then suddenly he leaped to his feet, set the board against No. 1, and grabbing a hammer that lay on the near window sill, rushed out and started down the track in the direction of the approaching runaway.

The remembrance of the deserted gravel pit, which joined the mainline a little over a mile east-

ward from Butze, had come to him. And he prayed that there was time.

There was now little more than ten minutes left before the runaway would pass the gravel pit. As he ran he wondered if he could make it. Cover the mile and a quarter that lay between him and the old abandoned switch.

For half a dozen telegraph pole lengths he ran easily, light-footed. Then his breath shortened. The vocation of operating does not tend to make a man's wind either lasting or sound and his late debauch had weakened him, left his tissues flabby.

A little farther on he slackened his pace. Though every second was precious he realized that he could not last the distance at this speed.

It was black dark. At first his legs had responded easily, his strides were long and his feet lifted high, but as the yards diminished he grew heavy-footed and stumbled often. The larger stones that were mingled with the new-placed gravel hurt his feet and unevenly tamped ties threw him out of step sometimes, almost overbalancing him.

Dolan got his second wind, but now the pace was telling, and he breathed in panting gasps. Once he fell, and falling, tore his hand cruelly on the sharp edge of a half-driven track-spike.

Before half the distance had been covered every step and quick-drawn breath seemed to drive his lungs painfully against his shoulder blades, and his diaphragm was a dead, leaden weight.

A drop of blood fell from his nose, then another, till the fast-flowing stream choked his breathing, forcing him to gulp the air through the mouth. And the running blood poured over his open lips into his mouth and dripped down his jaws like a slaver's bloodhound.

From away down the track came the rumbling roar of the engine. Could he make it? His legs seemed impossible of faster movement, but terror and the nearness of the goal brought new life and he ran on faster.

He did not think collectively now.

The switch, the switch, repeated over and over in his brain till it seemed almost that the words were being roared into his ears.

Gasping, breathing laboredly, half sobbingly, he stumbled sideways across the steel. The red switch stand was reached.

And near, so near that the hissing exhaust seemed beside him, was the fast-driving engine.

With quivering arm he raised the tight-clutched hammer and smote the heavy padlock. Twice he struck before it gave. Then grasping the switch-bar and raising it off the catch, Dolan lunged with all his weight and remaining strength upon it. Old, long-disused and rusty, it stuck. Once more Dolan pulled, every last ounce of muscular power despairingly put forth, and it gave suddenly, swinging clear around to the notch so quickly that Dolan slipped and fell, hands still gripping the bar.

And there he lay only half conscious of the rushing locomotive, that striking the open switch, lurched heavily, and still holding the rails went tearing, with screaming of wheels on rusty steel, down the sharp incline into the pit below.

Dazed and weak as a child, now that the ordeal was over, Dolan got to his feet, and, resetting the switch, started slowly up the track for the shack.

A little regretfully, now that the danger was over, he remembered that the semaphore was set against No. 1. The passenger was a mail train, and with her, time was precious. With this thought uppermost the operator quickened his pace a little, though every step now was agony. His leg muscles ached with a burning ache that increased with each step.

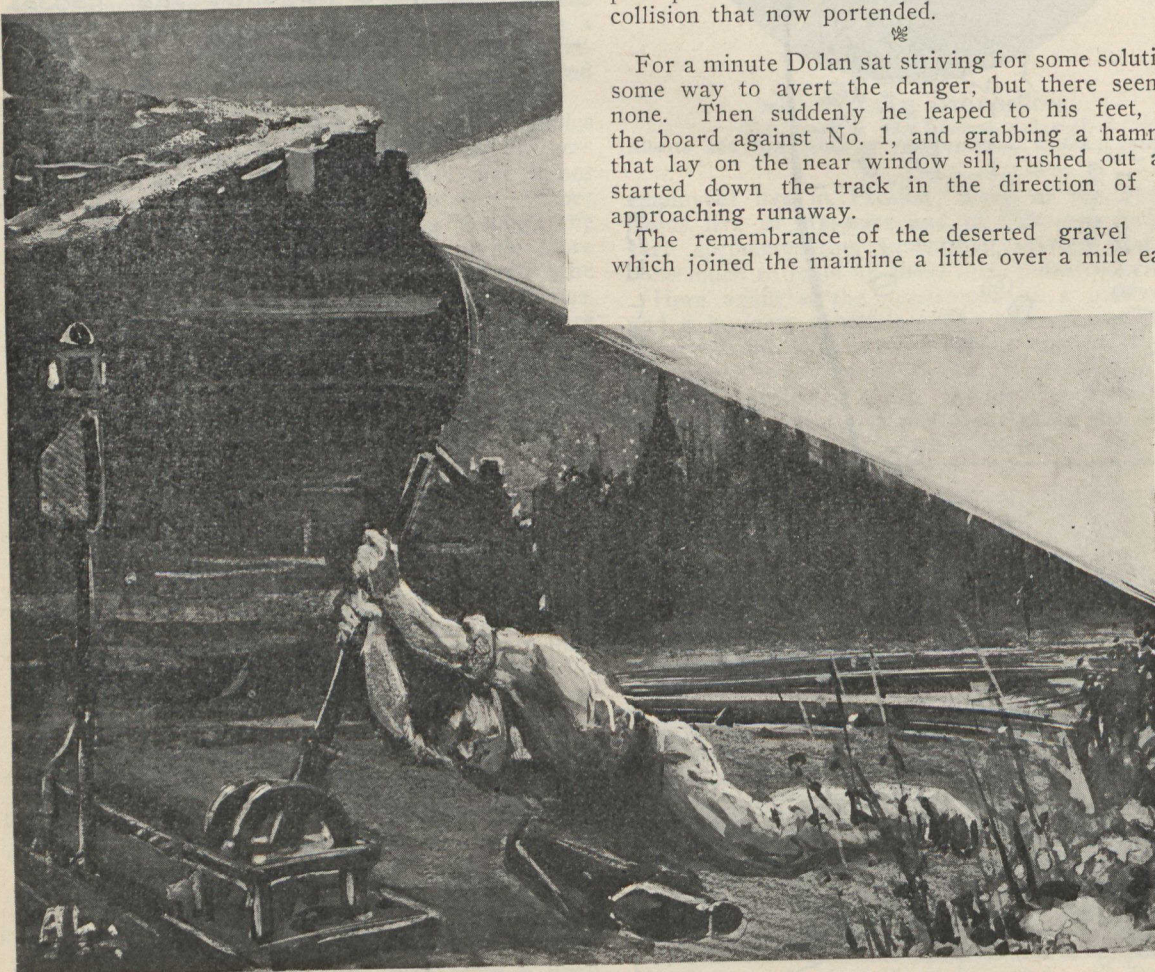
It was a very heavy-eyed, blood-bespattered creature that greeted the astonished conductor and the few passengers from the day-coaches who were still awake and walking up and down the platform. And Dolan, with a little tired gesture waved them aside, as they started to crowd about him, and went within the shack to wire that the line was clear. As he entered he heard his call being rapidly repeated and opening up he began to send. It was a terse message and to the point, for Dolan was very tired.

To division headquarters he flashed: "Light engine ditched into old gravel pit. No. 1 on mainline here awaiting orders."

And when the conductor had received his orders and the train rumbled off into the night, Dolan washed the blood from his face, bound his hand and, stripping off the clammy, clinging clothes, he rolled into bed and fell asleep with the medley songs of myriad frogs and the long, mournful whistling call of the night birds for a lullaby.

It was two days later that the conductor of the accommodation local brought him two O. C. S. letters. One a long, official envelope, but the other—

(Concluded on page 28.)

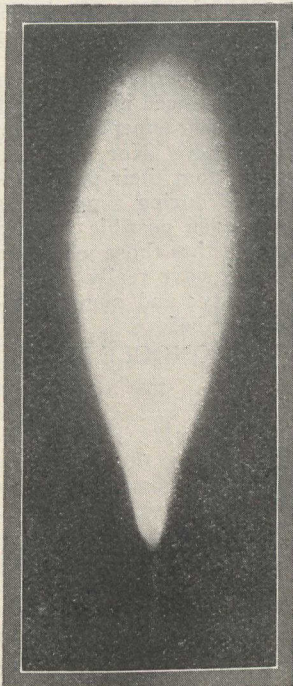


"And there he lay, half-conscious of the rushing locomotive."

The City That Was Born Lucky

By W. B. WILLCOX

OUT in Sunny Southern Alberta, where Sol works overtime to keep the prairies and the wheatfields golden, where the winds of winter keep up a losing fight for a few weeks in their season and gradually give over the field to the all-conquering Chinook—in this mild northern prairie there was an insignificant and unassuming town that for twenty years had suffered under the unfortunate name of "Medicine Hat." It is the only Medicine Hat under the sun, but, unlike most hats, this one is upturned upon the prairie, so that it seems to catch in its broad crown more of the glittering sun rays than any of the conventional hats of the West.



The Natural Gas That is Making Medicine Hat.

But Medicine Hat had a bad name; there is no doubt of it. When eastern people heard that name they shuddered, for they had heard of Medicine Hat, "the place where the weather comes from," and so strong was the illusion in their minds that the chill had pervaded their very systems like an ague. So great was the dread of that frigid place that mothers were in the habit of quieting their babes with the threat of sending them to Medicine Hat to freeze to death.

The opprobrium of the name must have arisen from the fact that the weather man stopped at the "Hat" a few years ago and decided to establish a weather station there, and as it was the most northerly point in the sphere of that tyrannical genius some of his satellites became imbued with the idea that all of the weather which he made, up in the Yukon, in Alaska, and Hudson's Bay, got their frigidty from that town with the queer-sounding name. Like an epidemic the notion spread and grew, and before long Medicine Hat was doomed to Arctic loneliness—so far as they were concerned.

But fortunately for Medicine Hat there were some brave spirits who foreswore their allegiance to the weather man, left the homes of their childhood, and coming boldly north to the land of dread they were surprised and delighted with the reception which they received; for here were days and days of sunshine, and miles and miles of grassy prairie, with thousands of cattle grazing upon the thick mats of buffalo grass, or drinking from the streams and resting in the long coulees. They found also immense beds of coal on the banks of the rivers, lying in veins seven feet deep—coal that burned long and hot and kept off the chill of winter. But more wonderful still, they found that their wells gave up not only water, but also a gas that burned forever and kept their lights blazing night and day.

Thirty years have passed since gas was discovered in Medicine Hat, and for more than twenty years natural gas has been the principal source of energy, heat, and light for that city, but the flow continues with exactly the same force which it had when the first pipe pierced the cover of the earth and opened the vast cavern of ceaseless and inexhaustible energy. Never before has the world witnessed such a wonderful gift of nature. For years the street lights have been burning constantly night and day in Medicine Hat, like the fires of the Parsees, but no attendants are needed for these fires and no one thinks of turning out the lights, not even when the sun in summer travels three-fourths of the way around the horizon before passing below the sky line for a few short hours at midnight.

Winter is but a name in Medicine Hat, for although the mercury drops low in the thermometer during some of the short winter days, yet the soft chinook and the cheerful sun never give way for more than a few days of winter at any time, and even in the months of January and February, when the midland cities are held fast in the grip of the frost king, Medicine Hat and Sunny Alberta lie often for weeks radiant in the mellow sunlight and

with the air softened by the warm chinook winds. The world was slow in awakening to the importance of Medicine Hat's resources, but since the awakening there has been such remarkable industrial activity that the city has been transformed within a period of two or three short years into a maze of factories and mills. Five hundred men are busy converting the clay, which they take from the neighbouring cut-banks, into tile, brick, and pottery. Two hundred toil daily in the iron and steel mills making the products that will find their way to every part of Canada. A giant cement mill is being built, which, with its three hundred operators, will convert the ores of the earth into material for the further conquest and subjugation of the



Some Houses Tell a Story of Taste and Prosperity. This Medicine Hat Residence of Hon. W. T. Finlay is of This Type.

whole West, with great concrete bridges across the rivers and colossal buildings for the cities. Four immense flour mills, with a capacity of fifteen thousand barrels daily, will be grinding the wheat from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and even from Manitoba. Glass factories, crayon factories, linseed oil mills,

and a dozen others are turning out their products with the power that comes unaided from the depths of the earth.

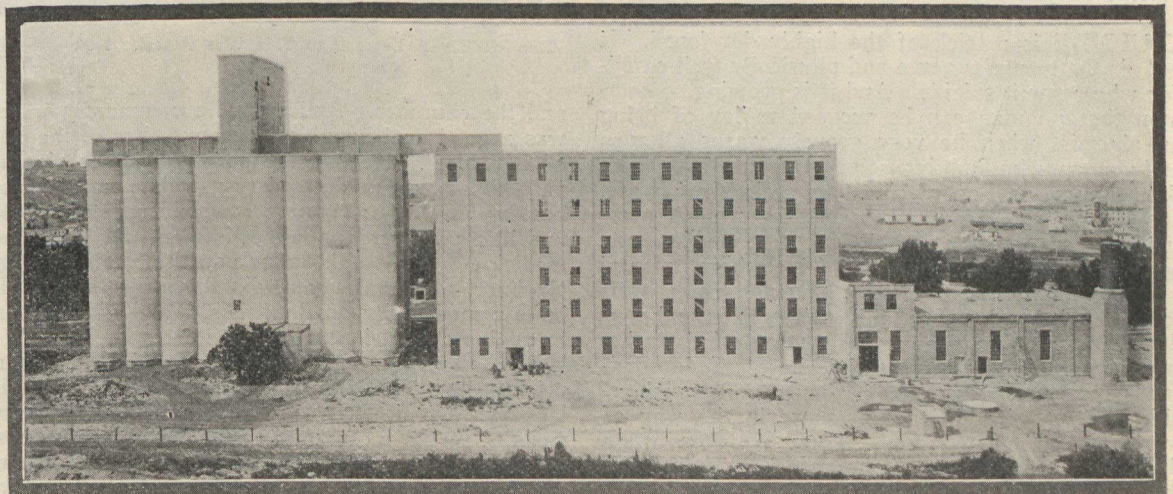
The sleepy little town which for twenty years was offered no more exciting entertainment than that afforded by the cow-punchers who came periodically to the "Hat" to buy their provisions and have their sprees, awoke with a start one day to find herself grown famous. The town, that according to Rudyard Kipling "was born lucky," was finally coming into her own; for the secret was out. Manufacturers were flocking to Medicine Hat and building their factories by the side of the gas wells, and new wells were being bored. Men and women were talking about the wonderful "Gas City," and every month brought its hundreds of arrivals to the city. In one year the population grew from five thousand to twelve thousand. The hotels were crowded to overflowing and people lived in tents and hastily constructed shacks. Builders came in by the hundred and the town spread out over the prairie with rows of houses marking out new streets in every direction.

The amount of building permits increased in one year from seven hundred thousand dollars to more than three million dollars, and yet there were not enough houses for the newcomers. A score of new business blocks were erected in the summer of 1912, modern five-story and six-story structures that transformed the prairie town into a modern city. Not since the days of the "Forty Niners" in California had there been such a remarkable exhibition of city building.

The guiding of Medicine Hat to its present position as an important manufacturing city was by some good fortune placed in the hands of conscientious and capable men who have given to the city a remarkably good administration. Their policy of giving free leases of land and free gas to manufacturers has brought to Medicine Hat many of its leading industries, while the adoption of the single-tax system at the same time encouraged improvements instead of levying a tribute upon them, as the old system does. The council have been responsible for providing the city with the best systems of water and sewerage in western Canada, and they have developed, by means of openness and fairness at all times, a most efficient police force that has made Medicine Hat one of the most orderly cities upon the continent. What is of still greater importance, they have encouraged the building of schools, churches and parks in order that the city may have its foundation and strength in the better social condition among the people.



