

The Canadian
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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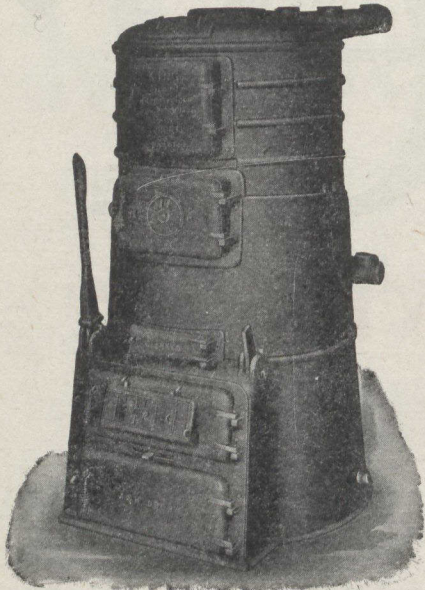


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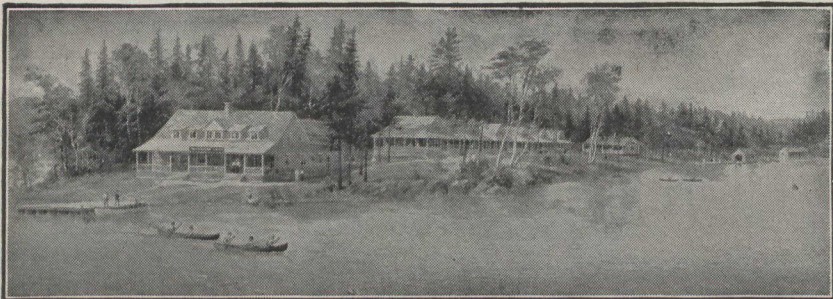
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Vol. XIV.

August 30, 1913

No. 13

Okanagan—The Orchard Valley of the West

A Spot in British Columbia Where Nature Spilled a Generous Share of Blessings

By MONA H. COXWELL

A FEW years ago if you had asked any school boy to describe our farthest west province and tell what he knew of its products and industries, he would probably have answered you that it was a mountainous country far-famed for its timber lands, its mines of gold and silver, coal and copper, and its wonderful salmon fisheries. It is likely that he would have said nothing about British Columbia's possibilities as a fruit-growing country nor the many acres of arable land awaiting cultivation. Probably at that time the possibilities were not realized, though since then a wonderful transformation has taken place and today British Columbia boasts one of the finest farming and fruit-growing districts in the world.

A series of valleys, known as the Okanagan, lie in the dry belt between the Selkirk Mountains in the East and the Coast range in the West, and run for 125 miles south from Sicamous Junction on the main line of the C. P. R. to Penticton, at the head of Okanagan Lake. The valley consists in the main of a wide stretch of plateau country, plentifully watered by lakes, rivers and smaller streams, and presents itself under the diversified aspect of broad meadow reaches, fertile bottoms, orchard-clothed benches and hilly pasture ranges.

In this valley a tremendous activity is taking place. Half a dozen thriving towns have sprung up, fifteen miles or so apart, natural centres for the surrounding fruit-growing areas. The most important of these are Vernon, Kelowna, Armstrong (where the finest vegetables in the province are grown), Penticton, Enderby, Peachland and Summerland. Don't the two latter remind you of fairy tale names, countries visited by the good little girl when off on frolic with some of her fairy friends? You might, indeed, think that you had dropped into a make-believe world if you were to visit there in the springtime of the year and see the myriads of trees dressed in their pink and white frocks and smell the delicate odour of a million blossoms.

Vernon, the largest and most important centre,

now has a population of thirty-five hundred. It is situated on the side of a long, low hill, whose slopes are terraced with avenues and dotted with residences surrounded by well-kept lawns and beautiful gardens. It is the seat of the provincial government offices and court house, in which connection

Lumby and Armstrong. The city has also excellent educational facilities, and the Central public school building recently completed is the finest in the interior.

In the business section of Vernon are represented all the principal lines of commerce. The stores are well built and carry an excellent class of goods and sufficiently extensive stock to supply the needs of the rapidly-developing outlying districts. Prices, of course, are high, but not exorbitant, when you consider transportation facilities and that Vernon is several hours' railroad journey from the mainline.

In the vicinity of Vernon are some of the finest fruit-ranches in the West. Five miles out lies a thousand acres of magnificent orchard-land owned by Lord Aberdeen, and known as the Coldstream Ranch. Sir Eric Swain, Governor of Honduras, also is the owner of extensive property not far from the city.

THOUGH Vernon is not situated on the water, it is only a matter of a few minutes to reach either one of two of the most beautiful lakes in the district. Long Lake, which name has been recently changed to Kalamalka, lies three miles away and is a favourite resort of campers and residents of the district, who believe that summer is not summer unless it is spent close to the water.

Every thirty-eighth inhabitant of Vernon owns a motor car! I doubt if that average could be beaten in the city of Detroit, where the output of motors is something over a thousand a day. Motor-ing in the valley is one of the most popular recreations and the splendid condition of the roads makes almost every part of the surrounding country accessible. A motor drive from Vernon to Kelowna, a distance of some thirty-eight miles, is a never-to-be-forgotten journey. For the first half hour or so after you leave Vernon, you cling the road that is cut out of the hillside and mounts steadily upward, giving you a glorious panoramic view of the valley, its sloping meadows, the emerald-green lakes which dot it, and in the distance the great, piled-up masses of grey hills. Farther on you descend to the



Bruin Poses for His Photograph. A Bit of the Road Between Vernon and Kelowna, Once an Indian Trail and Now a Smooth Highway Through Scenes of Surpassing Beauty.

buildings are in the course of erection at an estimated cost of \$200,000. It has a fine post office and customs house and many handsome churches of all denominations. The 30th Regiment British Columbia Horse has its headquarters at Vernon, with squadrons stationed at Kelowna, Enderby,



A Series of Slender Lakes Thread Their Way Through the Valley. It is Along the Line of These two, Kalamalka and Woods, That the Kettle Valley Railway is Constructing Its New Road Which Gives Promise of Being One of the Most Beautiful Scenic Routes in the Province.



Many of the Orchards in the Okanagan are Planted Upon the Benchlands, or Lower Levels of the Hills. Our Picture Shows a Type of Young Orchard in the District of Vernon.



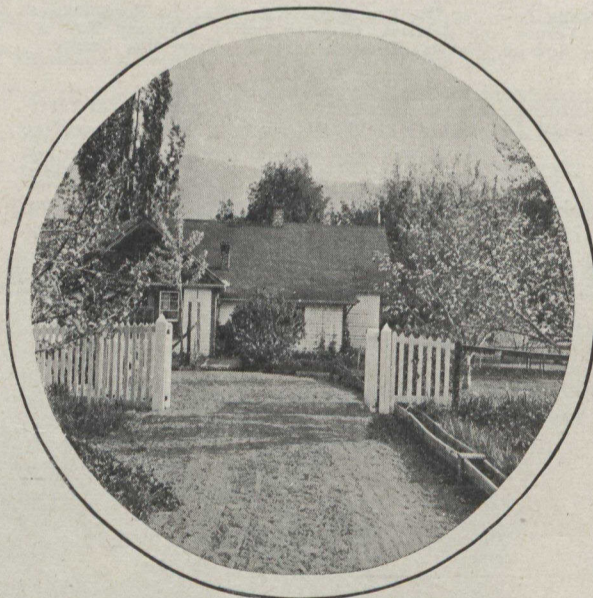
The Coldstream Ranch, a Thousand Acres of the Finest Orchard Land in British Columbia, Lies in the Okanagan Valley and is Owned by Lord Aberdeen.

level of a series of lakes and for a dozen miles follow the outline of the shore, which winds in and out like the button-holed edge of a huge green centre-piece. The purr of the motor here, breaking into the silence of the scene, seems almost a sacrilege. The wild-duck resting on the water swims hurriedly away at the sound, and the grouse rises with an angry cry from the bushes as you pass. The brown squirrels scurry across your path and hurl maledictions on your head from the branch of the tree where they have run for safety. The sportsmen of the party make a mental note that this is the spot for game when the season opens. And, indeed, the district abounds in duck, geese, prairie chicken, grouse and partridge, while in the less settled country may be found the larger varieties, such as the deer, caribou, mountain goat, and bear—a very paradise to the hunter of big game.

KELOWNA, the second city of the Valley and familiarly known as "The Orchard City of the Okanagan," lies about mid-way up the Valley, and has the advantage of a delightful situation on Okanagan Lake. It is a notable fact that for the year 1912 Kelowna headed the list in increased percentage in building permits for Western Canada and was second in the whole Dominion. Its natural beauties and recreative advantages have attracted a very desirable class of residents, not alone bent on building up fortune and departing for other climes, but with the intention of making permanent homes there and surrounding themselves with friends. Many organizations of a social nature flourish in the town; already there have been formed jockey, baseball, lacrosse, bowling, gun and rifle clubs, and a wide interest is taken in these different sports. Go to a ball game in Kelowna when the Vernon nine is playing the home team and see the enthusiasm! The whole town is there—a quarter of a mile of motors and buggies lined up and the grandstand full. True it only holds a hundred or so, but you might think Ty Cobb was at the bat judging by the interest they display. Nothing is lacking, even the man with the peanuts is on hand and the small boy with the tray of cones or a basket of "Ice-Cold Drinks." Here, as well as Penticton, at the foot of the Valley, an Aquatic Club has been established and the excellent clubhouse built upon the water-front is the headquarters of much of the social gaiety of the town. Facilities for water sports of every description are ideal, and the annual

regatta is an event of considerable importance in the Valley.

PENTICTON was just recovering from the gaieties of a tennis tournament week, when we arrived there one evening early in June. As members of the C. W. P. C. we had, through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway, been "seeing the West." Having viewed British Columbia from the platform of our observation car, and been fascinated by the prodigality of its beauty, we became more ambitious and determined to slip away from the beaten track of the tourist and make



Cherry Blossom Time in the Okanagan. A Rancher's Home in the Vicinity of Kelowna.

a short journey of exploration into the interior. We chose for this purpose the Okanagan Valley, which was to us at that time little more than a name (though at least we did not pronounce it as if it were spelled with an apostrophe after the O and an accent on the *kan*). Leaving the main line at Sicamous Junction we took the stub line of railway which carried us to Okanagan Landing, and there boarded a steamer making daily trips between that point and Penticton at the head of the lake.

It is a seven or eight hour journey to Penticton, broken by landings at the various towns scattered

along the shore. At the present time this is the only available means of transportation, but it will not be long before the Kettle Valley Railway, for some years under course of construction, will be completed, and this will make it possible for passengers from any of the principal points within the Valley to leave in the afternoon of one day and find themselves arriving in Vancouver on the following morning. The Canadian Northern Pacific Railway is also to operate a line from Kamloops through Vernon to Kelowna.

At Penticton, the tourist traffic which will surely follow on the heels of these new railways, has been anticipated, and an excellent tourist hotel, the Incola, provides accommodation for travellers. Fortunate, indeed, it was for us that the hotel was comfortable, for a long day of rain preceded our arrival and made out-of-doors impossible. The day was not entirely lost, however, for in the evening, when the sky had cleared, there was still time for a motor-drive through the town and far out upon the old stage road that leads to Keremeos. We drove until the light began to fade, and were sorry to return, for what we had seen of the country surrounding Penticton made us feel that we had not come in vain upon our journey in search of beautiful lands. It was not, however, until we visited for a few days with friends upon their ranch half a dozen miles out from the city of Kelowna, that we realized to its full extent the charm of a country which combines the beauties of high mountains, deep woodlands, green valleys, and rich orchards to form a perfect whole.

AND speaking of ranches, isn't it strange how much more attractive it sounds to the ear of an Easterner to say "we visited a ranch" than to tell of having stayed with friends upon their "farm"! Much of the romance of Western life is suggested by the word, while we are sometimes inclined to think of farm life as being a very prosaic affair indeed. As a matter of fact ranch life in the Okanagan Valley is coloured by romance—the romance that surrounds a new country that is steadily advancing, developing, and expanding under the eye of the beholder—a country that has in a few years transformed its rough mountain trails into smooth highways and turned its silent places into busy centres of life and trade. Though the Okanagan Valley retains all the charm of a new land very few of the hardships usually experienced by dwellers in unfamiliar countries exist. Our host's six-cylinder motor car was the power which overcame the difficulties of distance; a daily rural mail delivery operating from both Vernon and Kelowna kept us in touch with happenings in the outer world beyond the Valley, and the tinkle of the telephone bell made as many demands on the time and attention of the mistress of the ranch as it would on that of any busy housewife in a crowded city. The newest fiction and latest magazines might be found upon the living-room table, and if you cared to hear the music from the latest operas, there was the player-piano or the graphophone only waiting the adjustment of a needle or the pressing of a key.

It is not in pursuit of ease and luxury, however, that the rancher has taken up his land in the Okanagan. Hundreds of acres are still waiting cultivation and work there is a-plenty to be done if the products of orchard and farm are to take their place among the finest in the markets of the world. It is toward this end that the rancher toils, and it would seem that nature, by the great assistance that she has lent, has clearly signified her intention of crowning his endeavours with success.

Shakespeare Galore

THE advance notices of the coming theatrical season indicate that the boom in Shakespeare which "happened" last season is to be sustained and intensified in the season to come. William Faversham is producing several of the plays not so frequently seen. He is to be assisted by Cecilia Loftus, well known to every London playgoer and to New York as well. Julie Opp (Mrs. Faversham) is another star in the cast.

Margaret Anglin is going in for Shakespeare. From the point of view of the critic she will be a success—but financially—well, you never know.

Sothorn and Marlowe are continuing. Miss Marlowe's health is much improved, and she will be able to play this—and, we hope—many more seasons. Robert Mantell still plays in Shakespearean repertoire. A notable entrant—or, rather, re-entrant—to the ranks of Shakespearean players is Miss Percy Haswell, well known to Torontonians. She opens at Cleveland almost immediately and will play right through the Shakespeare festival there.

Shimoleski, Murphy & Co.

A RUSSIAN JEW STORY, By ED CAHN



"The detective, with levelled revolver, burst in upon Vincent."

MURPHY, policeman number 10999, stood in the shade of the larger trees bordering one of the few breathing spots in Greater New York, and, after a furtive glance around for the sergeant, loosened the top button of his coat and removing his summer helmet, wiped his feverish and perspiring brow with a handkerchief bordered with a violent shade of pink.

Along the curb was a scattered string of taxi and hansom cabs and one lonely coupe.

It was the hottest day in midsummer and the town seemed utterly deserted by the "good ones" who, most of the year, make a cabby's life not the most unremunerative in the world; for all they will each and every one of them pathetically assure you that though they are "always on the job" they are just about starving to death.

