

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

McGibbon—Consolidationist
BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Will the Cadet Movement Succeed?
BY W. A. CLARKE

His Little Girl
NEW SERIAL STORY BY L. G. MOBERLY



Drawn by F. Hans Johnston

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A National Weekly

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VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 9



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J. Lorne McGibbon—Consolidationist ... By Augustus Bridle.
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Editor's Talk

OUR new serial begins in this issue. It will be well to begin reading at the first instalment. A friend may be an equally good reader, but it is too severe a test of friendship to expect a friend to give you the real value of a good story by telling it in his own words. Authors are sometimes useful. The best stories are those that take the most art to repeat.

Next week our Country and Suburban Life Supplement will reappear. The editor of this department has a real aim in life. He is not merely publishing information about gardens and country homes. He is arousing a practical interest in the household land among people who prefer the experiences of real people circumstanced like themselves to the opinions of mere experts. The next issue of this Supplement will contain many extremely interesting features.

The next special number of the "Courier" will be the Home Products issue, August 24. A plan of co-operation is already being carried out whereby readers of this paper will be able to get a good knowledge of what is being made in Canada and where, without reading a lot of dry articles. This will be one of the most important specials ever issued from this office, and its contents will interest equally the general subscriber and the advertiser.



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The Scrap Book

A Fatal Stop.—George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer, is a firm believer in the excellence of his products. The story is told that a letter received some years ago by the Westinghouse Machine Company said that the writer had been using one of its standard vertical engines with eminent satisfaction. For eight years it had been in continuous service night and day, handling its load without a hint of trouble, but that "upon shutting it down the other evening it all went to pieces." The letter was passed to the eminent inventor whose name the company bears, and handed back with the remark: "Ask the blame fool what he shut it down for."

What She Was After.—David Belasco condemns a certain ultra-modern type of society woman.

"This type, which luckily isn't numerous," he says, "lives on notoriety. To a woman of this type a lawyer said one day:

"Yes, madam, I can get you the divorce you desire. For five hundred dollars I can get you a divorce—and get it without publicity, too."

"She wrinkled her smooth, white, well powdered forehead in a frown; she bit her roughed and over-red lip in annoyance.

"But what would it cost," she asked, "with publicity?"

Heaven.—Subbubs—"I believe Swamp-hurst is unhealthy. Since we have lived out there my wife can scarcely speak above a whisper."

Henpecke—"Do you suppose I could find a house there?"

At Two O'Clock in the Morning.—The Jolly Fellow (to the man above, who has been dragged from his bed by the wild ringing of his front door bell)—"One of your windows is wide open."

Mr. Dressing Gown—"Thanks awfully, old man. Which one is it?"

The Jolly Fellow—"The one you have your head out of. Ta-ta!"

Judging by Appearances.—The court was having trouble getting a satisfactory jury. "Is there any reason why you could not pass impartially on the evidence for and against the prisoner?" asked the judge of a prospective juror. "Yes," was the reply; "the very looks of that man makes me think he is guilty." "Why, man," exclaimed the judge, "that's the prosecuting attorney!"

Interested.—Some of the newspaper correspondents have to work without pause at conventions, grinding out interminable strings of copy for transmission by telegraph. On such occasions it is not uncommon for four or five who are friendly to each other to form combinations and exchange reports. This is done the simplest by having each writer make carbon copies of his day's work. Five weary correspondents were occupying one room in Michigan Avenue, and four of them had keeled out on beds while the fifth continued to pound his mill. "What are you writing?" asked one of them after a while. "A letter to my wife." "Give us carbons," yelled the four in chorus.

Lords in the Making.—Allan Dawson, a New York editor, says he was in London when the question of making five hundred new lords was agitating England, and that he happened to be in the press gallery of the House of Commons when the subject was under discussion.

"It was an exciting time," said Dawson. "A list of names was under consideration. I listened until the House had disposed of three and had elected their titles. The first man decided upon was General Booth, of the Salvation Army. It was set forth that his title was to be Lord Saveus. The next was Mr. Patterson, the big baggage and express man of London, and his title was to be Lord Deliverus. The third was Mr. Pink, who owns the largest jam factory in England. They fixed his title as Lord Preserveus. Then I came away."

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
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July 27, 1912

No. 9

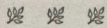
Men of

To-Day

Sir William in London

WHILE Premier Borden and his colleagues are spell-binding the political world of London with navy sentiment, another prominent Canadian is the man of the moment among that section of the British public whose chief interest is stocks and shares. Garbed in cool summer tweeds, light panama on his head, Sir William Mackenzie is gliding in and out of the palaces of the money kings of London.

Recently, a prominent financier and several financial journals warned Canadians that Britain could not digest any more of our securities for a few weeks, and that local municipalities and private corporations had better wait until a more favourable season before venturing to petition the Rialto. But there has been no news that their admonitions have dampened the welcome of the bulls and bears of London to Sir William. The centre of the Empire is too emphatically interested in the electric Scotch-Canadian financier of the grizzled moustache and piercing eyes; and in the black, roomy portfolio he carries, which may contain secrets of much significance to the Strand about the wizard and his recent doings: the merger of tramway and power interests in the tropics; the C. N. R. trans-continental programme for next year; or plans for municipal development. And in a few weeks, the ordinary Canadian who finds it difficult enough to borrow \$100, may read on his way to the office that Sir William and his black bag are embarked on their way home again with promises for millions tucked away for the extension of great Canadian enterprises.



A Man of Breadth

ORDINARILY, the retiring chairman of a public body presents happy felicitations to his successor and steps down with few words. In Toronto, the other day, Mr. G. Frank Beer was saying adieu to the Chairmanship of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Those present expected the customary speech of such occasions. They heard a national utterance.

Mr. Beer is not a man who usually talks very much. He is a nervous, high-strung, big man who answers questions with a nod and retires into his shell at the slightest provocation. But when he really comes out to stay, the whole store of his pent-up energy breaks forth and he vociferates a fusilade of pertinent remarks.

While his observations upon taxation, inflation of real estate values and other conditions of a city which vitally affect the manufacturer were cryptic and impressive parts of his address, it was his grasp of the place of manufacturing in the life of the Dominion, as a whole, which attracted attention. He is not one of those who would leave manufacturing to the East, and build up the

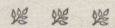


SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE,
 An Unusual Snap-Shot of Him as He Arrived in London a Few Days Ago.

West entirely on farming and real estate speculating. Mr. Beer proceeds with the basic idea that production, whether of the farm or mine or fac-

tory, is the backbone of the country. He wants to see the West diversify its activities by possessing a strong manufacturing industry among its homesteads. He is no sectionalist; his ideal for Canada is versatility—an all-round agricultural and industrial Dominion.

Probably, Mr. Beer got this broad view from the fact that at different times he has been a citizen of the eastern, middle and western parts of Canada. He is a Prince Edward Islander in origin. For years he was in business in Charlottetown. During four years he promoted industries with his brothers in British Columbia. The last decade he has been active in Toronto as a director of the Eclipse Whitewear Company and the Consolidated Optical Company.



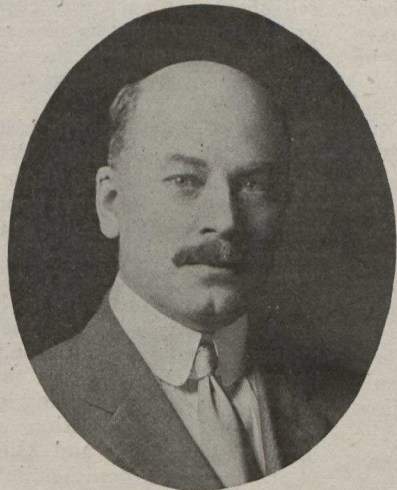
A Journalistic Legislator

CANADIANS who take a neighbourly interest in our sister colony of Newfoundland, know something of Mr. P. T. McGrath, the St. John's publicist who has been made a member of the Legislative Council or "House of Lords" of that country. For twenty years Mr. McGrath has been prominent in political life. By profession, he is a journalist, editor of the *Chronicle*, a live sheet in St. John's. His writings have gained him fame far beyond the confines of his native land. On every big question which has touched Newfoundland of recent years, Mr. McGrath has had something to say. His views have found expression in the Reviews of Great Britain and the United States.

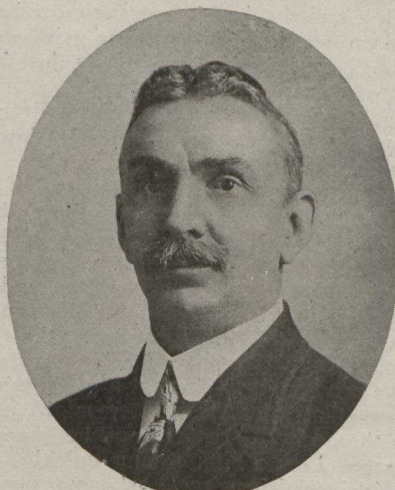
Peter Thomas McGrath is an interesting personality. He is a little man, frail and not at all robust in health. He had very little chance as a youth. At fourteen, he left school and became a drug clerk. How he rose from these humble beginnings to his present eminence is a story of a fighting Irish temperament. His aggressive spirit evidenced itself in controversies which grew up around McMurdo and Company's drug store in St. John's, whenever a customer paused to air his views on political happenings. At nights, young McGrath scribbled long articles to local papers on rousing questions. It was natural that he should drop into professional journalism. As a newspaperman, he became dominant. His political leaders contained slogans which have become a by-word on the big island.

Mr. McGrath, who is only forty-three years of age, is the youngest member of the Legislative Council, which, like our Senate, is largely composed of men advanced in years.

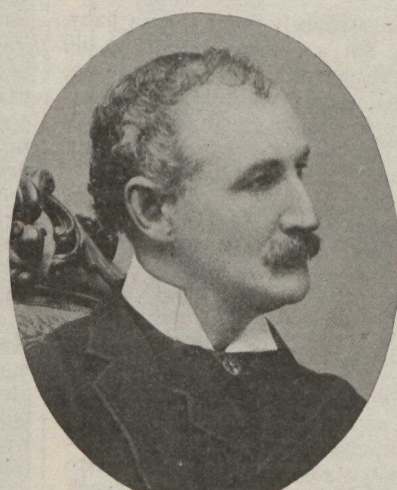
Strange to say, despite his activity in political campaign work, Mr. McGrath never sat in the legislature. His talents as a debater and political writer, combined with his accurate and wide knowledge of affairs, should not come amiss in the Legislative Council. Mr. McGrath succeeds Hon. D. J. Greene.



MR. G. FRANK BEER,
 Toronto.
 Who Has Been Making Pertinent Remarks on Manufacturing.



HON. P. T. McGRATH,
 St. John's,
 A New Member of the Upper House in Newfoundland.



HON. CHARLES MACKINTOSH,
 Ottawa,
 Appointed Inspector of Customs for the Dominion.

His Little Girl



OUR NEW

SERIAL STORY

CHAPTER I.

THE FINGER OF FATE.

THE white ribbon of road stretched across the landscape in a straight undeviating line, showing no bend or turn—lost to view at last, not because it had altered its course, but merely because Giles Tredman's eyes could see no further than the point where the road and blue mountain spurs met and mingled in the far distance. On either side of the white ribbon of road, flat meadow spread itself towards the lesser hills that crept down from the mountain spurs—hills that were covered with birch and beech and chestnut, and here and there an oak to remind the traveller of his English home. In the meadows tall poplars lifted their heads to the clear blue of the May sky; low bushes of hawthorn, like brides in their raiment of snowy blossoms, filled the air with their fragrance; belated marsh marigolds gleamed golden amongst the sedges swept by the soft breeze; the sole remaining snow on the Mont Cenis group shone dazzlingly in the sunshine that flooded mountains, vale and meadow land.

Glancing round him at the goodly landscape of Savoy, Giles Tredman smiled, and lifted his hat, with an instinctive feeling of thankfulness for the loveliness of the laughing land—of delight in the fresh green of spring that seemed so especially green and fresh to the eyes of one newly come from the East. There were many things in his life to bring a smile to his lips, Giles reflected, as he sauntered along the white road that passes out from Aix les Bains and leads you at last to Italy—many things for which to lift his hat in thankfulness. For, though he was a reserved man—and chary, very chary of expressing his deepest feelings—a strong poetical vein underlay the young soldier's practical exterior—and behind his bronzed face and quiet grey eyes, was a soul brimming over with beautiful thoughts, and high ideals.

A keen officer, devoted to his profession, and to the native troops, who adored the tall young sahib, whose lightest word was their law, he was, nevertheless, looking forward eagerly to his long leave in England, and a brief sojourn in Italy on his way home had only whetted his appetite for his own land by the northern sea.

"Jolly sunny valley this," he mused, glancing up at the shining snow of Mont Cenis, and round him at meadows with their snowy hawthorns, the hill-sides whose trees showed every tint of soft spring green, "the sort of happy valley into which sorrow and worry have no right to come. And, by jove, I'll get Grace to come here for part of our honeymoon. She'll like the sunshine and the brightness, and the gaiety of this gay little place," and from general thoughts of the fair world about him, the young man's mind wandered to the more particular thoughts of the tall, dark-eyed girl who to his poetic soul seemed the embodiment of all that was most beautiful, most perfect.

LEFT an orphan when scarcely more than a baby, with no relations but a gentle, chivalrous old uncle, who had been responsible for his training, Giles had grown up with almost knightly respect for womanhood, and with a simple faith in woman's innate goodness which not even his years of Indian service had been able to shake.

Grace Cardew, his betrothed, was, in his eyes, the embodiment of all that a woman should be, and the silent meadows to left and right of him rang with the echoes of his vigorous voice, as he sang—

"The stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her—my Queen, my Queen."

Along the white ribbon of road no living soul was in sight—he could sing his heart out to the May morning, and no one would hear or heed, and he strolled on, singing lustily, when, in the far distance from the mountain end of the valley a black speck became visible, its headlong speed bringing it rapidly into his line of vision, and showing it to be a powerful motor car, containing only two men.

"What an ungodly pace that chap's driving,"

Tredman muttered, moving from the high road to the grass bank beside it, to avoid the clouds of dust that trailed in the wake of the car, "not even a straight road like this justified such a pace. My God! what was that?"

A terrific crash behind him was responsible for the exclamation—a crash, followed by a shriek of terror, and then no other sound but the ceaseless pant of the motor. Giles jerked himself round, sprang into the road, and peering through the white cloud of dust that still whirled about the highway, tried in vain to discover what had happened. For a few seconds nothing but dust was visible, and in those seconds the young soldier had raced at top speed back along the road, to the place whence had come that terrible crashing sound—that shriek of agonized fear. And, as he ran, he tripped and nearly fell over something that lay in his path against the bank, something that lifted itself slowly with a little pitiful cry.

"Oh! come—please come."

The dust was clearing away, and Giles, stooping down, saw a small white face looking up at him—the face of a little girl, who held out her hands to him repeating her first appealing sentence—

"Oh! come—please come."

"What is it? What has happened?" he answered, kneeling down beside her on the dusty highway, and drawing her shaking hands into his, "were you—"

"I—don't know," she panted out breathlessly, "the car—came—all in a minute—and—mother and I—mother and I—come and find mother—oh! come, please come!"

The small clinging hands drew him forward, and at the same moment a murmur of voices arose, and the dust cloud clearing wholly away, made him aware what a scene of havoc lay before him.

THE great car, still snorting and panting like a beast of prey that has seized its victim and done its worst, stood in the middle of the road, and scattered on either side of the palpitating monster lay the fragments of what had apparently once been a small pony carriage. Wheels, cushions, framework, lay tossed together in inextricable confusion, and close to the bank a little chestnut pony lay gasping its life out, hurt to the death, and only able to turn pitiful questioning eyes upon the mysterious horror which had brought such destruction.

The two occupants of the motor car stood amidst the wreckage, and as Tredman and the child drew near, he heard one of the men say to the other, in French—

"Drive for your life to fetch a doctor. She is badly hurt." And at that juncture the young Englishman realized that there was yet another actor in the strange little drama in which he had so suddenly been called to take part, and, with a sick throb of dismay, he saw lying amongst the fragments of the carriage the form of an unconscious woman.

"Come to mother," cried the child, whose hand still clung to his, "she has fallen on the hard road. It flung me on the bank, but—mother—mother—" and with a stifled sob that was far more heart-rending than an outburst of passionate grief would have been, she flung herself down in the dust beside the inanimate woman.

"Is she—dead?" Giles whispered in French to the tall man who stood looking silently down at the dreadful havoc his own car had made.

"Dead?—no," was the sharp answer in the same language, "my man understands these things; he has felt her heart—he says she lives. He is going to fetch a doctor at once—at once," and so saying, he turned imperiously to his chauffeur, and speaking a few words in a tongue which Giles knew to be Russian, waved the man towards the car. In another moment the huge machine was whirling along the road towards Aix, at a speed which made Giles pray that another disaster might not follow hard on the heels of the first, and he glanced at the tall stranger beside him, saying quickly—

"Your driver drives recklessly, monsieur."

"He is the best chauffeur in Europe," came the curt response, "and we have never had an accident before. But—" he paused, glancing from the Englishman's bronzed face to the form of the

woman and child upon the ground, "but—for some reason, why, I do not know, the car skidded as we were passing the pony carriage. We struck it full on the side—and—" he shrugged his shoulders significantly, "the result—you see."

"I see, indeed," Giles answered drily, his eyes deep with indignation as they met the other's eyes—cold, blue and steely, "and is there nothing we can do for this poor lady until the doctor comes?"

"My man has given her brandy. He has loosened her clothing and done all that is possible," was the response, in a voice which, despite its coldness, struck upon Giles's ears with a peculiar fascination, "it will be well not to move her until we know what her injuries are."

"Move her? No!" Giles exclaimed, "no one in his senses would wish to move her. We might be doing just the very worst thing in the world. But—my God—it seems so callous—so—brutal—to be standing here doing nothing, nothing, when—for all we know the poor soul may be dying."

"Callous? Brutal?" Again came that lift of the shoulders, and a faint smile flickered over the tall man's features, "it is sometimes less brutal to hold one's hand than to use it, less callous to wait than to act precipitately." Again Giles was struck by the combined coldness and fascination of the well modulated voice, and as his clear eyes glanced at the man's features, he found himself reflecting inconsequently that it was just such a face as this that had power to stir women's hearts.

A certain imperiousness marked the stranger's bearing, but Giles felt instinctively that it was the imperiousness of one born to master, not the cultivated hauteur of a lesser personality. The face was very handsome—and if the chiselling of the features showed something of the coldness of marble—Giles nevertheless recognized their undoubted fascination. The eyes—blue and clear—cold as ice, keen as steel—had an oddly compelling power which the young man owned, though he owned it reluctantly. Meeting those eyes he experienced the curious sensation of having gone back to his earliest youth again, and being in the presence of his commanding officer.

He found himself almost unconsciously trying to throw off the influence of the elder man, and his voice took on a curt accent as he said—

"Without any unduly precipitate action, I think I can do something for that poor lady," and leaving the tall stranger's side he bent over the prostrate and still unconscious woman, lifting her head gently from the dust of the road and resting it upon one of the carriage cushions which had been tossed amongst the splinters of wood and iron.

"Won't mother ever open her eyes?" the child's trembling voice whispered in his ear, "why must she lie here in the road—so still and white," and once more the small clinging hands clutched at his. His heart went out in a passion of pity and tenderness towards the frightened little girl, and he drew her towards him with a brotherly gesture.

"A doctor will come soon," he said, "it is safer to let her lie here until we know whether she is—hurt or no. She is not in pain now," he added, looking down at the face that was so terribly white and still, "we will wait patiently, just a few moments, and then—the doctor will come—and help her."

The child drank in his words eagerly, her great wistful eyes riveted on his face whilst his were fixed upon the injured woman. She was young still, certainly not more than two or three and thirty he imagined; and in spite of her deathlike whiteness, the face that lay against the dark green cushion was very lovely. Long, dark lashes swept the cheek, cloudy masses of dark hair, loosened by her fall, fell about her neck, the curves of her mouth were of great sweetness, whilst a certain pathetic droop in their lines gave to the whole face an expression of most pathetic sadness.