A Medicine Hat Factory Which Turns Out 20 Carloads Daily of Fire-Brick and Sewer-pipe.



New Ogilvie Flour Mills at Medicine Hat. Cost, \$1,000,000. Capacity, 4,000 bbls. Daily.



Through A Monocle

Will You Commit Suicide?

IT is astonishing how many suicides of well-to-do and apparently prosperous people are reported from time to time. The reasons given for these tragedies must seem very trivial to men who are really "up against it" in the hottest corners of the battle of life. A little financial worry—some domestic trouble—a depressing doctor's verdict; and the ready revolver injects the final anaesthetic into the weary brain of the discouraged man. His three-meals-a-day are still sure—and even copious. He will not be cold in winter nor blistered in summer. He could slip out of his unpleasant environment and re-appear under a new name somewhere else, and his admirably-equipped brain would enable him to make a new place in the world and easily earn a luxurious living. He has by no means so much as approached the grim condition of want and suffering which might—to some minds—justify the tremendous remedy of self-murder. It is safe to say that, in many cases, three-fourths of his fellow human beings are worse off than he is; yet they live on cheerfully and hopefully, while he makes his final exit.

WHAT is the matter? I firmly believe that, in nine cases out of ten, it is mere mental depression brought on by over-strain. The apparent causes of his suicide are only the accidental nudging of his elbow by circumstance which suggests that possibly "this is the time." If he were in anything like normal mental form, they would no more suggest suicide than the "blowing out" of a trolley-car leads the ordinary passenger to jump to the pavement. Those who do jump are hysterically nervous. They would jump at anything. The flash in the motor-man's vestibule is not dangerous; but their condition of nerves is. So your over-worked business man has worn down his mental optimism until a straw in his path looks like an Alpine range. He is worried about the veriest trifles. And worry—you will find if you study your own case—is merely a form of weariness. Get up fresh and bright in the glad morning, feeling fit physically; and I defy you to worry.

I SHALL never commit suicide. I know it because I shall never work that hard. I regard the appearance of worry as a danger-signal and immediately slacken my work. Worry and suicide are as much fruits of over-strain as is "nervous prostration." And I think myself that they are but the comparative and the superlative of the same thing—i.e., mental weakness. You very seldom read that the day labourer or the hard-worked man, physically, commits suicide. Yet—by all standards of human comfort and hope—he is the very lad who ought to. Look at some of the next unskilled labourers you happen to see. Imagine yourself in their places with their chances in life. Imagine people regarding you as you regard them. Imagine the sort of a home which, in that case, you could offer your women-folk. Tie yourself to the ceaselessly swirling wheel to which they are bound. Live a life in which enough food becomes a daily anxiety, and the loss of the poorest job a tragedy. Then you might think of suicide, you would say. But you wouldn't. You are much more likely to commit suicide as you are.

SUICIDE is a trick of the highly developed. It is the mentally acute and physically well-cared-for who commit suicide. And it is growing so common that no man can be accused to-day of being an alarmist when he very gravely warns all men and women, who find themselves so mentally wearied that they worry over trifles, to seriously beware. Just as few men can tell exactly how much pressure they dare put upon their hearts, so few can be sure how far they dare drive their mental machinery after it has begun to grind upon itself for lack of the cheerful "oil" of buoyancy and confidence. You should always keep some leeway between yourself and the doleful shores of despondency; for you never can tell when a very considerable amount of additional pressure in the way of work may be put upon you. There are times when the ability to work twenty hours a day for a half-week, will bring you in more profit than the usual daily grind for a year; and the wise man keeps

enough wind in his lungs to be able to make the spurt.

THE toll of suicide is a part of the price those of us "in the foremost files of time" pay for our costly pre-eminence. Another part of the price is a slackened appetite for the pleasures we so dearly purchase. Contrast the eager joy with which the really hard-worked people, physically, seize upon what we would regard as the very shabby pleasures which come within their reach, with the weary resignation with which the well-to-do go forth to the expensive recreations their money will purchase. It is a lesson in humility. The man who can only afford a cheap holiday, camping in the woods near home, thinks of it all year and enters upon it with the shining face of boyhood; while

the man who can have any holiday he cares to pay for, wonders if he would not be really happier if he stayed at home. Nature has so made us that attainment quickly brings satiety—and disappointment.

AM I proposing a return to "the simple life"? I am proposing nothing so impossible. That, too, is a part of the price. No longer will "the simple life" be even tolerable—for long. There is nothing to do but to go forward on the path that our superior intelligence has made so smooth, and carefully heed the danger signals which are being heard all about us. Suicide is a curse to the mind-worker. We must remember it; and must start back in alarm at the first sign of its nearness—the sign of worry over trifles. None of us need imagine that we are immune. Only the most eupeptic escape wholly the Valley of the Shadow. Nor need the most morally arrogant imagine that their principles will save them. Suicide comes during a period of mental aberration when it is even possible for the best beloved to believe sincerely that those who love them will be relieved when they have really "gone." This is the last word in insanity; and moral principles have been jettisoned long before.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

A Model City

Being One Way of Solving the "Master and Man" Problem

By HUGH S. EAYRS

IT is some years ago since William (now Sir William) Lever announced that he would solve the problem of better conditions for the British working man by beginning—where charity begins—at home. He said he would build a model city for his work-people. They should have model houses at a model rent, and built in a model way; there should be model parks and model libraries, model clubs and model churches; and the outcome would be a model community of model people living model lives. People laughed at Lever, when he talked like this, and told him it could not be done. But he went ahead, and did it—or most of it. He built Port Sunlight, the model city, and housed his work-people therein. He gave them good houses with a bit of garden to look after for a very modest rent. He built the parks and the clubs, the libraries

model communities. But that being granted, there can be no manner of doubt that social conditions in Bourneville and Port Sunlight are nearer the Utopia of Sir Thomas More than in any other city or town in the tight little islands we call the old country.

But England has nothing on Canada in this regard. At Fraser Mills, B.C., there is a model city which is one of the finest examples of colonization, and one of the cleanest and sanest partnerships between capital and labour to be found on this side of the Atlantic. The business institution with which it is identified is the Canadian Western Lumber Company, whose president is Colonel A. D. Davidson.

Three miles beyond the increasingly busy city of New Westminster is the townsite of Fraser Mills.



Two or Three Years Ago This Was Forest. Now it is Peopled With Happy and Prosperous People Enjoying Life in "A Model City."

and the churches. And he got a community which was a good deal happier than any other in the city of Liverpool. He had the people's kiddies playing on a village green dressed respectably, and looking healthy, instead of running round in rags and looking like an overdone advertisement for a patent medicine which would make you thin. Mr. George Cadbury, of Birmingham, did the same thing. He built a model city at Bourneville, and did his best to evolve a model people.

Both these gentlemen have succeeded to a surprising extent. Maybe there are some things still lacking. No doubt a county court bailiff occasionally serves a judgment summons "for the cost of goods sold and delivered" to some tradesman who has neglected to pay his bills, and various other sins of the flesh find representation even in these

It contains the huge plant of the Canadian Western Lumber Company, and also the homes of the employees. While you are yet a little way from the townsite you may see to the north the picturesque French-Canadian colony; to the south-east the homes of the Sikhs and Orientals, and in the centre the town where dwell Britishers, Americans and Canadians. When your guide tells you of the different races working and living in the same townsite you begin to reflect that not the least interesting phase of this model city is the fact of its polyglot character. It is a far cry from a French-Canadian to a Sikh, and from a Greek to a Jap. One would look for the first in Quebec, the second in India, the third in eastern Europe, and the fourth in Tokio. Yet they are here working and rubbing shoulders together; not just a stray representative

either, but lots of them!

Take the French-Canadian colony. It nestles snugly in the valley to your left as you approach the town, and consists of a group of houses brightly painted and ornamentally constructed, for your Frenchman loves a dash of colour. Two or three years ago this place was forest. Now it is a settlement as prosperous as it is promising. There are eighty-five houses and five hundred people live in them, which—incidentally—proves that here, at any rate, the babies come. Why not? Is it not a model city? The baby here is well-circumstanced. M'sieur Arnault sits on the balcony of his house and tells you about himself and his affairs.

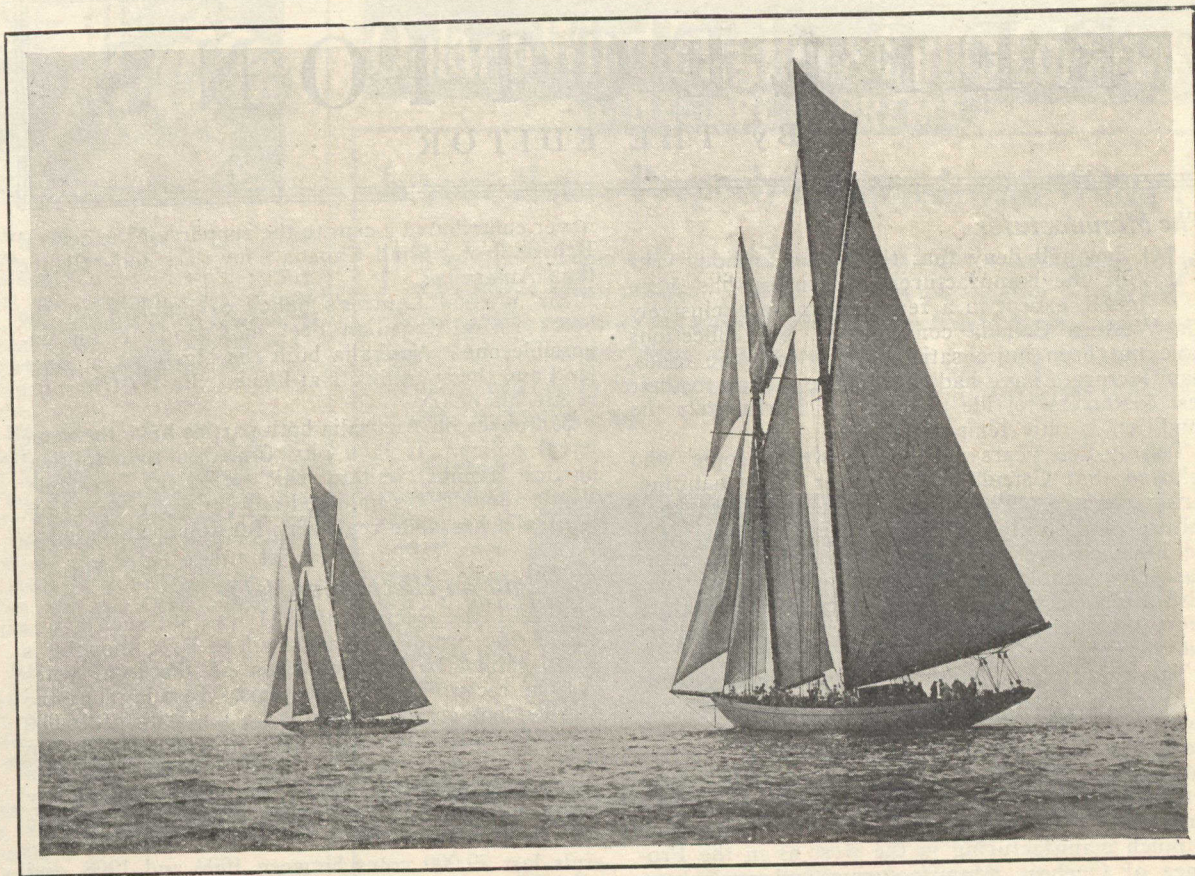
"Two years ago I came here from eastern Canada. The Colonel wanted work-people, and we of Quebec wanted a chance to make good and make money. It was a fair exchange, so we came—train-loads of us. The company offered us four dollars a day for our services. We were advanced half an acre of land each, the lumber to build our homes, the paint to finish them, and the furniture to make them habitable. See my own house," continues he, proudly, "it cost me about a thousand dollars to build and furnish, and I am paying for it at the rate of eight dollars a month at present. My land and house are increasing rapidly in value. I came here a poor man. If I stay two or three years I shall have a few thousand dollars."

So he will. He rubs his hands with glee, telling you he was offered three thousand dollars last week for his land and turned it down. Would he return to Quebec? you ask him. "I should say not," he replies, "there are no such inducements there. A steady job, a cheap house and lot, which are all the time appreciating in value—can I get the chance of these things in old Quebec?" And he shrugs his shoulders.

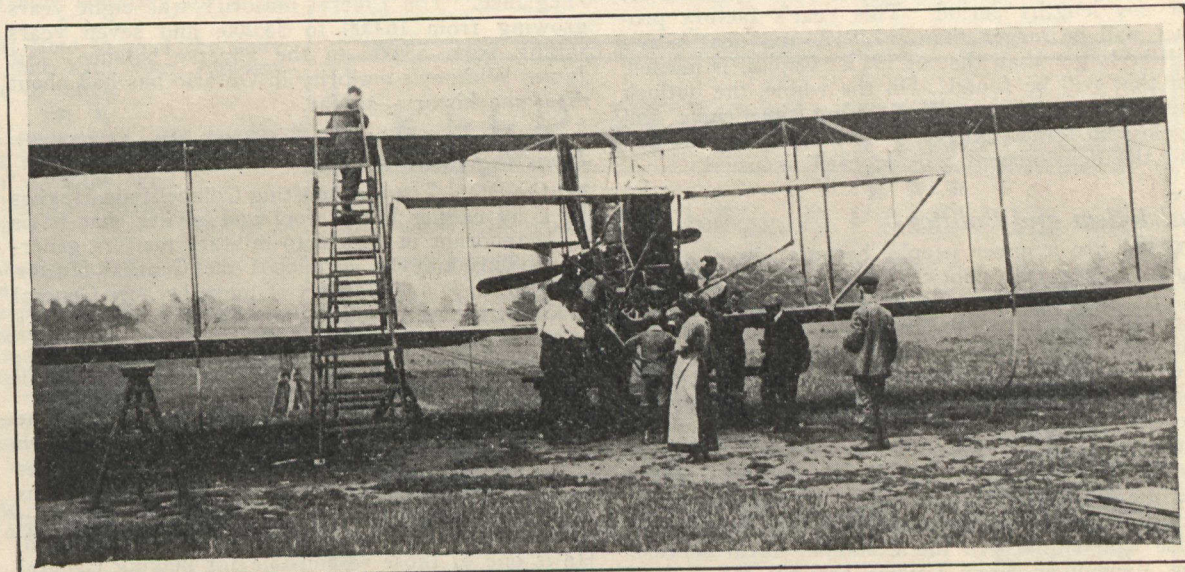
In the middle of the French-Canadian colony there is a church, which was built at a cost of \$7,000. It will hold several hundred people. Adjoining it are the priest's house, and the convent, where the little ones may be taught. The acre and a half upon which these buildings stand was given to these colonists by the company for nothing. There are stores, a billiard room, a public 'phone station, and boarding houses for those who don't enjoy, as yet, connubial bliss. Many of the residents have a 'phone in their own house. Ask Colonel Davidson if he has proved it worth his while to transport these people two or three thousand miles. He would not hesitate before answering. The people are working hard. They are free from care, rid of anxiety. They have not only butter for their bread, but preserves to make it palatable. The wail of a character in "Alice in Wonderland," "Jam every other day, but never jam to-day," is not heard at Fraser Mills.