Every box was deserted and the cabbies were lolling on the railing surrounding the park; their coats were open, their shabby silk hats removed altogether or tipped so far back that a juggler might well envy them the dexterity they displayed in keeping them on at all.

Murphy strolled a few steps nearer, more to be on the move than because he wanted to get any closer.

"There's Baldy," he thought, disgustfully eyeing a red-faced villain who had been kicked off nearly every cab-stand in New York. His head was as innocent of hair as a billiard ball and his face was coloured the brilliant hue of a broiled lobster by years of wind, whisky and a violent temper.

"Ten to one they are jawin' about the ponies or Tammany Hall. Sure they are a bad bunch. I bet every one of them deserves to be doin' time for something. I've a good notion to run them in for obstructin' the sidewalk. 'Tis Tammany Hall an' me in particular," he told himself, for, as he approached, a sudden silence fell, and Baldy cut short a sentence.

"They're wonderin' why I don't get busy on th' graft. Sure can't they give me time now? I'm only on the beat two days." When he was well past he indulged in a grim smile, for officer Murphy was that *rara avis*, a policeman who scorned petty graft.

Cabbies on a second-rate cab-stand such as this, peanut men and push-cart vendors, unless they "got fresh," were as safe from any depredation from him as if unborn.

Lest you think this paragon never lived in real life, I will hasten to add that Murphy was not averse to turning an honest dollar whenever he got the chance.

Many was the time his heart had softened to an inebriate reveller who had the mischance to roll into his arms in the wee small hours, after a softener of suitable size had changed hands.

Often and often in those same small hours had over-speedy joy-riders contributed, and—whisper it low—more often than once or twice, had a sky-larking Madame High-Society been put into her carriage with a fatherly admonition and had wisely seen the needfulness of propitiating her admonisher

with whatever lucre she had about her, often considerable.

There is nothing like fear of Mrs. Grundy for making her worshippers and slaves generous to "the boys in blue." And for a money-maker, there is nothing to compare with a station at the opera house, combined with a memory like a filing-cabinet for names and the faces framed in carriage and auto windows during the season.

"Say," said "Freddy the Kid" to Baldy, after Murphy was out of hearing. "What cher tink about dat guy? Tink we oughta make a crack ter 'im?"

"Wot kin' of a crack?" said Baldy, yawning. "Aw gwan! Do youse tink I means a crack on de coco? Naw, I means shall one of us do the Love Kiss Waltz up to 'im an' ast 'im wat 'is graft is."

"Kid, youse gimme a pain in de necktie. If any of youse is dat soft, I'll put cher lamps out," said Baldy. "Not on your life; we'll hold our mugs, see! Let 'im make the first break. I betcha he's been sent over here from the wes' side some'her's fer goin' de graft too strong, an' he's layin' low, see."

"Den if dat's de dope, he won't try to ring in on us fer awhile yet. Hully gee! We'll have de coin now," said the kid, hopefully. The others laughed derisively and the talk turned to the eccentric behaviour of the ten to one shot they had backed, to their everlasting sorrow, the day before.

MEANTIME, Murphy went his way, dolefully musing on the futility of human endeavour, his own in particular.

Who would have thought that last drunk he had "shook down for twenty" should have been a friend of one of the police powers and have been responsible for that uncomfortable half hour on the carpet and that boresome two weeks of suspension?

Heretofore Murphy had gone his devious way unsuspected and unquestioned.

He was a big, handsome son of Erin, generous, did as he was told without question or comment, and had the finest "forgetery" in the department.

He was unfailingly loyal to Tammany and did valiant duty at election time. You never caught him remembering anything inconvenient, and his superiors, in private, used to swear by him. Besides, he was never caught "holding out" and was not averse to dividing the spoils.

It was unmercifully hot and Murphy, besides being par-boiled outside, boiled within. His tongue was parched, and he felt as if a dollar was not too great a price for just one long, cold, schooner of beer. There were moisture-parlours on all sides, but he had the oppressed feeling of the watcher watched, and did not care to risk it on unfamiliar ground.

But physical thirst was as nothing to the thirst for revenge which consumed him.

Curiously enough, he felt no anger toward the superior who had dealt so severely with him, that was part of the game, but if he could have planted his great red fist squarely in the offending eye of

the man who had not been too drunk to remember him, he would have been happy.

This new beat was second class with a vengeance, and unless he descended to extorting tribute from the push-cart men and the cabbies, he would not make here in a month what his old ground had never failed to net him a day in the season.

Oh, yes, gentle reader, there are seasons in graft just the same as in lobsters and strawberries and opera. The more unseasonable, apparently, the better.

Of course some lobsters, like the poor, we have always with us. I don't exactly refer to the canned variety, but I will admit they ought all to be canned.

The season for strawberries is, as everybody knows, from November to February, when they are hot-house, flat, tasteless, painted like a Forty-second Street rose, and expensive! Oh, dear, yes.

When the strawberries are at their very most superlative worst, and the lobsters are biting well, excuse me, I mean have bitten well and are at their biggest, best, reddest and juiciest, as they lie in their cosy nests of lettuce with tasty trimmings, and you watch "her" clasp her dainty, jeweled fingers and exclaim, "Oh, isn't he a nice fat one!" and you—complacently pleased with her toilette and the hit she is making with the folks at the next table—gaze around at the glittering roomful, eager and anxious and falling over each other to make Becktor and Stanley rich, and wonder how in the name of modern miracles you are to pay the piper and keep out of the bankruptcy court; then—or rather some three hours before—you get your opera, and men like Murphy begin to collect their graft.

Who says things are not even in this dear, delightful, blandly wicked and fascinating old world?

AS Murphy trudged wearily along, every generous pore bursting with perspiration and wrath as he thought of his afflictions, he failed to observe a hansom drawn by a decrepit-looking grey horse come to a stop by the curb.

The driver, from his airy perch behind, threw out the weight, and with the devilish perversity often shown by inanimate things who through long association with ourselves get to take on our own humours, it rolled merrily along on one ear, so to speak, and if officer Murphy had not suddenly come to himself, and removed his number twelve from there in less time than it takes to tell it, would have come to a stop on his pet corn and given him a real grievance and another vacation.

"What the —" he began, violently. The cabby uttered one horrified "Oi!" hunched up his shoulders, ducked his head, and closed his eyes to shut out the vision of a jellified foot and the horrible fate that would surely descend upon him.

But as we have seen, Murphy was spared and there was no tragedy.

He stopped in the middle of the long breath he had drawn in order to properly express his opinion and stared at the bony Rosinante who stood meekly between the shafts, one flank hitched up, for all the world like a lazy cash-girl. What advancing years had left of a once very fine rat-tail was swishing flies. One ear was cocked forward like a rabbit's, and the other lay back in a dejected, oh-what's-the-use sort of manner that would go to your heart.

Murphy took in all these details and turned his eyes on the huddled little figure upon the box.

Surely he knew that battered old tile hat, half-hidden between the shoulders of the ragged coat which was two sizes too large for its wearer and had once been the most dignified of Prince Alberts. And that beast! Although he had seen it carried away dead with his own eyes, he never doubted for the smallest fraction of an instant but what it was Rachael.

THE cab-man grew tired of hiding his head ostrich-wise, and his curiosity to see why retribution was so slow about overtaking him made him brave enough to uncover one eye and peep at the man he had come so near to hitting. One glimpse was enough.

He straightened up. A wide, glad smile spread over his round face, lifting his fan-like ears until the tile bade fair to be roughly displaced from its comfortable seat upon them, and waving his hand in greeting he jumped down and reached Murphy in one jump.

"Moify! *Gott in Himmel!* Belief me, I am so glad to see you I assure you honest, I can't tell

you how much it iss!"

Murphy grasped his hand and shook it cordially, his face lit up like the town hall on the Fourth of July, with a real old Irish smile.

"Well! Whatcha think of this! If it ain't you and Rachael! Howly mither av th' saints! How are you? You an' your weights come flyin' out av Hivin without no warnin' 'tall. Where you been all this while, Jakie?"

"Moify, honest, I never seen you comin' or I wouldn't a t'rowed it. *Oi, Oy*, I thought for a minute I'd smashed your feets to pieces."

"Sure, now, it would take more av a weight than that," laughed Murphy, all his troubles forgotten in his delight at seeing his old friend again.

THE horse turned its head and looked squarely around at them.

"Looky there! Rachael remembers you, Moify! Ain't it a smart one? I give you my word, she gets it smarter and smarter every day. Honest, if some day she says it to me, 'Good-morning, Jakie, you little fool, why don't you hustle and gif me my water?' I ain't one bit surprised, such a smartness that horse got herself."

"Gwan!" said Murphy. "That there ain't no horse, that's a cat with nine lives. Didn't I see her fall dead in T'irty-nint' Street last summer? And didn't I turn in the call for the dead-waggon? An' when the S. P. C. A. officer comes sashaying up to get you pinched for drivin' such a old bag o' bones, you was nowhere aroun' them parts? It's my duty to run you in now."

Jakie laughed gleefully. "It's you I gota thank for that, Moify. What was it you got in your eye so's you couldn't see me?"

"Sall right, Jakie. I nearly got it in the neck for that. It took you so long to make your get-away. What wid your cryin' over Rachael an' all, I thought I'd have to put yez in me pocket to git rid av yez."

Murphy stood six feet two and weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds, while Jakie's head just reached the third button on his uniform coat, and he was the size of a shrimp in comparison.

"Is this where you hang out now, Jakie?" he asked, mindful of his long pause.

"*Gerviss*, sure it is. This ain't your beat, is it, Moify?"

"You betcher. I got to be movin', the sergeant is apt to be droppin' around in a minute. See you again in about an hour, so long."

Jakie was too much surprised to speak and watched the bulky figure of the only friend he had in New York, or the world for that matter, disappear in the crowd, before he gave Rachael her nosebag, and clambered inside his hansom to think.

His other name was, to American tongues, absolutely unpronounceable, and so he had shortened it to Shimoleski. His companions in the stable and on the stand had further simplified it to Shi, and as Jakie Shi he was known to such fame as comes to an obscure Hebrew cab-driver, undersized, with a face lined by a thousand smiles and a thousand expressive grimaces a day until it looked like a youthful hickory nut.

Grimaces, oaths and a shrill, *Look-out!* being the stock in trade of most of the sinful band of cab-drivers, Jakie had a full supply. His oaths were rare, but so terrible that he thought it prudent to utter them in his native Russian Yiddish, but his high, eerie, "*Oi-Vay!*" followed by one of his fiendish faces and a threatening sweep of his whip rarely failed to clear the way for him.

For Rachael, pride of his lonely heart, he kept all his smiles. The brigand from whom he bought her swore that she had once been a race-horse and Jakie firmly believed it.

She was the very apple of his eye and for her he bought the choicest food, though he went hungry himself. She knew his hopes and fears and modest ambitions, and his opinion of those timorous fares who ventured to dispute his prices or made rude remarks about her "fine points"; for try as he would, Jakie could not fatten her.

HE never doubted for a moment that only for his heart-broken tears she would have "stayed dead" that dreadful day when she had fallen in the heat, and Murphy himself, providentially on hand, had declared her dead. Jakie was thinking of that now.

How the crowd was laughing and jeering at his grief when the all-important S. P. C. A. officer had come pushing his way up, and declared that he must be arrested for cruelty to animals. As if he could be cruel to Rachael!

How Murphy had created a diversion by roughly dispersing the crowd and had somehow managed to let him get away.

Murphy had always been his friend. Many was

the time he had done him a good turn and more than once had helped to pay his stable bill when business was bad. Jakie quite forgot that he had done Murphy good turns, too. All he thought of now was that somehow something was wrong and he must set it right.

"Rachael," he said, as he brought her a pail of water from the fire hydrant, "Moify is our frien' and we is a coupla *schnorrers* if we ain't good frien's to him, ain't it?"

Rachael evidently thought the answer too obvious for a reply, but she looked very kindly at the returning Murphy, nevertheless.

"Well, how's business, Jake?" said he, feeding Rachael the sugar he had just begged for her.

"Fierce, rotten, bum," said Jakie, cheerfully, "but we don't care. Rachael an' me we both says so long as we got our board an' clo's we ain't worryin'. That's all anybody gets anyhow, belief me, Moify."

"Honest, they oughta have you in the Museum of Natural History, Jakie, wid a sign on ycuse, 'Only Jew in the world that don't want to be rich an' don't care no more for money than the Rocky-Stilts do for their right eyes, bedad.'"

"Say, what kind of a song an' dance did you do over Rachael to bring her to life, an' where you been all this while?"

"*Oi*, dot was easy. I sneaked along the street keepin' me eye glued onto the dead-waggon an' when it gets pretty near to the dumps I see Rachael move her feets a little an' I know she ain't dead an' she wants it I should get her a doctor."

"I seen a vetinary place an' I gets the guy an' takes him along by me. He gives Rachael some-things from out of a bottle and pretty soon she is better. I give him five dollars and the dead-waggon chofewers two dollars each and they lets me take her away."

"The horse-doctor he says it all she needs is a good rest out by a pasture what he knows in the country, and so I takes her there. It costed me twenty-five dollars, but I don't care it one damn bit, I assure you, belief me. Nothing is too good for my Rachael, even if it costed fifty dollars."

"Then I hear it there is a cheap sailings by the second-class to the old country and so while Rachael has it a good rest, I go."

"Phew! Jakie! Travelin' abroad. You must have money. Look out I don't shake you down for a few bones some foine day."

JAKIE came close and looked earnestly up into Murphy's face. His eyes were filled with one of the finest and rarest emotions in the world, true, unselfish friendship.

"Moify, I just wisht it with all my heart and insides that you should shake me down for every penny what I got it, if you wants to. I can see it you been in trouble. Your looks is different. What're you doin' here? This is the most rottenest beat in New York, ain't it?"

"It sure is. Jakie, you are a good fellow all right. But it ain't money I wants, it's me old beat back. You see, I got hol' of a drunk an' I shook him down for twenty and I'm broke if he didn't turn out to be a frien' of one of the big guys, an' so I got suspended for two weeks an' me beat tuk away from me. Sure, I didn't know what to make of it. But niver you moind. I'll be even wid that guy for reportin' me if it takes me forty years and I lose me job entirely! You're hearin' me!"

"Sure," said Jakie, thoroughly awed by Murphy's angry face. "You show him to me, and me an' Rachael runs over him for you."

Murphy turned away to hide a smile and his eyes fell on the object of his wrath approaching. "Jakie, Jakie! Talk of the divil, he's sure to appear. There's the dirty loafer comin' now. See, that's him with that Dago-lookin' feller what's dressed up like the Duke of Cork."

"*Massel und Brocher!*" exclaimed Jakie. "Moify, shall I run over him now as they comes it across the street?"

"Be the powers, I think they're lookin' fer a cab. I'll just light out fer a minute, keep your eye on 'em fer me, Jakie."