WHAT was the life history of the poor soul? Giles speculated. What tragedy had drawn that sweet mouth into those pathetic lines, and set such a stamp of sorrow upon her loveliness? Why had those fine lines been traced about her eyes, giving him the certainty that she had shed many and bitter tears? Why—

With that word still in his mind, he lifted his head, and glanced up at the tall man who had remained standing in precisely the same attitude as before—and he saw that the stranger's eyes were also fixed upon the unconscious woman's face. But there was no compassion in their glance, it was hard and pitiless, and Giles could almost have sworn that a sardonic smile hovered over the firm, well-cut lips, that something of actual dislike and repugnance showed itself on the handsome features. A little sense of bewilderment clouded the young man's mind. He rose to his feet, and gently

loosening the clasp of the child's hands from his, moved to the other man's side.

"Do you know this lady?" he said quickly, speaking, as before, in French. "The child with her seems to be English, do you know who they are?"

The stranger lifted his eyebrows with a gesture of extreme surprise, his shoulders went up in the movement that Tredman had begun to look upon as characteristic of him.

"I? How should I know them?" was the reply, "their pony carriage met my car—I have had the supreme misfortune to—destroy the carriage and injure the lady. But—we—are as one of your poets has said, 'Ships that pass in the night, and hail each other in passing.' Voila tout."

GILES'S quick ear noted that the man's English was as faultless as his French, though, from the orders given to the chauffeur, he judged him to be Russian.

"I beg your pardon," he said involuntarily, "I fancied—you looked at the lady as if you knew her. No doubt her little girl will be able to tell us who they are, and where they live."

"Is monsieur then preparing to make himself responsible for his countrywoman," the sardonic smile seemed to have translated itself into words, the blue eyes looked into Giles's grey ones, with a hint of amused contempt that made the younger man long to strike the cold, handsome face.

"Whether she is my countrywoman or no, I could not do less than help her to the best of my power,"

he answered, a ring of indignation in his voice, "the little girl cannot make arrangements, or take any responsibility. But no doubt you will do all that can be done for both mother and daughter, seeing that you—"

"That I—what?" the other interrupted with a sudden haughty gesture, and a quick drawing together of his brows, "that—I—what—monsieur?"

"That you were responsible for the accident, I was about to say," Giles answered, surprised at the resentment shown by his companion.

An uneasy laugh broke from the man's lips—he glanced along the road towards Aix, and something of his sangfroid seemed to have deserted him.

"Nothing would please me more than to do everything possible for—madame and the little girl," he said, "but—the doctor once here, and—the case put into the hands of the authorities—I must reluctantly go on my way. I have business of urgent, of vital importance—and I dare not let anything interfere with it. I shall be obliged—"

The sentence ended abruptly—the throb of the returning motor became audible, and in another moment, the great car, painted black, as Tredman now realized for the first time, drew up at the scene of the disaster. A brisk French doctor alighted, and glanced about him with bright, inquisitive eyes that instantaneously took in the whole situation, and rested on the Englishman's quiet face with an evident sense of relief.

"If monsieur will help me," he said, addressing himself to Tredman, "I will ascertain the extent of

the injuries, and then madame can no doubt be conveyed to Aix in the motor," the last words he spoke to the owner of the car, who still stood in the same immobile attitude which he had throughout adopted. Both men bowed in response, and Tredman and the French doctor were soon bending over the injured woman, intent upon their task.

"We must get her back to her hotel, or wherever she lives as fast as possible," the doctor murmured, after a brief examination, "she—" his eyes met Tredman's, and he lowered his voice as he caught sight of the child's anguished face, "she is terribly hurt, crushed—nearly to death—and—"

THERE was a faint movement of the woman's hand, the hand upon whose pulse the doctor's finger had just rested, and at the same instant her eyes opened, clouded now by an agony of pain.

"Tell—him—to—go," she gasped, "I—cannot—bear—" Only a breathless gasp ended her sentence, her lips grew more ashen, a grey shade crept over her face.

"We must not delay," the Frenchman said hurriedly, "if you will help me lift her into the car, we will get her as fast as we dare within reach of nurses and remedies, though she is almost past—"

His sentence remained unfinished. There was the noise of crunching wheels behind them, the throb of machinery, the whiz and shriek of the moving motor. And before either of the kneeling men could spring to his feet, before either could

(Continued on page 23.)

The Duke's Official Visit to Winnipeg

He Opens the Exhibition and Assists in Celebrating the Selkirk Centennial



Leaving the King Edward Hospital After the Formal Opening, July 11. Puzzle—Find the Princess.



The Illuminated City Hall at 10 minutes to Eleven.



Opening of the Canadian Industrial Exhibition, July 10. Left of the Duke, Mrs. Cameron, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor.



The Princess and the Duke on the Way to the Exhibition.

Personalities and Problems

7---D. Lorne McGibbon, Consolidationist

On the Principle that Co-operation with Other Men is the Main Thing

It was the poet Cowper who burst forth:

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

But it wasn't the worry of looking after big interests and the tyranny of the telephone that bothered Cowper. And the only reason for lugging in this introduction is, that it throws some light on the quite unusual character whose picture appears on this page.

Douglas Lorne McGibbon is one of the hardest men in Canada to corral, unless you have a political or a financial lariat. Just at present he is probably up at his stone castle at Ste. Agathe in the Laurentians. This is several miles from the offices of the Consolidated Rubber Co., in the Eastern Townships Building in Montreal. But I'm morally sure that Long Distance has a connection at Ste. Agathe; and it was only last week announced in the newspapers that the Consolidated Rubber Co. would build a million-dollar motor-tire factory in Berlin, Ont. This is a statement that it would take some men a million years to be able to make.

I speak from rather disjointed experience. It took me ten days to corral this consolidationist for an interview. Of course the Quebec elections were on. The time he spent behind the scenes trying to oust Sir Lomer Gouin, if valuated at what it's worth in other business, must have cost him more money than the average journalist can expect to make in a lifetime. He lost. One difference between politics and business. D. Lorne McGibbon doesn't often lose in business.

After the elections he was up to the eyes in the formation of a new company. This was a new federation scheme, backed by representatives of many millions on both sides of the border. The object was to supply capital for development to any feasible proposition in need of it, according to the report of the Company's experts; whether it was a mine, a power plant, a utility investment or a factory.

Mr. McGibbon modestly disclaimed that the idea was original with him. He gave most of the credit to another man. But as the organization meetings were held in the offices of the Consolidated Rubber Co., it is certain that the Canadian end of the business depended mainly on the President of that concern.

THIS is cited merely as one example of the modern constructive methods employed by McGibbon. The dozen or so big corporations into which he has already infused his personality help to explain how a millionaire can be a slave. I don't know how many millions he is worth. Neither does he. Nor does he largely care. Most millionaires seem to have small regard for money after they round up the six 0's with a "1" in front. It's the fellows who have a hard time getting the two or three 0's after the "1" that set such a high value on mere money. To the other men the game's the thing.

But the game is nothing like parlour croquet. In the case of a man like McGibbon it means that he often gets out to lunch two hours after any clerk in his office is back at work. When he gets to the office he probably finds two or three jailers waiting outside. At home he is likely to be waylaid. Even in the elevator, first time I set eyes on him after days of telephoning, he was forced to talk business all the way up to the seventh floor, across the hall into the office; and when he got behind the door marked "Private," beyond the arena whose chief actor is a very obliging secretary, he was jailed up to talk business, Business, BUSINESS.

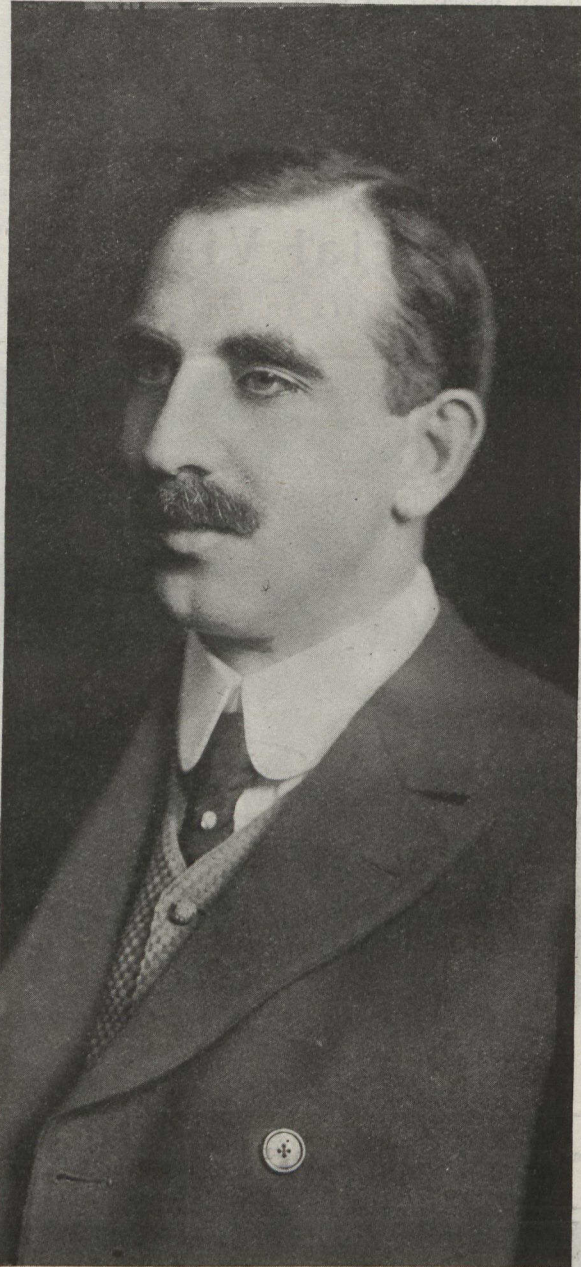
"Look here," he said over the 'phone, in the voice of a man who, though a slave to consolidations of which he is the big personal factor, is bound to be agreeable. "I guess the only way I'll ever get clear is for you to come up to the house on Sunday afternoon."

I decided never to become a millionaire except by inheritance.

It's quite worth while to discover what experiences have developed the kind of man that D. Lorne McGibbon is. He was born in Montreal in 1870, son of Major Alex. McGibbon, merchant and afterwards an Inspector of Indian agencies in the Northwest. As soon as he quit school arithmetic he spent

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

three years in insurance. While a mere youth he got out to Chicago and St. Paul in the coal business. From there he drifted to Medicine Hat, then a stop-off place for ranchers. In none the best of health he roughed it for a while on a ranch, but shortly drifted into town and took a job managing a store for a man named Tweed. Not for long; but long enough to enable Tweed to make a good-sized fortune—when the boy G. M., wishing to have more to do with the revenue of responsibility and failing to get it from Tweed, very naturally started up an opposition trading post. Three years in the



"He believes profoundly in himself, and he has a shrewd instinct for the value of other men."

Medicine Hat Trading Co. he made money and broke a monopoly. He made things hum in Medicine Hat, which in those days knew neither natural gas nor R. Kipling. For he was a large and husky youth who had imbibed a lot of subconscious mental arithmetic, and knew how to operate a store that probably made Tweed's look obsolete.

Had he stayed in Medicine Hat McGibbon by now would have been reckoned among the old-timers who knew a good thing and hung on even when it wasn't comfortable. But even though young D. Lorne, or "Doug," as he must have been called by the ranchers, could have foreseen prairie real estate in 1912 at three thousand dollars a foot, it's doubtful if he would have stuck it out. Things were decidedly slow. Waiting till they began to move and moving along with them was not palatable. Happened that he had a brother legal counsel for the Laurentide Paper Co., in the Province of Quebec. Through him he was appointed purchasing agent of the company. Nine months and the President, Sir William Van Horne, let him through to

be general manager. That was in 1898.

From that time on McGibbon began to demonstrate that he knew how to take hold of large bulls by the horns. No doubt he came strongly under the influence of Van Horne, who has given a large number of young men inoculations of germinal ideas. From what talk I had with the two men, it was pretty clear that the encyclopaedic and dynamic C. P. R. President saw enough in the personality of his general manager to give him plenty of rope and wise exchange of ideas. He had a shrewd eye for the fundamental economic value of a man. So has McGibbon.

It may be one thing to run a paper mill and another to comprehend rubber, or boots and shoes or gold mines or power plants and development companies or department stores; but McGibbon demonstrated that there's a good deal of similarity about all such things if only you take hold high enough up. Hundreds of men in Canada have worked out this principle of versatility in various ways. You may see it in a crude form on the signboard of the man in shacktown on the prairie who attends to nine separate businesses under one roof; in the career of a man like J. F. Cairns, in Saskatoon, who began life teaching in High School, became a bicycling expert, a sporting writer, and when down on his luck started a bakeshop in Saskatoon that grew into a department store. And the story of how D. Lorne McGibbon injected his personality into a number of under-organized concerns till they became powerful consolidations and himself more than once a millionaire, is a typical illustration on a big scale.

I don't think he ever read the genial books of Samuel Smiles on Success and Self Help, both of which he might edit up-to-date for young Canadians wishing to succeed where others fail. Not even reading lyric poetry could have kept his peculiar original bent of personality from going ahead in business further and faster than the average of successful men. Courage and speed and constructive imagination he has in a high degree; and he has the tenacity of a bulldog—as for example:

Four years ago, after years of tussling with consolidations, he was just about a physical wreck. Still under forty he was about as feeble as a man of eighty. Office was impossible. He had more than nerves: just how much more he suspected, but not feeling sure, said to the doctor:

"Now you might as well say exactly what's wrong and how much. I won't thank you to smooth it over."

"Well, you've got tuberculosis."

"Yes, but what are the odds?"

"That depends. You may live a year. You may live longer. But you'll have to get out of here—and cut every connection with business."

McGIBBON got away to the mountains. He was on his back for a year. But he had been too long in business to believe in the cure of absolute rest. He disregarded the doctor's orders about business but kept by the book in everything else; and he hung on, tussling with the tuberculosis, when he had at least a fighting chance with the advantage of a strong constitution otherwise. He kept his mind employed by keeping his bedroom in touch with business. He had no time for moping. In a year's time he was out. He got rid of the tuberculosis. And how much that fight, with an enemy that's almost devilishly common in Canada modified his outlook is expressed in the sanitarium for consumptives up at Ste. Agathe, which houses sixty patients; largely built and chiefly maintained through the efforts and the money of D. Lorne McGibbon.

Since that time the then President of the Canadian Rubber Co. has to his credit the organization of Consolidated Rubber, the acquisition of the Ames-Holden and McCready boot and shoe concerns, the A. E. Rea and Co. white-wear, Consolidated Felts, the LaRose Mining Co.; besides directorships in half a dozen other concerns all of different character. He has a place on the Board of the Montreal Street Railway, and is the practical head of Goodwins Limited, one of the largest stores in Montreal.

A census of the top twenty men in the financial affairs of Montreal would certainly include D.

Lorne McGibbon as one of the most powerfully aggressive. And he is only forty-two years of age.

But as to the Sunday afternoon. I was to see him at his house—20 Ontario Ave., just off Sherbrooke, and next to the new Art Gallery. A big red-brick house; not outwardly aesthetic, but decidedly roomy, elegant and comfortable—and the owner was not alone; some visitor in the sun room—so I went upstairs to another sun-room balcony, and indulged in a few stray cigarettes left there for visitors until he came up.

A big, cheery, swinging sort of man, with a grey check suit; he was soon talking in the kind of voice that has done a good deal to concentrate the attention of other men. He sat sidewise and did not smoke. I had dismissed all notion of asking him about rubber or boots and shoes or felts or white-wear.

Yet at bottom McGibbon is a trader. He knows values. He spoke with half-amused interest of his early days at Medicine Hat, when he had set up opposition to Tweed. I imagine that if to-morrow he were to be cut loose from the big interests in the East, he could pack his trunk for any old town on the prairies and do it all over again.

A restless, partly ruminative sort of man; once in a while he closed his eyes as he ran over in his mind the things that would most likely interest other people. I'm not sure that it seemed to him like anything marvelous. Certainly he had no high-brow elevations, and made no effort to impress me with the mystery of making money.

"In fact the mere money cuts a very small figure," he said. "It's the game!"

And he whacked the arm of his chair. McGibbon has an oddly dominant way of emphasizing his convictions by hammering a chair or a table or poking his fingers into your collar-bone with the energy of a prize-fighter. And this candid, outspoken, hurdle-jumping aggressiveness has done a great deal to put him where he is.

"Business is a grand game," he repeated.

"And not a gamble"—was just on the edge of reply, when he swung into a dissertation:

"Arm-chair methods are no use. In this country a man must get out into the open. There's too much of the eternally interesting about business problems in Canada for a really effective man to be anywhere but on the trail. But I can't teach another man how to make money. That's personal—"

"And you have certain characteristics that you had to develop; had them in a crude way when you were a lad. How did you develop them?"

He rapidly ran over his career.

"But there's nothing in a mere outline like that to instruct anybody. The real thing is in fighting up. I believe in obstacles. If a man gets things easy he's the loser."

Nothing stacey about him; he didn't bite a cigar and look fixedly at an imaginary spot on the floor. He had no tragedy to unfold. It was a story of cheerful optimism and hard slambanging into the teeth of things. Certainly he said nothing by way of bravado; nor did he give me any idea that there were any mystery-cabinet tricks about getting on in the world. But emphatically he made it clear—that he believes profoundly in himself; which is a sort of unmistakable and necessary egoism; also that he has a shrewd instinct for the value of other men.

"You don't believe in being a dictator?"

"I'd be a fool if I did. Any man that believes in the qualities that make his own success ought to make a dead set on the peculiar capabilities of other men. This is an age of co-operation."

"How does that affect consolidations?"

"It's just about the whole gospel."

"How do you work it out?"

"By going opposite to the conventional ideas about business-building."

"For instance—?"

"The average axiom is—develop a job or wait for one to turn up, and find a man to do the job."

"How do you work that on the reverse?"

"Simple enough. First get the man—and find a job to suit him. If the job doesn't exist—create one."

"But of course that means studying men."

"And that's the whole basis of business as well as of politics. If I didn't study men I might as well quit. Heavens, haven't you seen businesses enough run by mere systems? Isn't it a commonplace to find the head of a business studying up how to instal somebody else's system or one he reads about in a magazine or a trade paper? What's the result? In a large percentage of cases absolute or comparative failure—unless along with the system you have the right kind of men to operate it. It's the creative element in men that evolves the only kind of system that can ever be useful in a business. All this ready-to-wear, hand-

me-down theory of making business systems and getting men to fit them—well some men may be able to work it. I can't. And if I could, do you think there'd be any real game in it? Aren't men more interesting than systems? Isn't the biggest problem of all how men evolve the way to work a thing out?"

And he slugged the chair again.

I had heard Van Horne say a similar thing a few days before; not with McGibbon's peculiar emphasis of almost exaggeration. In fact it's the way McGibbon has of putting on the accent and once in a while the loud pedal with the tubas that makes the piece he plays so confoundingly interesting. Of course a man minus a million might say the same thing and never carry it out; or the proprietor of a small shop might carry out the principle of men first, job second—and never be noticed. It's the fact of a man at the head of huge consolidations that he has effected by methods peculiar to his own personality in conjunction with other people's, that makes the fascination of the McGibbon way.

Oh, it's quite possible that D. Lorne has a number of business flaws in his herculean makeup; and that it sometimes takes the wisdom of other men to balance him up. But if he gets into co-operation with the kind of men able to do that sort of thing—why that's probably what he got them for.

"Mistakes?" he repeated in a loud tone. "Well I guess I've made my share. I wouldn't give much for a man that hasn't. It's by facing the facts and frankly recognizing our mistakes that we get ahead at all. But if possible I never make the same error twice. I learn my lesson. I can recall some infernally bad mistakes that I made before I had enough intuition developed to keep me clear of them. And you bet I'll never forget them!"

We talked of the smooth sort of sixth sense a man gets in business, whereby through experience he is able to see at a glance what years before he had to take home with him over night, and spell out with his wife—and then not do it or leave it undone as he should.

"Well I think I have a fair degree of that sort of sense," he said, cautiously. "I know—as vividly as though it were this morning—how more than once I've been confronted with a proposition that to everybody else round the table looked *bona fide* and as solid as a rock. But from something some-

(Concluded on page 21.)



Early Morning Parade of Lethbridge Cadets at Calgary Camp, Which Closed July 10th.

Will the Cadet Movement Succeed?

By W. A. CLARKE

ALL Canada is wondering whether or not the Cadet movement will be a success. Cadet camps are being held this summer under the kindly guardianship of the Militia Department. Will this promote the movement or will it retard it? This is the question which must be answered.