The main body of settlers is made up of Britishers, Canadians and Americans. Get hold of John Smith here, and ask him what he thinks of Fraser Mills, and whether it is preferable to "Old Lunnon" or not. He will probably implore you to "strike me, blame if it ain't," which is graphic if not quite a la mode. Here, too, the citizen has everything to assist him towards being model. If he is married, he has a comfortable home for which he pays an absurdly low rent, and he has the chance to pay for his house by instalments. If he is single, there are boarding-houses up-to-date and replete with every convenience for his comfort. There is a large club with billiard tables, a pianola, books to read, and athletic associations to enjoy. There is a good sewer system. The settlement is well laid out, with streets of modern construction, and recently planted trees. In short—to use Mr. Micawber's burst-of-confidence phrase—this model city is about the nearest thing on this continent to the ideal. It is soon to be incorporated into a municipality, with its own mayor, and its own elections. The only things lacking from the settlement are saloons and the police. Neither of them are necessities, and their absence, as well as the perfect goodwill and harmony existing, are answer complete enough to the question, "Are these people happy?"

Surely this is the right way. It is at once the duty and the privilege of the master to help the man. No man can live by bread alone; he needs pickles, dry goods and a haircut now and then. The master must help him. Some may do it one way, some another, but to the mind of the writer the model city is the best method of all. The old Latins used to say, *Non sibi sed omnibus*—not for oneself, but for all! That is the spirit which is going to get you somewhere. Colonel Davidson, and other employers of labour out west, have adopted it, and are living in it. It pays—even as a business resource, for it helps the wheels of the huge machinery of business to work smoothly. Now, Mr. Manufacturer, get busy, and use this oil to lubricate your wheels!



The chief society event of international importance has been the yacht races at Cowes, Isle of Wight. This photograph shows Mr. Whitaker's "Margherita" leading in the race for schooner yachts, followed by Herr Krupp von Bohlen's "Germania."



This is the Waterplane which caused the death of Mr. Cody, the well-known aviator. It was launched at Aldershot on July 11th. It is three times as large as an ordinary Biplane, and is fitted with an operating table and medical appliances.



A suggestion for Canada's Minister of Militia—this picture shows Archdeacon Bevan, of Brecon, Wales, at the Welsh Territorial Camp, running a bar which serves coffee and soft drinks. The Archdeacon makes his bar pay, and at the same time finds plenty of time for his religious duties in connection with the militia. His bar is open from 4.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Manufacturer

NO one will deny that this is an anxious year for the manufacturer. Business has been good, except in a few lines made exclusively for Western Canada consumption, but collections have not been quite satisfactory. In some cases, manufacturers have had to advance money to their best customers to tide them over. Fortunately the condition is only temporary.

Twenty-five years ago, there were people who believed that Canada would never be a manufacturing country. They thought and preached agriculture as the only real industry for Canada. But we have changed all that. The people of every class now uphold the Canadian manufacturer and wish him success. A few socialistic agitators, known as grangers, still keep up the ancient beliefs, but they are neither numerous nor important.

The census of 1910 showed that manufacturing in Western Canada was larger already than manufacturing in the Maritime Provinces. Since 1910, there has been a steady development in western industries. The flour mills, for example, have nearly doubled in number and size during the past three years. The census of 1920 will probably show as much manufacturing in the west as in the Province of Quebec. Manufacturing and agriculture are complementary industries.

There may be a little halt in the rapid development of new industries for a few months, but not for any lengthy period. This year's factory product will be larger than in 1912, and next year's will be larger than that of 1913. Capital is needed, but that will be found. On the whole, the outlook was never brighter. The testing time came and disclosed a few weaknesses. These will be remedied and the development will proceed as usual.

Patriotism and Politics

WE are a queer people, because too often we place our politics above our patriotism. Our politics decide when we shall be patriotic and when we shall not. Vancouver and Victoria, have been making a tremendous fuss over the visit of the *New Zealand*. This battleship appealed to them, they said, because it represented the "imperialism" of New Zealand. This was cheap enthusiasm on the part of the people of British Columbia. Further, it was mainly politics. These are the same people who failed to encourage recruiting for the *Rainbow* and who openly despised those who enlisted in the Canadian naval service. The Vancouver Navy League brought the *Egeria* from England for volunteer naval service. The patriotism of the few was submerged by the political patriotism of the many and the *Egeria* was sold as junk.

British Columbia's attitude towards the *New Zealand* will not deceive any one worth deceiving. The people who made most of the fuss were those anxious to serve a political purpose. Some day British Columbia will get sound on this question and will decide that politics should be eliminated from naval discussion and naval sentiment.

It is not a question of Mr. Borden's policy or Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy. Both have some elements of value in them. Neither is wholly satisfactory. What is needed is a policy on which both leaders and both parties and all the people may unite. No policy can succeed if it is knocked by one-half of the people in the country. Hence the absolute necessity for a non-partisan settlement of this great national problem.

Australia or Fiji

SHALL Canada follow Fiji's example and contribute a cash subsidy each year to the support of the central Empire fleet, or shall this country follow Australia's example and build up a local fleet? Malay and Fiji are "subject" states, not far removed from uncivilized days. Australia is a country with five million people, equal in every way to those in Great Britain or the United States. Australia knows self-government as well as any other part of the world, understands trade, commerce and banking, and has an art and literary life of its own. Such a people are not likely to pay tribute, and Australia never did it. The money paid by that nation to Great Britain was expressly stated to be for a fleet in Australian waters. Australia

never contributed a cent to the support of the central British fleet. Shall Canada show less self-reliance than Australia?

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy of building all the boats for a Canadian fleet in Canada is an impossible one. Australia built the big boats in England and the small boats at home. Sir Wilfrid must revise his policy.

Moreover, in Australia both parties have the same naval policy. It is a pity Canada's two political parties cannot imitate this excellent example. While Canada has indulged only in party bickering, Australia has done real work for Imperial Defence.

Sidelight on Election of 1911

THAT the election of 1911 was not such a terrific turnover as some of us have thought is shown by a comparison of the total votes cast in recent general elections. Leaving out the independent vote, Laurier had a majority of 16,000 votes in 1896. In 1900, this grew to 44,000. In 1904, it grew further to 53,000. Then came a gradual decline. In 1908, the Liberal majority dropped to 24,000. In 1911, it faded away and the Conservatives had 46,000. In other words, the Liberals lost 29,000 votes between 1904 and 1908, and 70,000 votes between 1908 and 1911. This takes some of the edge off the surprise. It also shows that the Canadian is mighty slow to change his allegiance. The Liberal majority was eight years growing from 16,000 to 53,000, and seven years falling from 53,000 to the adverse balance. Sir James Whitney's majority in Ontario has had about the same history—so far.

Boosting Colonel Sam

LONDON *Truth* is boosting Colonel Sam Hughes by calling him a fool and saying that he is ignorant in regard to military matters generally. This may be a relic of the General Hutton incident, or it may be a bit of pique because General MacKenzie was dropped the other day; but it is "a knock which will be a boost."

Colonel Sam has always believed and advocated that a Canadian is the equal of an Englishman—being of the one blood and differing only in the accident of birth. Moreover, he has always been an autonomist in military matters. He believes that Canadian officers, knowing more of the genius of the Canadian people, can create a Canadian army where imported British officers would fail. He is one of those responsible for making General Sir William Otter the first native commandant of the Canadian forces. On this point and on one other, the present Minister of Militia and the former Minister were in absolute agreement.

Colonel Sam may be a bit too fond of the lime-light, but there is no minister of the crown in this country who works harder and more unselfishly than Colonel Sam. Being human he will make mistakes—but nevertheless he is a great Canadian.

Municipal Commissions

TORONTO is on the edge of a tremendous discussion as to the point at which the City Council's authority and work should be delegated to independent commissions. The street railway has been operated by a private company for about twenty-two years under a lease which has eight years to run. It is now proposed to take over this unexpired franchise at a valuation and negotiations have been proceeding for some time. The terms under which the company is willing to sell and the civic authorities willing to buy, are fairly well arranged. A temporary agreement will shortly be arrived at. The question then arises, "Will the people approve the agreement?"

The decision of the people will apparently rest upon the plan under which the City Council proposes to operate the street railway system. Some of the aldermen are in favour of keeping the railway directly under the control of the City Council; others are in favour of putting it under an independent commission. The *Mail and Empire*, the leading Conservative organ in a Conservative city, has come out flatly against control by the Council. It says:

"But the *Mail and Empire* would strongly oppose any scheme that would put the control of the system in the hands of the City Council. Unless a properly-

constituted commission, for which men of the highest trust and business capacity are selected, is provided for in advance of purchase, the purchase should be opposed. In the hands of the City Council the system would be administered by statesmanship of the 'one-cent flat rate' type."

This is another evidence of a growing belief in the minds of the people that democracy is a failure in so far as civic management of municipal franchises are concerned. Under the Canadian system of elected councillors it seems impossible to get men to serve who have sufficient business ability and sufficient public spirit to prevent their interfering with the managers of the different civic departments. The men who seek civic positions are more anxious to control a portion of the civic patronage than to give the city business administration. The *Mail and Empire* is quite right.

Wine and Corner Lots

OF all the falling off in business during the recent stringency, wine and corner-lots stand near the top. Wine is a product bought by the real-estate dealer to show that he is too clever and too important to live on beer. It is purchased chiefly in those cities where new and popular subdivisions are about five miles from the streets on which people are now living. It is sometimes bought during business hours, but occasionally during that other part of the twenty-four hours when feminine grace and beauty seem to be most attractive to men. The farmers and small business men of Eastern Canada now being fully stocked with a well-assorted supply of useful and useless western town-lots, the demand for wine has fallen off. It is hard to say who feel it most, the dealers who import wines, or the hairdressers whose best customers were the added attraction.

As for corner-lots, they have also shown a decided slump. Corner-lots are commodities used mainly to prove that the general manager of a bank and his directors have more money than anybody else, because they have all the other fellow's money. Point out to a bank manager a nice corner, with a thriving retail store on it, well lighted at night and adding charm and vivacity to the district, and he will soon make that corner dark and ugly and unattractive—it will be a branch bank. So many busy, thriving corners have been destroyed in this way that the evening beauties of most Canadian cities are being lost so far as the main corners are concerned. But just now there is a slump in corner-lots. Some of the directors, having no corner-lots themselves, and being a little pinched for money, have suggested that the game be stopped—and it is "stop it."

Of course, this little article will not be appreciated by those who have never bought wine or corner-lots. Both are interesting occupations. Each has a charm of its own. For example, the general manager sends for a real estate agent and asks him about the north-east corner of Queen and Yonge Streets, and how much it is worth.

The real estate agent says, "That is a good corner. Smith is doing a whale of a business there. He'll probably want a hundred thousand dollars for that property?"

Then the general manager rubs his hands with glee and says, "Great! Great!! Go and offer him two hundred thousand."

Yes, it is a splendid amusement. Still, buying wine has an attraction all its own. When five or six chaps are gathered round a table, not one of whom could distinguish between an improved cider and the 1904 vintage of Cordon Rouge, and each begins to order "another quart of the same," why then things are going fairly well. When there is an adjournment to the St. Regis, or the Alexandra (not Minnie's), for a midnight supper, then things are going fine. If the second-hand furniture man is called in next morning by the proprietor, the night has been a success.

The distinguishing characteristic of this continent is not what we do, but the way we do it. They deal in wine, women and corner-lots in the older civilizations of Britain, France, Turkey, Arabia and Thibet, but there they are less robust than we are. The American (a term which includes the Canadian) can enjoy a bottle of special vintage in the meanest tap-room, or the dingiest retail cellar on Portage Avenue. The son of the more ancient civilization wants his wine served amid tapestries, silks, and art decorations of the finest quality. He couldn't tolerate wine opened up on the top of a packing-case. Ever notice an Englishman drink a glass of beer—he is as slow about it as he is at other parts of the business of life. As for a bottle of special vintage—that is an evening's occupation. An Englishman pays one-half what an American pays for a bottle, and makes it last four times as long.

Make no mistake. The wine business and the corner-lot traffic are not over. In a year or two the trade will be as brisk as ever. In certain towns in the West, it is still going strong—Medicine Hat, Nelson and Edmonton for example. The index to the sale of wine and corner-lots is to be found in the weekly bank clearings and the monthly summary of the building permits. Just now, these are off colour in most United States and Canadian cities.

N. P.



Courierettes.

THE Yankee summer girl finds the parcel post a great boon. She can now post her linen home for mother to wash.

Going to some picnics is the best method of convincing ourselves that work is really enjoyable.

People who marry in haste do not always wait to repent at leisure.

A Boston man wrote 7,109 words on the back of a post card. Chances are that even at that he failed to make himself understood.

President Wilson may send Henry Van Dyke as Ambassador to Holland. Now who asks that old chestnut—"What's in a name?"

"Booze and baseball don't go together," says Larry Chapelle, of Chicago White Sox. We have noticed, however, that some players manage to make one follow the other without loss of time.

Toronto township has lowered its tax rate for this year. That fact alone should make it famous.

Now they are hinting at an armour plate scandal in the British Navy. The business of killing men naturally breeds scandal.

A Chicago motorist kissed his best girl, but his car went over an embankment while he was doing it. The price was too high.

After a man kindles a flame in a woman's heart he often finds it expensive to keep the fire going.

An organized effort is being made to test Canadian opinion on Irish Home Rule. It seems there is mischief still for idle hands.

Windsor car conductors are required to wear a clean collar every day. Is the management interested in a laundry?

Men come home from the summer resorts with wonderful tales of fish they almost caught and girls return with equally wonderful stories of men they had on their lines—and allowed to escape.

Nat Goodwin announces that his present and fifth wife will be his last. Nat must be a sort of a piker to let an old-timer like Henry the Eighth beat him.

An American geologist says that the world is 200,000,000 years old. Mother Earth, being unfortunately dumb, cannot deny it.

The New Styles.—In the matter of feminine fashions we might slightly alter the wording of the popular rag-time song and carol cheerily: "Everybody's Overdoing It."

Did He Know How to Spell It?—A few days ago a fire occurred in the stereotype-room of one of Toronto's large printing offices, and after it was out Policeman XX31 came in to make inquiries and write out a report.

"What do you think was the cause of the fire?" he asked.

"Spontaneous combustion," replied the manager.

"Well put it down as an overheated turnace," said the policeman.

The Natural Result.—The famous geologists, who met in Toronto recently, discovered that in this old earth there remains only 7,397,533,000,000 tons of coal to be mined.

Now keep your eyes on the coal barons while they read that and raise the price.

"One Good Turn"—A Canadian, who has just returned from Broadway, tells the latest yarn from the Great White Way, and this time it is that

actor-fashion plate, John Drew, who is the hero.

It seems that Mr. Drew, while riding in a street car, noticed a young girl standing. He politely arose and gave her his seat. She chanced to be a matinee girl and recognized him.

A few days later the actor got a nice little scented note. It read:

"Dear Mr. Drew—Would you be good enough to give me two seats for your play at the _____ Theatre tonight? You will remember that you very kindly gave me your seat in the street car the other day, and I thought that you would not mind giving me a couple of seats in your theatre."

Of course she got them. She deserved them.

Adapted to Date.

Man wants but little here below,
But in respect of dress,
Conclusive is the evidence
That woman wants still less.

It Would Seem So.—Hansom cabs have been selling in Britain at 25 shillings each.

They surely cannot be very "hansom."

The Six-hour Day.—Labour party in Australia is now agitating for a six-hour day.

Fine. Just time to read the morning paper, chat with your stenographer, and go to lunch.

The Poor Pedestrian.—He tried to cross a busy street.

He dodged a motor car.
He just eluded a trolley.
He squirmed out of the way of a taxi.

He was almost run down by a boy on a bicycle.

He managed to avoid a rushing ambulance waggon.

He was almost across when a motorcycle brushed by and knocked him down.

"Has a pedestrian no rights?" he demanded indignantly, as he picked himself up and brushed his clothes off.