"Hansom, keb, sir?" shouted Jakie, in an unusually persuasive tone, as they approached. The pair stopped and critically looked at the horse.

"That's a fine bunch of bones. Can she go?" asked Murphy's enemy.

"Can she go! Sure she can; she used to be a racer. Just you get in and see."

Not until after he got his directions and was safely perched on the box did he give vent to the smothered oath expressing his contempt and life-long hatred for anyone who defamed his noble steed. Then he picked up the reins, spoke to Rachael, and they were off.

Presently he opened the trap just a crack, in order to be able to overhear the conversation. A

little scheme he had found profitable very often. He applied his ear to it as often as he dared and was well rewarded.

He soon discovered that the Italian called his companion Vincent, and his name coincided with that of an Italian banker in the East-side. One of those geniuses, now, happily, no longer countenanced, who guarded the savings of their ignorant brethren in their "banks" and gave therefore, often, no receipt of any description.

MANY of them were the souls of honour, but a few proved to be the essence of dishonour and disappeared, taking the hoards of their trusting patrons with them. Jakie gathered that his passenger was of the latter ilk, from the disjointed sentences which reached him through the trap.

He was telling Vincent with apparent relish and an occasional hiccough, of the sudden departure of a "private banker."

"I suppose you wouldn't do such a thing," Jakie heard Vincent say, and then the clanging of an ambulance drowned it all. Presently he heard vehement and frightened words from the Italian, and then Vincent's sneering voice, "That's all right, my friend, but you can't bluff me that easy. You had better sign the pledge or else learn not to talk when you are full. You told me the whole thing from soup to nuts last night, and I'm dead onto you. Now, what's in it for me?"

Jakie was almost beside himself with curiosity, but try as he would he could only hear a word now and then and a final, "If you don't I'll squeal," from Vincent, as the hansom rattled up to the address he had given and he jumped out.

The Italian sat in a shrunken heap while Vincent, whose face wore a determined look, paid Jakie. As he ran up the steps the banker pulled himself together and called after him, "All righta. I coma here to-morrow at four 'clock to see you. I agree to nothing now." Vincent nodded his head and let himself in with a latch-key.

Jakie made note of the house and that like its neighbours in the street, it was a middle-priced boarding-house.

After a moment's hesitation, the Italian ordered him to drive to an address downtown in the better Italian quarter.

"I guesses it I ain't such a worsen detetective. I betcha my life Moify is glad when he hears it all what I found out to tell him. If he an' me ketches this here pair from crooks, I betcha he gets it back his ol' beat and maybe, besides that, more, too."

The optimistic Jakie then applied himself to memorizing every scrap of talk he had heard and every significant detail.

At the smug-looking old brown-stone house where he alighted the Italian paid Jakie the exorbitant fare he demanded without a word. "Rachael, *lieben*," confided Jakie in her ear, "Vincent has got him dead to rights. He is scared stiffer as boards. He never noticed it that I held him up, an' when a wop don't notice a thing like that, you can betcher collar, bridle an' bit, Rachael, he's 'fraid to death."

It was getting late and he was hungry, so he turned homewards. Home for him was where Rachael boarded, and a hall-room in the house next door where he perched when not ministering to her, dining at a quick lunch, or playing pinochle with the stable-boys.

He could not resist the temptation to drive through Vincent's street again. Hardly had he turned the corner when he noticed a familiar figure on the sidewalk. Driving close to the curb he hailed her softly. "*Oi*, you Becky!"

She turned and favoured him with a smile that displayed fully half her teeth. "Hello, Jakie."

"Hello, Becky. Whatcha doin' way up he-ar?" he drawled in his best manner.

"Me? Oh, I got it a job by a boarding-house up the street now."

JAKIE'S heart leaped. What if it was the very house? He resolved on a bold stroke. Though not at all a ladies' man, he knew something of the ways of women. "Ain't that fine! But it ain't no news to me. I betcha I can tell it to you the number. Ain't it 99?"

"Yes! How did you know it?"

"Oh, *dat's* all right, an' somethings else I can tell you. A feller by the name Vincent lives it there also. Ain't I right?"

"Sure you're right. An' he's a fresh guy. I got it no use for him. But how do you come to know it so much about me—anyway?"

"Sall right, Becky. I ain't goin' to tell you. I don't forgets it you so soon as what you forgets it me. I often seen you, belief me, but I never gets it the chance to speaks to you. You got it always such piles from fellers there ain't no room for a

(Continued on page 21.)

Manhood Suffrage in the Militia

A Military Fantasia With the Leading Motif "Boys of the Old Brigade"

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ONE with the Hawkins reception; usual amount of talking about the value of marksmanship and the advertisement that a bullseye is to Canada in the Empire—in comes an ex-officer of the Queen's Own along with a peace crank, not J. A. Macdonald; into the talking-room of the Canadian Military Institute, and they sit down. Obliging waiter reconnoitres with a tray; gets order to shell the wine cellar and to bring back a lot of cigars.

By the time these are being comfortably negotiated among a gathering crowd of military and plain people, the two were into a discussion of Sir Ian Hamilton's report to Hon. the Col. Sam Hughes.

"Much Ado about Nothing!" snapped the peace man. "This country will never be an armed camp. Oh, but listen to this," he cackled, flipping to a back page where at the tail end of the report he found a pungent paragraph. "Fine slam at your city corps, Captain."

He reads—Sir Ian's compliments:

"The city corps suffer from the prevailing Canadian habit of preferring any other mode of locomotion to making an appeal to their legs, whose chief function seems to be very often to stand at a street corner waiting for a car. Consequently the bulk of the city men need training in pedestrianism before they are fit for long marches."

"Absolutely true," says the Captain.

"Bit of a haw-haw in it, though. I'd consider walking very respectable, if it weren't the pastime of Englishmen. But I remember what a Canadian traveller who has studied war as far as a civilian can in European countries said about the Queen's Own. He was talking to an Englishman aboard ship who saw the Q. O. R. in London three years ago and said they were a skinny lot—looked like runaways from an orphans' home. 'By George!' says the Canadian, 'better not say that aloud in Toronto anywhere within a mile of Pellatt's Peak. That's the Toronto crack regiment.'"

"Oh," says he. "I thought it was a scratch regiment of territorials or something."

Captain bites his moustache; smiles a bit.

"That's all right. The Queen's Own didn't go to England as a parade regiment. They went for what they are—a wiry, lean outfit that can wriggle on their bellies in the scrub, or tie themselves in knots round the boulders, and trail twenty miles by the moon over a desert with bullets for breakfast. I think they showed that at Aldershot—and I won't mention Paardeberg."

"Oh! Got any other regiments that would give thrills to Kipling or the late G. W. Stevens?"

"Yes. Half a dozen. But never mind. Stick to the report. Here's a paragraph you've missed. Here's a hand-out to the rural corps."

Captain reads, dangling his leg over a chair arm and smoking a warlike cigar:

"The rank and file of the rural corps can from the first day cover a great deal of ground. Again, the rural corps are quite at home in bivouac."

"Then, again, these farm hands are not cursed with nerves. Line them out upon a ridge and shrapnel them heavily for half an hour; they would continue to chew gum, hardly realizing that anything special is happening. Here we have a true military virtue. And this virtue at least, I am convinced myself, is possessed by the rank and file, and, indeed, by all ranks of the rural corps."

"Ever hear such tommyrot?" says the other. "Heavens! do you remember Carlyle's description of war?"

"Oh, we've got a few miniature Carlyle croakers in Canada. But what is it? Anything like Sherman's?"

"Dumdrudge, village of 500, picks thirty men, each

a handy craftsman and father of a family; sends them under a captain to Spain, where they meet thirty French Dumdrudgians just as good, men they've never seen before. Each thirty ordered to fire at the other thirty. In a few minutes—sixty corpses and sixty bereaved families. That's war. Great Cæsar! where under the sun are we going to have Dumdrudgians lined out on a ridge to be fed up with shrapnel and chewing gum? Eh?"

"You never can tell."

"Have to be Americans to do it. And this is the Peace Centennial of 1813. Besides, we've got the best part of a million Americans in Canada—and three million Canadians in the United States."

"Back to the Ark!" sips the Captain.

ence. His brother Jim looted the kindergartens of Toronto for his toddling brigades. Niagara was a perfect red-coat Sunday-school picnic this summer. See those mannikins in the second book come straggling home with their little guns. Oh, lord!"

"Better—I saw them at camp. Perfect discipline, fresh air, good exercise. If those kids never see a war, they're ten times better off physically, mentally—"

"Morally and as citizens. Yes, usual guff. Usual military assumption that the business of people in peace is to be everlastingly worried about war. But look at the wrong ideas of manhood. Look at the cocky little folk we're rearing up in these cadet corps. Where did we get the idea?"

"Australia. Cadets are a national institution there. We're always a lap behind Australia in war matters."

"Thank heaven! But what started it here?"

"Down in Norway, in East Toronto, a clergyman organized a boys' brigade. The movement spread to other Anglican churches. Jim Hughes took over the brigades and organized the thing on a bigger scale in the schools. Sir Frederick Borden gave the movement official recognition—and some red tunics. Col. Hughes goes in to organize it on a national basis. That's evolution."

"Also jingoistic poppycock and great waste, Captain."

"Eliminate the jingo—where's the waste?"

"Thousands of boys who should be getting more respect for books and play—trying to understand a country like this by means of toy rifles. Absolutely a sin!"

Captain lights another cigar.

"My dear sir, do you know what a boy's time is actually worth?"

"Just what you make it, I guess."

"YES, a boy is a bundle of energy dissipating itself in a hundred directions and getting more as it goes along. It has no concern with dollars and cents. It can't be capitalized. But it's like Niagara—it can be hitched up at a minimum of cost. It costs more to make a soldier out of one man than to make twenty out of as many boys. A man is a mule. To break him in—look at the waste. Start him in knickers and see what you can do with him. He learns soldiering as naturally as swimming—"

"Oh, fudge! Same old argument—that you must make citizens into soldiers anyhow. But why?"

Captain grabs him by the knee.

"Can you show me any really great nation that didn't have a great soldiery?"

"But Sir Wilfrid says we are a nation now."

"Buncombe!"

"Besides, modern civilization is too complex to make land war a criterion of greatness. Nations are measured by other conquests. Railways, spread of democratic ideas, big business, ships, the march of science, improvement of the individual. Socialism—look at Herr Bebel."

"Don't omit the arts and the poets."

"But war doesn't nurture them."

"At the same time any nation that ever achieved greatness in art has been a military nation. War is the great international drama."

"Poh! For instance—the Balkan States."

"More or less barbarians; never organized. But what about Herr Bebel?"

"Loving Germany, he worked for peace."

"And still loving Germany he upheld the Kaiser in being prepared for war. It's the strong man who really keeps the peace; not the weak one who is concerned in peace for its own sake. We have too many of these peace giants in Canada. And it's a good sign that a lot of our wealthy men are colonels, even though honorary ones."

"Pellatt, for instance?"

"Is a real soldier. He never bought a commis-



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

These two Boys of the Old Brigade, Sir Ian Hamilton and Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes, are credited by some people with a desire to introduce universal military training in Canada.

"However—it's plain that Sir Ian thinks we have in Canada a good rural militia of the dumb-sheep variety, fair artillery corps, and a first-class rough-rider brigade out on the prairies; for he says that if even the blond Eskimos should decide to invade Canada anywhere between Port Arthur and the Rockies they would be eaten up by these broncho-busters."

Says the Captain:

"I tell you we've got in this country the greatest military possibilities ever—"

"Oh, yes," he was headed off, "a marvelous variety of men and the finest military traditions in the world. But it happens that our would-have-been great generals are building railroads and factories—like our poets, and so on."

"What about Hawkins and Clifford?"

"Pot-shotters! Inspiration to the young idea, as Mayor Hocken says, to spend their youth pretending to blow the blocks off invisible enemies at a distance of one mile. Fine example of citizenship!"

"Oh! Abusing the cadets?"

"The Hughes hallucination—yes."

"But the Hughes brothers didn't create the cadets."

"Well, Col. Sam has jacked them up into emin-

sion. He came up through the ranks. So did his son Reginald. And there are others."

"Well, pass him up. But take the case of Canada as she is. Compare her with Germany or Switzerland or England or France or Russia. These are great military nations, I suppose?"

"They are. What of it?"
"Because of a system that makes it possible to draft into army life a great percentage of the citizens. In those countries—more especially on the Continent—a man is not considered a good citizen unless he has some regimental training. In Germany they have conscription. In Switzerland the universal voluntary system. England, if she accepts Lord Roberts' advice, will come round to something like universal training. But Canada—"

Here began to emerge a point of novelty.
"Let me tell you what I think," said the Captain. "We are getting into this country every year about half a million immigrants. It's a safe estimate that a quarter of these are men of arms-bearing and voting age. Every year in Canada we take in about 100,000 men—"

"Of whom we intend to make citizens."
"Exactly. And we leave that to the politicians, on the principle that every voter is a citizen."

"And the politicians have a system."
"Perfect. No man can escape it. They employ virtual conscription for all men who have been in Canada long enough under the statute to vote at an election. Now—"

"I see your point. A military test?"
"Not so fast. What do these men come for? Land and money and homes. What are they willing to do in return for this?"

"Vote the way the machine tells them."
"Precisely. But will they fight for this country?"

"Hmh! It isn't a case of fighting. The wars are all over—so they think. Very often they come here to keep away from fighting."

"What would you do with them?"
The Captain whacked a chair-arm.

"Allow no immigrant to vote in a Federal election who hasn't taken the oath of allegiance and enrolled himself in the militia."

"On the principle that a country that's worth voting in is worth fighting for—I see. Hmh! Sounds plausible."

And the Captain added:
"Also because war is a universal primal instinct understood of all men. Voting is acquired."

"What languages would you use in drill?"
"Just about the same as a teamster uses to a

horse. Volapuk if you like. You don't need much. I'll guarantee that by the time your immigrant gets through a few weeks with camp rifles he'll understand a great deal better how to vote righteously than he will from the whisky bottle arguments of political workers."

The peace man raised a point.
"Look here, if a foreigner takes up arms in this country, he must forswear allegiance—"

"Just what I was coming to!" roared the Captain. "No man should be given a vote here that won't forswear allegiance to the flag he left. No man should be a citizen here and get protection of the law here, even for his property, who in a time of war in the country he left will pack up his kit and hike to the firing line."

"For instance, if Germany should be at war with Great Britain—what about the Germans in Canada?"

"So far as I know, they would keep out of it. There might be a few that would want to break loose. But if these men, or any others, had ever shouldered a Canadian musket they would be under military prevention from doing so for any other country with which Canada was not in alliance—"

JUST at this point in a learned, and at least not unpatriotic discussion, in clanks a heavy-set, be-wrinkled, grim man, grizzly grey and bronzed as a Blackfoot. He planks himself down alone and soon has the entire squad of traymen at his disposal.