There is no doubt of the primary fact—the Cadet movement is attracting more attention to-day in all parts of the Empire than it ever did. The whole British people seem to have turned to this as a training school for the militia. Conscription, or forced service, which takes men away from their life's work for three or more years, as practised on the continent, is apparently quite incompatible with the British character. Therefore in trying to work out the system of voluntary service, the people of the British Empire had to face the problem of getting voluntary recruits. The general experience of recent years indicates that if a boy of fourteen or eighteen can be induced to serve in Cadet corps

he is much more likely to become a volunteer militiaman later on. So, in all parts of the British Empire Cadet corps are being encouraged.

The two places in Canada where the Cadet movement has been strongest are Toronto and Winnipeg. In Toronto, of course, the movement is older than in Winnipeg, but, population considered, the movement is as strong in Winnipeg as in Toronto. In Toronto there were two movements—a Cadet movement in the public schools, which was confined mainly to elementary drill of the boys. The other was the Church Boys' Brigade, which was started among the Anglican churches. The latter movement was largely due to Rev. Mr. Starr, of Norway, Ont., who is now Canon in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. Sir Henry Pellatt was the chief military patron. Later on the Cadet movement in the schools absorbed the Boys' Brigade, and the senior Cadets of the public schools were given uniforms.

No other part of the Empire has gone as far in the Cadet movement as has Australia, where it is compulsory for all boys between sixteen and eighteen to be trained. That is the first step in what is called universal service, and at eighteen the boy passes into the militia. In Canada there is no connection between the Cadet corps and the militia, but the recent military conference at Ottawa discussed the advisability of following the Australian system to some extent. In Australia, last September, eighty-eight thousand boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen were being trained as Cadets.

AN able summary of the advantages of the Cadet movement was given recently to the Empire Club, Toronto, by Mr. James L. Hughes, chief inspector of that city's public schools.

"I don't believe in any system of conscription," he said. "It is not British, not Canadian and not necessary. No one in Canada proposes that we should have conscription. But from eighteen to

forty-five we are liable now for service if necessary, and it would be a crime to call out men if they hadn't been trained. They would be helpless in the face of the enemy. The training of the young men of this country doesn't mean that they'll be antagonistic to other lands, but that they will be ready to defend their country."

Dealing with the individual benefit to the boy, Mr. Hughes said: "It's a good physical training, and it's good because the boys love it. It gives boys not only more skill, but better poise and a clearer, more definite step. And you can't do that to a boy without it reacting on his mental and moral control."

He said that the movement gives a training in true patriotism. One could best make the sons of foreigners conscious that they were British-Canadian boys by having them keep time to the British tunes and march under the British flag.

Mr. Hughes declared that one of the best effects of drill in the schools was that it gives a reverence for law. The boys, he said, know that they couldn't parade as they do if it weren't for law. He told how, when the Duke of Connaught was in Toronto, a company that, through a misunderstanding, had got off a street car two miles from where they should have gone, marched the two miles and took up their position without any disorder.

"One boy out of step can disgrace a whole company," he said. "So the boys get, not a theoretical reverence for self-hood, but get a splendid consciousness that they are responsible for doing their duty. They get—not theoretically, the idea of co-operation, but a true reverence for self-hood and a true consciousness of their relation to their fellows."

"I have advocated the introduction of the Cadet system into not only the city schools, but also into the rural schools. I hope through the agency of the Strathcona fund to see the introduction of military drill and rifle-shooting—and physical training for both sexes in all the schools of Ontario."

THE first large Cadet camp in Canada under the auspices of the Department of Militia and Defense was held recently at Niagara, and was attended by two thousand Cadets. Similar camps are being held at various points throughout the Dominion this month, and no doubt the results will have a considerable effect upon the Cadet movement in the future and the attitude of the Militia authorities.



Nine Hundred Alberta Cadets Skirmishing at Calgary Camp.



The Sports Come on After the Day's Work.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

LIBELLING THE WEST.

THERE has been a lot of loose talk since the Saskatchewan election about the attitude of the West. It has been more than loose—it has been libellous. Timid Easterners might be excused if they got the notion, from reading some of this gasconading, that the West was contemplating an armed raid upon the epicene cities of "the effete East" which would be characterized by the "shooting up" of our luxurious clubs and the stringing of the Manufacturers' Association to the lamp posts. The very mildest of these gory artists, who depict for us the awful state of mind of the anything-but-peaceful husbandmen of the prancing prairies, insist that the West may any day "sesesh" and plunge the Dominion into civil war.

NOW this is all the most appalling nonsense. The Western farmer is not a blood-eating human Gatling-gun on horseback. He is a tiller of the soil. He is our blood brother who went West just a few years ago, leaving the "hundred acres" beside our own, with its spring rivulets and its "sugar grove" and its milk house and its hay-mow, to live much the same sort of life on the virgin lands of the bountiful prairies. He is the identical peaceful husbandman he always was. He is tenacious of his rights, of course. That, too, he always was. He takes his customary keen interest in politics. He has shaken free from some conventions by his removal to new surroundings; and he may have taken a new look at the public issues of the day and come to pay less respect to his "grand-father's" political opinions. But he is still a Canadian—proposes to stay a Canadian—and would fight at the drop of the hat against anybody who tried to make him anything else than a Canadian.

"A H, but the foreign immigrants"—you say—"the American invasion—the people who have not grown up in Canadian or even British traditions, and who care little for Canadian sentiments or institutions." Puff! Also piffle! So long as you talk calmly of the effect that these

forces may have upon the ordinary course of politics and elections and voting, well and good. They will have their effect. But the moment you imply that they might possibly lead to political action which would so much as squint at political separation from the rest of Canada, you are gabbling the veriest folly. Let us get this vague and foggy spectre of "separation" out of our minds, once for all. Let us settle it by saying, flatly, that the West could not secede from the East, and that the East could not secede from the West, unless an overwhelming majority of the people in both sections of the Dominion desired it.

DO you realize that a split in the Dominion of Canada would probably bring the British Empire down in ruin? Do you imagine that a majority of the Canadian people would stand by and permit this to happen? Most assuredly not. It would be no mere question of setting up two "Canadas" here, with a boundary and a tariff between them. It would be the utter destruction of the great Dominion on whose future is being built the hopes of the entire British people. One of the fragments would be as certain to gravitate toward the huge magnet of the American Republic as water is to run down hill; and it is a serious question whether either of the fragments could long maintain its independence, unsupported by the hopes, the development, and the co-operation of the other. For Canada to cut itself in two, would be to commit national "hari-kari"; and it is not necessary to say, surely, that the Canadian people have no notion of taking this fatal step, no matter what grievances they might fancy it would remove. A man may find a tooth-ache very painful and may "use language" regarding it quite as energetic as any we are hearing to-day; but he will hardly seek to escape his agony by cutting off his head.

HAVING got rid of the "froth," we can sit down to a discussion of the "beer" without passion or fury. What are lumped as "the grievances of the West" will have to be considered very carefully

by whatever Canadian Government proposes to stay in office. Just as it is supreme folly to talk as if an element in the West might be permitted to work up "secession sentiment," so is it fully as foolish to imagine that any Government can exist as an Eastern Government. Any political party which should attempt the amazing madness of arraying one-half of this country against the other half, and then staying in office by making itself the representative of the larger "half," would be doomed to disaster. The minority in the larger "half" would forbid it. We think more of union in this country than of any political party whatsoever.

THEN I wish someone would show me any important Eastern interest which does not stand to lose if the West is crippled. The "boom" which is lifting Eastern Canada out of its boots these fine days, is almost wholly a Western-born "boom." We should have had no "boom" in the East if it had not been for the rapid and profitable and successful development of the West. Of course, there may be "interests" in the East who prefer to snap up a quick profit by bleeding the prosperity of the West; but a sane and courageous Government can soon teach them a longer vision and a truer patriotism. The East has its temptations, of course. It is quite like a peck-measure business man to want to "cash in" his possible profits on the growth of this country without any delay. He wants to handle the hard money. We have narrow-visioned men in the East just as certainly as there are wild-eyed men in the West. But they govern neither section. The majority in both places are broad-visioned, keen-eyed men who are looking into the long future and dreaming of the day when the Dominion of Canada will be one of the great nations of the earth.

THERE is nothing too good for Canada. We have the best chance before us of any nation in history. No world empire has ever been inherited. "Gaul" did not inherit Rome. Cuba did not inherit Spain. But Canada can set a new precedent by inheriting the mighty Empire of Britain. Give us sixty millions within our ring-fence; and I am Canuck enough to believe that London will move to Winnipeg and the Maharaja of Indore will take his orders from the Member for East Middlesex.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

A Great Political Picnic



Enough Motor Cars at the Lennox Picnic for a Motor Show.



Top Buggies Enough for Three Country Funerals, Each a Mile Long.



Some of "Herb's" Young Constituents Starting in a Race.



Listening to the Golden Utterances of the Finance Minister.

IN all the world of amusement, intentional, spontaneous or political, there is nothing quite the equal of "Herb" Lennox's yearly picnic at Jackson's Point, on Lake Simcoe, Ont. The event last week was the seventh picnic rendered by the Legislative member for North York. Like most other great periodical popular events, such as the circus and the Canadian National Exhibition and the Mardi Gras, it is the sort of thing that seems to have grown as naturally as a watermelon ripens. This is called a Conservative picnic. Maybe the Olympic games in Greece were organized by a political party. But history remembers only the games when young men, runners and wrestlers and discus-throwers and poets and bards contended for the laurels of the State. The historian who writes the annals of the yearly picnic at Jackson's Point will record merely by way of a label that it was originally "Conservative"; but that the festival itself was for the people, by the people, in the presence of as many of the people of both parties as possible, at a place almost as classic as Olympus. The real inspiration of the event will be forever epitomized on the tag worn that day by Conservatives and Liberals, on one side a picture of the member for North York, on the other—"Will look for you at Jackson's Point, Wednesday, July 17th, 1912. HERB."

And there were farmers that knocked off a day in the hay to wear that badge;



Honourables J. J. Foy and Dr. Pyne Waiting for Their Turn.

farmers' wives who finished cherry-canning on July 16, and let the raspberries wait a day, that they might wear their Sunday-go-to-meeting dresses at the great picnic. From all the anywhere near towns—Orillia, Barrie, Penetang, Newmarket, Aurora, Richmond Hill, young men and maidens, and middle-aged folk crowded the suburban cars and the trains of the Grand Trunk to be among those looked for by "Herb." Miles of motor cars went up from Toronto, carrying Conservatives and Liberals and Cabinet Ministers from Ottawa and Toronto who gave utterance to burning words between the all-day events on land and water.

None of the speakers as at Olympus were awarded prizes. For them speaking at Herb's picnic was "its own exceeding great reward." Some of them recalled the days of Lennox's youth in the beautiful town of Barrie on Kempenfeldt Bay. They remembered that after leaving the Barrie Collegiate Institute he studied law; that as a young lawyer he was member of the Aurora Town Council; afterwards head of the firm Lennox, Lennox & O'Connor in Toronto; that in 1905 he was made solicitor for York County—the same year that he became Conservative M.P.P. for North York, and organized the first picnic.

When the last speech was done the sun was down. But to "Herb" it was just beginning to rise.



Pretty Girls, However, Are Not Always Conservative.



Panama Hats Were Popular at "Herb's" Picnic.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Naval Programme.

MR. BORDEN'S announcement that he must return to Canada and consult the whole Cabinet before he gives the public information as to his proposed naval programme, has disappointed many people who expected naval fireworks during the Premier's visit to London. The announcement shows Mr. Borden's wisdom and statesmanship. The question of Canada's future naval policy cannot be settled by four Canadian Cabinet Ministers in a few days. The question has been discussed by the Canadian people almost continuously for the past five years, and it is still difficult to find any large body of public opinion in favour of any particular plan. I doubt if it would be possible at the present time to get ten Conservative members of the House of Commons, supporters of Mr. Borden, who are able to sit down and in fifteen minutes sketch an intelligible plan for a naval policy which they would agree to recommend to their constituents. Under these circumstances it is quite proper that Mr. Borden should take further time to consider what his programme shall be.

I note with considerable satisfaction a rumour from London that Mr. Borden will abandon his idea of a referendum on the navy question. A referendum would be dangerous and disastrous. There are some questions which might be submitted to a referendum such as laws regulating the observance of Sunday, or laws for the regulation of the liquor traffic. A referendum on the navy question would be very apt to set one section of Canada against another and to show an adverse majority against any kind or degree of naval defence. Imagine the moral effect upon the enemies of Great Britain, if she has any, of an adverse vote in Canada in connection with the proposal to build a Canadian navy! What joy there might be in certain circles in Berlin, Germany, for example.

When Mr. Borden is ready to make his announcement he and his ministers should be prepared to take the responsibility of their proposals. This is the essence of what we usually term "the British system of Government." If it is desired to bring the matter before the Canadian people prior to a final decision a general election would be better than a referendum. If the Government were sustained the decision would be clear. If the Government were defeated, its successors would still be free to frame another naval policy which it would feel justified in believing represented more nearly the desires of the electorate. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the rumour is true and that Mr. Borden has recognized the dangers of a referendum on this question.

A Non-Partisan Programme.

A PROPER solution of the present situation in naval matters would be an understanding between the two Parties as to a policy for the future. In other words, as suggested some weeks ago in these columns, the naval question should be made non-partisan. It is the height of folly that one political party should be advocating one policy and the other talking along different lines. On this question, above all others, Canada should speak with a united voice.

In Great Britain, the United States, France and Germany the naval needs of the nation are not allowed to become a party question. It should be so in Canada. Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier should get together and agree upon the salient features of the naval policy. They may agree to differ on details, but on the broader, central principles they should be in agreement. If there is to be a Canadian fleet unit on both oceans, the two parties should be in general agreement on the point. If it is to be a cash contribution in addition to the two fleet units, there should be no difference of opinion.

Whether the new Dreadnoughts are to be owned by Canada, built by Canada, and manned by Canada should be decided by both political leaders, not by one alone. This is too big a question to be made a party football. We believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is enough of a statesman and enough of a patriot to meet Mr. Borden and thrash this matter out to a finality. If our national prestige and our national existence depends upon our naval policy, then the

leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition are equally interested.

There are plenty of questions on which the parties may divide and disagree. The trade question is the most important of these. It alone will furnish adequate fighting ground to keep the parties distinct and separate. The naval question should be non-partisan. The relations of Canada to the Empire and to the sister Dominions is one upon which both parties should be in general agreement.

Premier Borden would find that if he assumed such an attitude and came to an agreement with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on this question that the best men of both parties would give him full credit for his statesmanship. He would gain rather than lose by such action.

Winnipeg's Centenary.

SOME people claim that Winnipeg is a hundred years old, and on the 15th, the citizens celebrated "Lord Selkirk" day at the Exhibition. Perhaps it is not strictly accurate, but it is certainly one full century since Lord Selkirk planted his weary Scotch immigrants on the banks of the Red River. That was the beginning of the new West—the settler replacing the voyageur and the fur-trader. From this settlement grew the Province of Manitoba and the City of Winnipeg, the third city in Canada and the greatest grain centre in America.

To be definite, it was on the 30th day of August, 1812, that Lord Selkirk's young men completed their hazardous journey from York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, and landed at Fort Gibraltar, where the Assiniboine joins the Red. On September 4th, Governor Miles Macdonell, representing the Earl

Next week, Mr. Henri Bourassa will tell the readers of the Canadian Courier why he is opposed to Imperial Federation.

of Selkirk, took formal transfer of the land from the Hudson's Bay Company. Without agricultural implements or tools, they had a weary, woeful time. At first buffalo-hunting at Pembina alone gave them food. But gradually they secured tools and began to grow foodstuffs, their first farming being done at Point Douglas. The settlement grew slowly, but the work of the pioneer farmers had begun in earnest. The "North-west" ceased to be the fur hunters' monopoly.

And what will another hundred years produce? Winnipeg, with a population of 500,000 at least, Manitoba with more people than now inhabit Ontario, and the other and newer provinces similarly peopled and developed. That much is certain. The remainder must be left to the individual imagination.

A Tariff Commission.

THE newspapers which give a general support to the Liberal party are having a rather busy time just now trying to explain that the Liberal party is not opposed to the principle of a tariff commission. For example, the *Walkerton Telescope* says "the reason the Liberals opposed the proposed tariff commission was because its scope was not wide enough and power was not given to enter into the investigation of combines sufficiently; in fact it was evident that the commission would be quite as partisan as a commission composed of members of the government, and therefore serve no useful purpose and be a needless expense to the country."

This sort of excuse will not go down with people who think. The Tariff Commission Bill may not have been perfect. It probably was not. It could have been improved in several details. But the truth is that the Liberals were afraid of the Tariff Commission and balked the whole Bill. They were afraid that the Conservative Government would get some temporary advantage out of it.

It is quite easy to find fault with the details of any measure. No two men would frame the same bill exactly if working independently. It was only to be expected that some of the details would be debatable. If the Liberals had been earnest in their support of it they would have stated their approval of the principle, made such suggestions and arguments as were possible, and then supported the Bill as it stood. Thus it would have been impossible to charge them with deliberately defeating a measure which was in the public interest.

It is to be hoped that in the next session both parties will support any Act on this subject which may be introduced. The Borden Government could not afford to appoint a partisan commission any more than the Laurier Government could afford to appoint a partisan Civil Service or Railway Commission. Moreover, even a partisan commission dare not advise the Government to increase duties or to make changes which would benefit industries which are already prosperous. The whole sentiment of the country is for stability of tariff and a gradual reduction on all lines of goods the manufacture of which has been brought to a high state of efficiency in this country. In other words, Canada is in favour of moderate, reasonable, and scientific protection rather than a high protective tariff such as they have in the United States.

The New Major-Generals.

THE British Army has ten field-m Marshals, some twenty generals, about thirty lieutenant-generals, and a host of major-generals and brigadier-generals. Until recently Canada had only the latter class of high-ranked military officer. Major-General MacKenzie, who came to Canada to assist in the development of our military force, had to take a step backwards when he arrived and ranked only as a brigadier-general in this country. General Otter has been for a long time temporary major-general, and was thus not entitled to wear the major-general's sword which was recently presented to him. This in a general way is the explanation of the recent announcement that five military officers had been made major-generals under an amendment to the Militia Act made last season.

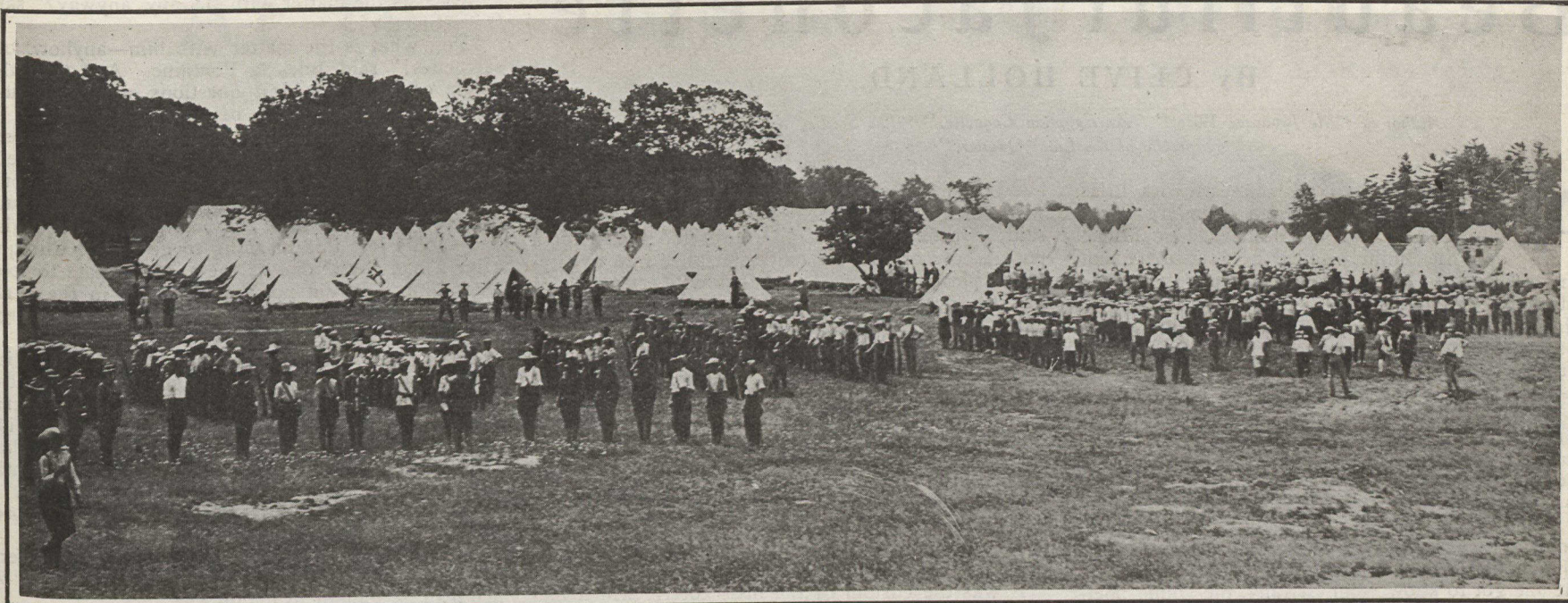
General Otter fully deserves his new rank as being the first native Canadian to rise to the command of the Canadian forces. His record in the field and in general administration is second to none in this country. General MacKenzie simply takes the rank which he already has in the British Army list. General MacDonald has been one of the most obliging, competent and efficient officers at headquarters, and his promotion is quite as popular as General Otter's. General Cotton has been an ardent supporter of rifle shooting and prominent as an artillery officer. General Drury is another artillery officer, and has recently specialized on heavy ordnance and coast defences. Nearly all these men have seen active service on more than one occasion. One can only regret that an increase in pay does not go with these well-deserved promotions.