"Yep," said a sympathetic bystander, "funeral rites."

The Water Was Lucky.—One of the most amusing bulls perpetrated in print recently is the statement in a Toronto daily that a certain swimmer swam twenty miles "and left the water quite fresh."

We Know a Few.—Some people are such chronic grouches that even the food they eat disagrees with them.

The Tale of Life.

Cupid composes.
Girl supposes.
Man proposes.
Dad opposes.
Marriage disposes.
Soul-mate interposes.
Divorce closes.

The Difference.—A dumb boy in Leeds, England, recovered the power of speech during the excitement of a cricket game. Now if he had been watching a baseball battle, he would have developed instantly into an orator.

A Notable Announcement.

"REV. GEORGE JACKSON SAYS HE WAS HAPPY IN TORONTO"

So runs a heading in a Toronto daily. As it is a double-column head the fact seems to be a trifle out of the ordinary and worthy of due display. Is it so hard to be happy in Toronto?

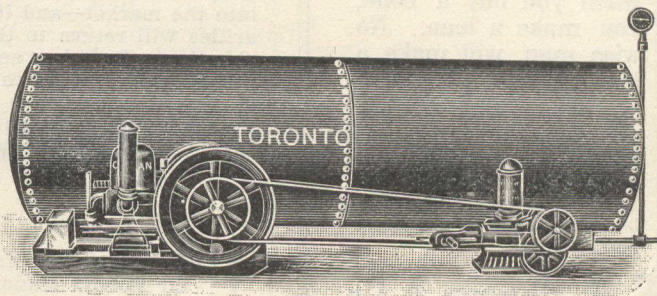
Doggone It!—Some fellows don't know any more than their dogs, and then have the nerve to muzzle the canines.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Company's LINES ARE SUPREME

Is your House Properly Equipped with Water ?

If it isn't, get a Toronto Pneumatic Tank and have all the advantages of a City Home where you live. Put the water on the top floor, in your bath tub, or sprinkle your lawn and garden. Enjoy the comforts of running water and baths, and protect your home against fire. Relieve your wife and family of drudgery, and add to the beauties of country life—with the advantage of plenty of water by turning a tap.

Get our pressure tank system and power catalogue. It is what you want. It's yours for the asking.



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COSGRAVES (CHILL-PROOF) PALE ALE

is a delicious blend of malt and hops that sparkles with life. It has a flavor that distinguishes it from all other brews.

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U-95

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable, at its Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, September 2nd, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

The Merchants Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.
Vice-President, K. W. Blackwell.
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.
Paid-up Capital \$6,758,900
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 6,820,189

197 BRANCHES IN CANADA.
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In buying a bond for example. A bond is a "promise-to-pay" secured by a mortgage on the assets and the physical property of some corporation. In other words, when you buy a bond, you make a loan. No wise man will make a loan without investigating the security offered.

Our service as your brokers includes investigation of the security back of bond issues. We issue from time to time letters advising of attractive bond issues.

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prices will be sent
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Dominion Express Building
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LONDON, Eng.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Do It Now

FOR some months now, stocks and bonds have been on the bargain counter. Investors with a little money have been able to buy their securities cheap, and yet be fairly certain of the safety of their buy. This bargain time is coming to an end soon. The "Sale at greatly reduced prices" cannot last very much longer, for if we read the signs aright, the market is on the upturn, and heading towards normal. No one who has very much regard for his reputation cares to set himself up as a prophet with regard to financial matters these days. The money market is a very perverse quantity to deal with. It refuses to become more favourable at the expressed wish of any financial writer. Nevertheless, the outlook is distinctly brighter. When money now hoarded comes back into the market—and it should, now that the trouble in the East is over—securities will return to their ordinary quotation. Then the investor will not be able to buy first-class securities cheap. All those then who have money to spare will be well advised to invest, now. Indications are that we have passed the darkest hour, and have seen the dawn. It is the last chance for bargains. Soon we shall be in the noontide glare, and the bargains we saw in the dim light will have vanished. The investor's motto is "Do it now!"

The Best Since 1906

THE crop reports from the West get better as they become more frequent. Sir Donald Mann, who makes an annual trip through the west, recently said in an interview, that the crops would be quite as large as last year. A telegram received in Toronto recently says that the best crop the West ever had was in 1906, and that the crop of 1913 will be a lot better than that. A statement was given out the other day by Secretary Woodbridge of the United Farmers of Alberta that the Alberta crop would be fully as large as that of 1912, and of much superior quality. A Montreal wholesale house sent queries to correspondents throughout the West, and out of one hundred and twenty-five answers only three or four were unfavourable—even then only moderately so. It would appear therefore that all is going well. Only exceptionally adverse weather conditions can do harm, and the early date of harvesting—which is pretty general—should preclude any such probability.

Someone with a taste for figures has calculated that the West is due to have between 195 and 200 million bushels of wheat this crop. Last year it was 186,000,000. This year's crop should be less costly to handle, and moreover, should command a better price, judging by western markets, and world markets. Last year the average price to the farmer was anywhere from 50 to 67 cents a bushel, varying according to location of the wheat. Supposing for sake of argument that the average yield of a bushel of wheat were 60 cents, on a prospective return of 195 million bushels \$117,000,000 would be released, of which at least one half will be in the hands of farmers before December 1st. To a certain extent, of course, this money will be discounted. But, granted that, the crops eventually are going to be a main agent in the break-up of the money tightness.

Verb. Sap.

THE London "Times" is publishing a series of articles on Canadian borrowing and finances in general. In regard to municipalities, and whether they have been extravagant or not, the writer says that a qualified answer must be given:

"They have been extravagant, particularly in the West, to this extent, that they have provided themselves and their inhabitants by borrowing with many conveniences and improvements, which in other places had to be provided gradually out of revenue.

"But, after all, if a municipality can borrow money to pave streets at once at, say, 4 1/2 per cent., it may be better business to borrow to pave and to pay interest plus sinking fund over a term of years rather than spread the expenditure over the same term of years by meeting it out of revenue and doing with partially paved streets.

"It is largely a question of the cost of money, and Canadian municipalities have been able until recently to get money very cheaply."

This is the sensible view to take. It steers a middle course between the inopportune talk of certain London critics and the pseudo-indignation of his western critics. Our western municipalities have been extravagant, but on the other hand they have had apparent reason. The thing to do is to take this and other criticism as a word to the wise. It is much easier than experiencing the rod.

On and Off the Exchange

A New Firm

AT a time when—according to some stock brokers—there isn't enough business to go round, comes the announcement that another firm of brokers are starting business in Toronto. How inconsiderate are the newcomers for the feelings of the older established brokers' offices! The new partnership is to be known as Nightingale and Campbell. Mr. J. Lorne Campbell was a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange for many years, and, later, a Toronto correspondent for the New York Exchange and Chicago brokers. Mr. Nightingale was formerly of the firm of Nightingale and Jackes, members of the Standard Stock Exchange.

The new firm will have offices in Toronto.

New Issues

THE Canada Cement Company, of Montreal, have arranged with the Royal Securities, Limited, to place an additional \$1,750,000 of their six per cent. mortgage bonds. The proceeds are to be used for capital expenditure. This brings the total bond issue of the company up to \$8,000,000.

The \$7,500,000 five per cent. issue of the Canadian Northern Railway, referred to in these columns last week, has been over-subscribed, the lists being closed in advance. The price is 98. The scrip was quoted at 1-4 premium for special settlement. Sir William Mackenzie's visit to London has evidently been worth while. This is the second issue which his railway has made in the last month, the first being four million dollars four and a half per cents.

Seasoned Securities

This Corporation was established in 1855, and for more than fifty-eight years has been steadily growing in strength and in the confidence of the depositing and investing public. In that long period there have been "hard times" as well as seasons of prosperity, but the moneys entrusted to our keeping have always been ready when called for.

The Corporation's bonds are, therefore, a "seasoned security." They are issued in accordance with the restrictive provisions of the Corporation's Charter, and also those with which the Legislature circumscribes the investment of Trust Funds. Ten Million Dollars of Shareholders' Money are a further pledge of their security.

These bonds may be had in sums of One Hundred Dollars and upwards.

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Toronto, Ontario

The C.M.A. in 1913

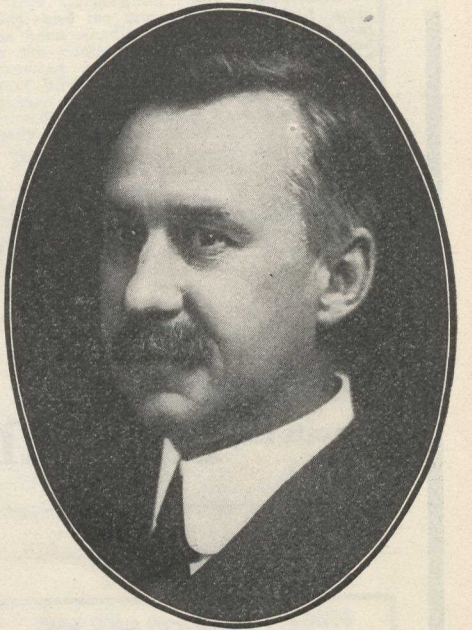
THE 1913 convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in sporting parlance known as the C.M.A., will be held at Halifax on Sept. 16, 17—but not 18th, as originally intended. At the present time the offices of this billion-dollar-investment concern on the top floor of the Traders Bank, Toronto, are in an upheaval. Like most of the big businesses represented in the organization, the C.M.A. has grown bigger than its room. It is now doubling its floor space, taking in most of an entire flat.

The secretary is supposed to admire industry. His mammoth organization, whose president till September 16 is R. S. Gourlay, depends upon the industry of other people. But plasterers and carpenters are not popular with the secretary. They are right at his elbow. He is not used to such close familiarity with labour. Neither is the head of the transportation department, or the insurance department, or the editor of Industrial Canada, or the advertising manager thereof.

The C.M.A. will convene in Halifax for the second time, representing a total capital investment of a billion and a quarter and a yearly production of about \$100,000,000, less ninety per cent. of that capital, rather less of the output and about 75 per cent. of all Canadian employers outside of railways are represented in the C.M.A. The railways do not belong. There are times when the C.M.A. has its opinion about railways. But at the convention there will be nothing startling about the freight rates in the West; no bombshells over tight money—though the manufacturers have more practical opinions about that than anybody else; no onslaughts upon the banks—since a large number of members are bank directors anyway; no assaults upon government and no excitement over whatever

tariff revisions may be expected next session.

In fact, the convention promises to be one of the most peaceful on record, and the members will spend several



J. S. MCKINNON, TORONTO,
Chairman Technical Education Committee,
C.M.A.

days at the close of it picking harvest apples in the Annapolis Valley. The retiring president, Mr. R. S. Gourlay, has had a successful year, and has put himself on record as one of the most constructive and genial presidents the association ever had. The present vice, Mr. C. B. Gordon, who is certain to succeed to the presidency, is a younger man and may prefer a more strenuous programme.

At the Switchboard

OTTAWA was an industrial city long before any attempt was made to hitch up the horsepower of Chaudiere Falls. The first electric heater in the world from a central heating plant was in Ottawa. That was in 1892. It was built in Ottawa by Ahearn and Soper for the foreman's office at the waterworks. Three of the new electric cars were equipped each with a 500-volt stove that year. In the same year an electric banquet was held at the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa, and upon this occasion, for the first time in the history of mankind, an entire meal was cooked from electricity in an oven designed by Mr. Ahearn. On November 9, 1893, the first electric mail-car ever used in Canada was used to distribute mail from the Ottawa postoffice to the railway stations. Just ten years earlier the first arc lights were lighted in Ottawa.

Toronto, however, has some claim

to electric distinction. The year that Ottawa got its first arc lights Toronto ran the first electric car that the world ever saw. That was at the Industrial Exhibition in 1883, when a strange contraption such as William Mackenzie never saw or dreamed of before or since, ran itself up and down on a short bit of track for the amusement of visitors. Next year the track was lengthened and the motor power improved by inserting copper slips in boxes between the rails. In 1885 the first real trolley came into use with the overhead wire and the trolley arm. The first machines ever driven by individual motors were the linotypes at the Toronto Globe, and they were installed by A. M. Wickens, then the Globe engineer. But the first newspaper in Canada to use electricity for motive power was the St. Catharines News.

The first arc lights ever used in Montreal were installed by the Harbour Commissioners in 1877. In 1885 Montreal streets were first lighted by arcs, and two years later the first incandescent lights were used in Montreal. That city had also the third waterworks system in Canada, 1853; St. John being first, in 1837; Halifax second, in 1846; Hamilton fourth, in 1859; Newmarket, Ont., 1867; St. Johns, P.Q., Kingston, Ont., Toronto, and Windsor, 1872. Cote des Neiges, near Montreal, had the first clock factory, in 1835, driven by water.

COAL AT NANAIMO.

PROBABLY very few of the miners who have lately been kicking up such a ruction at Nanaimo, B.C., knew how coal was first discovered on Vancouver Island. It was in December, 1849, when an old Nanaimo Indian chief stalked into the fort blacksmith shop, and after gazing in silence over his drawn-up blanket at the glowing forge, where the smithy was forging a horse-shoe, said mysteriously in his own language:

"I know where on this island there is the same kind of stuff that



THOMAS FINDLEY, TORONTO,
Chairman Parliamentary Committee, C.M.A.

For Your Next Trip
To New York City

From Toronto and Hamilton "The Beaver", the only electric-lighted exclusively sleeping car train in Canada, leaves Toronto at 5.20 and Hamilton 6.28 p.m., arriving New York 7.50 a.m. Other New York trains leave Toronto at 9.30 and Hamilton 10.38 a.m., and Toronto 7.20 and Hamilton 8.23 p.m. daily.

From Buffalo Trains for New York leave at 7.20, 7.45, 7.55, 9.30 and 10.45 a.m. daily; 12.55 p.m. Sunday only; 1.00 p.m. daily ex. Sunday; 5.15, 7.15, 8.00, 9.00, 9.28 and 10.35 p.m. and 12.01 midnight.

From Montreal Night train leaves at 7.00 p.m., arriving New York 9.00 a.m. and Buffalo 8.20 a.m.

Through Sleepers on Night Trains
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For Tickets and Pullman Reservations address Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, 80 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., or N. Mooney, General Agent, 220 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.



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Coffee

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THE business man, who finds it inconvenient and irksome to look after his real and personal property, may relieve himself of all worry in this connection by entrusting to this Company the management and care of all details.

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One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for \$125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."

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It Pays to Paint in the Fall! The better the Paint, the better it pays.

It pays, because the wood is free of moisture and, no hot sun to blister the paint.

It pays, because there are not many rainy, cloudy days, and the flies and bugs are gone.

It pays, because the paint has a better chance to take hold of the wood and dry hard and smooth, protecting the surface better for the eight roughest months of the year.

And it certainly does pay to buy good paint. It pays, in the fresh, bright colors—it pays in protection—it pays in the longer wear.

There isn't much difference between what you pay for good, honest paint, and "cheap" paint—but there's a big difference in what you get.

Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paint—(Pure White Lead, Zinc and Linseed Oil Paint)—is the kind that takes less and wears longer.

Such paint as this on your house, is a good investment. It brings daily returns in pleasure, protection and profit.

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There is a dealer in your neighborhood who carries the complete line of Martin-Senour Paints and Finishes.