"Good evening, Colonel," says Captain—saluting; introduces his friend the peace man. "We've just been discussing the militia."

Colonel raises his eyebrows.

"Oh! Big subject. Decide anything?"

"Well—everything. It takes a peace crank to understand war."

The Colonel unlimbered himself. He was a scarred-up, tough-pelted man who looked as though he had never talked war half an hour at a stretch. To amuse his friend the Captain tried to draw the Colonel out. It was no use. The old soldier merely admitted that he had been first in the Fenian Raid; afterwards at Cut Knife and Fish Creek, in 1885, when a little war in a big country was a shuddering and phantom thing; later again in the second contingent in South Africa—and he said a few blunt words about Paardeberg which he had seen and heard and felt, when it was a hundred times more of a ghastly bit of realism than Cut Knife or Fish Creek. He was still in the service and intended to remain in it.

"No," he said, heftily, as he finished a drink. "I have no theories about war in this country. All I know is the soldier's life. I'm a Canadian. I believe in the militia. Its problems—well, I leave them to people who have more time to talk than I have. I guess it's one thing to be a soldier and quite another thing to talk about it. At the same time I've no doubt that the discussion which you gentlemen have been carrying on has done both of you a world of good. But the only things I really know are the things I never can say much about. You'd have to be there to understand 'em. And the like may happen again. Where? Don't ask me. But when it does—well, I guess I'm ready."

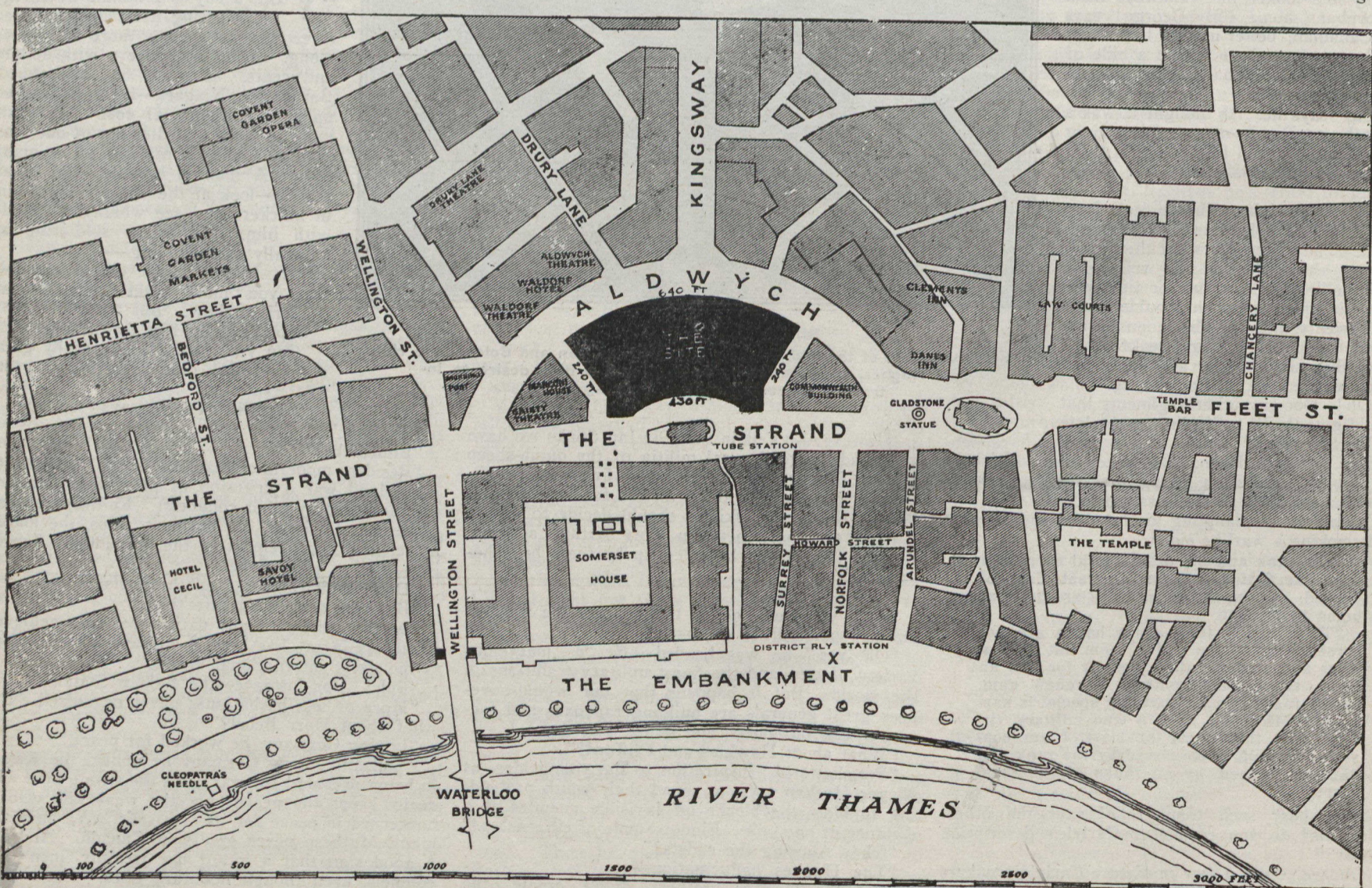
From Lord Macaulay to Earl Grey

IT was the historian Macaulay who in a burst of prophecy once described in imagination a future New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of Westminster—or was it St. Paul's? At any rate, the end of the Empire was sure to come some time, and Macaulay evidently thought that when it did the overseas dominions would be self-governing nations able to produce first-class artists as well as railway-builders, manufacturers, farmers and politicians. If he had known more about Canada he might have ventured to say that the artist sketching the ruins would be a Canadian.

But that makes no difference to the Imperial

vision and ambition of Earl Grey, who has just given to the world his proposal, not to celebrate the doom of an Empire, but in the heart of the seat of Empire to set up a monument to Canada such as the world never saw, glorifying any overseas dominion. Earl Grey is a profound optimist, who may or may not have read much Macaulay. His proposal is that a Dominion House should be erected in London, wherein all overseas dominions may have offices, and permanent expositions.

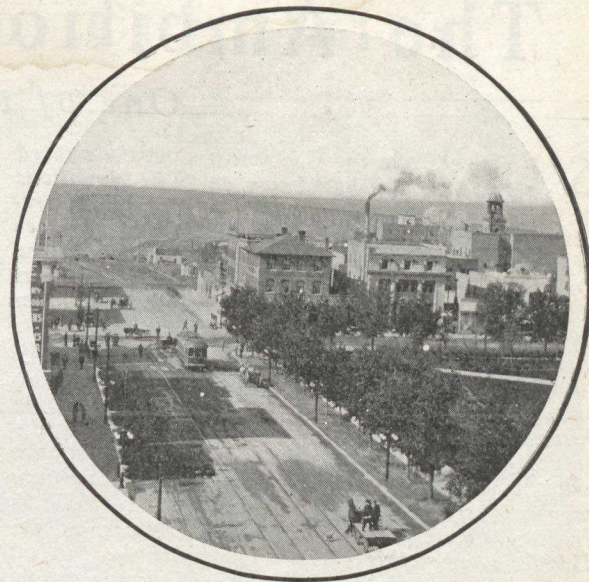
Earl Grey, an ex-Governor-General of Canada, is an excellent business man, and considering that he is a peer, you have to compliment him on that. He has hit upon a plan that will serve two great



This is the part of London where Earl Grey proposes to erect a great Dominion House as a Central Bureau and Offices for the Overseas Dominions. The section in black is the exact area suggested for the building.



General Assemblage of Delegates to the Seventh Annual Congress of the Western Canada Irrigation Association. The Congress was Held in Lethbridge and Ended August 7th. Photographs by Norman S. Rankin.



Some of the Irrigation Delegates may have been Surprised to Find Electric Cars in Lethbridge.



Delegates from the Cypress Hills Know What Intensive Farming Means.



The Ladies of St. Cyprian's Church Served the Delegates with Refreshments.

ends, it will make use of the heretofore vacant plot in the centre of London.

If you asked a Londoner which was the hub of London, he would tell you it was that district bounded by the busy Strand on the south; the spacious and stately Kingsway on the north; Gladstone's statue and the church of St. Clement Danes of the east; and the Gaiety and Lyceum theatres on the west. The space in between, about two acres and a half, is a sort of island—the Strand Island. Here, it is suggested, should be built the Dominion House, and it is certain that no other spot in the whole of "Old Lunnon" could surpass this in its command of the public eye, and the public interest. Within a stone's throw are Fleet Street, the fascinating home of British newspaperdom, the theatre district, the hotel region, and Somerset House. Taken together, they are fairly representative of what the visitor to London wants to see. No other location could be so fitting for the "Imperial Covent Garden," as the scheme has been called.

The establishment on the Aldwych site of the Dominion House would enable (1) The Governments of the Self-governing Dominions, of their various states and provinces, to concentrate on one central site their offices, now widely distributed in different parts of London. (2) The attention of the home consumer to be effectively and impressively focussed on the products of the Dominions overseas. And (3) the manufacturers of the United Kingdom to ascertain and meet the requirements of Greater Britain.

In his letter to the London shareholders, Lord Grey says, in addition to outlining the above main aims, that the erection of the Dominion House on the Aldwych site would provide room and accommodation which would meet not only the official requirements of the Dominion Governments, but the commercial and social needs of their peoples.

So far as building this Dominion House is concerned, two alternative methods present themselves. Either the Dominion Governments might associate themselves in direct responsibility for the undertaking, or it might be left in the hands of an independent corporation, whose tenants the Dominion Governments would become during the currency of the lease. The choice will, naturally, be left to the Dominions themselves. *The Pall Mall Gazette* goes

Paying for Rain

Congress of Irrigationists at Lethbridge, Alta.



Mr. D. J. Whitney gave his Farm to the Irrigation Delegates —For a General Picnic.

so far as to suggest that Britain should find the purchase money for the Dominions.

A three-year option upon the site, at a cost of \$15,000 a year, has been secured, which option is vested in a syndicate with the title of "The Dominion Site, Limited." Lord Grey is chairman. The other directors are Lord Plymouth, Sir Starr Jameson, Sir J. Henniker Heaton, Mr. George McLaren Brown, and Mr. Harry E. Brittain.

H. S. E.

DOWN in Kansas, a few days ago, the Governor was asked to instruct the clergy of the corn state to pray for rain, because of a long, dry spell that was swizzling up the corn. The Governor said he had no faith in praying for rain. Had he been up at Lethbridge, Alberta, during the first week in this month he would have found out how farmers in the dry belt of Western Canada pay for rain instead of praying for it. The seventh annual congress of irrigationists was by far the most successful of the series that began in 1907 in Calgary. Delegates were present from Canada, the United States and Australia. The President for 1912-13, Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, was given a very enthusiastic farewell. His province has more irrigation than British Columbia, which sent many delegates to the convention; and after this the Mountain Province intends to run Alberta a closer race than ever for irrigation undertakings. At any rate, B. C. supplies the water used by the irrigation farmers of Alberta.

Since the Association was organized, in 1907, the areas under irrigation and the population engaged in that kind of intensive farming have very largely increased. Even in 1907 the irrigation enterprises of Western Canada were over an area one quarter the irrigated area of the United States. The irrigation farmers are among the best in this country. They are not wheat miners. They are tillers of small plots by intensive methods. The Association has done a great work; aided by a few small government grants.

One farmer at the Congress rose to say that 160 acres is not enough land for one man.

"No, my friend," said Hon. Duncan Marshall, "not when you have only eight acres broken out of the hundred and sixty."

New officers elected at the Lethbridge convention were: Hon. Pres., Dr. W. T. Roche, Minister of the Interior; President, Hon. W. R. Ross, Minister of Lands for British Columbia; First Vice-Pres., Mr. J. S. Dennis.

The Ambitions of a Canadian Mechanic

One of the Essays that Won a Courier Prize

SOME weeks ago the CANADIAN COURIER offered a prize for the best essay on "The Ambitions of a Canadian Mechanic." Of the best essays received, two were of such even value that it has been decided to divide the prize between the writers. One is by Mr. Arthur T. Adams, casket trimmer with James S. Elliott and Son, Prescott; the other by Mr. F. W. Hayden, carpenter, 216 Robert St., Toronto. The views in each are set forth lucidly, though in this case Mr. Adams has the advantage, through quoting other writers' opinions less, using his own more directly. Each is the product of a thinking mind, concerned not only with his own craft or locality, but dealing with general conditions and expressing a broad mental outlook. Each is free from mere prejudice, though in the case of Mr. Hayden's essay there is a vein of acrimony which is entirely absent from Mr. Adams'. For this reason, though the prize is evenly divided, we publish Mr. Adams' essay as the best representative work, holding the other until some future issue when space may be less crowded.

By ARTHUR T. ADAMS

They will ask from another. The Canadian mechanic believes, and takes pride in the belief, that he is the equal, if not the superior, of all other mechanics in the world. This being so, he wishes to make, as far as possible, every manufactured article that is used in his own country, and also to force his wares, with as free an entry as possible, into the markets of the world. In this he requires the assistance of his representative at Ottawa; and this requirement, more than any other, influences the vote of the ambitious mechanic.

Such men as these are the most independent voters, and excepting the commercial and highly-educated classes, the most intelligent voters in the country.

With the more adequate remuneration he now enjoys, the provident mechanic finds himself, after a few years, in possession of a small surplus and is constantly looking about him for a profitable investment or, it may be, a speculative purchase. This leads him to peruse the financial columns and makes him ambitious to acquire adequate knowledge along this line, which was formerly a sealed book to him.

The mechanic of to-day is advancing in knowledge and power more rapidly than any other class of men, and is forcing the rest of the community upward with him. The Canadian mechanic is especially interested in regard to the future of his country, and he realizes that that future depends, to a considerable extent, on the policy adopted by the government with regard to immigration. We are informed that the C. P. R. alone has handled immigrants at the rate of over 1,100 a day during the whole of last month. What kind of people are these who are flocking to our shores? Where do they come from and how are they induced to come?

These are important questions, and not the least important in the mind of the Canadian workman is the last: "How are they induced to come?" If they are the right kind of people and of the races which assimilate most readily with the Anglo-Saxon, they are welcome. But why should we be at such pains to induce them to come? Why should we advertise in Europe and offer all sorts of inducements to them to come?

We are told that there is abundance of room in Canada for all. It is true we are rich in room and rich in opportunities of all kinds; but because we have riches in abundance is it a reason that we should make haste to squander them? It is not the thickly populated country which is the best to live in.