The Wicked Suffragettes.

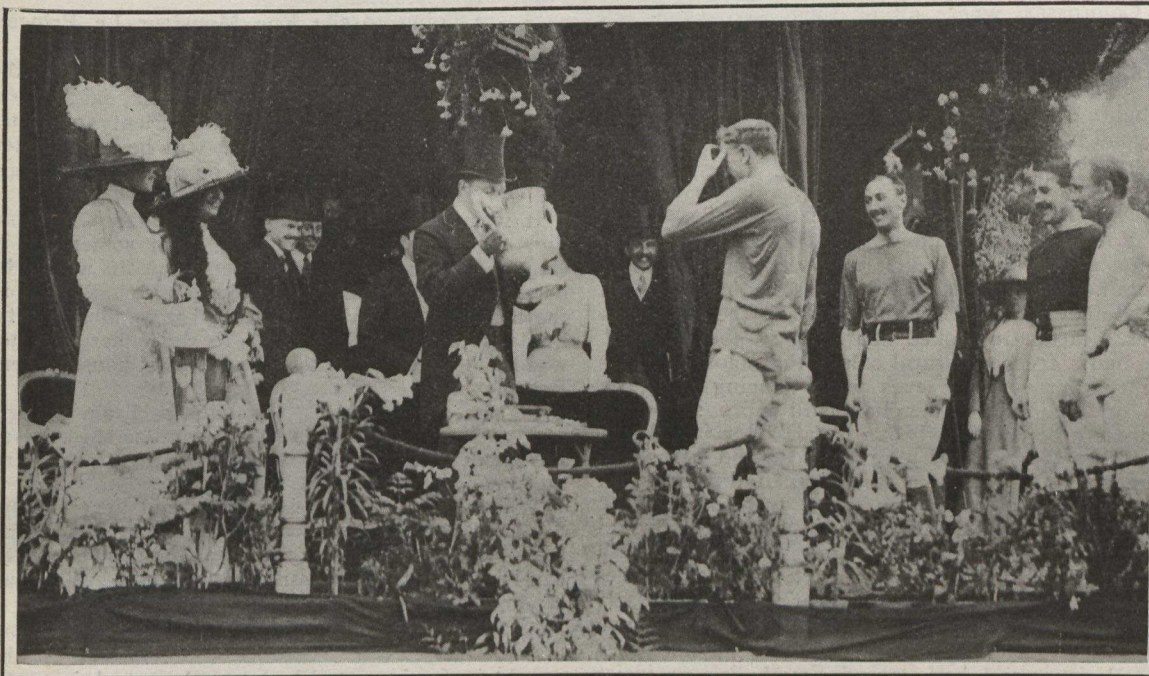
ENEMIES of the movement to extend woman suffrage are rejoiced at recent events in Great Britain. The suffragettes have been making fools of themselves, and public opinion is turning decisively against them. The Britisher believes in progress, but he also believes in law and order. He has a great respect for his own rights and for the rights of his fellow-men. It is but natural, therefore, that he should be disgusted with the actions of those who are making the lives of the leading publicists uncomfortable. If the militant portion of the suffragettes continues its present line of procedure the movement will certainly be set back many years.

While its enemies rejoice, the friends of the Suffragist movement are deeply chagrined. Their feelings make up one large regret. It will be rather difficult in the immediate future for prominent men and women in Canada to advocate and support extensions of the voting power to women. This is the unfortunate side of the case so far as Canada is concerned. During the past two or three years the subject has received considerable attention and there has been a growing feeling that women should be given a greater voice in the government of city, province, and dominion. This movement should not be affected by the disturbances in Great Britain, but such must be the inevitable consequence. It would probably be the part of wisdom, if the Canadian suffragist societies would publicly proclaim their lack of sympathy with the line of action which is being pursued by their militant sisters in the United Kingdom.

WORLD NEWS BRIEFLY RECORDED BY THE CAMERA



The Cadet Camp at Niagara was Practically the First Held Under the Department of Militia. About Two Thousand Cadets Were Present.



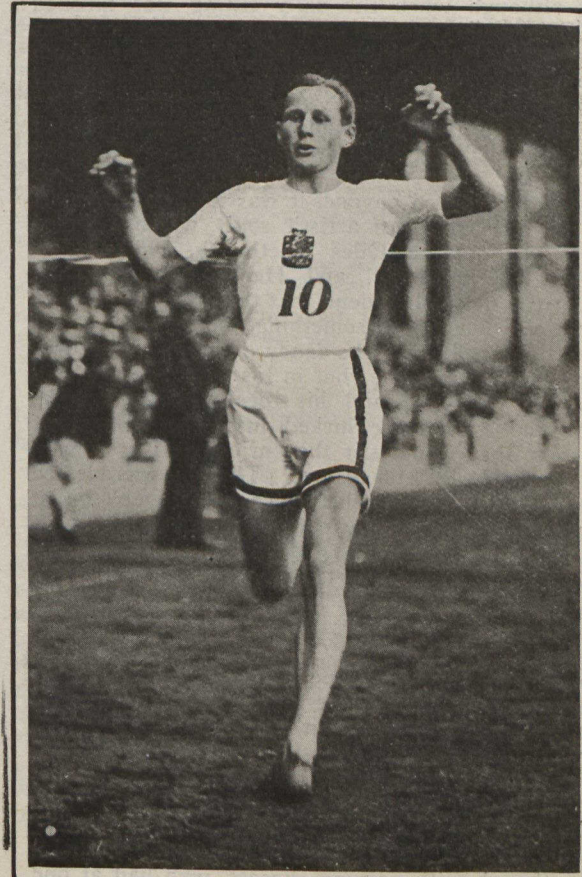
Prince Arthur of Connaught Taking a Drink Out of a Cup Before Presenting it to the Winners of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham, England.



Motor Races Were Held in Montreal and Toronto; for what Purpose it is Difficult to See for the Dust.



In Germany the Military Spirit is Well Supported by the Women. Princess Victoria Louise and the Crown Princess on Their Way to a Review at Dantzic.



H. Kolemäinen Winning the 10,000 Metres Race at the Olympic Games.

Photos by Topical

Beautiful Jaconette

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Author of "My Japanese Wife," "An Egyptian Coquette," "The Seed of the Poppy,"
"Marcelle of the Latin Quarter," etc.

ALL the habitués of the old Cafe des Lilas, which stands just beyond Fremiet's Fountain at the top of the Boulevard St. Michel opposite Bullier, called her Jaconette, and none seemed to know her other name, if she had one.

Jaconette was young, pretty, and charming, and it is needless to say that she had many friends and admirers, not only among the habitués of the Cafe des Lilas, but also down at Colorossi's in the Rue de la Grande Chaumiere, where she posed.

Jaconette seemed like some gay butterfly let out upon the world of the Quartier Latin when she entered the smoke-begrimed room of the old Cafe des Lilas, which its frequenters loved so well, and for them had so many tragic, comic, and interesting memories.

Jaconette, we have said, was young. At the time she got to know John Bettany, the young poet-painter of whom Colorossi Pere thought so much, and from whom great things were expected, she was hardly twenty, although she looked more. But the Quartier is a school in which experience of life is soon gained, and with experience often comes the look of age, even upon young faces.

Tradition said that Jaconette had come a few years before from a little Normandy village on the coast near Cancale. And some of the blue of the sea which washes that favoured coast seemed to have crept into her eyes, as did also some of the sunshine appear to have entangled itself in her brown hair.

As Jules la Fontaine said one day, as he, Bettany, and little Giles Smethwick, the American, sat smoking, drinking coffee, and discussing Jaconette, after a hard morning's work down at Colorossi's, "she was more than a peasant and less than a lady." And perhaps this strange characteristic of Jaconette's gave her half her charm.

It was not easy to shock Jaconette; and she would talk of any subject that the mind of the student could invent—and the inventions sometimes were very daring—and yet never did coarseness creep into her eyes or speech.

She was so different from the other girls of the Quartier. Marie Dercourt, for instance, who with a good heart beating beneath her bodice, was yet coarse enough to shock at any rate a nouveau, and to cause even the hardened sinner amongst the habitués of the Cafe des Lilas or the Cafe d'Har-court further down the Boulevard qualms of apprehension when she talked in mixed society.

So many would have been friends with Jaconette, but although when the daily sitting was finished at Colorossi's, or she had spare time upon her hands, she was willing to pose for anyone whom she liked, and who could paint, no one as yet had captured her affections. And so she lived alone in her little fifth-floor mansarde, situated in one of the crooked little streets which run out of the Rue de Seine.

If she favoured anyone, it was admitted by most of the little group of artistic souls, which included Jules la Fontaine, Giles Smethwick, Phillipe Delapre, the journalist, and Henry Comstock, an American medical student, that the lucky fellow was Bettany. There was something about Bettany that would naturally take the fancy of women. He was not exactly handsome; but in his thin face, with its clear-cut features, and his deep, unfathomable, grey-blue eyes, there lurked just that element of mystery that would stir the curiosity of a woman, and probably lead on to love. Then he was blessed with a singularly flexible voice, which took on at times, when he was in earnest conversation, a musical cadence, which, as Jaconette at once said, "Went right to the heart."

When first Jaconette's liking for Bettany became apparent, the matter was freely discussed in that special far corner of the Cafe des Lilas, away from the billiard tables, and near the windows which opened out on to the "terrasse," where stood the famous oleanders in green tubs. The conclusions arrived at were two. Firstly, that Bettany was a lucky fellow; and, secondly, that Jaconette was throwing herself away.

Marie Dercourt, who at five-and-twenty had played the game of life in the Quartier with boldness, though with varying success, who had at one time possessed a flat of four rooms in a huge block along the new Boulevard Raspail, and at another

had occupied a single tiny room in a by-street half-way down the toilsomely long Rue de Vaugirard, said: "Jaconette is a fool. She is too pretty for a poet, whose dreams seldom materialize into twenty-franc pieces, and who probably will soon tire of her, as poets usually do."

But those who knew Jaconette did not believe it was possible for anyone to tire of her, and thought that bold, handsome Marie Dercourt might possibly even be jealous.

Few, however, realized that beneath the laughing face of Jaconette, all her gaiety and apparently butterfly ways, which, after all, were a great protection in a community where it was dangerous to be sad, possessed a depth of character that lifted her as far above the girls of the Quartier morally as she was above most of them by reason of physical charm.

It was the custom of the little coterie which had named itself in satirical glee "The Liars," because, as Smethwick asserted, "they always spoke the truth," to meet every day, at the end of the seance at Colorossi's, where all of them save Comstock and Delapre worked. Generally Jaconette was there, the life and soul of the party, able to hold her own against the sometimes savagely jealous onslaughts of the other girls, by reason of that strain of good breeding which seemed to have crept somehow into her peasant blood.

ON a fine morning in June, just after the excitement of the opening of the Salon, of the distribution of the green tickets and the white, Jules la Fontaine, Smethwick, and Jaconette came along up the Boulevard to the rendezvous at the Cafe des Lilas. Jaconette looked charming in the sunlight. She had a fresher natural colour than most Frenchwomen, her sea-blue eyes were dancing with the joy of life, and in her hair still more sunbeams seemed to be entrapped than usual. Her frock, too, fitted her like that of a great lady, and her shoes were above reproach—a sure sign of thriftiness in a model; and if her cotton gloves were darned, the work was so neat that no one save a woman would have suspected the fact. On her arm hung a pink cotton parasol, which gave just that delicate rose-leaf tint to her face when she sheltered herself under it from the sunshine that Bettany had more than once declared was like nothing he had ever seen before, and had caused Smethwick to insist upon painting her so "en plein air" in a corner of the Luxembourg Gardens.

As the three crossed the carrefour and entered the cafe, they nodded to madame, who sat on her high stool at the receipt of custom, and who knew almost everyone in the Quartier both by sight and name with the easy familiarity of those to whom the Cafe des Lilas had become a home and an anchorage.

In the far corner of the billiard-room, the low ceiling of which was so begrimed with the smoke of many pipes of caporal that instead of reflecting it seemed to sop up the light on the brightest of summer days, all the other members of the little coterie were gathered save Bettany.

When Jaconette appeared, all save Comstock hammered upon the top of the table, the marble of which was no longer white, but yellow and somewhat streaky from stains of coffee and much ingrained lead pencil from the many sketches that had been made upon it.

"Jaconette," they called, "come here." "Sit next to me." "What will you have?" "It is my turn to pay for Jaconette," and other exclamations as they all rose and made way for the girl to pass to the padded settle which ran along the wall.

Jaconette smiled at them, but her eyes sought one who was not there. At last she said: "Where is Monsieur Bettany?" and all save Comstock laughed.

Smethwick exclaimed: "Oh, Bettany is dreaming, as usual. He will be here soon. Mademoiselle"—pinching her arm—"you must not expect a poet to be punctual. Poets never are, and if they were, would probably not be poets."

But Jaconette was ill at ease. Something seemed to tell her that Bettany would not come, and then she turned to Comstock and said quickly: "Monsieur Comstock, you know why Monsieur Bettany is not here?"

A shadow went over Comstock's face, and for a moment he did not reply to the girl's question,

but seemed to regard her almost unseeingly.

"What is the matter with Bettany, anyway?" said Giles Smethwick.

"Yes, what is the matter with him—anyhow, old sawbones?" said Jules la Fontaine. And then the whole of them fired off questions simply because Comstock answered none of them.

At last the latter, driven in a corner by the cross-fire of inquiries, said, slowly: "Bettany is very sick, I am afraid. I do not know what it is, but, anyway, it is serious. He was taken ill quite suddenly. I was with him the best part of the night, and I only left this morning to go to the Clinique after I had found one of the Little Sisters to look after him. He did not know anyone in the early morning hours, and I'm afraid he'll have a tough fight to pull through."

While Comstock was speaking Jaconette sat with her hands clenched and resting on the edge of the table, and her face almost as white as a sheet. Marie Dercourt noticed it and smiled. It was so like Jaconette to take things to heart, thought the other girl, who had a reputation for being brilliantly heartless.

Then, as Comstock refused to say any more, Jaconette suddenly rose.

"Hullo," said La Fontaine. "What is the matter? Where are you off to?" and he laid his hand on her arm as though to detain her.

Quite roughly she threw the engaging clasp off, and pushed her way from behind the table past the knees of Smethwick.

"I am going to the Rue Monsieur Le Prince," she said. "I am going to Monsieur Bettany."

Marie Dercourt laughed. The others of the group, with the exception of Comstock, said either, "Don't be a fool, Jaconette," or "Plenty of time; the Sister is with him, and he will be well looked after. Just stay for a bock"; or merely, "I should not go if I were you."

It was not that the men were heartless, or that they wished to desert Bettany. But something in Comstock's face had told them that it would be better for Jaconette's own sake not to go. But in the heart of the girl there stirred a wonderful pity, bred of love, which seemed to draw her feet towards the studio at the top of the house where Bettany lay.

So she simply said, "My friends, I am going," and, gathering her skirts in one hand as she crossed the sanded floor, she passed out into the sunshine and sped away down the Boulevard.

When she had gone Comstock said very slowly: "It does not matter now she has gone, but I fear that Bettany is down with smallpox. Where he can have got it heaven only knows, but I have never seen the symptoms if I am mistaken this time."

"You should have told her," said Jules la Fontaine, slowly. "It would be ruin to her if she caught it, for her good looks are her stock-in-trade. You should not have forgotten that."

"Maybe I shouldn't," said Comstock, slowly, after a moment's pause. "But Jules, my friend, it would have made no difference. The girl was bound to go, and I knew it."

"Ah," said Marie, "we women are fools where you men are concerned, if only you have crept or fought your way into our hearts."

But nobody felt like arguing the point with Marie, for the gloom of a personal calamity seemed to enwrap the little party in the Cafe des Lilas.

JACONETTE'S feet hurried as they had scarcely ever hurried before. She had never hastened to this rendezvous for pleasure as she hastened to this rendezvous—it might be with Death. Over the cobblestones of the narrow street, which took her by a short cut to the Rue Monsieur Le Prince, there went the click, click of her high-heeled shoes as she hastened along. People, as she sped by, turned to watch her, wondering what could cause her to be hurrying at such a pace. Several of the workgirls smiled, and more than one whispered to her companion slyly, "Surely she goes to meet a lover."

At last Jaconette reached the shabby doorway, off which many winters' frosts had peeled most of the original paint, that led into the courtyard and to the staircase by which Bettany's studio was reached. It was a long climb up, for Bettany, who was not rich although he had a small private income, used to say, with a smile, "I like to live as near the stars as possible." And when at last she reached the well-known door and rapped upon it, she was breathless from the five long flights of stairs which she had climbed and the excitement under which she was labouring.

She rapped twice before the door was opened by a white-coiffed Sister of Charity, whose sweet, sad face was scarcely less colourless than the spotless

(Continued on page 25.)

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT

MAINLY FOR WOMEN



A Class of Grade Eight Girls Taking a Lesson in Cooking in the Domestic Science Room, Alexandra School, Winnipeg.

Homemakers in the Making.

BY MARY S. MANTLE.

FIFTEEN pairs of eyes peered anxiously into fifteen pots simmering over fifteen gas jets, as the warning was given, "Don't cook them so fast that they will break before they're done." And a few minutes later fifteen little cooks were either proudly or sadly exhibiting the results of their efforts to "coddle" apples.

The sun streamed in through the high windows of the Domestic Science Room at the Alexandra School, Winnipeg, on to the long tables, forming three sides of a square, around which were grouped Grade 8 girls busy with their cooking-lesson; while in the centre of the square thus formed stood a dining-table and four dining-room chairs. Each girl had her own allotted space at the work-table, her own gas jet, and in the drawers in front of her were all the utensils she needed in an ordinary way for the lessons to be given—two saucepans, little bowls, knives, egg beater, wooden spoon, and so on, a complete, well-chosen equipment. Cupboards, filled with the necessary china and glass for serving, stood along one wall. Sinks, large gas stoves and a serving table occupied the end of the room facing the blackboards, which were used freely throughout the lesson. The equipment provided for a class of twenty-two pupils, but sometimes a class would number as many as twenty-five. The girls were divided into groups of fours, and at the close of the cooking lesson one of the quartette was named as house-keeper, one told off to do the washing up, another the drying, while the fourth scrubbed the tables and swept the floor. Part of the house-keeper's duty was to see that the sinks were clean, and the two serving tables likewise.

Always Asked—Why?

"WHY do you bake bananas in a granite pan, Katie?" The lesson for this particular day was on fruit.

"Cos it's better than tin," answers Katie.

"Why?" A reason is demanded for the faith that is in her.

"Cos the acid in fruit has an effect on the tin."

There was no mistaking that it was a twentieth century answer which another girl gave to the question, "Why do we cook fruit?"

"To kill the germs," she said, eagerly, with awe in her tone. Evidently to her "germs" were very much alive!

There are two Domestic Science Rooms in the public schools of Winnipeg, the one mentioned at the Alexandra School, which has been in operation for about seven years, and one at the Aberdeen School, started a little over a year ago. Miss Black, a graduate of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, is in charge of the former, and her bright, lucid way of teaching is calculated to make the work interesting to her pupils. She faces a different class morning and afternoon each day throughout the school

week, and even has an overflow class on Saturday morning, teaching in all about 220 girls. The time allotted for the work, half a day a week for each girl, is not enough to satisfy some of the enthusiasts, but they are encouraged to try at home the recipes they have been taught at school, and to report the results.