Write for his name and a copy of "Town and Country Homes", which will assist you in selecting the most harmonious color scheme for your fall painting.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office : TORONTO

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

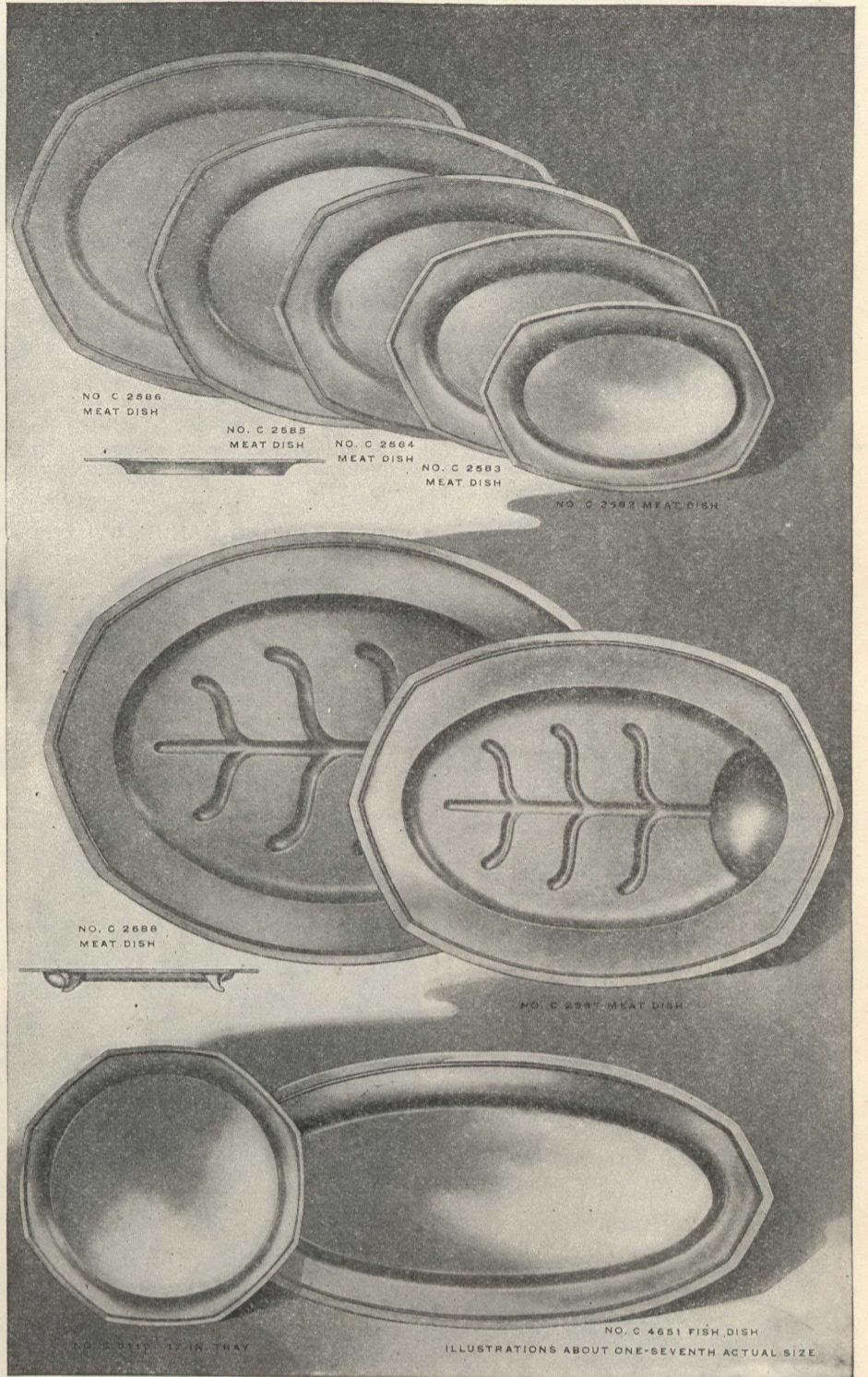
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ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

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All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.)

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WHITE METAL MOUNTS

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Photography Revolutionized

BY NEW INVENTION.

Films, Plates and Dark Room Made Unnecessary.

New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes.

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3x4 1/2 inches, is \$8.00, and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches, is \$10.00. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2 x 9 1/2 x 11 inches in size and weighs 3 lbs. 7 oz. Model B is 6 1/2 x 9 x 10 1/4 inches and weighs 4 lbs.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 2 1/2 cents each (cards for Model B, 3 cents each), and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash-light lamps for \$1.00, which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out-of-doors.

The operation of this new camera is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch, which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 634B Stuyvesant Building, New York, N.Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE TORONTO CANADIAN COURIER.

you are putting into that fire." "You do, eh?" said the blacksmith. "Well where is it?"

The chief would not tell. The blacksmith told the Factor about it. The chief was called.

"Look here, Thundercloud," said the Factor, "you fetch in some of that coal and you can have your old gun fixed up at the blacksmith shop without costing you a skin—and a bottle of rum thrown in."

"Ugh!" grunted the chief, and he stalked out.

In April, 1850, when the rivers were running high, the chief came down to Victoria with his canoe loaded with coal. A prospecting party was sent out and located the coal mines of Nanaimo on the spot where the city of Nanaimo now stands.

Hamilton had the first commercial telephone ever installed in the world—in 1877.

POPULARIZING MANUFACTURES.

LONG years ago some card firm in England got out a series of very beautiful cards with fantastic pictures, to charm the fancy of children and to impress upon their minds what the great towns of England were famous for in manufacturing. It might be a good thing if some firm would do the same for Canada. A new parlour game



W. C. PHILLIPS, TORONTO, Chairman Tariff Committee, C.M.A.

might be devised, quite as exciting as "Authors" or "Old Maid." For instance:

What town makes the best clothing in Canada?

How many cities manufacture sugar?

Where is the best fanning-mill made?

How many people are required to make a self-binder?

What town makes the most breakfast foods?

Why are locomotives made in Canada when pins are not?

There might be hundreds of other questions that would be as bewildering to parents as to children. But if the C.M.A. care to start a campaign of popular education they might get up such an interest that even the "movies" would begin to put on factory shows.

There are now two Birminghams of Canada—Hamilton and Galt. Neither but the "Gardens of Canada" are still in the lead.

Bank managers say it is time manufacturers quit doing business by overdrafts and started to sell industrial bonds. A few days ago a bank manager in a small town tried to sell civic debentures in Toronto. He had very poor success. His own bank didn't want to handle them. It will soon be time to revive our first notions of a bank—as a place to store money. What the banker really means must be that the industries of Canada should be merged into trusts. The man with a small factory who wants to make a bigger factory would have a fine time selling his bonds, just because his banker didn't care to take his annual output as security for a few thousands' loan.



A Million People

Give these stockings and socks the hardest wear hose know. They

Buy Them for Style and consider the 6 months' wear merely an extra advantage. Could any but the best in a product gain such an overwhelming preference?

We are making a wonderful hose in Holeproof. Walk in them, dance in them, play tennis or golf in them.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Every stitch is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports. We even guarantee, for men and women, three pairs of silk Holeproof Hose for three months.

Silk From Japan

We could buy common silk for Holeproof. But we send to the North of Japan for ours, for there it is grown as it is nowhere else.

74c Cotton Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. Our inspection department alone costs us \$60,000 a year.

For the past thirteen years, since Holeproof were first made, 95 per cent have outlasted the guarantee. The above figures refer to Holeproof as made in the States and Canada. Try it—buy six pairs of Holeproof today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose guaranteed six months, for men, cost \$1.50 to \$3 per box; for women and children \$2 to \$3 per box; 3 pairs for children, \$1 per box, three pairs guaranteed three months. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk Holeproof guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost \$2 a box for men, and \$3 a box for women. All colors. Medium Cashmere Socks for Men, 6 pairs \$2—fine Cashmere 6 pairs \$3. Women's fine Cashmere Stockings, 6 pairs \$3. 6 pairs of Cashmere are guaranteed six months. Write for free book, telling all about Holeproof.

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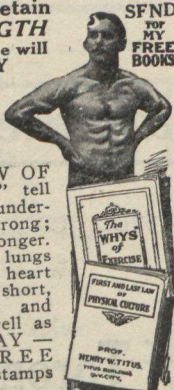
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FIRST AND LAST LAW OF PHYSICAL CULTURE," tell you, if you are weak or under-developed, how to grow strong; if strong, how to grow stronger. It explains how to develop lungs and muscle, the strong heart and vigorous digestion—in short, how to improve health and strength internally as well as externally. Send TO-DAY—NOW—for these FREE BOOKS. Enclose 4c. in stamps to cover postage.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Alice Hill, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George E. Astus Hill, formerly of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Dentist, but now of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, United States of America, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

Makers of Big Industries

(Continued from page 14.)

goods quality and have stood the test. On the other hand, whatever setback might come to the cloth end of the trade could be partially overcome by the knitted goods branch of the industry. Here there was no competition from the preference, but only from Canadian manufacturers. It was necessary to be up to date in every possible way. It was not possible to build up in competition by following the old methods and producing the same goods as used to be turned out, no matter how good they might be. In two directions new goods have been created to meet a growing demand. The motor age made a demand for motoring caps. They are made in Hespeler. In mining camps and in lumber camps there is a steady demand for knitted caps. They are made in Hespeler.

And the handicap still continues. It begins with machinery, which is first of all tremendously expensive and comes in under a stiff duty. Add to the duty the freight from Europe. Add to that again ten per cent, of the cost of the machines for the heavy cases it must be shipped in to avoid damage. The cost of building is higher in Canada. The cost of fuel from Pennsylvania is higher than in Yorkshire. Wages are higher than in Yorkshire. The cost of getting labour is higher. In all these items the Yorkshire weaver has the advantage. And in spite of them all the Canadian manufacturer, by shrewdly studying conditions, ignoring blue ruin talk, building and extending and spending money, has been able to build up an industry that competes under a reasonable tariff with all comers.

Then there is the so-called American invasion that has made many a small sleepy town in this country get a new lease of life, as well as some bigger places like Hamilton. And there is a general manager of a big American firm at St. Johns, P.Q., who gets a little sarcastic when you apply the term to the Singer sewing machine industry. D. J. Fraser is the manager of the Singer manufacturing interests in Canada. "But we are not an invasion," he insists. "In fact, we've been manufacturing in Canada since 1883, long before there was any movement of American capital or people to this country."

That was in Montreal, where until seven years ago the Canadian manager remained, but is now a resident in St. Johns, which he has a way of saying will some day be a manufacturing suburb of Montreal, 30 miles away. In fact, though Mr. Fraser resides in St. Johns, he lives in Montreal, thinks Montreal and boosts for Montreal. He is a graduate of McGill. In 1886, at the age of 23, the young university man entered the employ of the Singer company in Montreal. Eight years later he was made manager of the Canadian branch. His one consuming hobby is statistics; his prevailing passion a Scotch love of controversy. He has a quiet humour that sometimes delights to become sarcastic. And he is never carried away by any kind of sentiment. He is a Conservative and a Presbyterian.

Mr. Fraser has over 700 people employed in that village of factories making American sewing machines for the Canadian trade. And there are some things about this particular big industry, worth \$1,500,000, in a small town that are peculiarly interesting. St. Johns, like many other small Quebec towns not too near Montreal, is a good steady labour market. Two-thirds of the population are French. The coming of a few big industries has introduced a large English and foreign element. English-speaking people number about 25 per cent. Many of them work in the village of factories managed by D. J. Fraser. As is so often found in Ontario manufacturing towns with well-organized big industries, there is a good citizens' band giving a regular series of concerts in the public parks. Where factory owners co-operate with the band management, it is possible to get good hands by preferring for positions men who can play instruments. The St. Johns band always closes its concerts by playing "O Canada!" followed



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by "God Save the King"; a musical testimony to the fact that St. Johns is no longer a merely French town—though there has always been an element of British in the place.

St. Johns has almost a minimum of labour troubles. So with St. Hyacinthe, Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, and a dozen other little towns with big industries, many of them in the zone of water powers, but like St. Johns, dependent upon coal. The church is uniformly opposed to strikes that decrease the earnings of employees. And St. Johns owes a good deal to the steadying influence of the church. There is not enough water power to give any particular advantage. The cost of living is lower, largely on account of low rents, the absence of spendthrift amusements, and simpler tastes among the people. The actual cost of provisions is higher than in towns more remote from Montreal.

As in most of these small places, there is a strong community feeling not found in a big city. When there is a band concert in the park the whole town is there. When there are aquatic sports on the Richelieu, citizens all turn out. There is a flourishing yacht club. Situated in a lovely farm valley on a splendid river, St. Johns has not the wild, rugged character of some of the water-power towns in the rock country down the St. Lawrence. It more resembles St. Hyacinthe. Only twenty miles from the border, it is well acquainted with the American idea represented in such mammoth dimensions by the Singer industry. But it is a quiet, orderly, busy little community, whose main difficulty of late has been the comparative scarcity of labour.

The recent arrival of the Cluett-Peabody interests, for the first time manufacturing in Canada, has accentuated the American element and has helped to give the town a really permanent industrial character. Most of the labour in that industry is supplied by women, many of them French. Nearly all of the employees of the Singer industries are men, of whom only a percentage are French, and some of whom are among the original employees with the firm when it started in Montreal. The manager is himself a Canadian, born in Montreal. He is a keen, level-headed man, who in a quiet way takes a very deep interest in the town and the welfare of the citizens. The interest begins with his own employees, who work under the most improved conditions of light, air and cleanliness. The Singer foundry is almost as clean as a parlor. The machine shops and the assembling rooms and the power-house are cleaner than the foundry. Even the boiler-house is clean enough to be a reading room. And since the arrival of this big industry with the one that followed it, St. Johns, on the beautiful Richelieu, has become a type of town not found outside of Quebec; in many respects more humanly interesting than Ontario towns, and in variety of industries much ahead of places in the water-power areas kept up by but one or two big new industries.

Reinstatement of Dolan

(Concluded from page 16.)

a glance made him start, and tearing it open, he read:

"Dear Mike,—I was travelling on No. 1 the other night, but was asleep when we passed through Butze, and did not know of your heroism till next day. Father tells me the Supt. is giving you back your old job, and I am so glad. Yours only,
"HAZEL."

And after he had read this many times and turned it fondly in his hands, Dolan picked up the official letter and read the contents.

It was from the superintendent, laconic, curt, official, but it made his heart glad:

"Dolan,
"Operator, Butze:

"Am sending your relief to-morrow. Kindly report to me as soon as possible after his arrival. You will resume duties as chief train despatcher at Edmonton.

"H. H. DENNIS, Supt."



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The Hamilton Centennial

By An Observer.

HAMILTON, Ont., had a solid week of delirium ending last Saturday night. It was the Centennial of the time when a man named Hamilton first staked off the town into building lots—which is a pastime that has gone on ever since with a few years of interruption. And in August 1913, the city under the "mountain" surely cut loose from care and became a Mardi Gras of merriment. Six days and six nights, the length of a Cree thirst dance, the carnival went on. And it was carried out in a style that only Hamilton of all cities and towns in Ontario at least knows how to do.

Toronto has tried twice to have a carnival; in both cases falling miserably. Toronto is too big and too coldly critical. Hamilton with its near 100,000 population and its sudden revival into what is called the "Birmingham of Canada," is just the right size to transform itself at a day's notice into a crowd with a single impulse—which was to have a devil of a good time without let or hindrance for the benefit of thousands who came from almost the ends of the earth in Canada to see what the big town had been doing since they left it.

NOBODY knows how many went back to the old town. Nobody cares much. The city was crammed full. The streets were a Midway Plaisance of fun and fancy. Gore Park was a swirl of sensation. The market was a fair. James St. was a panorama of pandemonium. Police were content to stand back and let the show go on. There was more good nature to the square foot in Hamilton last week than in any other city in America. There never was known such an eruption. The factories kept on running but some of them were short-handed. Why not? Down at the two big armouries and the space between were packed 167 exhibits of things made in those factories; the finest aggregation of made-in-one-city products ever gathered together in one place in this country. The inside show alone was worth a trip to Hamilton to see. The outside show—could be heard like a Niagara of merry making for miles, up the mountain and across the bay.