In spite of immigration, on a very large scale, to North and South America and Australia the population of most of the European countries is increasing fast, and the denser the population the greater the amount of misery and poverty there is in the midst of it. By all means welcome those enterprising people who come, of their own accord, to share in our abundance, but do not go out of the way to coax them here in hordes. "Rome was not built in a day"; if it had been it would probably have endured but a day.

HOW to keep out undesirables, the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Japanese, is a problem which statesmen find hard to solve. But does it not intensify that problem when we exert ourselves to persuade others to come and forbid them. Look at it from the point of view of the Hindoo. We do not want him, yet he is, in his own eyes, as good as the best. He is part of the Empire and therefore "one of the family"; yet we go out of our way to invite strangers and bar him. Would it not be less offensive to the Hindoo if, while we continued to bar him, we refrained from extending such a pressing invitation to the stranger outside the Empire?

Undoubtedly it is to the advantage of the transportation companies to bring in as many immigrants as possible. They are paid for carrying them, for carrying the goods they consume and the commodities they produce. But outside of these influential corporations and a few others, including the shortsighted politician who thinks a rapid increase in population is an indication of true prosperity, the ordinary citizen would prefer to see the highly profitable task of "building up Canada" left to the Canadian himself. They believe him to be quite capable of doing it. A very gradual filling-up of our empty spaces would, in the long run, be best for the country.

A MECHANIC is a man possessed of a mind quick to conceive and a hand prompt to execute. The skill with which he manipulates his tools and fashions the material he works on, whether it be the softest fabric, the finest wood or the hardest metal, is a constant surprise to the unskilled onlooker.

From the time he becomes a craftsman until he lays down his earthly tools the mechanic is possessed with an ambition to improve; the builder is ambitious to erect a finer structure; the tailor to produce a more perfect garment; the machinist to turn out a better piece of work; no matter what he works upon or what article he constructs his active, intelligent mind is constantly forcing him onward.

If, as in some cases, he is interested only in his own trade or calling, he is constantly gaining skill and knowledge in that particular line, and, doubtless, aims at becoming, some day, a master mechanic or foreman, a shop-owner or contractor. In any case he is sure to be ambitious and to have a definite aim in life. The ideas and the workmanship which result in increased material comfort for mankind in general are usually conceived in the mind of the mechanic.

The attractive home, with its cozy furnishings, the easy-running train, the well-fitting garment, everything even to the shoes you wear and the smooth pavement you walk upon are largely the result of his ambition to produce more perfect work.

Every achievement makes a man ambitious for a greater achievement. Having raised himself above the condition of the labourer who is fitted only to fetch and carry for others or to work with the pick and shovel, the mechanic is not satisfied with the same kind of a home which suits his less ambitious brother; neither is he satisfied with the amount of knowledge possessed by himself.

"Learning a trade" usually prevents even a Canadian mechanic from obtaining more than a public school education, but the knowledge there acquired is constantly being added to in after life; the reading of good periodicals and daily newspapers keeps him informed of what is going on in the world and how his neighbours live. The number of mechanics who play instruments in musical organizations throughout the country bears witness to their artistic instincts and ambition to acquire accomplishments. You rarely find a mechanic who is not proficient in many things beside those appertaining to his trade. As a rule, this sort of man is not content with a too humble condition in life, nor is he content to live in any-kind-of-a-hovel owned by any-kind-of-a-landlord. He desires to possess a home of his own, a separate spot in the land he claims as his own. Comforts and conveniences his humbler brother does not dream of must be his.

Though not himself a social climber, he desires, for his family, all the advantages that a civilized community affords. His sons and his daughters must be well educated and accomplished. No member of the community takes a greater or more intelligent interest in the educational institutions and commercial development of his country.

IT is not the ignorant man, the unskilled labourer, who is constantly demanding greater things and more advanced legislation from the men who make the laws. The great body of skilled mechanics will never be blindly led by any political party. They have intelligence enough to think for themselves, and what they cannot get from one political party

Pictures at the Canadian National

ONCE more the Private View, tea in the picture galleries, Saturday afternoon, just as the big annual exhibition is being swept up and finally tifficked into shape for the formal opening on Monday. This is the only international show of pictures in Canada. The pictures this year are more numerous than ever. The crush was worse than ever. Society chattered just as glibly, sipped lemonade and ice cream just as daintily as though there was no picture on the walls more worth while than the gowns and frock coats of a smart set.

From a somewhat wistful pilgrimage through the galleries, avoiding lemonade spills and rude elbowings as much as possible, one learned that on the whole this year's display of the fine arts represented by oils and water-colours and black and white and etchings is better than ever. At least, to say anything else would call for an explanation, which under the circumstances might be difficult.

Anyway, the picture show was the only part of the grand ensemble that was really fit to be seen on Saturday. It was all there; every canvas hung as best it might be, some skied, most of them crowded, many of them in unusual company, but altogether a most interesting assemblage of many good, many fair to middling, and some very poor, if not bad, canvases. That way the show was very much like the people that looked at it.

Every year some critic says,

"WHY don't they bring over half as many British and French and German and American canvases? Why not show us just the good ones? We can make bad paintings enough at home."

But the selecting committee—who in this case happened to be genial Mr. Dibdin, curator of the Liverpool Gallery, for the trans-atlantic pictures, and Mr. E. Wyly Grier, for the American canvases—knew better. So did the hanging committee, who seem to have put up every canvas sent by Messrs. Dibdin and Grier. They know that it's far better to let people choose for themselves which are the best pictures. No two of all the hundreds gathered

on Saturday would agree on which hundred pictures are the best. By the time a hundred thousand and more folk from all over Canada have seen them, every picture in the lot will have been included in the best ten or a dozen. So there you are. Every one to his taste.

Considering the three sections, Canadian, British and German, separately, however, it takes even an amateur a very brief while to conjecture that the American lot are the best and the German considerably the worst. One room is full of German canvases, the first time there has been a German collection at the Fair. The biggest canvas of all is by Engel, a German; an ultra-religious, quite remarkable work. Two years ago "The Buccanneers," by an American artist, was the largest, and ten years ago Benjamin West's huge "Death of Wolfe" was the only foreign canvas hung. For quite half of these German pictures the exhibit might very well have been placarded "Made in Germany." They are, most of them, priced in the catalogue. The inference is that they are for sale. However, the whole lot taken together give one a very comfortable feeling that to see them is quite the cheapest way of going to Germany; and there are several well worth admiration.

The American group is by all odds the best; most direct in style and uniformly high in character. As usual, many of the British pictures are dingy and dull and of uninspired excellence. Orpen's are one of the numerous exceptions. There is now growing quite an Orpen cult in Canada. This year's Orpenage is by far the best yet. One interesting episode is that a Canadian now studying with Orpen has his portrait by Orpen in the collection, Mr. Richard Fudger, whose father bought the canvas.

A coincidence of the Canadian collection is there for the first time in the history of the Fair, two big portraits are exhibited of the same man, Lieut.-Governor Gibson, done by Mr. Wyly Grier and by Mr. Forster. Each has its admirers. The Canadian collection is by far the best yet. In fact the Canadian pictures this year come distinctly ahead of either the British or the German.

Interesting People in Two Countries



Recently the Prince of Wales seems to have been eclipsed in the eyes of the camera men by his younger brother and his sister. This interesting picture of Prince Albert, Princess Mary and Marquise d'Hautpoul, was snapped at the yachting meet at Cowes.



These five Ottawa cadets were the surprise of the Ontario Rifle Association matches at the Long Branch Ranges, Toronto, last week. They won the Hamilton Centennial Trophy, the Pellatt Trophy for Cadet Teams, and other prizes. Kneeling—H. R. McDonald and N. E. Barry. Standing—Lance-Corp. H. M. Anderson, Capt. J. A. Loy and Sergt. G. V. Cameron. Other winners—F. W. Huggins and Corp. Eascott.

THE Ontario Rifle Association matches last week were quite a success and the chief feature undoubtedly was the shooting by the cadets. In the special cadets' match for the Pellatt trophy the top scores were as follows: D. McWilliam, Calgary C. I., 47; H. Anderson, Ottawa C. I., 47; F. W. Huggins, Ottawa C. I., 47; Sergt. McNeill, Brantford C. I., 46. There were five scores of 45. In this match five shots were fired at 200 and at 500 yards, and the possible score 50. For teams of five cadets and the Pellatt trophy the order was as follows: 1st, Ottawa Collegiate, 217; 2nd, Calgary Collegiate, 213; 3rd, Ottawa Second Team, 200; 4th, Harbord Collegiate, Toronto, 196. In the City of Hamilton match the cadets beat the best shots in the Province and won the team trophy. Sergt. Cameron, Ottawa C. I., won third place; Corp. Anderson, Ottawa C. I., fourth place; and Capt. Loy, Ottawa C. I., fifth place. Corp. Caldwell and Cadet McDonald were also up near the top. Per-



This is a picture of the first automobile seen in Prince Edward Island in many years. The law passed at the last session allows them to run for three days a week in Charlottetown only.

—Photograph by Bayer.

haps this is a taste of what the old-timers may expect in larger doses when Colonel Sam Hughes gets the Cadet Corps to a proper standard of efficiency and popularity. * * *

Prince Edward Island is a very funny place. When a thirsty individual strikes a P. E. I. town and wants a drink he goes to a drug store and not a hotel. Moreover, they have a prejudice on the Island against automobiles. Since 1908 no man could exercise his automobile except on his own lawn. Some years ago the "Courier" published some pictures showing this being done. Some of our readers may remember it. Now the Government allows them to run about Charlottetown three days in each week, and there is a chance that they may be permitted to run on one of the roads between Charlottetown and the North Shore.

Such a state of affairs seems an anachronism in Canada, which is essentially a modern country.



The Host and Hostess Receiving.



The visitors to the Geological Congress were entertained at a garden party in Toronto by Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap. Mr. Dunlap is a prominent Cobalt mine owner.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Imperial Citizenship

BECAUSE one is a Canadian citizen is no sure reason for being a British subject. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Hon. Mr. Perley and others are not British subjects. They have the same status in Great Britain as the Hindoos have in Canada.

This is not fair, of course, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Hon. Mr. Perley should be recognized in England as British subjects, and the Hindoos should be recognized in Australia and Canada as British subjects. If there is to be a British Empire, there should be Imperial citizenship. No Empire can be founded on inequality among equals. The man who refuses to recognize the Hindoo as a brother citizen is no imperialist.

This subject was introduced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the last Imperial Conference, and a somewhat extended discussion followed, neither the Canadian nor South African nor Australasian delegates were willing to accept the black and yellow citizens of the Empire as citizens in Canada or South Africa or Australia or New Zealand. The matter was eventually left in the hands of Hon. Mr. Harcourt for investigation and action.

Mr. Harcourt has since been negotiating with the various self-governing Dominions to know what they would do. Apparently they have arranged a partial settlement. Any man who has lived four years in the Empire and one year in the United Kingdom is to be a British citizen. So the despatch runs. Thus Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Hon. Mr. Perley will be compelled to live a year in "Lunnun" to become naturalized citizens of the "Hempire." Any Hindoo who lives a year in England will also become a citizen of the Empire and entitled to live in Canada or Australia. Perhaps!

The difficulties in the way of imperial citizenship are but an indication of the difficulties which beset those who would tie up the Dominions and colonies into one bundle of faggots. The centralism for which the Duke of Westminster, Lord Northcliffe and other seekers after Royal favour are pouring out millions to support the Round Tables, Over-seas Clubs, Imperial Daughters, and so on, will be a long time coming. Indeed, the millennium will probably win the race.

When the full text of this proposed "citizenship" bill is available, more will be heard of the subject.

Twentieth Peace Congress

COULD anything be more edifying than the urbanity and sweet reasonableness of the men who are attending the twentieth Universal Peace Congress at The Hague? Isn't it pleasant to know that there are men who are so certain that the war-like policies of monarchs and imperialists and blatant republicans will some day mark with universal disapproval? Indeed, these gentlemen are so sanguine of the future that five hundred of the delegates went joyfully and un-cynically to view the Palace of Peace erected by that grand old robber-patriot, Andrew Carnegie, late of the United States.

The chief topic at the Congress is the question of an international police force. What the world wants is a strong referee. The game of the nations must be regulated as lacrosse and baseball are. Indeed, the lacrosse game in Canada might be used as an illustration of the international game of war and politics. While professional baseball, with its professional referees, is making steady progress, professional lacrosse, without professional referees, is going equally steadily down hill. If the Peace Congress could create a police force of armies and navies which would be recognized by all nations and which would be strong enough to coerce a recalcitrant nation, the world would certainly be benefitted. But that is yet a dream.

Curiously enough, Great Britain is blocking the way by refusing to agree that trading ships shall be free from capture in time of war. Germany would stop building so many war vessels if Great Britain would recognize this international doctrine, and then the way to be an international police force would be somewhat clearer. Lord Salisbury said "No!" and no British Premier since has had the courage to alter the decision. When David Lloyd George is premier, he may do so—provided Winston Churchill is not a member of his cabinet, and pro-

vided, also, that Lord Roberts and Lord Charles Beresford have been sepulchred in Westminster Abbey.

Who Pays the Discount?

WHEN a private corporation sells five million dollars' worth of bonds for four million dollars, it at once adds five million to its liabilities. Its ledgers and published accounts show that this is done. In short, the million dollar discount on its bonds must be met out of profits.

Applying this principle to the sale of bonds by the Toronto Hydro-Electric and other municipal companies, it would look as if some of these had wiped out their profits for years to come. The Toronto H. E. sold four million dollars' worth of bonds at 83. The discount would be \$17 in every \$100, or \$680,000. Supposing that the Tor. H. E. made \$100,000 a year for seven years it would just make up the discount it lost on its sale of bonds.

Such occurrences as these will help to teach the people that the financing of private corporations is not so easy or so simple as the average man thinks. A manufacturing company, a street railway company, or any other private undertaking would hesitate about selling bonds at 83, and would probably take many sidesteps before consenting to such a sacrifice. On the other hand, public corporations are not in a position to sidestep, even if their managers had the ability to understand the tremendous advantage of selling bonds only when the bond market will take them advantageously.

Iron and Steel Bounties

THERE is no doubt that the iron and steel men supported the Conservatives in 1911 because they felt that with a "protectionist" government in power, there might be a prolongation of the bounties on iron and steel. They have been sadly disappointed. The Borden Government has followed the policy of the Laurier Government and provided for the extinction of these favours. Neither have they changed the duties so as to make up for the loss of bounties.

For this reason the Drummond's big business, known as the Canada Iron Corporation, is in financial trouble. The Drummonds worked hard for the Conservative party and gave freely of their wealth in the campaign of 1911. They deserved more consideration than they have received. But this was ever true of those who hang on Princes' favours.