"They Love Making Things"

"WILL you please taste this?" said a voice at my elbow, and I turned to find one of the pupils handing me a sample of Cranberry Mold made in class that morning. An expression of satisfaction after tasting it evidently emboldened another maiden, for she approached me, saying, pleasantly, "Wouldn't you like my coddled apple; I cooked it myself?" There was pride in her tone, and laying it down before me she retired to her seat, amid half suppressed giggles from one or two of her companions. No doubt about it; those girls had learned their lesson well that morning! And it was a fruitful lesson, in more senses than one.



THE HON. MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN,
With her two sons, Anthony and Niall. From a Painting exhibited in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters.

—The Bystander.

Besides the dishes mentioned, the class commenced the cooking of prunes. This process, being a long one, would be completed, and the prunes served by the afternoon class. Throughout the teaching emphasis was laid on the theory of what they were doing, and clear explanations given as to the reason for every move. Some searching questions, too, found their way down the ranks. At every lesson the girls are given two cards to take away with them. On one of these is a summary of the theory of the lesson for the day, while on the other are recipes fitting in with what has been taught. If they attend regularly, by the end of the term every girl has a pretty complete cookery book, and has learned at least one or two recipes in each department of cookery.

"They do love making things," said the teacher, as my eye travelled round the room, and I remarked on the keen interest all were taking in the matter in hand. "Most of them take good care not to miss a cooking lesson."

"I see you believe in sitting to work when it is possible," I said, glancing at the stools provided for the girls.

"Why not?" she asked. "Is there any virtue in standing to pare apples when you might sit and do it? There are so many things one can do just as well sitting as standing if care is taken to have a stool of the right height."

"Another thing I believe in," she continued, "is teaching them to use few cooking utensils, making one do every bit of work for which it is fitted. We try to make use of the very simplest equipment possible, such utensils as would be found in any and every home."

"Wouldn't you like to see the frying pan superseded by the fireless cooker?" I asked. "If most of our 'frys' were turned into stews, fireless cooker stews, shouldn't we be all the better for the change?"

She waxed enthusiastic as she replied, "The fireless cooker! Ah! I do believe in that, thoroughly believe in it."

At Home

THE pupils of the domestic science classes at this school will hold "at homes" for two weeks shortly before the close of school next year. Parents and friends will be invited to come, to mark, learn, and even to inwardly digest the results of domestic science training in the public schools of the city. Another idea which may be carried out before school closes is the cooking and serving by the scholars of a full-course meal, at which members of the School Board will be the guests of honour.

With development as rapid as it is in Western Canada the problems connected with the administration of schools must be many and pressing; yet one cannot help voicing a wish, which is the wish of many, that domestic science and manual training shall, as soon as possible, be extended to all pupils from Grade 6 up; and that it shall be

taught, not in city schools alone, but in all towns, in all consolidated schools, and eventually in every school in the land.

"We are always glad to have visitors," were the cordial words spoken at parting. "We are anxious, too, that parents should come sometimes, for our most interested pupils are from the homes where parents sympathize with the work, and support us by their personal knowledge of and interest in what the girls learn."

The Chaplin Romance

IT is a bad law which blows nobody good. The recent legislation inspired by the Right Honourable Lloyd George, which has made the lot of the landholder less pleasant than of yore, has sent an unusually large number of British aristocrats to Canada in search of large estates, which will be (comparatively) unencumbered. The Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Exeter and the Duke of Leeds are among the members of the peerage who have come to the Dominion with intentions of "looking over the West." The Chaplins are among recent English visitors to British Columbia who have found the Pacific Province of more than merely picturesque interest. Right Honourable Henry Chaplin, now in his seventy-first year, and a vigorous supporter of Unionist principles, had a romantic career in his youth. In 1864 Mr. Chaplin was to marry Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey. One day, Lady Florence, with Mr. Chaplin for escort, drove to a large shop in London, apparently bent on making purchases. She entered the shop, slipped out through the back entrance where Lord Hastings was awaiting her, jumped into a cab and was whirled away to a clandestine marriage, while her fiancé, patiently and unsuspectingly, awaited her return.

Mr. Chaplin, it is said, showed no signs of resentment at this dastardly trick, but quietly set to work to defeat Lord Hastings on the turf. He outbid him in the purchase of the famous Hermit, and when at the Derby of 1867 Hermit struggled to the winning-post, through a blinding storm, with odds of forty to one against him, Lord Hastings was a broken man. He died in 1868, broken in hope and resources, "leaving neither heir to his honours nor the smallest vestige of his ruined fortune."

Mr. Chaplin continued on his victorious career,

winning fame both in political and sporting circles. He married in 1876 Florence, daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland. His only son, Mr. Eric Chaplin, is a most popular young sportsman, and "Mrs. Eric," whose picture is reproduced, is one of the most charming of the younger English hostesses. Her two beautiful boys are the pride of their sturdy grandsire, and are likely to be worthy successors to the Chaplin fortunes.

CANADIENNE.

Recent Events

THE "emancipation and coronation of woman"—that most marked outgrowth of Western civilization—has perhaps its most exquisite manifestation in the public care and protection of the aged. Nearly every good-sized city in Canada has at least one Aged Women's Home; but the provision calls for ever-recurring extension. The Aged Women's Home, at Victoria, B.C., is busy adding a wing—which is not to be confounded with taking to itself wings—which will be ready for occupation in September. Mrs. W. L. Clay is the able president and Mrs. Gould the untiring secretary of the committee which is responsible for the improvements.

The Canadian Penelope is not an extinct type—if the specimens of women's work at the Winnipeg Exhibition may be read to convey that indication. So exquisite are the various samples of hand-made lace—netted, tatted, crocheted and knitted—and so wonderful are the tapestries, lavishly displayed, as to make the charmed beholder, who is not a needlewoman, long to set her larger feet in her grandmother's little shoes, and "Take her 'broidery frame and add a crimson to the quaint macaw"—or to whatever motif happens to make the pattern. Mrs. Coombes, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Warner will judge the exhibits.

It is announced that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught will shortly sail for Germany, attended by the Princess Patricia, to recuperate at one of her favourite Spas. Marienbad or Weisbaden, will probably be selected; if the former, that especial suite will likely be occupied, which was annually used by the late King Edward.

A few places in Canada are still medieval and

the same fear to which Joan of Arc was a sacrifice, has in thrall the Canadian village of St. Regis. The cause is a native Indian girl, Iola Razon, whose exceptional cleverness and elfish prettiness have gained her the baneful sobriquet, "Black Witch." Her friends—alas, her enemies!—charged the girl with the sickness of children, the madness of dogs, and the like, and the chiefs in council compelled her to leave the tribe.

Vancouver has just accomplished a society's organization which will have for its aim the rendering of that city, a city of roses. It proposes that a rose festival be annually held, with an automobile rose parade as a feature, and will see to the planting of roses all over the city. Certainly this "City Beautiful" idea is one that should be nationally followed.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia received her investiture, on July 15th, as a life member of the National Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, at the hands of the Manitoba chapters, at Winnipeg. Mrs. Colin Campbell read the graceful address—to which the Princess replied in a few well-chosen words—and presented the dainty, heraldic, membership pin. The Princess Patricia Chapter, Manitoba, is the first children's chapter to bear that name.

The luncheon of the Women's Canadian Club, Winnipeg, given to honour her Royal Highness, Patricia of Connaught, was a brilliant and, naturally, high-browed event that everybody enjoyed—of course, of the bidden. The Royal Alexandra lent spacious accommodation and the tables looked rare with their tasteful bedeckings of flowers. Four hundred members did honour to the occasion and an address of welcome was tendered the Princess, by the second Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Thompson, in the absence of the President and first Vice-President; to which her Highness made a fitting response.

The ladies of the Canadian ministerial party are being well received over-seas. Mr. and Mrs. Norton Griffiths, entertaining in London, dispensed hospitality, lately, to a group which included the following: Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Pelletier, Mrs. Hazen, Miss Doherty, Lady Duncan, and others.

"The House Where I Was Born"

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born."

By WILLIAM BANKS, JR.

JACK HELLIWELL and his wife repeated the lines in unison, each emphasizing the "I." Then they looked at each other; her eyes somewhat dim, his lips trembling a little.

"And now it is to be ours; really and truly ours," she whispered. "Oh, Jack! you are wonderful, wonderful."

He kissed her. "Hush," he said. "You must not say that. I'm just a plodder, Lucy, just a plain, ordinary plodder. I—"

She placed a hand on his lips. "I used to think so," she confessed, smilingly, "but see what your plodding has brought us, Jack: money, position, and—and—" her head drooped to his shoulder. She looked up after a moment or two. "I'm so happy, with my 'Mr. John Watson Helliwell, the prominent architect,' and the children and—"

"And now," he broke in, "we're going to fill the cup of our happiness, sweetheart, with 'the house where I was born.'"

"Where I was born," she repeated, quite gaily now. "Wasn't it an odd coincidence that Dad should have bought the house where you were born, and that Mother should have—" she paused.

"Arranged for you to be born there," he finished the sentence for her, and went on. "Then your Dad, as mine had done, must needs come to the city, because Daisyville did not afford opportunity enough for the children. I love it, that old house; every brick and stone of it; every nook and cranny. I love it the more because you were born there, too."

She patted him lovingly on the cheek. "And now Wilson wants to sell it because his wife is socially ambitious, and Daisyville, she says, has no 'real society.' My! what a world it is, Jack."

"A good old world to us," he said.

"Yes; yes. Sixteen years married, and still in love. That doesn't seem right—"

"What's that, Lucy!" he cried, in pretended surprise.

She laughed happily, and then—"Haven't you an

affinity, Jack?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes," he said, his eyes shining.

"Oh! Do tell." She snuggled closer to him, and he looked into her eyes. "She has ruddy hair," he said, gently, "with little streaks of grey in it. Her eyes are brown; deep, deep brown; her head just reaches to the shoulder of the six-foot-two lubber—"

"Jack!"

"Lubber, who calls himself her husband. He—"

"Jack, let's look at the plans again."

"All right, sweetheart. If you are tired of affinities I—"

"You may kiss your affinity just once more," she said, with mock primness. And when he had kissed her three times they went over the plans of the "old home" for the twentieth time at least that week.

"And the alterations won't alter it a bit, except to make the interior a little more modern," she said, after they had examined the plans closely.

"That's all, Lucy."

"You'll have to take the train to your town office every day."

"Except Saturdays, Lucy. I've always promised myself the week-ends at home when my ship should arrive. And the railway service is so good that the journey will not be more than ten minutes longer than the trips I make now. There is a good high school for the children—Jean will be going next year, you know—and the public school for Teddy. And pretty soon Doris will be—"

"Why, Jack," she interrupted, "she's only four now."

"But the time does fly, sweetheart," he said. "Twill not be long before you'll be watching her rushing off to school."

"I don't like to think of that," she said, slowly. "It will be rather lonely for me then."

They were silent for a while. She sat with her head resting on her hands, her eyes turned toward the open window, whence she could see the children

playing in the roomy yard. "I wonder if they will like it," she said, almost to herself.

"Why, yes." A startled look came into his eyes, but he went on bravely, "of course they will. They've always enjoyed the summers they've spent in Daisyville."

"Yes, yes," she said, a little hastily, "but I just happened—it just struck me—I—oh," she cried, a note of pain in her voice, "don't you see, Jack, they were born here; in this house. Suppose—suppose—it means as much to them as our birthplace means to us."

"I don't think so," he answered, with attempted brightness, "children love a change. Afterwards, when they are grown up, they'll think more of this place than they do now."

"They are such home lovers," she said. "It's wonderful how attached they are to this house. Even little Doris often says, 'I likes this place best of all of 'em.' And Jean, I believe that Jean loves every brick and stone and—your very words, Jack, your very words."

She looked at him; her face troubled and clouded, and saw that he, too, was anxious and disturbed.

"We'll ask them. Not just now. To-night."

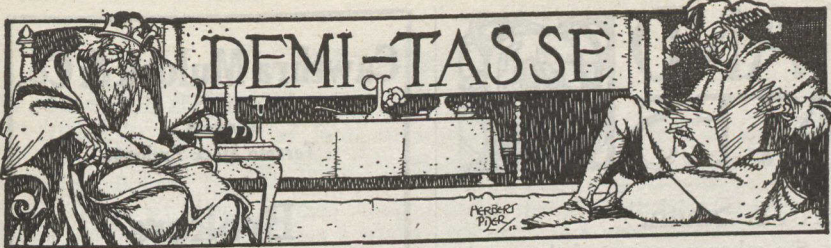
"Saturday night," she said, with a brave attempt to smile. "I don't think you'll ever really understand how eagerly they look forward to Saturday. 'Dad's Day,' they call it."

He laughed. "God bless them," he said, and forthwith stepped into the yard to join the children in their play.

She heard the joyous cries that greeted his arrival, and her lips moved in a repetition of a little prayer that Doris had repeated very often, "God bless Dad, an' make Sat'day fine, 'cos it's Dad's Day."

After dinner that night; always an early dinner on Saturday, in order that "Dad" might have one more romp with the children before bed time, he broached to them as gravely as though discussing it with his equals in years, the question of removing to Daisyville. While he spoke his eyes were fixed

(Continued on page 21.)



Courierettes.

ENGLAND'S militant suffragettes declare that they are "determined that something tragic shall happen." Perhaps a mouse will appear on the platform at one of their meetings.

A doctor is reported as saying that one fly can carry over six million microbes at a time. "Go to the fly, thou sluggard—"

A few more aviators have suddenly joined the "back to the land" movement.

Argentina, Brazil and Chili are said to be contemplating a triple alliance. If A B and C can get the rest of the letters with them there may soon be a South American peril.

Already the towns and cities are welcoming back people who have come home to rest up after their vacation.

The King of Spain stopped a runaway horse. Perhaps that will do something to kill the idea of some people that kings are merely useless ornaments.

Probably Terrible Teddy Roosevelt is due to realize that, concerning parties as well as individuals, "Two's company, three's a crowd."

A Montreal horse dropped dead while drawing a hearse to the cemetery. That horse had temperament.

It rained all night before the Saskatchewan election. Then, they said that Haultain's hosts were "snowed under." "Soaked" would have been better.

Toronto talks of treating its sewage. This is one variety of treating to which Sir James Whitney and Mr. Rowell won't object.

Canada's consumption of liquor has increased enormously during the past year. Evidently somebody is trying to forget some terrible sorrow—perhaps the event of Sept. 21, 1911.

A Yankee gun-boat, equipped with guns firing 15 shots per minute, visited Toronto harbour. Perhaps it wanted to hear some editorial broadsides from its rival, the Telegram.

The C.P.R.'s earnings for the past year were \$122,000,000. The main point of difference between the earnings of some of us and of the C.P.R. is that the railway company gets its.

Italy announces that it has 62,000 women unionists. Nothing to brag about. All over the world women seem to be strong for union—individually or collectively.

Queen Wilhemina, of Holland, conducts a Bible class to which she reads the Scriptures every morning. It would be a master stroke of diplomacy to get a few of those giddy young kings—and Gaby Deslys into that class.

Starting Young.—A lady in a big Canadian city got a great surprise a few afternoons ago. To the children's party which she was giving came a little miss

of six summers, dressed as expensively and stylishly as one of the four hundred. The hostess invited the youngster to play with the other children.

"I thought this was to be a dance," was the startling reply.

"That's a nice little boy over there," said the lady. "Go over and play with him."

But the precocious child took in the other youngster with a quick glance and, with nose turned up, said: "No, he's not in our set."

Strenuous Home Life.

OUR spirits are ruffled, our tempers are spoiled,

Our knuckles are bruised and torn,
There's a sound of fierce war all over the house

From the earliest peep of morn.

The chandelier's shattered to smithereens,

The vases in ruins now lie,

The warfare's been hard on poor father's bald head

And has nearly flicked out mother's eye.

We're not fighting the landlord about the back rent,

No row has disturbed our pure sky;

We're simply obeying the latest command—

We're busily swatting the fly.

Dropped Letter Again.—On a prominent corner in Montreal stands the building of a financial paper known as the Shareholder. At least that is the name on the front of the building; but a similar sign on the side of the structure has been burlesqued by the "S" in "Shareholder" falling from its place.

A Rude Jibe.—Jones, who prides himself on never being guilty of procrastination, was feeling happy over having already got next winter's coal in.

"But," he remarked to Brown, "it would be just my luck if the end of the world came one of these days."

"Well," replied Brown, "if it did, perhaps you could take the coal with you."

Dark Outlook.—A doctor claims to have discovered that a certain microbe will eliminate the effects of old age and stave off death.

Also, an inventor is going to make umbrella handles, combs, boxes, buttons and many other things from milk.

Now watch the high cost of living make another altitude record.

And consider how pleasant it will be when we can't die and can't afford to live.

Placing a News Item.—"Another train jumps from the rails," said the news editor wearily.

"Give the item to me," said the sporting editor. "I'll put it with the other 'track events.'"

Causes and Effect.—A recent despatch from Cologne, Germany, says: "No fewer

than twenty-two persons have been drowned during the past two days in the Rhine below this city, while bathing. Their deaths are attributed to the extreme heat."

Now, we may expect to read news items like the following:

"John Smith was hanged at sunrise to-day. The doctor who examined the body after it had been cut down decided that death had been caused by pneumonia."

"Three men fell off a five-storey building yesterday afternoon. All were killed, the cause, according to the doctors, being senile decay."

Happy Ignorance.—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Also, "A little wisdom is a dangerous thing." Fancy what mental anguish the fly would be suffering if it could read the daily papers!

Didn't Follow It.—She—"Do you know that big man who is making such a fuss about the heat?"

He—"Yes. That is Dr. Blank, the author of the pamphlet, 'How to Keep Cool.'"

The Cynic's Version.

"THERE'S one born ev'ry minute"—

Of fools we often say;

Now, speaking of the bird-men—

There's one killed ev'ry day.

Explained.—William Jennings Bryan refused to say sarcastic things about Taft in the presence of Mrs. Taft.

Which proves that Bryan is no politician, that he should have been a knight-errant in the olden days, and which explains why he was beaten in three Presidential elections.

Don'ts For Parents.

DON'T expect your children to behave as well as you used to when a child. Don't forget that you had a better bringing-up than they are getting.

Don't forget that the chief business of a child is to "keep still."

Don't fail to lay all the blame of a children's street squabble on the neighbours' children.

Don't "don't."

The Bachelor.

The Blind Goddess.—The man who decorated Osgoode Hall, the famous old court building, carved a figure of Justice, blind-folded, above the judges' bench. He was wise.

His vindication lies in the fact that the other day somebody stole the trousers of the caretaker of the hall, right under the eyes of the law.

The Financiers.—"Daddy," said little Willie, "are all financiers millionaires?" "No, my son," said his worldly-wise pater. "Our most expert financiers are the fellows who keep a family of ten fed and clothed on a salary of \$12 per week."

In the Dog Days.—The old adage that every dog has his day seems to be working out in fact nowadays in the case of Canadian prisoners.

Toronto prisoners on the industrial farm are allowed to play baseball and smoke.

And now hoboes in Winnipeg jail want electric fans in their cells.

But these are the "dog days."

Pointer for Mr. Rowell.—When Mr. N. W. Rowell, the Liberal leader, visited Belleville recently, the audience he addressed was not very large, in spite of the fact that the big "rally" was fixed for the Wednesday afternoon half-holiday.

Accordingly, there was some merriment among Belleville Tories over the event. One prominent Conservative went into the office of a Grit bank manager and said: "Did you see the crowd go down to Rowell's meeting?"

"No, is it gone?" asked the bank man.

"Yes—he has just driven down street," was the sarcastic reply.

"Well," said the blunt-spoken bank manager, "this abolish-the-bar thing may be all right, but if they'd put up a long bar down there at the park and hand out long glasses of beer they'd be surer of a crowd."