It was the pure American idea of celebration. It was almost a miniature Fourth of July—minus the cannon-crackers. It was the outburst of local patriotism in an upheaval of uproarious fun that didn't bother itself with ideas or fine sentiments or history, but just went rollicking ahead to show the rest of Canada that factories and business and invested capital are not everything; that the people who toil and those who go away from home to come back again are more. It was not just an Old Boys' Reunion. It was the spirit of modern Hamilton expressing itself through kazoos and marching bands and tin whistles and toy parasols and neck-ticklers and decorated automobiles and bunting and flags and street-side fakir shows, popcorn and peanuts and pistol-shooting at targets, booths and Mayfairs and midways—anything that enabled as many people as possible to swirl up and down the streets, and swarm over the Gore and back again to where they came from without knowing why.

The exposition was all right. Everybody was proud of it. The street show—some said it was all wrong. But it was a grand good time. It broke clean away from the old Scotch idea that kept Hamilton nailed down so tight for generations. It gave even the critics a thrill or two. All it lacked was a touch of history and a bigger idea in management. It was too much in the hands of a mob. There was nothing behind the show. It was a play without lines. And the critics who know what was wrong with it should have got busy long ago to see that besides a carnival of merriment and a riot of fun, the people



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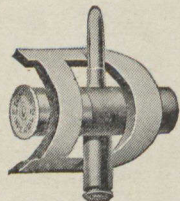
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of Hamilton should have been able to see just what this all meant in historical evolution. For, a long while ago, George the Third lost America. Under George the Fifth the spirit of America, with millions of dollars invested in Canada and in Hamilton, seized upon the old town under the mountain and demonstrated that though one George may have lost the United States, the Canada that the Guelph House kept down to the day of George the Fifth has room in it for a good part of the United States lost by old George Hanover.

This might have been set forth in a pageant or a public performance of some sort. But it wasn't. Barring that and the amount of "booze" that must have been consumed to keep some parts of the carnival in running order, the Centennial of 1913 was a great and popular success.

English as She is Spoke!

DR. BRIDGES, the new Laureate, has been taking the British people to task because they are getting slack in their pronunciation. In his book on the subject, "A Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation" (Milford, 3s. 6d. net), he illustrates his point with anecdotes. Among them are the following:

"A hospital patient, on seeing on the board above his bed the Latin words *ter die* (and mistaking them for Cockney English), whipped out of bed and fled for his life."

"Among the Cowley Fathers a young high-bred novice, having fled from the luxuries of the world, was spending his first night on the straw mattress in his allotted cell. Being awaked at cockerow by a knock at the door, and a mild voice crying, 'Dominus tecum,' he replied, 'Thank you, thank you! Will you kindly set it down outside?'"

In Lighter Vein

Quitting on Time.—"Bill's going to sue the company for damages."
"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"
"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

Interested.—Husband (at police-station): "They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last."
Sergeant: "Yes Do you want to see him?"
Husband: "Yes! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife? I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years."—London Opinion.

The Indigo Stocking.—A blue stocking is a woman whose ideas are as far ahead of the times as her clothes are behind them.—L. Steward.

Easy on the "Help".—"Lady wanted, to undertake duties of small house. Two in family, treated as one. State age and salary."
Advt. in "Christian World."
One of the two (to the other): "After you with the egg."—Punch.

Feared the Other.—The man of great financial prominence had met with an accident.
"We'll have to probe," said the doctor.
Just at that moment the man recovered consciousness and exclaimed: "If it's a surgical operation go ahead, but if it's another investigation, give me an anesthetic."—Washington Star.

Wind Shifted.—"This man has made a speech contradicting what he said some time ago," said the paste-and-scissors editor.
"All right," said the headline artist. "We'll print it under the caption, 'Atmospheric Change.'" — Washington Star.
Pure Hebrew.—Two boys, one a Jew and the other Irish, both received a dollar bill for Christmas.
They started out the next day together and little Mike spent some of

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Fruit-growing is profitable, and every well-laid-out farm will have part of the land planted to trees and vines; but the greatest, quickest, surest returns will be from every-day staples. Your alfalfa meadow, your dairy herd, your hogs, poultry and general farm produce are what will bring you the quick, dependable income.

Conditions in California are different from those you now know, but you will not have to meet them alone; the Santa Fe Agricultural Department is ready with specially trained men to help you solve your problems.

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The Real Estate Corporation of Canada, Limited

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 24th day of July, 1913, incorporating Henry Milton Grills, John Osborne Grills and William Henry Wolfe, real estate agents, James Reid, manufacturer, and John Finlay McGowan, accountant, all of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz.:—(a) To purchase, lease, take in exchange or otherwise acquire lands or interests therein, together with any buildings or structures that may be on the said lands or

any of them, and to sell, lease, exchange or otherwise dispose of the whole or any portion of the lands and all or any of the buildings or structures that are now or may hereafter be erected thereon, and to take such security therefor as may be deemed necessary; and to erect buildings and deal in building material; (b) To take or hold mortgages for any unpaid balance of the purchase money or any of the lands, buildings or structures so sold, and to sell, mortgage or otherwise dispose of said mortgages; (c) To improve, alter and manage the said lands and buildings; (d) To guarantee and otherwise assist in the performance of contracts or mortgages of persons, firms or corporations with whom the company may have dealings, and to assume and take over such mortgages or contracts in default; (e) To carry on any other business (whether manufacturing or otherwise) which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with its business or the value of or render profitable any of the company's property or rights; (f) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any person or company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on, or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of the company; (g) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire, any patents, licenses, concessions and the like, conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited right to use, or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of, or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired; (h) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing of profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable calculated directly or indirectly to enhance of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of, or otherwise assist any such person or company, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-issue, with or without guarantee, or otherwise deal with the same; (i) To take, or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit the company; (j) To enter into any arrangements with any authorities, municipal, local or otherwise, that may seem conducive to the company's objects, or any of them, and to obtain from any such authority any rights, privileges and concessions which the company may think it desirable to obtain, and to carry out, exercise and comply with any such arrangements, rights, privileges and concessions; (k) To establish and support of associations, institutions, funds, trusts and conveniences calculated to benefit employees or ex-employees of the company (or its predecessors in business) or the dependants or connections of such persons, and to grant pensions and allowances, and to make payments towards insurance, and to subscribe or guarantee money for charitable or benevolent objects, or for any exhibition or for any public, general or useful object; (l) To promote any company or companies for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and liabilities of the company, or for any other purpose which may seem directly or indirectly calculated to benefit the company; (m) To purchase, take on lease or in exchange, hire or otherwise acquire, any privileges which the company may think necessary or convenient for the purposes of its business, and in particular any machinery, plant, stock-in-trade; (n) To construct, improve, maintain, work, manage, carry out or control any roads, ways, railway branches or sidings, on lands owned or controlled by the company, bridges, reservoirs, watercourses, wharves, manufactories, warehouses, electric works, shops, stores and other works and conveniences which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to advance the company's interests, and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise assist or take part in the construction, improvement, maintenance, working, management, carrying out or control thereof; (o) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company, and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons; (p) To draw, make, accept, endorse, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants and other negotiable or transferable instruments; (q) To sell or dispose of the undertaking of the company or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company; (r) To adopt such means of making known the products of the company as may seem expedient, and in particular by advertising in the press, by circulars, by purchase and exhibition of works of art or interest, by publication of books and periodicals and by granting prizes, rewards and donations; (s) To sell, improve, manage, develop, exchange, lease, dispose of, turn to account or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company; (t) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors, trustees or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others; (u) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "The Real Estate Corporation of Canada, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars, divided into 400 shares of one hundred dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 6th day of August, 1913.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under Secretary of State.

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Mrs. Arthur Prince of Meaford, Ont., writes, on Sept. 12th, 1911: "Some time ago, you were good enough to send me a sample of Neave's Food. Baby liked it so well and it agreed with her, so I am using it right along and think it is excellent.

"I have a friend with a very delicate baby. She cannot nurse it and has tried six different foods, but it does not thrive at all—is always sick and troubled with indigestion. I strongly recommended your food. Will you please send her a sample?"

Mrs. Prince wrote again on Sept. 27th, 1911: My friend's baby has grown wonderfully. I can scarcely credit it. Her next baby, which she expects in five months, will be fed on Neave's Food right from the start—she thinks it is so good."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto, who is the Agent for Canada. (Mention this paper.)

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. air tight tins by all Druggists in Canada.

his dollar in the first store they came to.

Levi, however, simply asked to have his dollar changed into dimes and nickles.

Going to another store, Levi had a clerk to change his money back into a dollar bill.

"What makes you keep changing your money, Levi?" asked Mike.

"Sooner or later some-von is goin' to make a mistake," replied Levi, "un it ain't goin' to be me!"

Yielding Her Prerogative.—He—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that."

She—"Then you come in and rule the world a while. I'm tired."—Woman's Journal.

Too Much For One.—"Trouble?" asked a bystander. "Some," replied the man under the car. "What power car is it?" "Forty-horse." "What seems to be the matter with it?" "Well, from the way she acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."—Springfield Republican.

Wise To It.—Mr. Quoter—"Solomon has said 'the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.'"

Mr. Gamesport—"I suppose in his time the sporting competition was pretty crooked."—Brooklyn Life.

An Exceptional Case.—Goodfellow (with newspaper)—Here's an old bachelor in Ohio who died and left all his money to the woman who rejected him. Cynicus—And yet they say there is no gratitude in the world.—Boston Transcript.

Suspicious.—Wife—John, wake up. There's a burglar downstairs. Husband—Well, what of it? Ever since I got my life insured you've been trying to push me to the front.—Milwaukee News.

Cab Humour.—Old Lady—"Does your horse ever shy at motors?" Cabby—"Lor' bless yer, no, lady; 'e didn't even shy when railway trains fust come in."—Punch.

No Name For It.—A teacher in a school in a Yiddish section of New York was trying to find from a tiny boy the name of his father. He seemed quite unable to think of it, so to help him she asked: "What do you call him?" "I call him 'father,'" was the reply. "Well, what does your mother call him?" and the response, an eloquent comment on domestic relations, in the neighbourhood, was: "She doesn't call him anything—she likes him."

An Important Detail.—Barber—Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut?

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Not Possibly Anything Else.—"What's the matter?" "Cold or something in my head." "Must be a cold, old man."

His Snap.—"By gorry, I'm tired!" "There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day and you workin' in a nice cool sewer!"—The Masses.

Turning Over.—Howe — Stopped drinking, have you?

Whye—Can't say that I have. You see I decided to turn over a new leaf and there was a whisky advertisement on the other side—and now it's all off.

A Sad Blow.—His Stenographer: So your wife says she likes me?

He: Yes.

His Stenographer: Heavens! Is it possible that I am as plain as all that?

Always Too Late.—"Old chap, didn't your better judgment tell you not to make that investment?" "No; my better judgment never tells me anything until after I've gone and made a fool of myself."—Chicago Tribune.

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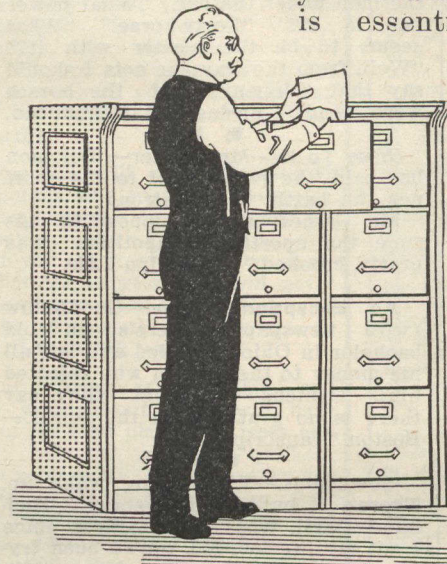
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THE RIVER OF STARS

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A NEW SERIAL STORY

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

THE young man's face was stiff with resentment. "You are mad, Lambaire," he said roughly. "Do you think that I would go back and lie? Do you imagine that I would be a party to a fraud of that kind—and lend my father's name and memory to it? You are mad."

Neither man had regarded him as a serious factor in the expedition and its object. They did not look for opposition from one whom they had regarded more or less as a creature. Yet such opposition they had to meet, opposition that grew in strength with every argument they addressed to him.

Men who find themselves out of touch with civilization are apt to take perverted moral views, and before they had left the friendly village both Whitey—the saner of the pair—and Lambaire had come to regard themselves as ill-used men.

Sutton's ridiculous scruples stood between them and fortunes; this crank by his obstinacy prevented their reaping the reward of their industry. At the end of the week—a week unrelieved by the appearance of a danger which might have shaken them to a clarity of thought—Sutton was outcast. Worse than that, for him, he developed a malignant form of malaria, and the party came to a halt in a big clearing of the forest. Here, near a dried watercourse, they pitched their little camp, being induced to the choice by the fact that water was procurable a few feet below the surface.

Lambaire and Whitey went for a walk in the forest. Neither of them spoke, they each knew the mind of the other.

"Well?" said Whitey at last.

Lambaire avoided his eye.

"It means ruin for us—and there's safety and a fortune if he'd be sensible."

After a long silence.

"Is he bad?" asked Lambaire suddenly, and the other shrugged his shoulders.

"No worse than I've been half a dozen times. It's his first attack of fever."

There was another long pause, broken by Whitey.

"We can't carry him—we've got two carriers, and there's another fifty miles to go before we reach a mission station—so the carriers say."

THEY walked aimlessly up and down, each man intent on his thoughts. They spoke no more, but returned to their little camp, where a semi-delirious youth moaned and fretted querulously, talking in the main to himself.

Lambaire stood by him, looking down at the restless figure; then he went in search of Whitey.

"This thing has got to be done regularly," he said, and produced a notebook. "I trust you, Whitey, and you trust me—but we will have it down in black and white."

The two memorandums were drawn up in identical terms. Whitey demurred, but signed.

Before the accustomed hour, Whitey woke the coast boy who acted as interpreter and was one of the two remaining carriers.

"Get up," he said gruffly; "get them guns on your head and move quickly."

The native rose sleepily. The fire was nearly out, and he gave it a kick with his bare foot to rouse it to flame.

"None of that," fumed Whitey—he

was in an unusual mood. "Get the other man, and trek."

The little party went silently along the dark forest path, the native leading the way with a lantern as protection against possible attacks from wild beasts.

He stopped of a sudden and turned to Lambaire, who shuffled along in his rear.

"Dem young massa, 1 no lookum." "Go on," said Whitey gruffly. "Dem massa he die one time."

The native grunted and continued his way. Death in this land, where men rise up hale in the morning and are buried in sunset, was not a great matter.

They halted at daybreak to eat the meal which was usually partaken of before marching.

The two white men ate their meal in silence—neither looking at the other.

Not until the forest was flooded with the rising sunlight did Whitey make any reference to the events of the night.

"We couldn't leave a nigger behind to starve—and I am cursed if we haven't left a white man," he said, and swore horribly.

"Don't do it—don't say it," implored Lambaire, raising his big hand in protest; "we couldn't—we couldn't—we couldn't do what we did—you know . . . what we did to the madman . . . Be sensible, Whitey . . . he's dead."

Three days later they reached an outlying mission station, and a heliograph message carried the news of their arrival to a wandering district commissioner, who was "working" a country so flat that heliographic communication was not possible with the coast.

But he had a basket full of carrier pigeons.