That the Drummonds will pull through without serious loss every one will hope. They are grand citizens, who have done much to develop iron-mining in New Brunswick and iron-smelting in Quebec and Ontario. Their corporation may be highly capitalized, but not nearly as over-capitalized as some other favoured industries. Fortunately for them and the public, their common stock was never listed and is practically all held by the "insiders."

The incident will but serve to prove that Canada's iron and steel industry is not yet in a position to bear competition from the older countries.

Non-Partisanship in Congress

WHEN Senator Penrose introduced his resolution in Congress last week to appropriate twenty-five million dollars for American troops to patrol Northern Mexico, there was a non-partisan debate in support of the President. Both Republicans and Democrats laid aside their party politics and discussed the Mexican trouble on a purely national basis.

This example should not be lost by the Canadian Parliament. It should indicate to Liberal and Conservative members that the next naval debate in the House of Commons should be on a non-partisan basis. Surely the Canadian members are not less patriotic than the much-condemned United States senators?

Foster Is Back

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER is back. He has reached Vancouver after a prolonged trip through Australia, China and Japan. The author of the non-partisan naval resolution of 1909 has no further excuse for absenting himself from

the field of action. He must now sit in cabinet council and tell his fellow-ministers that he is in favour of—

- (1) An "Emergency" action of an imperial nature.
- (2) A Canadian fleet.
- (3) A non-partisan settlement of the whole naval question.

These are the principles he has stood for in the past and which Canada expects him to fight for again. If he does so, the three hundred signators of the "non-partisan memorial" must support him, and their support will be worth a great deal. Indeed, the Canadian League may also be induced to proclaim him as a hero.

Mr. Foster knows what Australia thinks, knows how determined that country is to have an Australian navy, manned by Australians and built as far as possible in Australia, that he is in a position to read the riot act to some of less well-informed colleagues. The great question is, "Will he do it?"

The Imperial Movement

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK, in an article in the *National Review*, the leading Conservative monthly in England, uses phrases which require explanation. Speaking of the defeat of the Naval Bill, he says: "It appears, quite wrongly, as if the advance of Imperial unity had received a serious check." Again, he says: "If we look below it [the surface] we shall see that the broad current of the Imperial movement is not arrested in its flow." Once more he says that the motto of the Conservatives was "Be Imperial."

If these phrases, and others which might be quoted, were used by a Tory stump-speaker seeking to make votes among the ignorant populace, they might be excused. But when they are used by a college graduate, who is also a college professor, they must be taken more seriously. There are some people who think Professor Leacock is a mere joke, but we do not agree with them. He is a power for good or evil.

What, then, is this "Imperial movement" of which Professor Leacock writes? Is it an attempt to introduce the old days of Downing Street rule, which cut the United States off from the Empire and which would have cut the North American provinces off also had it not been for Lord Durham's wisdom? Is this what "Imperial Unity" means? If not, Mr. Leacock should explain.

For one hundred years Canada has been fighting for freedom within the Empire, and she has won every battle. Canada to-day is the greatest self-governing unit within that Empire. The relations are better than they ever were. Then why this "Imperial movement"? Were Lord Durham, Lord Elgin, Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Edward Blake wrong in fighting for that freedom as a self-governing unit within the Empire? Was Australia wrong when it demanded the same or even greater autonomy than Canada possesses? Was New Zealand wrong? Was South Africa wrong? If not, why this movement for "Imperial Unity"?

Will Professor Leacock, or some apologist for him, please explain?

Militia Expenditure

MANY people are wondering how many millions will defray the cost of General Ian Hamilton's meteoric trip through Canada. When Sir John French made his report, some years ago, the military expenditure under Sir Frederick Borden jumped up more than a million a year. It is safe to say that Sir John French cost Canada at least five, and perhaps ten, million dollars. General Hamilton's report is even more sweeping, and it would seem to presage an even larger bill of costs.

While favouring a steady development of the militia, and especially the inexpensive but effective cadet system, there are those who are beginning to wonder if our military expenditure is not growing too rapidly. The expense of the permanent corps and the headquarters staff is generally thought to be out of proportion to its usefulness or its necessity. If the permanent corps was displaced by a series of travelling drill-sergeants, as in Switzerland, much would be saved. Garrisons and military schools are tremendously expensive. Moreover, it is a question whether military uniforms are necessary for citizen soldiery. They are very nice when you desire to do honour to a visiting prince or king, but the Boers did not need them and the Swiss use them little. A soldier will learn more about a rifle when he is in his old clothes than he will when he is in "full dress."

A Canadian Rose Garden

Thousands of Flowers From Early Spring Till Winter---Good Culture Essential to Success

By E. T. COOK

THE Rose, the sweetest flower that grows, is loved with no ordinary love in one garden in the Dominion, the garden of Mr. J. T. Moore, of Moore Park, Avoca Vale, Toronto, where on a sunny hilltop surrounded with trees and breathed over by the winds that blow from all quarters, a collection of the most valuable and interesting of the old and new developments in the Rose family is there grown by a Scotch cultivator, Mr. Bryson, who won many triumphs in the old country before coming to Canada to pursue his beautiful work.

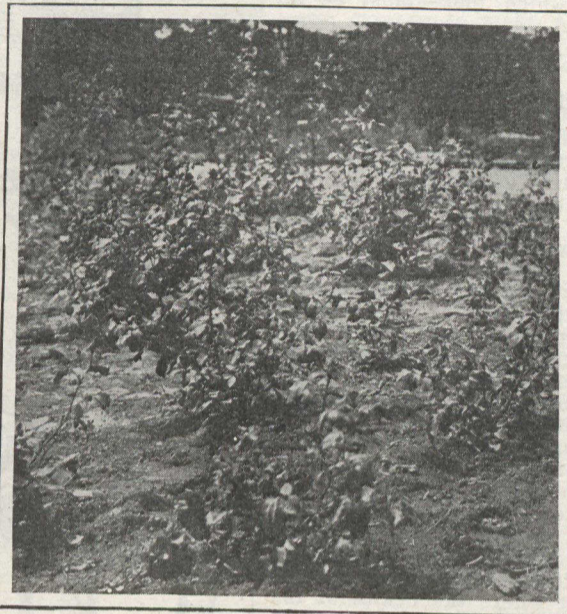
It is a case of master and man working in complete harmony and filled with the same enthusiasm. The writer is delighted on every occasion he visits this hilltop Rose garden, because it is a living example of the great part horticulture is going to play in Canada. Not only is the brilliant Crimson Rambler there, but the latest of novelties, and it is needless for the rosarian to travel outside Toronto to satisfy his yearning soul for a favourite flower, for here they are in his midst in bewildering variety and grown in a way that takes one's breath away in contemplation—rude, luxuriant growths and bowers of blossom, with a perfectness that represents not only great cultural skill, but the satisfying fact that if the Rose is the emblem of England, it may just as well be so of the Dominion.

When a flower is a wild flower of a country it may be taken for granted that the family in one or other of its many variations will flourish in that country. The writer was rambling recently over a farm and garden in the making a few miles from Toronto and came across, in a rough hedgerow, a mass of the species or wilding called *Rosa lucida*, which is the most interesting of the wild Roses of Canada. It had blossomed and increased there for many years, probably unheeded, but there it was, a soft, shimmering of pink in summer days and then a lurid red from a thousand hews or fruits set amongst dark-tinted leaves as fall merged into winter. One felt sure, seeing this, that in the garden proper Roses will grow abundantly.

The Moore Collection

numbers over 10,000 plants. Of each kind the average is fifteen, and to make these notes practical, and, therefore, it is to be hoped, useful to each reader, a selection of some of the best is given in each division and approved of by Mr. Bryson. Hundreds of rose gardens are in the country and the environs of large cities, but none more complete than this, and those who have a real regard for the progress of rose-growing here are welcome to see it. The three great Rose divisions comprise the Hybrid Perpetual or "H.P.," Tea or "T.," and Hybrid Tea or "H.T.," and the first to consider is the Hybrid Perpetual, and the choice is as follows from a long chain of varieties: Margaret Dickson, the lightest of pink tints; Hugh Dickson, full crimson; A. K. Williams, one of the most perfectly formed of all roses, deep crimson; Charles Lefebvre and Hugh Watson, also with crimson shades; the famous white, but, alas, scentless, Frau Karl Druschki; Duke of Edinburgh, vermilion; Marie Baumann, a delightful carmine red; Mrs. R. J. Sharman Crawford, rosy pink; Earl of Dufferin,

velvety crimson, and the two newer acquisitions, both beautiful in colouring, Rev. Alan Charles and Ellen Drew. Commendable traits in the h. p. class



Roses in Flower Now From Cuttings Rooted Last January. Planted Out April 15.



Hugh Dickson Rose—Showing Growth This Year. Note Its Height.

are strength of growth, richness of colouring and sweet perfume.

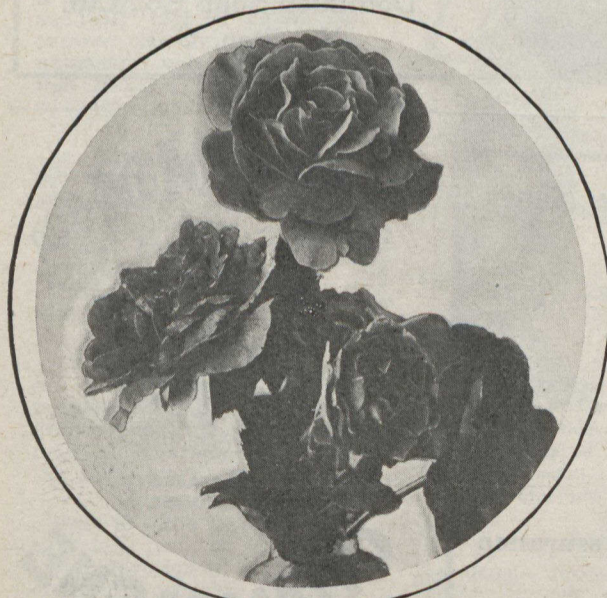
There is a tendency now-a-days to raise roses over the seas and in America—we hope the time is not far distant when we shall have a bevy of Canadian-raised roses—without fragrance. A Rose without scent does not seem a real Rose—it is a flower apart, something soulless, something destitute of its sweetest attribute and should never receive the hallmark of commendation. Frequently we have stooped down to smell a flower that has drawn one to it by sumptuous colouring or perfect form, and found it *scentless*. It is bereft of the chief virtue nature has endowed the flower with, and a scentless rose should never be held up as something perfect, no matter however faultless in other ways.

The Tea Rose is the most winsome of all, and

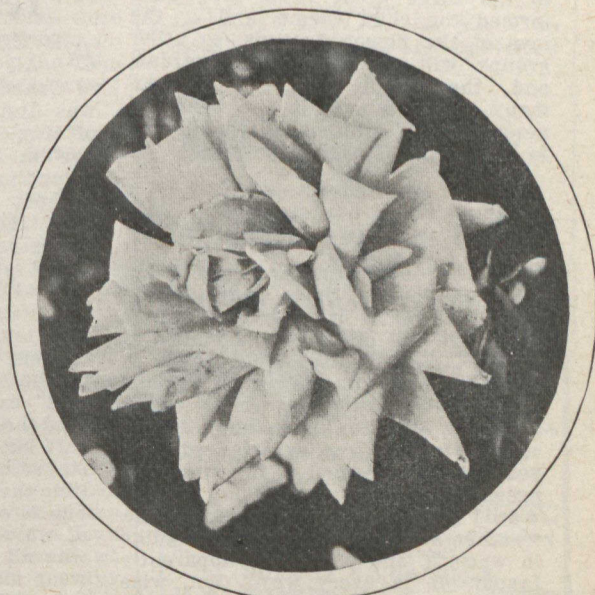
is queen of its race. Subtle tints of palest rose and pink are painted on petals that a gentle breeze stirs into trembling life, and a scent as of fresh tea is wafted into the garden. It is a poem in flowers, as exquisite as the wild rose borne on slender shoots in the early summer days. And of this lovely throng, the selection is Hon. Edith Gifford, white; Lady Roberts, as rich and luscious in colouring as a ripe peach; Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Beryl, Lena, Sunset, Sunrise, Lady Hillingdon, Francois Debreuil, Miss Alice de Rothschild, and The Bride, all flowers running over with beautiful tints and sometimes displaying a decided self shade without the strong, luminous tinting of the hybrid perpetual. But the Hybrid Tea has given more bountifully than any other rose to the garden, and a slight distinction only sometimes exists between some of these and the hybrid perpetual. It is the outcome of crossing the two divisions, and its popularity is seen by the large proportion of plants in the collection at Moore Park, namely, eight thousand. The names of the most approved are household words to even the inexperienced rosarian. Madame Abel Chatenay should head the throng. A more perfect Rose does not exist. It has strength of growth, flowers of wonderful hues, carmine, salmon and rose mingling together on the pointed petals, scent, and a remarkable length of blossoming season. It is one of the first to come and the last to go—a Rose for everyone. Then Melaine Soupert, a Rose that excels in Canada, belongs to the hybrid tea, and no fairer Rose has ever opened its flowers to the sun. It is as dainty as the daintiest sea-shell, petals that a summer sunset seems to have touched, yellow and carmine, and as the bud opens a pinky apricot is disclosed deep down in the heart of the flower, an exquisite jewel glowing on leafy growths. The Lyon Rose at Moore Park is a revelation. Never have we seen a colour more brilliant, a coral red glow lit up with rays of salmon and yellow, and as evening approaches seems full of an unusual beauty. Nearby is General McArthur, which is much appreciated for its vigour, freedom and the form of its wondrous crimson, fragrant flowers, and with Madame Abel Chatenay and Madame Melaine Soupert forms an unbeatable trio of hybrids. If one were restricted to three distinct kinds, this would be the choice before all others, each possessing some appealing characteristic. Mildred Grant, King George V., British Queen, one of the newest and most remarkable of hybrids, Ethel Malcolm, Lady Alice Stanley, Mrs. W. J. Grant, William Shean, and Chas. J. Grahame are in this great collection, and each may be seen in bloom at the present moment.

Hardiness of the Rose.

Those who should know better assert that horticulture can never be successful in the colder provinces of Canada, and the statement will die hard. But surely it is only necessary to look round from the coming of the Trilliums until the last leaf has fluttered from the Maple to know that our gardens may be as brilliant as any in the whole world. Certain groups of roses are not desirable because of a marked tenderness of growth, but the famous French Rose, Marechal Niel, the tenderest of yellow



Gen. McArthur Rose—Brilliant Crimson—and Filled With Fragrance.