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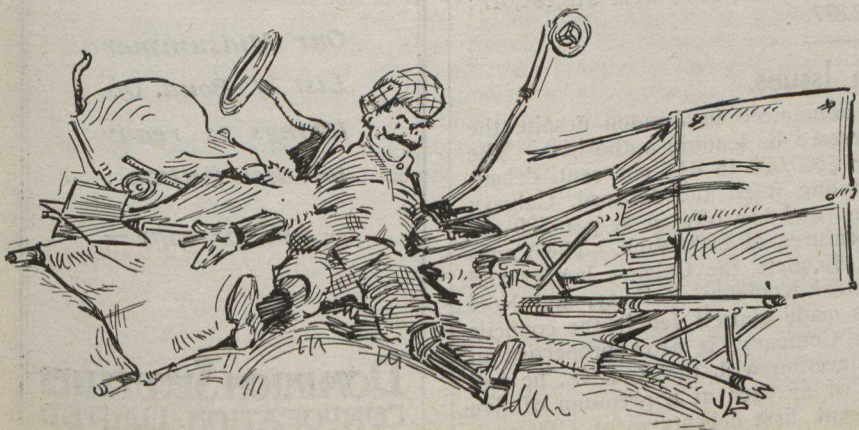
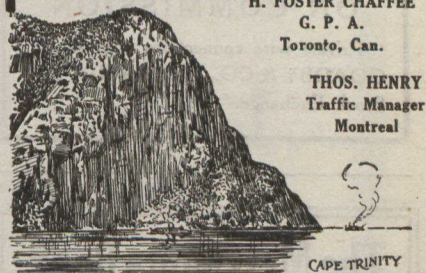
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OPTIMISM.

Wrecked Aviator—"Well, what's the Odds? I was coming down, anyway."

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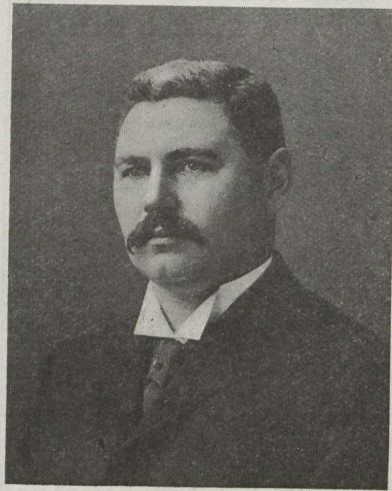
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Passing of Robert A. Smith.

THE financial world was shocked to hear the other morning of the tragic death of Mr. Robert A. Smith, a principal in the well-known Toronto and Winnipeg house of Osler and Hammond. Mr. Smith, while returning home from the Lennox political picnic at Jackson's Point, Ontario, was hurled from his motor car, which met with an accident on the road, and instantly killed.

Mr. Smith enjoyed the respect of hundreds of his fellow-citizens because of his worth as a man and the qualities he displayed in business. It would not be at all fulsome to say, that Mr. Smith, or "Bob," as his many intimates called him, was a great personality. Everything about him was large size. In stature he was ponderous; he had the big, hearty, sincere manner which breathed encouragement and goodwill to all who shook his hand as a friend; and his outlook was never narrow. He made many friends and kept them. The attractiveness of his personality was a great asset to his firm. It brought them business. Clients whom he brought in had a habit of staying, because "Bob" Smith, in a peculiarly subtle way of his own, convinced them that he and they were necessary to each other. Once given, his interest did not flag. Whether it was promoting the interests of the Toronto Hunt Club, assisting Sir Edmund in a deal, or helping some poor chap on his feet who had allowed his judgment to be perverted and got in wrong on the market, Robert A. Smith threw into the



THE LATE MR. R. A. SMITH,
Whose Tragic Death Removes a
Leading Figure in Canadian
Financial Circles.

matter the whole energy of his vigorous nature.

In the business world of Canada he held a unique place. He belonged essentially to that type of man of affairs who is colloquially styled "self-made." He was one of those to whom it is early brought home, that if they would amount to anything, they must create their own opportunities. He arrived in Canada a raw, young married man, from Scotland, without a cent. A little while he worked for the Northern Railway Company. One day, something prompted him to ask Osler and Hammond, brokers, for a job. That was in 1896. Almost immediately he rose to eminence in that office. He and Sir Edmund pulled well together. Since the death of Mr. Hammond, a few years ago, Mr. Smith became second in command.

A feature of Mr. Smith's career was his devotion to the interests of the Osler and Hammond office. Though he had numerous opportunities to sit on the boards of industries which were anxious to secure his organizing talents, he accepted very few directorships, preferring to devote himself to the enterprises of the financial house in which he had got his start. He never made a large fortune as fortunes go—two million dollars at most. His aim was not that of a fortune-hunter. His attitude toward finance was that of an artist. Those who were fortunate enough to have been brought into touch with the idealism of his nature will miss the big, sunny man, whose chair to-day stands vacant in the office of Osler and Hammond, Toronto.

Dog Days on the Bond Market

THE summer is never the best time to market bonds. In the hot weather the investor is not over anxious to take on new issues with the increased responsibilities which they bring. He has his mind on the mountains and the seashore, and is satisfied with a modicum of business. This summer the market has been deluged with summer issues. General warnings have come from Great Britain that overseas they are overstocked with our securities, and the underwriters are in danger of having a number left on their hands. In Canada, bond salesmen who have been sent out with new issues, have not made great commissions.

June was a particularly slack month for municipals. They totalled \$1,690,344. Compare this with June of a year ago, when the sale of municipal bonds reached \$3,983,670. This year, if records for the past six months are any indication, the sale of municipal bonds in Canada will not run into high figures. Municipals are so far much behind 1911 and 1910 for the same period. In 1910, from the first of January to the end of June, sales were \$18,282,017; in 1911, \$19,568,654; in 1912, only \$11,002,877.

New London Issues.

NEW Canadian issues still are being announced in London despite the pessimistic view of the market expressed by leading authorities. The city of Calgary has just asked for £500,000 in 4½ per cent. debentures at 99. A big colliery company, styling itself the Milford, Calgary Colliery, wants to get busy near Cochrane, and has offered at par 500 six per cent. first mortgage participating debentures of \$500 each. The Canadians in this concern include: Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Calgary lawyer and politician; Clement Hollen, president Central Kootenay Railway, and Noel Brooks, engineer. Lord Furness, who has made himself felt in the councils of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, is after properties in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. In connection with the R. & O., he and a group of financiers offer 35,000 shares of £5 each at a premium of five shillings per share; and £50,000 five per cent. first debentures of £100 each at par. John Dennis, Canadian Wheatland, Limited; Lord Clan-William; Clarence J. McCuaig, Montreal; Colin Campbell, Winnipeg, and R. B.

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On and Off the Exchange.

Women and Brokers.

THERE is one field at least in which women have yet to show their equality with man and that is, in the office of a stock exchange brokerage house. In theory brokers are as anxious for the accounts of women as for those of men, but they never exhibit the philanthropic side of their nature as thoroughly as when a woman offers them a speculative order. The prospective customer is generally advised that some other firm is a specialist in that particular class of stocks and the lady customer is directed to the other office. A suit recently in which a woman sued for the recovery of money deposited with a broker as margin on a speculative transaction possibly strengthened the determination of the fraternity to adhere to their policy of excluding women from their clientele. There is no reason for this condition of affairs except that vouchsafed by brokers who will tell you that it seems impossible for the female mind to grasp the basis of marginal trading. The head of one brokerage house who was reminded that his firm was known to have at least two prominent business women as clients said: "Yes, but we have been trying to get rid of them for twenty years." All of which goes to show that women do not make good gamblers—unless they win.

The June Bank Statement.

THE Dominion bank statement for June gives cause for reflection. In May the deposits reached the billion dollar mark for the first time in the history of Canada, and at the end of June we find this item increased still further by over two and a half millions of dollars, bringing the total up to \$1,004,817,876. Compared with a year ago the bank deposits are 130 millions greater to-day. All this, too, in the face of the tremendous investment and speculation in stock and real estate markets. The Toronto exchange has rarely seen a more active month, outside of panic periods, than June. It makes one wonder where this great volume of deposits comes from, and just what proportion of the country's population is represented in the speculative class.

Call loans in Canada amounted to \$68,701,856 for the month of June, an increase over May of nearly \$400,000. This means that demands through brokerage offices are being fully maintained, but at the same time these demands evidently have not, so far, made too great a drain upon available funds. The fact also remains that those who have speculated and invested in the popular issues during the last two or three months, have profited; which possibly explains, to a certain extent, why savings deposits have not been diminished and have continued to increase.

Democratizing Capital.

M. T. A. Russell made an interesting statement in a speech which he delivered at Winnipeg about two months ago. He said that capital was gradually becoming democratized in Canada and that it was impossible to place the capitalistic class over against the so-called labouring or consuming class. In Mr. Russell's own company, where no more than five per cent. of the stock issued is held by any one person, the claim for the democratization of capital seems very well justified. The nature of the recent advances in Rio and Sao Paulo also leads one to believe that as much money was made by "the crowd" as was realized in profits by the comparatively few large holders on the inside. In the case of Sao Paulo, most brokers advised their oldest and largest clients not to hold their shares after 215 had been reached. Some of the biggest shareholders sold out round 200, but the public swarmed in at this juncture and boosted the issue on the strength of a mysterious "melon" to 250, and made as much money in a few weeks as the man who had waited for months for Sao Paulo to advance from 160 to 200. Rio also is one of the most widely held stocks and has no doubt contributed to the bank accounts of many a wage and salary earner.

The New for the Old.

SINCE the basis for the exchange of the old Rio and Sao Paulo shares for those of the new Brazillian merger was decided upon, the secretary of the companies has been busy planning for the actual exchange of certificates. There is every indication, he says, that the exchange will be readily effected, one share of old Rio stock bringing 13-5 shares of the new issue, and one share of Sao Paulo bringing the equivalent of 23-4 shares of the new corporation.

Business.

THIS is going to be a great year for commercial records. The East has it, on the authority of possibly the most trained observers, that the West will likely present the world with a crop of 250,000,000 bushels of wheat this year. Climatic conditions have already eliminated some of the risks of that perilous period just before the harvest. The soaking rains of last week ensured sufficient moisture to bring the crop through almost to harvest time. The growth has been so favourable up to the present as to assure a much earlier yield this year. Conditions almost as good exist throughout Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, the fisheries and timber industries are having a good year, and it is practically assured that our mineral products will be considerably in excess of any previous twelvemonth, so that barring stringency, which is almost likely, 1912 will stand as Canada's biggest year, and its crops as our greatest advertisement.

More C.P.R. Stock.

THE Wall Street Journal remarks that it has it on good authority that there is to be a new issue of C. P. R. stock. There is some speculation as to why the big corporation should want more money. The Journal attempts to explain the proposed stock issue thus: "Canadian Pacific is by no means pressed for cash. The explanation for this constant requirement of additional money is the fact that the management continually enlarges its programme and discovers more facilities that have to be provided for. Hence, the reasonableness of expecting a new stock issue to about \$50,000,000 under a new authorization of perhaps \$150,000,000.

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.

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

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

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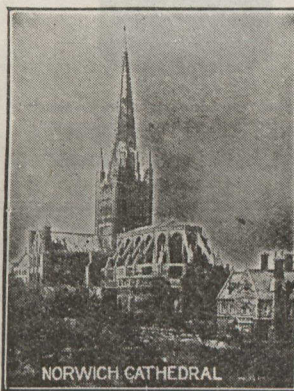
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Founded 1797

\$125,000,000 PAID FOR LOSSES
\$496,900 DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA

Head Office for Canada, TORONTO

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Accumulated savings of \$500 or more may be entrusted to this company for investment. The safety of the principal, with interest at 4 1/2 %, is guaranteed.

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TORONTO

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PIG IRON BAR IRON BAR STEEL
RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Nights of the Bath

Do you live in a house where it's Saturday? Great to line up in the hall with the rest of the family, is it not? Then when your turn comes there is not hot water, you only wanted a little but you didn't get that; you got good cold water. The installation of a *Gas Water Heater* will solve the hot water problem. The water is heated as it is needed, just the right quantity, not too much or too little. Then the kitchen is not heated up, as is the case when it is necessary to light up the coal range for a little hot water. There is no carrying to do; you get the hot water at the tap. We can furnish you with a reliable, efficient heater for \$15.00. Don't you think you could use one?

The Consumers' Gas Company
12-14 Adelaide St. W. Telephone Main 1933

SIGNIFICANT ADVANCES

A few striking comparisons made by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C., President of the

Mutual Life OF CANADA

in his address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company held February 1st:

	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2 450,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

DOG DISEASES

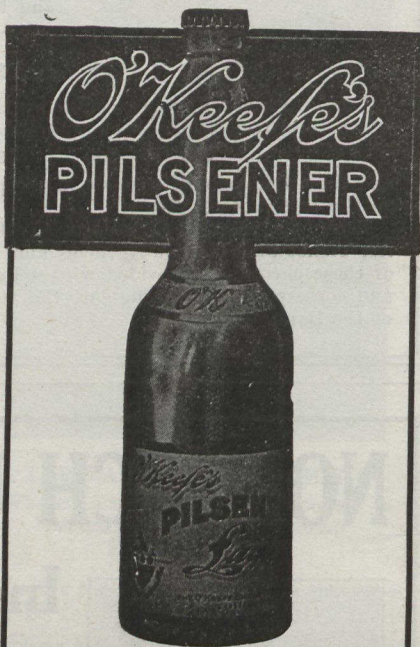


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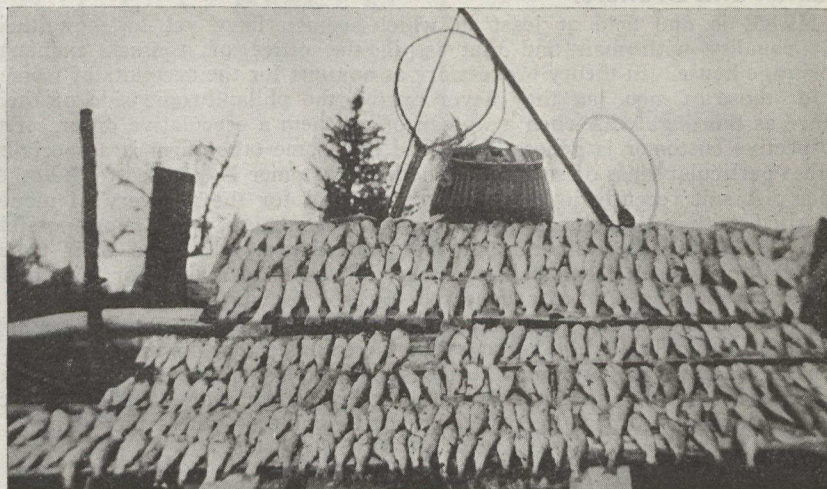
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"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"
(Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

PEOPLE AND PLACES



Twenty-one Dozen Trout Out of a Catch of Thirty Dozen Caught in Three Days at Upper Musquodoboit, Forty Miles from Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, by Five Haligonians.

The Ethics of Angling.

THE amateur fisherman is having his innings these days. The angler steals away from his office to haunts on rivers, lakes and bays of the greatest inland water system of any country in the world.

The picture on this page shows three days' catch of five Halifax gentlemen. They holidayed in the narrow lakes of the Musquodoboit district, not far from Halifax. The water of these lakes is extremely shallow. The Haligonians, who used fly, discovered swarms of the finny tribe among reeds which have an intense growth.

They landed thirty dozen fish. The photograph was probably taken after the famished anglers had fried some of the fish or otherwise disposed of them; for it shows but twenty-one dozen.

To an angler who sits often under a shade tree all day long and never feels even a tug on his line, such a catch as that described above may seem an achievement; undoubtedly it is. But there is room for difference of opinion whether or not it is a wise one. If everybody hauled in 360 fish a trip, very soon only millionaires could afford the luxury of trout for breakfast, and a great many people would have to give up the joys of Izaak Walton.

No amateur angler can possibly have use for 360 fish. He might sell them. But then he ought to buy a smack at once and strike off for the Labrador coast. The better policy of the amateur angler should be, in musical comedy lingo: "Help yourself freely, but don't grab."

Advertising British Columbia.

THE Province of British Columbia is going to make a special advertising effort by the exhibition route when the season of fairs begins. Bottled fruits, Douglas pine, and minerals have been collected into an exhibit, in charge of Mr. W. J. Brandreth, which will tour all the big shows from the coast to Toronto. For the past three years at the Canadian

National British Columbia has carried off a gold medal.

Fort William Terminals.

A FEATURE of Fort William which strikes a visitor is the extent of railway terminal facilities in the city of shunting trains and red elevators.

It has recently been computed that if the terminals were stretched in a single track they would measure one hundred and seventy-five miles. That is half the distance between Montreal and Toronto.

It is a good five or six hour railway journey.

Important Gift to the National Museum.

THE Canadian Northern Pacific Railway has just given to the National Museum of Canada, at Ottawa, a collection of human bones and archaeological specimens found during the construction of the western part of the road near Kamloops, B. C. The objects were sent by Mr. T. G. Holt, attorney for Mackenzie, Mann & Co., at Vancouver. This was done in compliance with orders by Sir William Mackenzie issued on behalf of the Dominion Archaeologist by Mr. Holt to the engineers on the construction work.

The bones are those of three men, and were not buried very deep. They were placed side by side, and were found a little below the highest water mark. The discovery was made accidentally. These bones will be turned over to the Physical Anthropologist who is very expert in this line of work, having been trained at Oxford University, England.

The specimens include ten objects made of copper, two small copper tubes, and an axe head made of stone.

A Criminal Record.

HALF year statistics show that Col. G. T. Denison, of Toronto, police magistrate, is having a busy time. So far this year there have been 15,536 police court cases in the capital of Ontario, an increase of 3,483 over 1911.



BEETHAM'S La-rola

is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use, allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind, and Hard Water. It not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

but beautifies the complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of "LA-ROLA" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, ENG.

Canadian National Exhibition

AUG. 24

TORONTO

SEPT. 9

Imperial year leads in music and art.

Two Famous Bands from England

Scots Guards Band Besses o' Th' Barn Band
and a score of other famous bands.

Everything in Art

Paintings loaned by England's Great Galleries.

Paintings loaned by the French Government.

The Best Work of Canadian and American Artists.

Splendid Displays of Applied and Graphic Art.

Imperial Cadet Review and Competitions

Cadets from all the Dominions of the Empire.



On Wednesday, July 10th, the Maritime Express, an Intercolonial train on its run from Montreal to Halifax, was wrecked forty miles outside of the Nova Scotia City. Picture shows engine in lake with express car telescoped.

Personalities and Problems

(Concluded from page 9.)

body said or the thing he omitted to say, without any palaver on my part—well I spotted something basically wrong with the thing and decided then and there not to touch it with a ten-foot pole. In these days of many smooth propositions and over-night promotions effected while you wait—like getting your hat cleaned—I consider that's just about necessary. I don't care whether it's called subconscious, or intuition, or just plain experience working out."

Recalling the various things that enter into McGibbon's programme, I asked him casually how he managed to keep one from muddling up another.

"Concentration," he said, tersely; and he whacked the other arm of the chair. "A business mind has to be like a camera lens—shut out all the light it doesn't need for the picture, get the proper focus and concentrate on that one thing till it's got."

"So that when you are working on rubber—"

"I clean forget everything about mines; and when I'm on store organization I shut out boots and shoes and street railway. Otherwise I'd never get through. Business is a series of concentrations and one is a rest from another. I guess it's the good old farm principle that a change of works is as good as a rest."

McGibbon did not deny that he has a certain element of courage in his makeup. He admitted that to be effective as the head of a corporation a man must be on good terms with other men in the system—mentioning one or two able men that he knew who were eternally hindered from getting any further because they were arrogant and dictatorial. He confessed that his own aggressive interest in so many things was somewhat due to the fact that he had never been content with the straight salary idea.

"Some men may be creative on a salary basis," he said. "I never could. I find that a man who never looks further than a salary is handicapped from the start. In organizing a business most of the indifference and perfunctory concern comes from the men who have the mere salary idea. Another bad drag is the man who has so little faith in anything that if he invests a dollar in the morning he wants to get it out in the evening. I call him the quick-return man, and he's a poor coot."

From business the talk ran to politics, in which McGibbon is strongly inter-

ested. He agreed with George E. Foster that too few big business men take any interest in public life. He believed it was time they did; that if the politics of this country is to be kept free from domination of ulterior interests, the big business men will have to take hold of the game—not merely by talking and giving interviews to newspapers, but by taking off their coats and working like a log-bee.

"It's the same as business," he said. "Politics is a game. It must be worked as a game; the bigger and cleaner the better. Politics without studying men is tommyrot. It's academics. Study the other man—that's the main thing."