* * * * *

THREE weeks' rest, soft beds to lie upon, Christian food, and the use of a razor, make all the difference in the world to men of Lambaire's type. He had a convenient memory. He forgot things easily. There came to the mission station a small keened-faced man in khaki, the redoubtable Commissioner Sanders, who asked questions, but in view of the debilitated condition of the mission guests did not press for information. He heard without surprise that the River of Stars had been discovered,—he gathered from the vague description the men gave him of the locality where the discovery had been made that the new diamond field was in British territory—he was disappointed but did not show it.

For no man charged with the well-being of native peoples welcomes the discovery of precious stones or metal in his dominion. Such wealth means wars and the upheaval of new forces. It means the end of a regular condition, and the super-imposition of a hasty civilization.

There have been critics who asked why the Commissioner then and there did not demand a view of the specimens that Lambaire and his confederate brought from the mythical mine. But Sanders, as I have explained elsewhere, was a simple man who had never been troubled with the administration of a mineralized region, and frankly had no knowledge as to what a man ought to do in the circumstances.

"When did Sutton die?" he asked, and they told him.

"Where?"

Here they were at fault, for the spot indicated was a hundred miles inland.

Sanders made a rapid calculation.

"It must be nearer than that," he

said. "You could not have marched to the mission station in the time."

They admitted possibility of error and Sanders accepted the admission, having some experience in the unreliability of starved men's memory.

He questioned the carriers, and they were no more explicit.

"Master," said the headman, speaking in the riverian dialect, "it was at a place where there are four trees all growing together, two being of camwood and one of copal."

Since the forest of the Alebi are mainly composed of camwood and gum, the Commissioner was no wiser.

A fortnight after this conversation, Lambaire and Whitey reached the little coast town where Sanders had his headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Handful o' Pebble.

TO walk into a room in West Central Africa with your mind engaged on such matters as occupied the minds of Lambaire and Whitey, and to come suddenly upon a man whom you thought was picking oakum in a county gaol, is somewhat disconcerting. Such was the experience of the two explorers. There was a dramatic pause as Amber rose from the Commissioner's lounge chair.

They looked at him, and he looked at them in silence. The mocking smile which they had come to know so well was missing from his face. He was wholly serious.

"Hullo," growled Lambaire. "What is the meaning of this?"

It was not a striking question. For the moment Amber did not speak. The three were alone in the Commissioner's bungalow. He motioned them to seats, and they sat immediately, hypnotised by the unexpectedness of the experience. "What have you done with Sutton?" asked Amber quietly.

They did not answer him, and he repeated the question.

"He's dead," said Whitey. His voice was unnecessarily loud. "He's dead—died of fever on the march. It was very sad; he died . . . of fever."

For the first time in his life Whitey was horribly frightened. There was a curious note of command in Amber's tone which was difficult to define. It seemed as though this convict had suddenly assumed the function of judge. Neither Whitey nor Lambaire could for the moment realize that the man who demanded information was one whom they had seen handcuffed to a chain of convicts on Paddington station.

"When did he die?"

They told him, speaking in chorus, eagerly.

"Who buried him?"

Again the chorus. "Yet you had two natives with you—and told them nothing. You did not even ask them to dig a grave." His voice was grim, the eyes that watched them were narrowed until they seemed almost shut.

"We buried him," Lambaire found his voice, "because he was white and we were white—see?"

"I see." He walked to the table and took from it a sheet of paper. They saw it was the rough plan of a country, and guessed that it represented the scene of their wanderings.

"Point out the place where he was buried." And Amber laid the map upon the knees of Whitey.

"Show nothing!" Lambaire recovered a little of his self-possession. "What do you insinuate, Amber? Who the devil are you that you should go

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round askin' this or that?—an old lag too!"

As his courage revived he began to swear—perhaps the courage waited upon the expletives.

" . . . After goin' through all this!" he spluttered, "an' hunger an' thirst an' fightin'—to be questioned by a crook."

He felt the fierce grip of Whitey's hand on his wrist and stopped himself.

"Say nothin'—more than you can help," muttered Whitey. Lambaire swallowed his wrath and obeyed.

"**W**HAT is this about a diamond field?" Amber went on in a passionless, level voice. "The Government know of no such field—or such river. You have told the Commissioner that you have found such a place. Where is it?"

"Find out, Amber," shrilled Whitey, "you are clever—find out, like we had to; we didn't get our information by asking people,—we went and looked!"

He groped round on the floor of the half darkened bungalow and found his hat.

"We're leavin' to-morrow," said Whitey, "an' the first thing we shall do when we reach a civilized port is to put them wise to you—eh? It don't do to have gaolbirds wandering and gallivanting about British Possessions!" He nodded his head threateningly, and was rewarded by that smile which was Amber's chief charm.

"Mr. Whitey!" said Amber softly, "you will not leave to-morrow, the ship will sail without you."

"Eh!"

"The ship will sail minus," repeated Amber. "No Whitey, no Lambaire." He shook his head.

"What do you mean?"

For answer Amber tapped the foolscap which he had taken back from the protesting hand of Whitey. "Somewhere here," he pointed to a place marked with a cross, "near a dried river bed, a man died. I want evidence of his death and of the manner in which he met it, before I let you go."

There was another pause.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Amber?" asked Whitey, and his voice was unsteady.

"Exactly what I say," said the other quietly.

"Do you think we murdered him?" Amber shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall know one way or the other before you leave us," he said easily. There was something in his tone which chilled the two men before him.

"I shall know, because I have sent a search party back to the place where you say you left Mr. Sutton," he went on. "Your late interpreter will have no difficulty in finding the spot—he is already on his way."

Lambaire was as white as death.

"We did nothing to Sutton," he said doggedly.

Amber inclined his head.

"That we shall know," he said.

Walking from the bungalow to the hut which the Commissioner had placed at their disposal, Lambaire suddenly stopped and touched his companion's arm.

"Suppose," he gasped, "suppose—"

Whitey shook off the grip. "Don't go mad," he said roughly, "suppose what?"

"Suppose—some wandering native—found him and speared him. We'd get the credit for that."

"My God, I never thought of that!"

It gave them both something to think about in the weary days of waiting. They learnt that the word of Amber was law. They saw him once at a distance, but they sought no interview with him. Also they learnt of the presence, at headquarters, of Cynthia Sutton. For some reason this worried them, and they wondered how much she knew.

She knew all, if the truth be told. Dry eyed and pale she had listened whilst Amber, with all the tenderness of a woman, had broken the news the Commissioner had sent.

"I would like to hold out some hope," he said gently, "but that would be cruel; the story has the ring of truth, and yet there is something behind it which we do not know." He

did not tell her of his suspicions. These he had confided to Sanders, and the little man had sent a party back to make an examination of the place where Sutton was buried.

"White men die very suddenly in the Alebi," said Sanders. "There is every chance that the story is true—yet they are not the kind of men who from any sentimental consideration would take upon themselves the work of burying a poor chap. That's the part I can't believe."

"What will you do when the search party returns?" asked Amber.

"I have thought it out," replied Sanders. "I shall ask them for no report except in the presence of yourself and the men; this enquiry is to be an impartial one, it is already a little irregular."

Weeks passed—weeks of intolerable suspense for Whitey and Lambaire, playing bumble puppy whist in the shade of their hut.

Sanders paid them duty calls. He gave them the courteous attention which a prison governor would give to distinguished prisoners—that was how it struck Lambaire. Then one morning, an orderly came with a note for them—Their presence was required at "The Residency." No two men summoned from the cells below the dock ever walked to judgment with such apprehension as did these.

They found the Commissioner sitting at a big table, which was the one notable article of furniture in his office.

Three travel-strained natives in the worn blue uniform of police stood by the desk. Sanders was speaking rapidly in a native dialect which was incomprehensible to anybody else in the room.

Amber, with Cynthia Sutton, sat on chairs to the right of the Commissioner's desk, and two vacant chairs had been placed on the left of the desk.

It was curiously suggestive of a magistrate's court, where the positions of plaintiff and defendant are well defined.

Lambaire shot a sidelong glance at the girl in her cool white frock and her snowy helmet, and made a little nervous grimace.

They took their seats, Lambaire walking heavily into his.

Sanders finished talking, and with a jerk of his hand motioned his men to the centre of the room.

"I was getting their story in consecutive order," he said. "I will ask them questions and will translate their answers, if it is agreeable to you?"

Whitey coughed to clear his throat, tried to frame an agreement, failed, and expressed his approval with a nod.

"Did you find the place of the four trees?" asked Sanders of the natives.

"Lord! we found the place," said the man.

Sentence by sentence as he spoke, Sanders translated the narrative.

"For many days we followed the path the white men came; resting only one day, which was a certain feast day, we being of the Su'i Sect and worshippers of one god," said the policeman. "We found sleeping places by the ashes of fires that the white men had kindled; also cartridges and other things which white men throw away."

"How many days' journey did the white men come?" asked Sanders.


"Ten days," said the native, "for there were ten night fires where there was much ash, and ten day fires, and where there was only so much ash as would show the boiling of a pot. Also at these places no beds had been prepared. Two white men travelled together for ten days, before then were three white men."

"How do you know this?" said Sanders, in the vernacular.

"Lord, that was an easy matter to tell, for we found the place where they had slept. Also we found the spot where the third white man had been left behind."

Lambaire's lips were dry; his mouth was like a limekiln as, sentence by sentence, the native's statement was translated.

"Did you find the white master who



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was left behind?" asked Sanders.

"Lord, we did not find him." Lambaire made a little choking noise in his throat, Whitey stared, saying nothing. He half rose, then sat down again.

"Was there a grave?" The native shook his head. "We saw an open grave, but there was no man in it." Lambaire shot a swift startled glance at the man by his side.

"There was no sign of the white master?"

"None, lord, he had vanished, and only this left behind." He dived into the inside of his stained blue tunic and withdrew what was apparently a handkerchief. It was grimy, and one corner was tied into several knots.

Cynthia rose and took it in her hands.

"Yes, this was my brother's," she said in a low voice. She handed it to Sanders.

"There is something tied up here," he said, and proceeded to unknot the handkerchief. Three knots in all he untied, and with each untying, save the last, a little grey pebble fell to the table. In the last knot were four little pebbles no larger than the tip of a boy's finger. Sanders gathered them into the palm of his hand and looked at them curiously.

"Do you know what these signify?" he asked Whitey, and he shook his head.

Sanders addressed the native in Arabic.

"Abiboo," he said, "you know the ways and customs of Alebi folk—what do these things mean?"

But Abiboo was at a loss.

"Lord," he said, "if they were of camwood it would mean a marriage, if they were of gum it would mean a journey—but these things signify nothing, according to my knowledge."

Sanders turned the pebbles over with his finger.

"I am afraid this beats me," he began, when Amber stepped forward.

"Let me see them," he said, and they were emptied into his palm.

He walked with them to the window, and examined them carefully. He took a knife from his pocket and scraped away at the dull surface.

He was intensely occupied, so much so that he did not seem to realize that he was arresting the inquiry. They waited patiently—three—five—ten—minutes. Then he came back from the window, jingling the pebbles in his hand.

"These we may keep, I suppose?" he said; "you have no objection?"

Lambaire shook his head.

He was calmer now, though he had no reason to be, as Whitey, licking his dry lips, realized. The next words of the Commissioner supplied a reason.

"You say that you buried Mr. Sutton at a certain spot," he said gravely. "My men find no trace of a grave—save an open grave—how do you explain this?"

It took little to induce panic in Lambaire—Whitey gave him no chance of betraying his agitation.

"I give no explanation," he piped in his thin voice; "we buried him, that's all we know—your men must have mistaken the spot. You can't detain us any longer; it's against the law—what do you accuse us of, hey? We've told you everything there is to tell; and you've got to make up your mind what you are going to do."

He said all this in one breath and stopped for lack of it, and what he said was true—no one knew the fact better than Amber.

"Let me ask you one question," he said. "Did you discover the diamond mine, of which we have heard so little, before or after the disappearance of Mr. Sutton?"

Lambaire, who was directly addressed, made no reply. It was safer to rely upon Whitey when matters of chronology were concerned.

"Before," said Whitey, after the slightest pause.

"Long before?"

"Yes—a week or so."

Amber tapped the table restlessly—like a man deep in thought.

"Did Mr. Sutton know of the discovery?"

"No," said Whitey—and could have bitten his tongue at the slip; "when



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the discovery was made he was down with fever," he added.

"And he knew nothing?"

"Nothing."

Amber opened his hand and allowed the four pebbles to slip on to the table.

"And yet he had these," he said.

"What are they to do with it?" asked Whitey.

Amber smiled.

"Nothing," he said, "except that these are diamonds."

CHAPTER XV.

In the Bed of the River.

IT was a fortunate circumstance that within three days two homeward bound ships called at the little coast town where the Commissioner for the Alebi district made his headquarters. Fortunate, for it allowed Lambaire and Whitey to travel homeward by one ship, and Cynthia Sutton by the other. Amber went to the beach where the heavy surf boat waited—to see her off.

"I ought to be taking my ticket with you," he said, "or better still follow you secretly, so that when you sit down to dinner to-night—enter Amber in full kit, surprise of lady—curtain."

She stood watching him curiously. The heat of the coast had made her face whiter and finer drawn. She was in Amber's eyes the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Though he could jest, his heart was heavy enough for tears.

"I wish you would come," she said simply, and he knew her heart at that moment.

"I'll stay." He took her hand in both of his. "There's a chance, though it is a faint one, that your brother is alive. Sanders says there is no doubt that those men left him to die—there is no proof that he is dead. I shall stay long enough to convince myself one way or the other."

The boat was ready now, and Amber was discretely watching the steamer that lay anchored a mile from shore in four fathoms of water.

"Au revoir," she said, and her lip trembled.

Amber held out his arms to her, and she came to him without fear. He held her tight for the space of a few seconds, and she lifted her face to his.

"Au revoir, my love," he whispered, and kissed her lips.

* * *

Amber left the next morning for the Alebi, and with him went Abiboo, a taciturn sergeant of Houssas and Sanders' right-hand man.

It was a conventional African journey into the bush.

The monotony of hot marches by day, of breathless humming nights, of village palavers, of sudden tropical storms where low lying yellow clouds came tumbling and swirling across the swaying treetops, and vivid lightnings flickered incessantly through the blue-dark forest.

The party followed the beaten track which led from village to village, and at each little community inquiries were made, but no white man had been seen since Lambaire and Whitey had passed.

On the twenty-eighth day of the march, the expedition reached the place where Lambaire had said Sutton died. Here, in accordance with his plans Amber established something of a permanent camp.

Accompanied by Abiboo he inspected the spot where the handkerchief and diamonds had been found and the depression where the "grave" had been located.

"Master," said Abiboo, "it was here that a hole had been dug."

"I see no hole," said Amber. He spoke in Arabic: there was a time when Captain Ambrose Grey had been a secretary of legation, and his knowledge of Arabic was a working one.

An examination of the ground showed the depression to be the dried bed of a watercourse. Amber explored it for a mile in either direction without discovering any sign of the opening which Abiboo had led him to expect. In some places it was overgrown with a thick tangle of

elephant grass and a variety of wild bramble which is found in African forests.

"Water has been here," said Abiboo, "but cala cala," which means long ago.

The fact that the grave had disappeared proved nothing. The heavy rains which they had experienced on the march would have been sufficient to wash down the debris and the loose earth which had stood about the hole. For three weeks Amber pursued his investigations. From the camp he sent messengers to every village within a radius of fifty miles, without finding any trace of Sutton.

Regretfully he decided to give up the search; two of his carriers had gone down with beri-beri, and the rainy season was getting nearer and nearer. Worse than this the Isisi—Alebi folk—were restless. He had had advice of crucifixions and dances, and Sanders had sent him six more soldiers to strengthen his escort.