A Superb Flower of "The Lyon Rose"—Wonderful in Colouring.

shades, has stood out in this garden with, of course, the accustomed protection, necessary in the northern and indeed all British countries, without injury. The great point is to give adequate protection, and this is accomplished by hoeing or earthing up the soil six inches deep and thus covering the union of stock and scion, which is the most vulnerable part. This method has been followed with unbounded success in the British Isles, and in addition to this put long, strawy litter over the plants to throw off moisture. It is not so much severe cold that kills as damp, and a hard, dry snowy winter is less hurtful than spells of warmth, cold, and wet. Advice such as this may be soon wanted. The old adage that "what is worth doing is worth doing well" applies with strong force to the growing of roses, and fortunately the routine to be followed is simple and interesting. The plant should be three inches below the union of stock and scion, and planting takes place, in the case of roses raised in the country, in the fall, and if imported, about the second week in April. The most favorable season of all, however, for planting in general, is the early spring, and for soil choose very heavy clay, or, failing that, dig out the ground to a depth of four feet, putting one foot of brick bats in the bottom, then cow or pig manure and then chopped loam or sod that has been in the stack one year. On the top layer, or "spit," as it is called, put in a quantity of marl or blue clay, which will pulverize and mix in well. Renew the bed every five years.

AS to pruning, the weakly growers should be cut back to four "eyes" or buds, and the strong to six, and this should be done about the end of March; Hybrid Teas, to three eyes, and the middle of April, and the Teas, severely, removing weakly wood. Many different opinions are expressed with regard to feeding, but diluted animal manure promotes the finest growth and flowers, and pig and fowl manure should not be used, as they are too hot.

If the advice given is followed and mixed with sound commonsense on the part of the cultivator, there should be Roses to overflowing. The question of insect pests was recently considered, so further reference is needless here. One thing I hope is that these notes of something that has actually occurred in Rose culture in this country will be fruitful in great results. They should dispel all thoughts of failure and give renewed courage to those who have not achieved success because something was wrong in culture details. The Rose is our flower, and queen in the big, gay, odorous posy that makes up the wild and garden gems of Canada, and the more we know of her winsome, wilful ways, the ways of a spoilt pretty coquette, the more we shall coax from her the rich fulness of beauty that comes in response to those who try to understand her and mean to do so.

Roses are not, of course, confined to the three great races that have formed the chief theme, and as the love of the flower deepens, so other groups will creep into the garden, and the bright chinas, moss, and many others mingle in the beautiful assembling of all that is most lovely in the world of garden flowers.

Fall vs. Spring Planting

A VERY interesting and useful discussion in these pages arises from whether it is wise to plant at all in the fall or leave everything to spring. Men of experience seem to differ seriously on this most important question, and the writer would earnestly like to know why, during such a fall as was experienced last year, planting, except of firs and evergreens generally, should not go forward? The soil was perfect, the weather sometimes almost spring-like in warmth, and conditions apparently favourable in every way. Yet, wise men shook their heads and said, "No, better to plant in spring." Well, if

the spring, which generally means for planting about a month, is the only season to ensure safety and therefore guard against failure, which no one wants, the time is fairly limited, counting delays in obtaining the stock and manifold trials. One would like a clearly defined table of just the things that may be planted during both seasons, and this list or table to comprise orchard trees and plants, everything, in fact, that contributes to orchard and garden. Opinions from those qualified to give them will be welcomed and just settle a matter on which there must be no hesitation.

Evaporation and Soil

MULCHING or covering the surface with various kinds of light materials, such as leaf-mould, littery manure or anything, in fact, which gives an inch or two of loose surface to the earth and prevents evaporation, is a great aid on many soils, but not so important where the beds have been thoroughly prepared, at least not for roses, and many of the best flowers, because if the roots can go down and find good soil as far as they go they really do not want mulching, save on very hot soils. Mulching of various kinds or loosening the surface of the ground is, moreover, much easier to carry out in the kitchen and fruit gardens or orchard than in the flower garden, the surface of which we wish covered during the fine season, and is not difficult to carry out, as we often see it where the health of the forest and other fertile lands depends to a certain extent on the ground being covered with vegetation, which of itself prevents direct evaporation. We see the same thing occur in cultivation where the ground is covered with the leaves of plants, as in a well-cropped market garden.

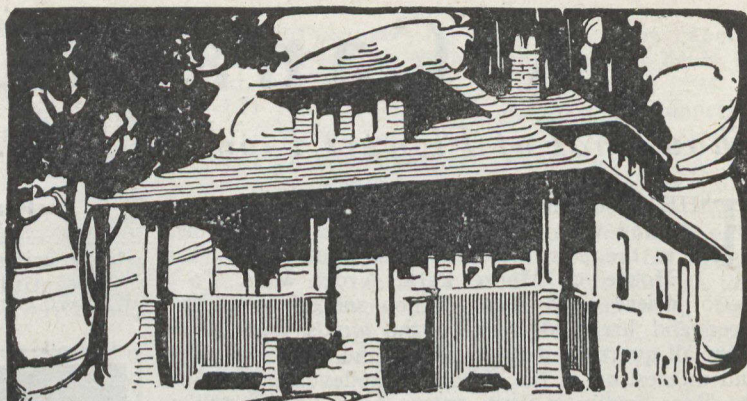
W. ROBINSON.

Barbed Wire a Curse

THE mind that conceived the idea of barbed wire fence was as malignant as the inventor of dum-dum bullets; inventions, if one cares to call them so, that have not even the merit of cleverness. Inventions there are, deadly, venomous and devilish that fill one with wonder, but not the barbed wire, which is no real protection, simply an idea conceived to torture without practical protective results. The sight the other day of a lamb caught in barbed wire filled one with disgust. The man who wishes to get over a barbed wire fence can easily do so, and an ordinary strong wire fence is sufficient to deter cattle. There are more broken fences and big holes in barbed wire fences than in any other and their danger to children in particular and animals is a real one. If more attention were paid to keeping gates sound and shut when not required to be open, a few of the trials of farm and garden life would disappear.

Testing the "Ad."

ADVERTISING is a strange device. All last winter in the street-cars of Canada there appeared a sign that was first put up in the merry month of May—cracking up the charms of a certain kind of summer underwear. Intending customers were counselled to keep cool this summer by buying that kind of sub-clothes. That was in December, and January and February—and still the wonder grew. Girls giggled and young men said the ad. was crazy, and wiseacres said the ad. that left it up must be a backwoods concern. In March somebody wrote to the head of the firm "way down east" calling his attention to the behind-the-times thing. He got a very curt but courteous reply. And the ad. stayed up along into spring. By which time the firm had accumulated a heavy bunch of letters on the subject, each of which was carefully replied to. It was all done—a purpose. The underwear makers only wanted to test the value of that particular kind of advertising. And they did.



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Albany. 7 rooms, \$1,755.60.

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We can show you how to build a cosy, attractive home (not a sectional, portable house), designed by clever architects, without a cent of expense to you for designs. And at a price fully 30% less than building in the ordinary way.

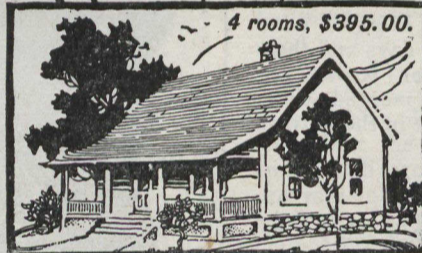
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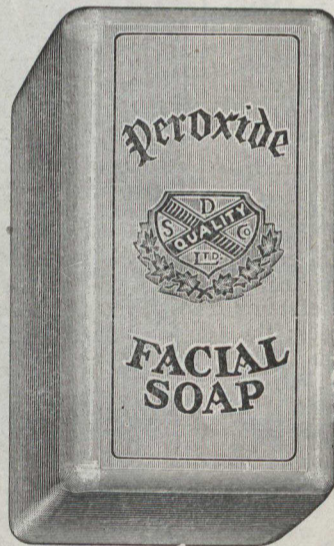


4 rooms, \$395.00.

YOU should have a copy of our Catalogue showing photographs of a great variety of homes built on the Sovereign plan. Floor plans and full information, prices—everything to help you in choosing a home you will be proud of. 54

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an unequalled skin-beautifier and hair-preservative, soothing, cleansing and stimulating in its action. It is of like benefit to adults and children, and is recognized by skin-specialists as a most valuable toilet necessity.

If you cannot obtain this from your dealer, send 25c for a single cake, or 65c for three cakes and a free booklet dealing with the care of the skin and hair.

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Where Has My Money Gone?

Ask yourself that question. If you can answer it satisfactorily and have something to show for it, you are one of the few exceptions among our young men. The best way to offset the evil of spending is a Life Assurance Policy. It is a compulsory Savings Bank and you will be surprised how rapidly your credit column increases. Take a Policy now with the

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BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE



Courierettes.

OTTAWA claims to have increased its population by 5,000 in the past year. All the office-seekers that flocked to the Capital must have settled there.

New York has finally prohibited smoking on open street cars. Old Father Knickerbocker may be a bit behind but he gets into the procession before it's past.

Judge Morgan, of Toronto, declares that a long vacation is not necessary. He would probably be satisfied with half a loaf.

How the new play titles seem to play on the anatomical side of the line. Here's "Peg O' My Heart" coming into Canada, followed by "Hop O' My Thumb."

"The Blindness of Virtue" is a play title that should appeal to Toronto, which has a population of two official censuses and some 475,000 unofficial ones.

Prince Palatine, the race horse, has been sold for \$225,000. That steed is almost as valuable as a good heavy carcass of beef nowadays.

Hon. Col. Sam Hughes takes twenty officers to Britain to see the army manoeuvres. Ere they return Winston Churchill should be convinced that he will not need those Canadian dreadnoughts.

An American paper states that the United States is worth \$130,000,000,000. The conversation of some U. S. natives leads us to believe this a most modest estimate.

The beef trust is said to be faking meat famine reports in order to raise prices. This is the first intimation that they deem some excuse necessary.

Why?—Why is it that at a wedding the men wear black and smile, while the women wear white and cry?

An Apology.—Certain creatures—commonly called men—are now wearing slit trousers, the latest freak in masculine fashions.

We hereby withdraw in deepest humility all the horrid things we have said about feminine fashions.

Just For a Change.—Talk is so cheap nowadays, and there is so much of an oversupply that it would be really refreshing to find a parrot that couldn't converse.

Just a Suggestion.—What a welcome change it would be if the police in Washington suddenly took a notion to enforce the law against unnecessary noises, now that this Mexican crisis is being so loudly debated.

A Course of Training.—Sylvia Pankhurst and some of her followers have now taken up the idea of "sleep strikes" and refuse to lie down or close their eyes.

Probably in training for a visit to Toronto's big Fair.

Sad—But True.—The modern girl is so busy with beauty culture and flashy dressing that she doesn't get much time to help mother do the house work.

Test of True Love.—The supreme test of a young man's devotion to his adored one is the occasion on which he calls for her and she

keeps him waiting in the taxi for 45 minutes while she completes the final touch to her toilet.

Pardon Us.—When asked what he thought of the Thaw case, our office boy said he thought it was a Frost. He added, that if there was going to be another trial, it would be better to wait till it thawed again.

The Human?

WOMAN'S a wonderful creature—
Something odd about her—
Some of us can't live with her,
And some can't live without her.

This is Tough.—John D. Rockefeller declares that he is still but a boy.

That's what we call bad news. If he has made such progress in cornering the money market in his babyhood how will anybody be able to hold a nickel by the time he is grown up?

Quite Natural.—When we take a good look at some of the chorus girls whom the comedian glibly describes as "chickens" we instinctively want to order fish.

The Danger.—An enterprising journal of London, Ontario, is advertising for photos of "bouncing babies" in that city. It is most explicit about the "bouncing." Now elasticity has one test—there is just one way to test if a baby bounces. Possibly, in London, as in Montreal, there is noted a startling rise in the infant death-rate.

Hawkins' Nationality.—When "Billy" Hawkins, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, was asked his nationality, he answered: "Well, I was born in Canada, but I believe my parents were of Scotch descent, and as I shot for an Irish team yesterday, I reckon I am an all-round Empire man."

Asquith's Lucky Ancestor.—An English historian has dug up the fact that one of Premier Asquith's ancestors was hanged and quartered in 1664. They might have omitted the quarter-



NATURE STUDY.

Farmer (to one of his men)—"Say, what did you do with them pups?"
Farm Hand—"Drowned 'em!"
Farmer—"Drowned 'em! Why them pups was worth two dollars apiece. Why did you drown 'em, you boob?"
Farm Hand—"Cos they was all born blind."

ing, but even at that the fellow was not so badly off. He lived before the time of Mrs. Pankhurst.

Ever Notice It?—This world seems an awfully big place when we go looking for our debtors.

And it seems a confoundedly small, little hole when we want to avoid our creditors.

The Power of Sentiment.—Dr. James L. Hughes, who has just retired from the post of Chief Inspector of Toronto public schools, after holding it for 40 years, is one of the few men who manage to make a proper mixture of business and sentiment. Sometimes when all other forms of argument fail to move him, a suggestion of sentiment, a hint of romance, works the magic in a moment.

An ex-alderman of Toronto relates an incident that well illustrates this characteristic of the well-known educationist.

"One of my boys was attending a school in the east end, and my wife and I thought he was not doing well there. We wanted to get him into Dufferin school, where we had both been educated, by the way, but it was filled. The principal referred us to Dr. Hughes. I went to see him and stated my desire. He leaned back and said 'For what reason?'"

"He has to cross the street car tracks to get to the school he is attending now," I said.

"Many other children also have to cross car tracks. That reason won't do," said he.

"Well, we don't like the progress he is making under his present teacher," was my second plea.

"Reason No. 2 won't do either," was his reply.

"Well, I'm a Dufferin school old boy and I would like him to go there," was my next.

"He shook his head. 'Can't do it for that reason, either.'"

"Those were the only three reasons I had thought of using and every one of them had failed to move the inspector. I was beaten. But suddenly I thought of another—one that I had previously discarded as of little weight—and I decided to try it.

"My fourth and final reason," I said, "is that my wife and I first met and grew to love each other at Dufferin school."

"Dr. Hughes brought his fist down on the table with a decisive smash."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "That's a sufficient reason. Your application is granted."

Great Expectations.—Call these two lake sailors Mutt and Jeff, just to be familiar. It was down the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Prescott, where the decks of the river saloons are usually full of sailors, no matter what happens to the ships. The weather was hot. The master of a boat sailing from Rutland, Vt., to Chicago, desired to ship a couple of sailors. So he went into a river saloon, where he found as capable a pair of sealegs as ever rolled home at two a.m. with a sidewalk for a deck. They were laying in a cargo of refreshments, not knowing the minute some shipmaster would wander in.

"Hey, you fellows—I want a couple of sailors. Ready to ship?"

Each looked at his glass and heaved anchor with a sigh.

"Yep, pardner, I guess we be," said one. "Where does she run to?"

"Chicago."