"What do you think of the present Government?" I asked him, knowing that he had been one of the hard workers in the Conservative ranks, and that he is personally acquainted with the Premier and many of the Cabinet—as well as being a friend of Henri Bourassa.

But on this point he said very little for publication.

"I believe in constructive measures," he said. "I have no use for the obstructionist; or for the man that looks on from the balcony and when a government makes a mistake leans over the rail and says—I told you so. I believe in a measure of compromise, wherever it's necessary. That depends on all the conditions and can't be defined off-hand."

"How about—reciprocity?"

"A year ago," he said, "talking to an Economic Club across the border, I went dead against it."

"On what grounds?"

"Politically?"

"But on economic grounds and two or three years from now—what?"

"I guess," he concluded, "there will be time enough to tell that when the time comes. I'm not exactly a politician. But I have a fondness for public affairs just as I have for business. Politics ought to be a big, clean game."

I got my hat and we took a shot at the Empire. By the time I got down to the door it was evening. Personally I could have kept up the dialogue as long again. So could he. But he expected a man at the house in a very few minutes.

And as I shook hands with this big, grippy young man of constructive practical ideas, I didn't wonder that he had been successful in business—in co-operation with other men.

"The House Where I Was Born"

(Continued from page 16.)

on Jean, a sweet girl of fourteen. The sudden compressing of her lips, and the startled, almost wild, look in her eyes, pained him deeply, but he went on quietly. She did not interrupt; she asked no questions. Teddy, a sturdy lad, ten years of age, was not so well mannered.

"And leave this house?" he demanded, before his father had finished outlining the proposal.

"Teddy," said his mother, reprovingly.

"But, Mam" (his pet name for her), "how could we. Why—I—I—"

"Hush," she said, softly.

Teddy rose and walked around the table to his father's side.

"I didn't mean to interrupt, Dad," he said, contritely.

"All right, my boy," his father answered, quietly, and gave the lad an affectionate hug. Then he went on with his explanation. It was to Jean he looked when he had finished. "What do you think, girlie?" he said.

"Don't ask me to-night, Dad."

"To-morrow?"

"Perhaps, Dad. I—I—" and then she stopped, her lips white, though her eyes were telling the man of the emotion she was struggling to repress.

"What about you, Teddy?" he asked.

"It's a hard question, Dad," the boy answered, frankly. "I guess I know how you and Mam feel about it. You were both born there. It's just like this house is to us."

The man nodded, gravely, and then,

with an appearance of gayety, he spoke to Doris, sitting on her mother's knee. "Tot, would you like to live in Daisyville? You know where we go for holidays?"

"All the time, Daddy?"

"Yes, Tot."

"I like this house best of all of 'em," she responded. "It's really the most best, isn't it, Mamma?"

Her mother kissed her, but made no reply.

An hour later, the children having gone to bed, Jack Helliwell and his wife talked it over in his roomy den. And in the end he said: "Our plans go a-glimmering, Lucy. They love this house. I might have thought of that from the first. And childhood is so short, with all its happiness it has many trials and tribulations." He paused, patted his wife's hands, and went on slowly. "This is the age of childhood, the wise people say."

"Parental firmness is a thing of the past," she said, quoting from a widely read magazine.

"It sounds like Aunt Mary," he said, laughing.

"She might have written it, Jack. She lectured me for hours on her last visit, because we treated the children as our equals."

"You never told me that."

"Perhaps I should not have done so now. But what does it matter, Jack; we know."

"Yes, dear heart," he said, "we know."

SCARBORO BEACH PARK

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This famous pleasure ground is one of the best appointed and most attractive on the continent. Its restaurant is one of its noted features. :-: :-:

"You haven't seen Toronto until you have seen SCARBORO BEACH."

Williams' Talc Powder

Its wonderful fineness, softness and lightness and the flower-like delicacy of its perfumes, make it a delightful accessory to the toilet, nursery or bath. It comes in the box with the non-leaking, easily opened, patented Hinged-cover.



Four odors, Violet, Carnation, Rose—fragrant as the flowers themselves—and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume.

May we send you this dainty, silver-plated Vanity Box?

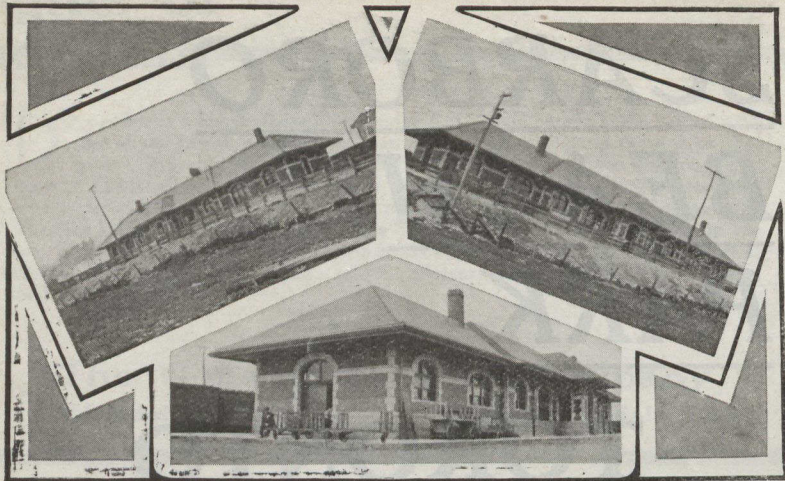


Williams' Vanity Box is a dainty, handsome and durable article, made of substantial material, extra heavily silver-plated; it has a Hinged-cover, a Concentrating Mirror, and French Powder Puff. It is not a flimsy, ornate advertising novelty, but an article of genuine value.

How to get the Vanity Box

Simply buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, any odor, send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date of purchase, and ten 2-cent stamps (20 cents), and we will send the Vanity Box to you at once.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Etc.



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Every Railroad in Canada Uses

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with one exception—and repeat orders from these roads are coming in fast. The several Maintenance Departments unanimously state that the roofs are practically indestructible, and cost nothing for upkeep. If you want to know more about the most serviceable and artistic roofing material in Canada, write for Booklet C.C. to

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THE KIND YOU CATCH WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT.

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- LAKE OF BAYS—Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout, and Black Bass.
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- TEMAGAMI—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout, and Wall-eyed Trout.
- LAKE NIPISSING—Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, and Pike.
- GEORGIAN BAY—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, and Trout.

OPEN SEASONS.

- BLACK BASS—June 16th to April 14th following year.
- SPECKLED TROUT—May 1st to September 14th.
- SALMON TROUT AND LAKE TROUT—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year.
- MASKINONGE—June 16th to April 14th following year.
- PICKEREL—May 16th to April 14th following year.

Write to the following Agents for full particulars—how to get there, maps, rates, etc.: A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario; J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Quebec; W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. BELL, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

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Calendar and full information on request. DR. A. O. McRAE, Principal.



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Invalid Stout**

(The Famous Dominion Brewery Product)

You can enjoy this health brew as a beverage because it is so mild, palatable, and easily digested. Look for the buff-colored label that bears our name. At dealers everywhere.

Produced and bottled by
Dominion Brewery Co. Limited, Toronto

To-morrow I'll tell the youngsters that we have decided to stay here. We'll buy the old home anyway, and rent it. There may come a time, when the children have grown up and wandered—"Jack!"

"Very well, sweetheart, let us not look forward. The present is ours, and—in the meantime"—he drew her to his breast, and murmured, "we'll remember, we'll remember."

She clung closer to him, and in unison they whispered, "The House Where We Were Born."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Misfits.

Jobson was made for a farmer,
But sticks to the whirling town;
Brownleigh was built for the city,
But he's holding a farm job down;
Jobson's a joke at clerking,
But a star in the country fields;
Brownleigh's a clog in the bearings
In the job that he never yields.

Thus it goes ever and ever,
With no one to set it right;
Nobody's here to tell us
Just how to trim each light;
And Brownleigh and Jobson blunder
And bungle things through and through,
And the world pays dear each hour
For the work of the misfit crew.

But if Jobson could hie to the country
And settle on Brownleigh's land,
And if Brownleigh to Jobson's figures
Could turn his quick eye and hand,
The world would go much more smoothly—
"Twould whirl with a new-born zest;
Don't be a Jobson or Brownleigh—
Find the work that you do the best."
—Denver Republican.

Utilizing the Mirror.—A dentist was filling a lady patron's back teeth. When he had finished with the first tooth he handed the lady a hand mirror that she might see the result for herself. Then he went on with his task, repeating this performance with the mirror after each tooth was filled. Finally, when the job was completed and she had handed back the mirror with thanks, he said:
"Well, madam, how do they look?"
"How do what look?" she returned.
"The teeth I just filled."
"Oh, I forgot about the teeth," she exclaimed, reaching for the hand glass.
"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"
"My hair."—Pittsburgh Press.

Sympathy Wasted.—Soon there will start again the season of late summer and fall fairs, and this fact recalls to a certain man an interesting incident that he noticed at the Ottawa Exhibition last summer. He tells about it as follows.
"While watching men throw money away on a wheel game, my sympathy was aroused for a man who sometimes won but oftener lost. Each time as he put up additional money his face took on a look of grim determination.
"Walking on through the grounds, I couldn't get away from the picture of that man who plunged more and more in an effort to win back what he had lost.
"But when I again passed the location of the wheel game, my feeling of sympathy for that man suddenly vanished. He was in the back part of the booth, washing glasses used for the soft drinks served at the booth where the wheel game was located. Instead of being a luckless outsider he was apparently one of the men running the little show."

Of Course.—Brown—"What reason have you for hating Blank?"
Smith—"Well, you see, he's a relative of mine, and—"
Brown—"Yes, yes, I know, but what other reason?"—Harper's Bazaar.

The Difference.—It is the courteous chap who gives his seat in the car to a good-looking woman; but the man who rises to let a homely female be seated is a hero.

Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Head Master, J. Tyson Williams, B.A.
Emmanuel College, Cambridge

This well-known school for boys has been completely renovated and made thoroughly up-to-date.

A reorganization of the executive committee has also been made and now comprises the following:
Sir H. Montagu Allan, C.V.O., Chairman
J. K. L. Ross, Vice-Chairman
Prof. J. A. Dale, Arthur G. Abbott, Major George R. Hooper

An efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities, help to make B.C.S. one of the best known and most thorough schools for boys in Canada, preparing them for the R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and Business Life.

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His Little Girl

(Continued from page 7.)

"She is barely conscious," the English doctor said to Tredman, who had waited in the hotel lounge to speak to him and his French colleague, "she seems to know that poor little girl of hers, but I have not been able to ask her any questions as to her identity, or whether she would wish to have any relations sent for. No one from England could in any case reach her in time," he added gravely.

"The hotel people tell me her name is Burnett; that she and the child have been here for some weeks, whilst she took the cure; and that they have no friends in the place," was Tredman's reply, "I felt that one ought to find out all that was possible about the poor thing. But—what a tragedy!"

"What a tragedy, indeed," Dr. Somers repeated—and "what a tragedy!" Tredman found himself saying again, whilst the waiter placed a soup plate before him, and he began mechanically to eat his soup. His kindly heart ached for the child, whose eyes, deep with anguish, had looked at him with such a world of appeal in their depths, whose hands had clung to him so desperately, as though in his strong presence she had felt a certainty of help.

"Poor little soul," he thought, "I hope to heaven there is a kind aunt, or friend or somebody who will come out and look after her. If the mother dies to-night, as the doctors seem sure she will, what is to become—"

HIS thoughts broke off abruptly, as the door at the far end opposite the table opened, and a small figure, hesitating for a moment only on the threshold, came slowly down the room, looking from side to side at the little tables at which sat the chattering, laughing guests. Tredman was on his feet directly, he had recognized in the small figure the daughter of the dying woman upstairs, and long before she had completed her slow progress he was by her side.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, "were you looking for somebody?"

"I was looking for you," she answered, her eyes gazing up at him with that anguished expression which had been haunting him for hours, "the nurse sent me to fetch you. She says, please will you come at once," as the child spoke she slipped a little cold hand into Giles', and his own big brown one closed over it with a protecting clasp that seemed to bring a touch of comfort to the forlorn child, for the ghost of a smile crossed her face, and she shrank closer to him, saying—

"The nurse is kind—but—she frightens me. Please, will you take care of me."

Giles' grey eyes glanced kindly down into the uplifted face, his smile gave her new heart. Young things always loved Giles—his innate simplicity and kindness of soul appealed to them, and he never failed to attract the shyest and most shrinking of children.

"Of course I'll take care of you," he answered gently, the subtle note of strength in his voice having a soothing effect upon the trembling little creature, "you must tell me if you have any uncles or aunts who would come out to you here, now that your mother is so—so ill," he added, as they went up the long staircase, still hand in hand, "perhaps—there is someone your mother would like to see?"

The child shook her head.

"I don't think we've got any relations," she said, "we never seemed to have anybody who belonged to us, not like other people do," her tones were wistful, "mother and I are always by ourselves—just we two."

"Perhaps, you have some friends here," Giles hazarded, but again his companion shook her dark head.

"We don't know anybody here. Mother says she would rather we didn't have friends, and she doesn't like me to know other little girls. You see—mother's always very sad," she went on with a curious old-fashioned solemnity, "so she likes us to be by ourselves best—just we two." The repetition of that phrase "just we two" struck Giles as infinitely pathetic, in view of the present condition of one of the two, and a lump crept into his throat as he remembered that if the doctor's verdict was a correct one—the hours were numbered in which the child

by his side would be able to speak in that tender little voice of "just we two." What would life be for her when she had to face it alone? What was to become of the child whose mother was the centre of her world, when that mother was taken from her? He was still deep in those thoughts, when his guide paused before a door at the end of the passage and turned the handle with infinite care, lest any sound should disturb the sick woman within.

"The nurse said I was to take you straight to mother," she whispered, drawing him into the room with her, and shutting the door softly behind them. The room in which Giles found himself was very small, one of those at the back of the hotel, looking down into an enclosed courtyard, and furnished as meagrely as was compatible with being furnished at all. A nurse stood beside the one small table measuring some medicine into a glass, and glancing at her face, Giles at once understood why the child had expressed fear of the woman. Her face was hard, her eyes unsympathetic, and her thin lips pressed tightly together, showed no sign of sweetness or gentleness of temper. She looked up quickly as the young man and child entered together, then nodded towards the bed.

"I thought I had better send for you," she said curtly, in an undertone, "you are the only person in the hotel who knows anything about her—and it can't last long now. She is quite conscious."

SOMETHING in the hard, level tones roused all Tredman's resentment against the speaker. She showed none of the womanliness, none of the softness that the circumstances seemed to demand. Her cold eyes passed from the still figure on the bed, to the little girl who was crossing the room towards it, with no more kindly feeling than might have been evinced by a creature of stone.

"She has told you of no one she would like to see? No friends? No relations?" Tredman spoke in lowered tones, but he could not keep a stern note out of them, the nurse's cold lack of sympathy angered him.

"She has told me nothing," the woman shrugged her shoulders, "she lies there and looks at the child with those great dark eyes of hers, till she makes me feel quite uncanny."

"She has told you nothing?"

"Nothing. She lies there and stares and stares until she makes me shiver. And I—am not usually sensitive," she laughed a low, cold laugh, and set down the medicine glass.

"But—the doctor? Dr. Somers? It would be better to send for him. Surely she might like to tell him her wishes, to give him some directions, to—"

"Dr. Somers has been sent for into the country to an Englishman who is desperately ill. He will not be back in time to see Mrs. Burnett alive again," still the same callous, frigid tones in the low voice, "before I told the little girl to fetch you, I asked Mrs. Burnett whether she would like to see you. She said yes. I did not wish to be left with the sole responsibility of it all, and you were the Englishman present at the accident, were you not?"

"Certainly I was—and if I can help—I—"

"She is beckoning to you now," the nurse interrupted, with a glance at the bed, and Giles, looking in the same direction, saw that the dying woman's hand was lifted, and making a weak sign to him. He was by her bedside in a second, and his hand fell over hers with a reassuring touch.

"Tell me if there is anything I can do for you," he said, going straight to the point, because he instinctively realized that the sands of her life were running very low. His voice was hushed and gentle, some soothing quality in it seemed to comfort the woman whose dark eyes fell such a depth of anguish as wrung Giles's heart.

"He—has—killed—me," she panted out, one of her hands moving restlessly over the sheet, whilst the other touched the dark hair of the child who knelt beside her, "he—killed—my soul—now he has killed my body." Giles looked at her doubtfully. Her strange and apparently

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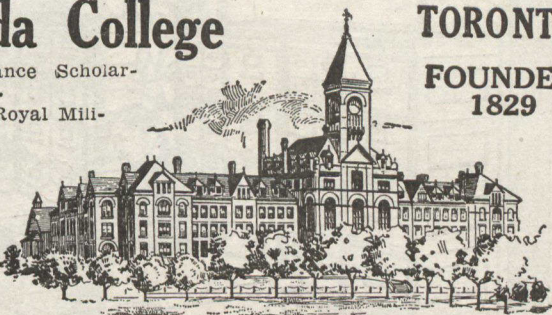
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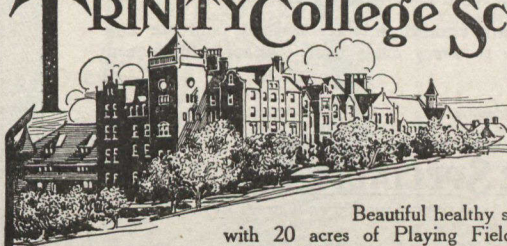
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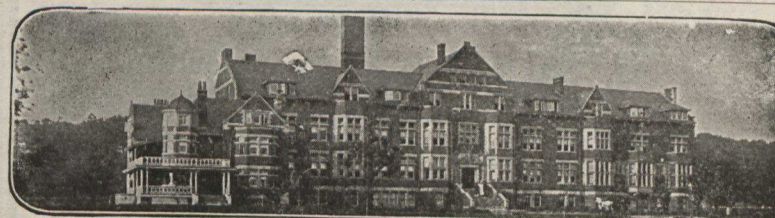
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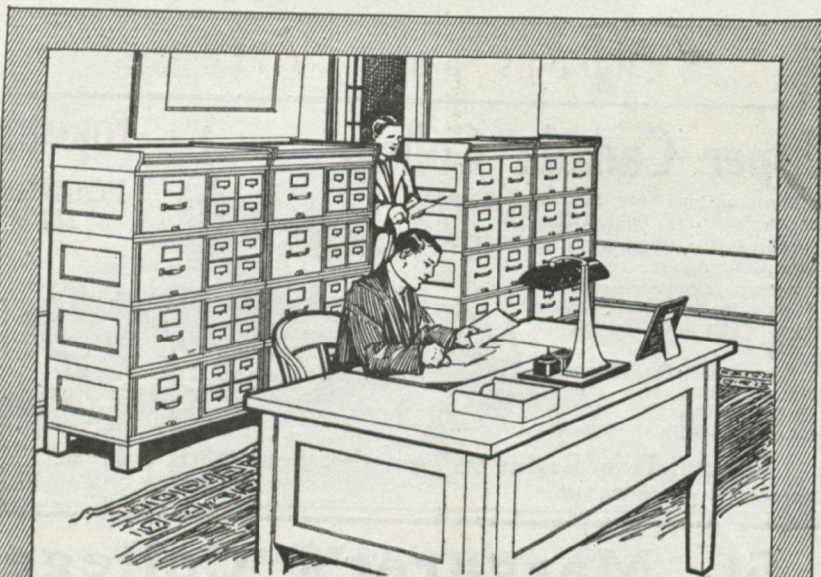
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meaningless words made him fancy she must be delirious, and when he spoke again, it was more slowly, more gently than before.

"I am afraid you and your little girl are alone here. Would you like me to send for any relations—any friends?"

"There—is—no one to send for," she said. "Sylvia and I—have no friends—we—are alone—just she and I."

"Just she and I." It was a repetition of the phrase the child had used, and Giles noticed how the thin hand on the sheet closed convulsively as though the sick woman suddenly realized the intense loneliness in which she and her child lived.

"My darling," the dark eyes turned towards the kneeling child, the faint voice took on a tender inflection, "go—and fetch me—the little ivory box, I want to—ask—this gentleman," she paused, and her breath came in more painful gasps, "will—you help me?" she ended, after a moment, looking wistfully into Giles' face.

"To the best of my ability," he answered solemnly, intent only on calming her, on trying to take some of the haunting anguish out of her eyes.