The occasional storms had been followed by irregular downpours, and he himself had had an attack of fever.

"I will stay two more days," he told Abiboo, "if by then I find nothing, we strike camp."

That night, as he sat in his tent writing a letter to Cynthia, there came a summons from Abiboo.

"Master," said the Houssa, "one of my men has heard a shot."

Amber slipped on his jacket and stepped out of the tent.

"Where—in what direction?" he asked. It was pitch dark, and a gentle drizzle of rain was falling.

"Towards the east," said the native.

Amber returned to the tent for his electric lamp and together they stood listening.

Far away they heard a noise like that made by a cat in pain; the long howls came faintly in their direction.

"That is a wounded leopard," said Abiboo. Amber was thinking rapidly. Save for the gentle murmur of rain there was no sound in the forest. It was certainly not the night for a leopard to advertise his presence.

"If there is a white man in the forest," said Amber, "he would come for this." He slipped his revolver from his pocket and fired two shots in the air. He waited, but there came no answer. At intervals of half a minute he emptied the chambers of the weapon without eliciting any reply.

For the greater part of an hour Amber remained listening. The cries of the leopard—if leopard it was—had died down to a whimper and had ceased. There was nothing to be gained by a search that night but as soon as daylight came, Amber moved out with two Houssa guards and Abiboo.

It was no light task the party had set itself, to beat six square miles of forest, where sapling and tree were laced together with rope upon rope of vegetation. It was well into the afternoon when Abiboo found the spoor of a wild beast.

Following it they came to flecks of dried blood. It might have been—as Amber realized—the blood of an animal, wounded by another. Half an hour's trailing brought them to a little clearing, where stretched at the foot of a tree lay the leopard, dead and stiff.

"H'm," said Amber, and walked up to it. There was no sign of the laceration which marks the beast wounded in fight.

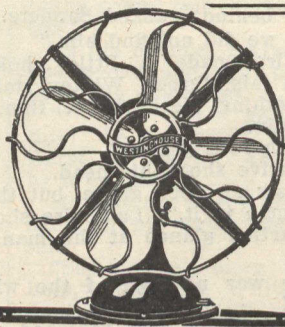
"Turn it over."

The men obeyed, and Amber whistled. There was an indisputable bullet wound behind the left shoulder.

Amber knelt down, and with his hunting knife cut down in search of the bullet. He found it after a long search and brought it to light. It was a flattened Webley revolver bullet. He went back to camp in a thoughtful mood that night.

If it was Sutton's revolver, where was Sutton? Why did he hide himself in the forest? He had other problems to settle to his satisfaction, but these two were uppermost in his mind.

The day had been a fine one, and the customary storm had not eventuated. A beautiful moonlight night had followed the most glorious of sunsets. It was such a night as only



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Africa sees, a night of silver light that touched all things tenderly and beautified them. Amber had seen such nights in other parts of the great Continent, but never had he remembered such as this.

He sat in a camp chair at the entrance of his tent speculating upon the events of the day. Who was this mysterious stranger that went abroad at night? For the matter of that, what had the leopard been doing to invite his death?

He called up Abiboo from the fire-round which the Houssas were squatting.

"It is strange to me, Abiboo," he said, "that the white man should shoot the leopard."

"Lord, so I have said to my men," said Abiboo, "and they think, as I, that the leopard was creeping into a place that sheltered the white master."

Amber smoked a reflective pipe. It occurred to him that the place where they had come upon the first blood stains had been near to a similar dried-up water way. When he came to give the matter fuller consideration he realized that it was a continuation of the river bed near which they were encamped. Following its course he might come upon the spot under an hour. It was a perfect night for investigation—at any rate he resolved to make an attempt.

He took with him four soldiers including the sergeant, who led the way with the lamp. The soldiers were necessary, for a spy had come in during the day with news that the warlike folk of the "Little Alebi" had begun to march in his direction.

Though the river bed made a well defined path for the party it was fairly "hard-going." In places where the deputation made an impenetrable barrier they had to climb up the steep banks and make a detour through the forest.

Once they came upon a prowling leopard who spat furiously at the brilliant white glow of the electric lamp and, turning tail, fled. Once they surprised a bulky form that trumpeted loudly and went blundering away through the forest to safety.

After one of these detours they struck a clear smooth stretch.

"It must be somewhere near," began Amber, when Abiboo raised his hand abruptly. "Listen," he whispered.

They stood motionless, their heads bent. Above the quiet of the forest came a new sound.

"Click—click!" It was faint, but unmistakable.

Amber crept forward.

The river bed turned abruptly to the right, and pressing closely to the right bank he dropped to his knees and crawled cautiously nearer the turn. He got his head clear of the bush that obstructed his view and saw what he saw.

In the centre of the river, plain to see in the bright moonlight, a man in shirt and trousers was digging. Every now and again he stooped and gathered the earth in both hands and laughed, a low chuckling laugh that made Amber's blood run cold to hear. Amber watched for five minutes, then stepped out from his place of concealment.

"Bang!"
A bullet whistled past him and struck the bank at his side with a thud.

Quick as thought he dropped to cover, bewildered. The man who dug had had his back to him—somebody else had fired that shot!

He looked round at the sergeant. "Abiboo," he said grimly, "this is a tad palaver: we have come to save a man who desires to kill us."

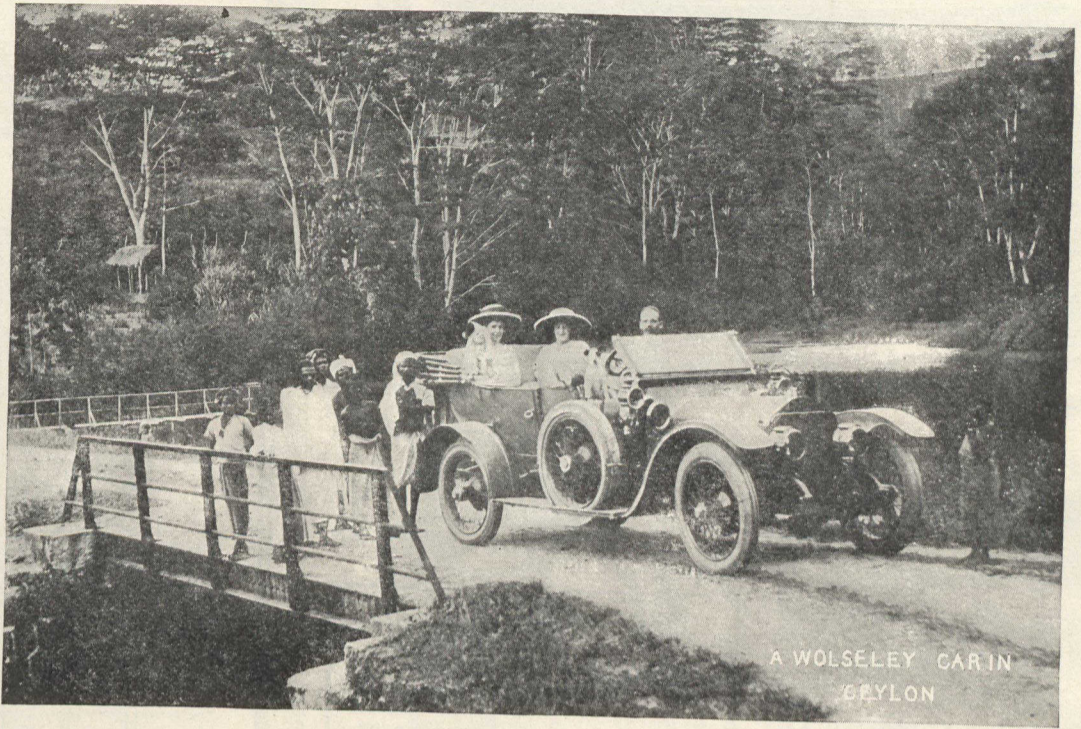
Crawling forward again he peeped out: the man had disappeared.

Taking the risk of another shot Amber stepped out into the open. "Sutton!" he called clearly. There was no answer.

"Sutton!" he shouted,—only the echo came to him. Followed by his men he moved forward.

(To be continued.)

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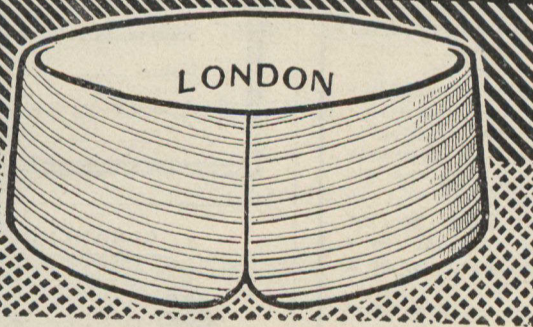
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FOR THE JUNIORS

DONKEY RIDING ON THE SEA SHORE.

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A London Coster Woman and Her "Mokes." riding the donkeys up and down the beach.

Along comes the donkey-boy looking for a fare. You wish very much that you could have a ride, and you run off to where nurse is seated under a huge green parasol and beg for her permission and a tuppence into the bargain. You can have a splendid ride for a tuppence. Nurse says, "Here you are, but do be careful!" and you dash off down the beach after the donkey-boy and catch up with him all out of breath.

"Please, I want a donkey ride" you say, and with that he swings you up into the little chair on the donkey's back and you pick up the reins and off you go. You feel very brave sitting up so high in your wobbly basket seat; it gives you little thrills down your back when you think how dangerous it is. It must be dangerous, for nurse said "do be careful,"



"You feel very brave sitting up so high in your wobbly basket seat."

and the donkey-boy keeps tight hold of the bridle of your charger.

After all, though, it isn't so very dangerous an amusement, for the poor donkey has been so badly treated for so many years, that to-day he is nothing but a patient, willing beast of burden and has not the spirit left in him to cut a caper. Ill-usage, too, has stunted his growth and the donkey of to-day is not nearly so large an animal as he was originally. He is very

sturdy, however, and can travel long distances and carry great loads without becoming tired. In London the costers, or pedlars as we call them here, use them to carry their wares. It is a very common sight to see a coster leading his "moke" laden down with flowers or vegetables on his way to market.

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ESSAY COMPETITION No. 2.

It is our intention to run in this department a series of competitions, suitable to the season in which they are announced, with a view to interesting and encouraging our junior readers in literary work. Competition No. 1, which was announced in our spring numbers and dealt with the finding of a bird's nest and a close observance of the family life of its feathered occupants, has just come to a successful close. In a few weeks now many thousands of Canadian students will be returning to their schools refreshed in mind and body after the long weeks of vacation spent on the farm, in the woods, or by the water, and many of these young people will be fired with an ambition to accomplish big things in the days of work to come.

Here is an opportunity to do something worth while. Read carefully the rules of Competition No. 2 and start to work at once to gather the information necessary to make yours the winning essay. We have designed this competition to interest High School students especially, and while others are at liberty to compete, the manuscripts of High School students will be given preference.

Rules of the Competition.

- 1.—Write an essay of not more than 500 words on any one of the two following special topics:
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 - (b) How Carpets, Furniture, Stoves, etc. (any article made in a factory) are made.
- 2.—Essays must be written in pen and ink or typewritten, on one side of the paper only.
- 3.—Manuscripts must be endorsed as "original" by a master in the school or a parent.
- 4.—Name, age, and address must be stated, and all manuscript should be mailed to Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto, and must reach this office by October 15th.
- 5.—The competition is open to young people up to the age of eighteen.

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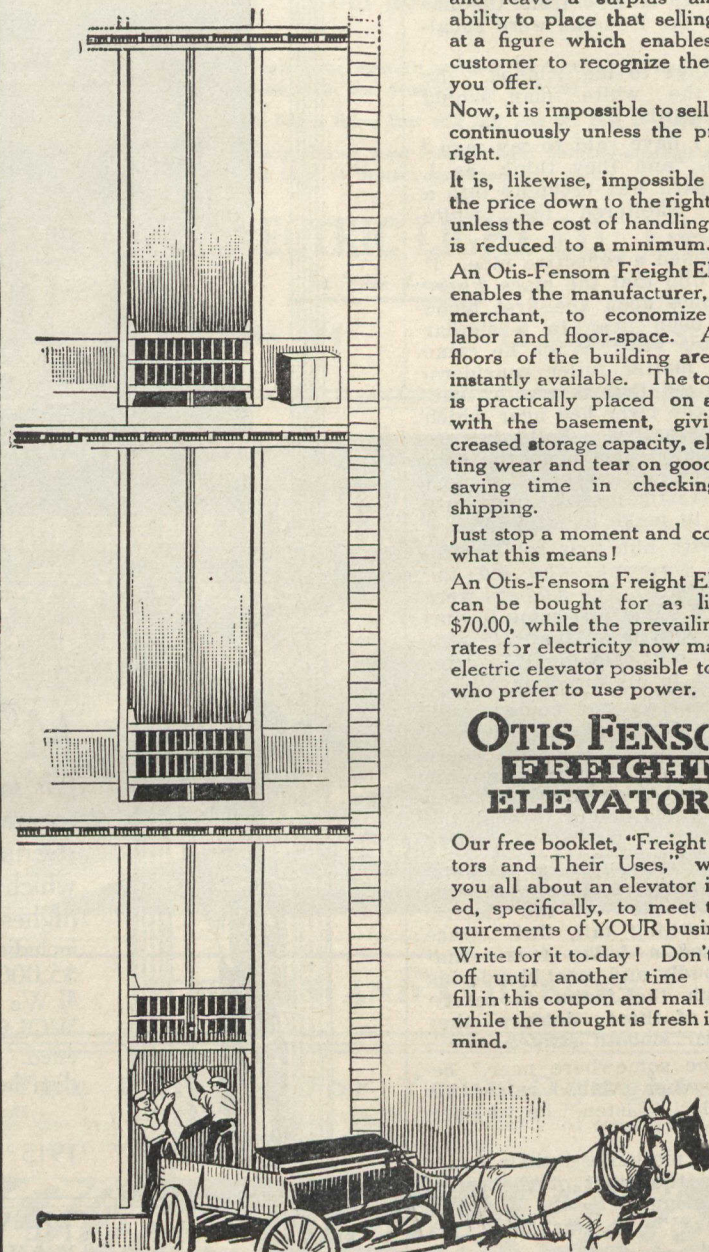
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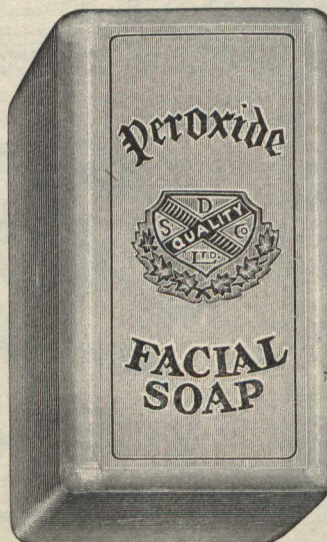
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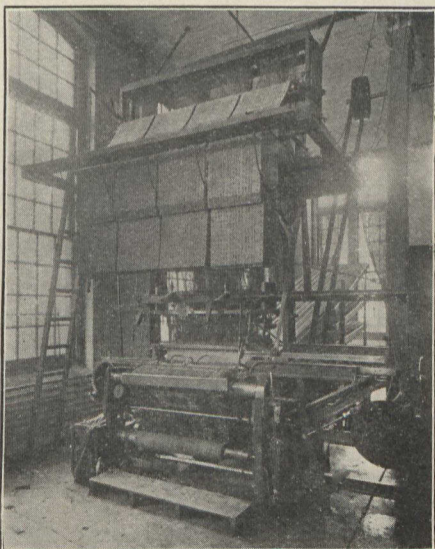
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