Sylvia rose from her knees, and stole across the room to a big trunk in the corner, and directly she had left the bedside, her mother laid a shaking hand on the young man's arm, in an evident attempt to draw him nearer to her. He bent his head, until his ear was close to her lips, and her hand closed over his in a tight grasp.

"Listen," she panted, "I—wanted to speak to you—alone—you look—strong and—good—and—there are so few good men in the world. I—" she turned her head restlessly, "I—have known—so much evil—so—much—evil." The sentence ended in a weary sigh, and her eyes closed, only to open again immediately with a startled stare. "What is it?" she whispered, "where—am—I? Is it the end? The end—and I—am so tired—so very tired—only—there is Sylvia—my little Sylvia—she and I—"

"Is there something you would like me to do for her?" Giles interrupted, seeing that she seemed to be wandering incoherently once more, fearing lest the end of which she spoke should come before she had told him of her wishes.

"Take care of her," the dark eyes flashed into his, "for—God's sake—take care of her, she—is so lonely—be good to my little girl."

The hand that still rested on his clutched at it desperately, the note of agony in the tired voice made the young man feel that he must do anything, promise anything, to give the dying woman peace at the last.

"Take care of her?" The voice was fainter, the accents were more insistent, and the eyes fixed on Giles' face were hungry with anxious longing.

"I will do my best to take care of her," he whispered back, gravely and slowly, his eyes meeting fully those sad eyes, "whatever I can do for her—I will do."

"You swear it?"
"I—swear—it." Almost involuntarily he uttered the words, feeling impelled to speak them because of the hunger in the mother's face; because of the weakening pressure of her clasping hand. The intense relief that flashed into her eyes seemed to him at the moment sufficient reward for what he had done, but thoughts and sensations were alike confused by the strangeness of his surroundings, by the suddenness of the request that had been made to him.

FOR an instant there was silence in the room upon whose threshold death already waited, and in the silence, Sylvia's soft steps could be heard returning towards the bed.

"Stoop—close—to me—again," the dying woman commanded. "I—have—something—to tell—you—that no one else must hear. In the box—the ivory box," her voice was very faint now, so faint that Giles could barely catch her words even though he was bending close above her, "there—is—the—jewel. It—is—the—clue—the only clue—never—lose—it—never let—him—know that she—that—she—"

The voice ceased, the clutch on his hand relaxed; and a spasm of dismay went through Giles' heart. He must be told more than that. He must know to whose care he was to commit this child who was being given into his hands. Of

course her mother was only intending to ask him to take care of her until she could be given over to her lawful guardians: he must be sure of their names, there was so much he ought to know before Sylvia's mother went away into the Silent Land. The thoughts flashed like lightning through his brain, and his hand closed again over the limp fingers that had just relaxed their clutching hold upon his.

"Tell me," he said, very slowly, very clearly, his whole will set on making the words penetrate to her failing senses, "tell me who is to take charge of your little girl?"

"Do—not—let—him—take—her—to—kill—soul—and—" The weak voice barely whispered, the broken sentence trailed into silence, and Giles looked despairingly into the still face, over which the greyness of death was settling fast.

"Can you tell me of anyone to whom you would like me to take your little girl," he repeated his question, with a different form of words, but no answer came from those just parted lips, through which each faintly drawn breath seemed to come with greater and greater difficulty. The nurse had left the table, and was standing at her patient's side, opposite Giles, mechanically wiping the gathering sweat from the brow of the dying woman. She leant a little towards the young man, saying in an undertone—

"She is almost gone. I do not think she can hear you any more."

"But she must hear me," Giles said desperately, "I must know what she wishes, what she would like—before—"

Whether the sound of whispering voices disturbed the almost unconscious patient, or whether her own mother love and anxiety of mind brought her back for the flash of a second from the dim border-land between life and death, who can tell? But all at once her dark eyes opened, and looked fully into Giles' bewildered face. The anguish had left them, and in its stead there shone a wonderful triumphant gladness.

"I—am—not—afraid—now," each word dropped from her lips in almost inaudible tones, "I—trust—her—to—you—are—" there was a long, long pause, in which each difficult breath grew more difficult, "you—are—the soul—of honour—I—trust—her—" and then the faint tones and the faint breathing ceased together, ceased utterly, and the nurse, looking silently down into the still face, slowly closed the dark eyes whose last look of gladness seemed to Giles almost like a benediction.

THE child was on her knees again beside the bed, her hands close clasped about the dead woman's arm, her face pressed against the pillow, and upon the coverlet lay the box which her mother had sent her to fetch, a box of carved ivory, whose yellow colouring showed in sharp contrast to the white of the bed-clothes.

"You had better take the little girl into another room," the nurse's voice broke the silence, her frigid tones giving Giles a sense of something alien and incongruous, "there is nothing more she can do here." Sylvia lifted her head and looked, first at the face on the pillow, then across at the pitying face opposite to her. The child's pitiful effort at self-control brought a choking sensation into Giles' throat, the agony in her deep eyes stabbed his heart. Her small, white face was quite pinched and drawn, but though her lips quivered, they were set in a determined line which seemed to him to indicate extraordinary strength of character in one so young.

"Come," he said, very gently, rising and going round to her side of the bed, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "come away with me for a little while."

She rose obediently, but her eyes turned back to her mother's face.

"I—may come again?" she whispered, with a catch in her voice, "mother and I—haven't ever been away from each other."

Giles' eyes grew dim, it was several seconds before he could find voice to answer.

"You shall come back presently," he said, very shakily, "only let me take you now to see if we can find a lady who will—be kind to you." He had led her outside into the passage, and in his mind he had determined to seek out an old Englishwoman whose motherly face had attracted his attention in the drawing-

room. But Sylvia stopped dead, looking up at him with startled, appealing eyes.

"I don't want to go to any lady," she exclaimed breathlessly, "please let me just stay with you, or—if I can't do that, let me be by myself. I'd rather be by myself, please, than with any lady."

His instinctively sympathetic nature told Giles that the child shrank intolerably from contact with any other woman, whilst the realization of her mother's loss was so fresh and bitter, and—leaving her alone for a moment, he hurried away to find the hotel proprietor, and to engage a room in which the sorrowing child could be alone.

"You are sure you would not like me to send anyone to you?" Giles asked her, when the room had been put at her disposal. "You know," he hesitated, "you are in my care for the present, and you must tell me everything you want."

"I—don't want anything," she answered, "only—mother," her voice broke in a sob, "please—may I go back to mother presently? I—think—she must be lonely without me."

"I will come to take you back soon," Giles drew the little trembling thing towards him with a sudden longing to protect and comfort her, "your mother asked me—to take care of you—and—"

"Did mother want me to be your little girl then?" she asked, and Giles, all his chivalrous tenderness stirred by the wistful, shaking voice, answered gently: "Yes—I think—perhaps—that was what she meant. Just now—just for the present, at any rate, you will be my little girl."

(To be continued.)

Beautiful Jaconette

(Continued from page 14.)

linen band with which it was environed. With her mild, clear eyes the Sister looked at Jaconette, wondering at the beauty of the girl's face and the look of almost terrified anxiety which lay at the back of her eyes.

"What is it you want, my child?" asked Sister Cecilia.

"I want Monsieur Bettany," was the brief, eager reply.

"Alas, mademoiselle," said the Sister, "Monsieur Bettany is ill—very ill—and I scarcely think that you should linger here."

"But I have come to look after him," said Jaconette, almost fiercely, as she realized that possibly this gentle-looking Sister might stand between her and the man she loved.

"But it is impossible——" said the Sister.

"Not at all, Sister," said Jaconette, interrupting hastily. "I am here—look at me—and I am going to stay and nurse Monsieur Bettany."

And then, with a quick glance, she seemed intuitively to know that the Sister had a tender heart, and though set aside from the world in which she (Jaconette) moved, would comprehend; and she added hastily: "Cannot you understand, Sister? I love Monsieur Bettany. We are friends, and I must stay."

For a moment the Sister said nothing. She was thinking of what her duty was. Perhaps, she thought, it was to insist upon the girl who stood defiant before her leaving at once. And yet in the Sister's heart, low down perhaps, covered over with vows and buried as it were from the light and from life, lay the prompting heart of a woman who could understand. And so she said at length, very gently: "My child, you scarcely can know what your friend is suffering from."

And then Jaconette, still standing outside the door in a patch of sunlight which streamed down upon her from the little glazed trap in the roof, shook her head and said: "I know nothing, Sister, except that I love him and that he will want me—surely he will want me—and that I have come here to watch over him."

Still, for a moment or two the Sister hesitated, and then, doubtful in her own mind at the wisdom of allowing her heart to be touched, she said: "Very well, my child; if what you say is true, perhaps I have no reason to prevent your coming."

And thus it was that Jaconette entered into the chamber and remained

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where Bettany lay unconscious, racked with fever, and already hideous enough from the disease to have driven a stout heart away that was untouched by a deep, consuming love.

During the next few days Jaconette and Sister Cecilia fought death for Bettany hour by hour, and unrestingly; and kept it at bay. Every morning the Sister looked into the eyes of Jaconette and Jaconette into those of the Sister, wondering what the issue of life and death would be—wondering if either or both of them would themselves fall ill.

They had succeeded, with the doctor's connivance, in keeping the nature of Bettany's illness a secret from the other inhabitants of the house. No one came up the last flight of stairs to the huge studio and little cupboard-like ante-room which the poet-artist rented, and thus up towards the sky the silent fight with death went on day by day, until the victory was won, and Bettany was on the fair road to recovery.

But he was blind!

For a long time the fact that he would be so had been kept from Jaconette's knowledge by gentle Sister Cecilia. She thought it would be such a terrible thing to the girl to know that the man she loved so passionately was doomed to pass the rest of his days in darkness.

Sister Cecilia had been very anxious for some days past concerning Jaconette. It was a wonder how the girl had kept up. Her spirit and her vitality had been amazing, and perhaps because of the latter there seemed just the possibility that she might escape the disease. But one morning, soon after Bettany was out of danger, she was very feverish, and the Sister knew that, after all, she would not escape.

Once more in the studio the gentle Sister engaged in a great struggle for a human life, which she had during the past weeks of close intercourse learnt to value full well.

ON the day that Jaconette was stricken

Bettany was removed by the kindly doctor to a cottage that he rented on the outskirts of Paris, not far from the river, just below Vincennes. Comstock and La Fontaine volunteered to look after him by turns, and try and cheer him up, and so he was left in charge of the old Breton housekeeper and one of his old friends.

Bettany had long learnt that he would never see the sunlight, or the trees, or the faces of those he knew again; but he accepted it with a strange quietude and resignation. He wondered sometimes whether he were very much disfigured. And though the disease had been merciful to a very large extent, and the skilled treatment he had undergone had prevented its ravages being very deep, he could scarcely believe Comstock when he assured him that he was “quite good to look upon.”

He had long learnt of Jaconette's devotion. Just as he had learnt to distinguish the difference between her love-prompted hands and those of even the tender Sister Cecilia in the ministrations which the two women had given him. And now, as he lay in the sunlight of the little garden under the apple trees, and within sound of the gurgle of the passing river, and the voices of the men and women upon the barges as they slowly drifted past towards Paris, he had but one thought, “What of Jaconette?”

He knew she was ill; but one thing he did not know, and that was how dangerous her condition was.

Remembering Jaconette's eyes, and Jaconette's smile, and Jaconette's wonderful hair, in which the sunbeams hid, Bettany wondered why Fate had been so hard in striking him down thus. For surely with Fate's blow Jaconette must pass out of his life; for could she love the blind and the disfigured? Surely it was impossible, because she was so gay, and such as he had no right to remain within the circle of her life.

Jaconette, too, went through the fight. The tears came into Sister Cecilia's eyes when she saw the face of Jaconette. Little remained of its strange, child-like beauty, save the wonderful, deep, grey-blue eyes, and the equally wonderful hair, which, however, had been cropped close to her head. Jaconette's beauty was gone.

The first day that she was convalescent enough to be able to sit in the little garden at the back of the house in the

Rue Monsieur le Prince, several of her old friends came to see her. Even Marie Dercourt, who had always been jealous of her, was touched, and held her tongue. For Jaconette, so the Sister told them ere her visitors passed into the little garden, had not yet looked in the glass.

That was a tragedy yet to come.

The very next day, as it happened, when Sister Cecilia had left her for a time seated in an easy chair in the corner of the studio, where a patch of sunlight fell from the open window, Jaconette, suddenly possessed with a longing to see her own face once more in a mirror, rose softly and commenced her search. There was but one looking-glass in the whole of the studio, for it was a man's place, and that was a broken piece torn from the top of an old “fancy” chocolate box, which Bettany had been wont to use to shave and peer at himself on special occasions, to see if his tie was straight and artistically tied. Sister Cecilia had hidden this beneath a pile of small canvasses on the top of the table in the far corner of the studio. But Fate was not kind to Jaconette that day, for she allowed her feet to take their course across the floor almost directly to the table on which she knew Bettany often placed the piece of looking-glass.

One by one the canvasses were removed, and at last the cracked and scratched mirror lay in her hands. She peered into it wonderingly, resting one hand for support upon the table. At first she scarcely realized that she was looking at herself; that this swollen countenance, pitted so deeply with the ravages of smallpox, was her own face, which used to look back so smilingly at her from her tiny mirror in her attic room. For quite a considerable time in her weakness she gazed curiously at the face which stared back at her, wondering vaguely whosoever it might be. And then, when like a flash the cruel knowledge struck her heart and brain, the tiny piece of glass slipped from her fingers, struck on the edge of the table, and shattered itself in fragments.

“Mon Dieu!” she cried, feebly and piteously, and then, almost like a blind girl, she groped her way back to the chair from which she had risen, sank into it, covered her face with her hands, and fell a-weeping.

AND so Sister Cecilia found her a little while later when she returned.

For a long time she could not comfort Jaconette; for although she had forsworn beauty and all the delights of the flesh and of the eye, in the gentle heart of Sister Cecilia there lay the knowledge of the great tragedy which was being played out in the heart of the girl she sought to comfort.

“He will not care for me now!” cried Jaconette, piteously. “Nor anyone else; never any more.”

And that was ever the burden of her cry through the terrible hours in which she fought with the girl's despair.

And then, suddenly, to the Sister's mind there came the beautiful thought that this man who loved this girl (for of that there could be no doubt) was blind.

He in his cottage by the banks of the Seine was wondering whether she, beautiful as he remembered her, and gay with youth and happiness, could any more care for him, from whom the gift of sight had been taken. And she in the fifth storey studio of the Rue Monsieur le Prince was breaking her heart, forgetful of the man's blindness, lest he should cease to care for her because of the beauty that had departed.

In a flat which is always gay with flowers in spring and summer, and sometimes even in autumn when blossoms are rare, in a street not far from the historic Odeon, dwell Monsieur and Madame Bettany. Madame is the life of the same little circle, somewhat enlarged, which used to meet in the old Cafe des Lilas, and Monsieur is one of the best-known poets and writers of the day, whose verses charm not alone his friends in the Quartier, but the greater world of Paris, France, and England.

Sometimes, when Bettany tells Jaconette all he owes her, his amanuensis, his inspiration, and his eyes, as he playfully calls her, she laughs as she did in the old days, and, taking his hand, says:

“Sometimes Providence is good to those who are afflicted, and certainly, my Jean, Fate has been more than kind to us.”

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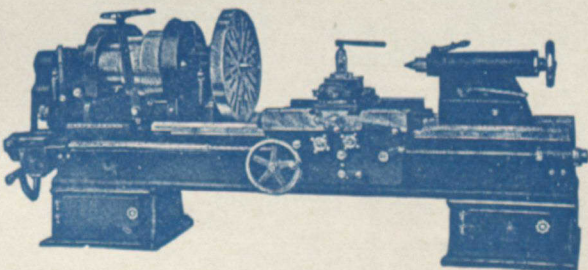
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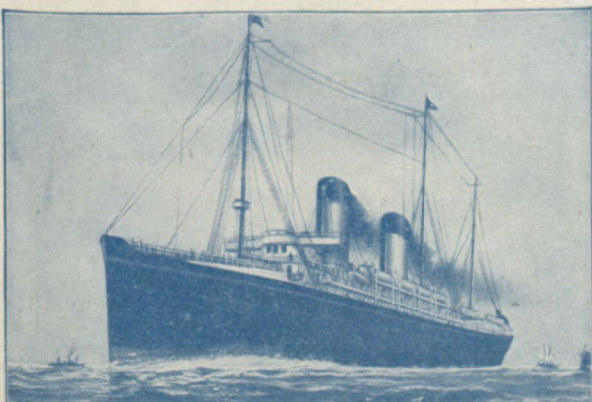
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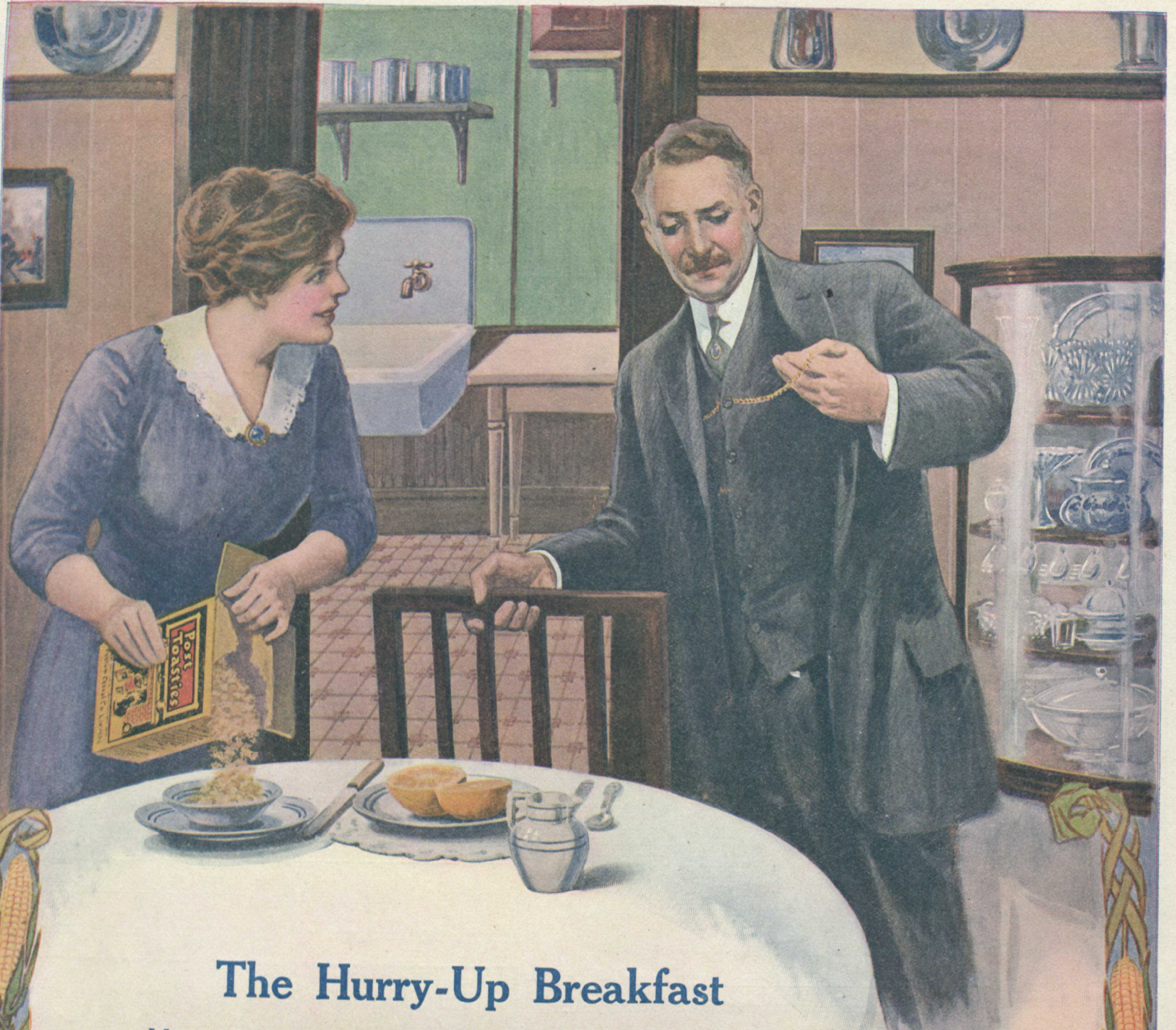
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