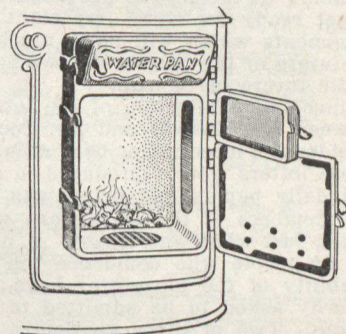
"Oh—oh! Good town for beer. But, say, it's a long run to Chicago."

"Yum, and dang hot weather," said the other.

"Say, cap'n.—there's on'y one question I'd like t' ask 'bout that boat. Seein' as the weather's hot an' it's a long run to where the beer flows free—has that boat got any shade trees on 'er?"

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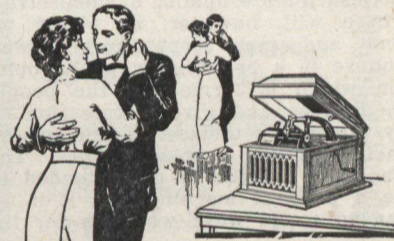


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No need to wait for some one to play. The

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THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

DURING the past month the Canadian League has been reorganized and revitalized. The Executive Committee and the number of patrons have been enlarged and it is proposed to enter upon an active membership campaign. All the present members of the league are requested to get ready for some important developments which will mean much to the future of the league and, we hope, to the future of Canada.

Since the publication of the letters between Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Cooper considerable interest has been aroused. These letters were reproduced in several daily papers and many who are not members of the league are wondering just what was meant. A number of people who could see the advisability of the movement have voluntarily asked to be admitted to the league. Two of these gentlemen are past presidents of the Canadian Club of Toronto and they have been admitted to membership in the Executive Committee. Another gentleman who is prominent in Canadian educational work and also in literary work has consented to act on the Executive. This gentleman will be a tower of strength to the league. The names of the new members of the Executive will not be announced until those who have been invited to join that body have all made their replies.

There are many people who cannot see that the attitude of the politicians towards national questions is based wholly upon what they think the people think. They have a sort of idea that the leading men of Canada are directing the country's affairs and that the common people are disloyal if they express their own opinions on national subjects. There will be no place in the Canadian League for those who have such a low opinion of themselves. There will, however, be plenty of room and ample scope for those who believe in a broad-based public opinion which is formed by the people themselves and given expression to by the people themselves and not by their elected representative. The Canadian League is not intended to be a political machine, but it is intended to do work which is for the

general benefit of Canada. The objects as set out below explain this more fully. All the planks in the platform are important and are worthy of close and serious thought.

The Canadian League is intended to unite all patriotic Canadians in one organization which will be helpful to the nation as a whole and helpful to each individual.

The central organization is to be supported by voluntary contributions from its "Patrons." No member is to pay an initiation fee or a yearly subscription. Local leagues may be formed wherever there are twenty or more members of the League, and these local leagues may make their own regulations as to meetings, fees and constitution.

Canada is receiving each year many new citizens, more in proportion to her population than any other country in the world. There must be an organized effort to explain to these the nature of our Government and the traditions of our past, and to inspire in them a feeling of intelligent loyalty to the country and its institutions. Hence the prime necessity for a league of this nature.

A League Badge is being prepared and will be supplied at cost price to all members. A Certificate of Membership will be sent to every person joining the League, for which there will be no charge. Charters also will be supplied local leagues free of charge.

Objects of the Canadian League.

1. To explain to the newcomers who are pouring into Canada the nature of our government and our traditions and to inspire in them an intelligent devotion to the country and its institutions.
2. To bring the people of Eastern and Western Canada into a closer understanding of each other, so that they may unite in a common Canadianism.
3. To unite all citizens in non-partisan support of national undertakings, particularly those pertaining to national defence.
4. To maintain Canada as a self-governing nation within the Empire.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To the Honorary Secretary of

THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

I desire to be enrolled as a member of the "THE CANADIAN LEAGUE," and I agree to advocate and support the objects as laid down.

Signature.....

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Junior Competition No. 2

FOR the best essay of not more than 500 words on either one of the two following subjects:

- (a) The Biggest Industry in Our Town.
- (b) How Carpets, Furniture, Stoves (any article made in a factory), are made.

We offer the following prizes:

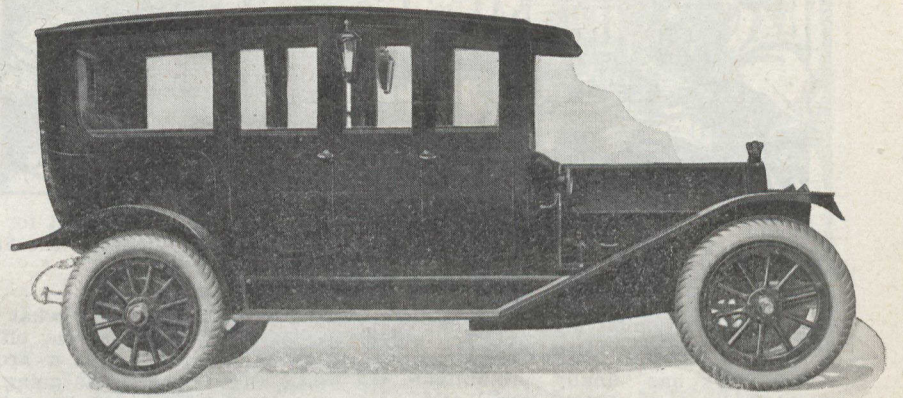
- First Prize—No. 2 Folding Pocket Brownie Camera.
- Second Prize—One year's subscription to the Canadian Courier.
- Third Prize—De Luxe edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.
- Fourth Prize—Cloth edition of

"Canada" by Beckles Willson.

Fifth Prize—Cloth edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.

Rules.

1. The essay is open to all contestants up to the age of eighteen, but is designed to especially interest High School students whose manuscripts will be given preference.
2. Manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only and must be endorsed "Original" by a master in the school or a parent.
3. Name, age and address must be stated and essays should be mailed to "Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto." The contest closes on October 15th.



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This is a booklet explaining the purchase and sale of securities, giving the latest available information, such as: Capital, Earnings, Dividends, tables showing the range of prices from 1908-1913, etc., of 180 prominent companies whose securities are mostly listed, and dealt in, on the stock exchanges in Canada.

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There are securities which promise a high rate of interest and the chance of an increase in value, but for those dependent upon the income from their investment, or endeavoring to lay up money for their old age, they are too speculative. With such, the Bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation are a favourite investment, because they know that if they invest \$1,000 in these Bonds they will get the \$1,000 when it becomes due, and that the interest upon it will be promptly paid in the meantime.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Bank Act and the Crop Movement

THE announcement that the Washington Government will place at the service of the crop-moving banks a sum of twenty-five or fifty million dollars to assist in the movement of the crops prompts an examination of the methods employed by Canada in this matter.

In this country, the influence of the recently-passed Bank Act will be notable, and will make the financing of the crop movement a good deal easier than



The Lounging Room of the New Club-Compartment Cars now Running on the Grand Trunk Fast Limited Trains Between Toronto and Montreal.

it otherwise would have been. In previous years, it is true, a bank might, "from the first of September to the last day in February," issue its notes to an amount not exceeding fifteen per cent. of the combined unimpaired paid-up capital and rest or reserve fund of the bank. That is not a new provision. But the new act provides for a further issue of notes against gold and Dominion notes, which will undoubtedly facilitate matters a good deal at this time. The clause as amended last session now reads as follows:

"3. Except as hereinafter provided, the total amount of the notes of a bank in circulation at any time shall not exceed the aggregate of—

"(a) the amount of the unimpaired paid-up capital of the bank; and,

"(b) the amount of current gold coin and of Dominion notes held for the

bank in the central gold reserves hereinafter mentioned.

"4. The Association may, with the approval of the Minister, appoint three trustees and the Minister may appoint a fourth trustee, and the trustees so appointed shall receive such amounts in current gold coin and Dominion notes, or either, as any bank may desire from time to time to deposit with them. The amounts so deposited are herein referred to as 'central gold reserves' and shall be held and dealt with in accordance with the provisions of this Act."

As the banks hold an average of \$140,000,000 in specie and Dominion notes, they can issue bank notes to as great extent as they see fit providing only that this specie and Dominion notes is deposited at Montreal. It will not be possible to deposit more than half this amount at Montreal, and therefore the limit of circulation would be about \$70,000,000 from this source. Even if it were only \$25,000,000, Canada would be in as good a position as the United States.

It must be remembered, however, that while it is in order to make the broad statement that the new Bank Act will make the financing of the crop movement easier, the fact of the very recent passing of the Act must be taken into account. Farmers cannot feel the benefit of the new clause which authorizes them to borrow on their grain, because, at present, they haven't room to store their grain. Storehouses and granaries are being constructed, both by the Government and privately. In two or three years the banking accommodation in this regard will make its good influence felt, and as a result the economic conditions of the Dominion will greatly improve.

The World's Wheat Crop

THE Department of Agriculture at Ottawa has published a very timely bulletin, dealing with the world's wheat crop, this year and last. The statistics included in the report are at once interesting and instructive. The first place in wheat production is held, for this year, by Russia in Europe, and the second by the United States. Last year, it was the other way about.

According to the figures forecasted in this bulletin, this year's crop will be about one hundred million bushels in advance of last year. Of course, this is a rough estimate. It changes—more or less—each month, but it is reasonably certain that there will be a margin on the right side this year of 100,000,000 bushels. Canada's yield is put at 216,000,000 this year, as against 199,250,000 for 1912. So that there is still, it would appear, corn in Egypt—and all the other wheat producing countries of the world. And what is more to the point, there doesn't appear to be any sign of seven—or any other number—of lean years.

The probable result of this big harvest will be a general lowering of wheat prices all over the world. Already prices are lower in Canada than at this time last year.

The Crop—of New Issues

THE most important news in connection with new issues is that of the sale of the bonds of the Toronto Hydro-Electric System. This wipes out bonds to the value of four and a quarter million dollars which have been on the market for some time. The sale was made at a price of \$31.2 on a four per cent. basis. The significance of the announcement is that the bonds were marketed over the line, and not in Great Britain, where they were primarily offered. It is said—with what truth it is hard to say—that the marketing of the bonds in England was prevented by financiers on this side of the water. However—they are now sold.

A large block of Toronto Harbour Commission bonds, four and a half per

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NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

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

By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

Western Assurance Company

(Fire and Marine)

Incorporated A.D. 1851

Assets over \$3,000,000.00

Losses paid since organization over
\$56,000,000.00

W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager

cents., has been sold in London. They are guaranteed by the city. Premier Sifton, of Alberta, announced that he has arranged for a renewal of Alberta bonds to the value of \$7,500,000. The Mayor of Saskatoon has successfully negotiated a loan of \$11,000,000, on the city debentures, in Chicago.

On and Off the Exchange

The Devil It Is

THE "Financier," of London, England, seems to be in a quandary, like some thinking people in Canada, as to who is making money through stock exchange transactions these days. In an editorial, the following solution is proffered:

"Thackeray once expressed his wonder as to what became of money that was lost at cards, for he had noticed (as many others have done) the extraordinary phenomenon that nobody in the room ever seems to have won it. Finding no other reason, he ascribed it to diabolical agency. It almost appears that His Satanic Majesty must have had a hand (or hoof) in Stock Exchange transactions during the recent bad times. Clients say they have dealt and lost money, while the jobbers with whom the bargains were done profess, and quite loudly, that they have not made a farthing; in fact, one of them told me that he had been away for six weeks, and reckoned that his holiday had saved him ten pounds a week. Now, somebody must have been making this money. It isn't the clients, it isn't the jobbers; it most certainly isn't the brokers. Therefore, I think the old gentleman must be saving up for one of his devilish booms."

The New Hudson's Bay Store

WHAT is described—and with some reason—as the finest department store of the Dominion, and one of the most superbly appointed in the world, was opened on August 18th at Calgary. It is the new store of the Hudson's Bay Company.



The New Hudson's Bay Store at Calgary, Alta., which was Opened on August 18th.

The area of the building is 32,500 square feet. Its height is 143 feet. The building is of steel, faced with white terra cotta. There are six storeys in addition to the basement.

History repeats itself. Half a century ago the trappers and traders of the West came to the spot upon which is now built this new store. "Meet me at the Fort" was the phrase they used. Now, in 1913, traders and bargain-hunters—of both sexes—will meet at the same place, for the same purpose, buying and selling.

The appointments of the store are par-excellence, and provide for the ease and comfort of everybody who goes shopping. There are lounges and waiting rooms, ladies' rest rooms, and a "Rendezvous."

Restaurants and cafeterias are included. There is a nursery for the youngsters.

Opening day was remarkable for one of the most unique gatherings ever held in Western Canada. The managers of all the Company's stores throughout the West were present at a banquet held in the new store.

Regarding the Market

THE September dividends will soon be upon us, and will prove very opportune. They will amount to a considerable sum, and its releasing will doubtless have some influence on the stock exchanges of the country. Several corporations have already declared disbursements, and these will be augmented right along for the next week or two.

There is little change in the market—one way or the other. The outlook continues brighter than it was a month ago, but no radical change can be predicted. The market was gradual in its decline, and it will be gradual in its ascent. But it will ascend.

So far as the bond market is concerned, there is a distinct turn for the better, which is evidenced by the fact that in July, for the first time since last January, bonds actually improved their position. The almost continuous decline gave way last month to a reasonably large advance. This is at once encouraging and significant.

Twenty-five Per Cent. Increase

AN annual report which is of interest to Canadians is that of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway. Fifty-one per cent. of its stock is owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The year ended on June 30th has been the most prosperous in the history of the road. The increase in both gross and net was over 25 per cent., so that there was a big surplus over the seven per cent. dividend on the common.

The Personnel of Spanish River

AT the first meeting of the re-organized board of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, officers were elected as follows: T. H. Watson, President and Managing Director; J. Frater Taylor, Vice-President; W. E. Stavert, Vice-President; R. J. Ward, Secretary, with the following board: G. P. Grant, R. A. Lyon, R. L. Innes, H. E. Talbot and W. K. Whigham and F. S. Szervasy, of London, Eng.

The company having assumed such large proportions and the duties of the president becoming so onerous, Mr. Grant asked to be relieved from that office. It was decided that the office of president and that of managing director should be consolidated, and Mr. Watson, who has been vice-president and managing director, was elected to the new position, and will in the future devote his entire time to the interests of the company.

Two Promotions

THE Union Bank has a new head, in the person of Mr. William Price, of Quebec. He has been appointed honorary president in succession to the late Hon. John Sharples. Mr. George H. Thomson, also of Quebec, has been appointed to the vice-presidency vacated by Mr. Price.

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Reserve Fund - - - 500,000

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E. R. PEACOCK - - - - -	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. S. HODGENS - - - - -	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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several seconds, Vincent sneering, threatening and triumphant; Pasqualli looking murderous hate and defeat.

Suddenly Pasqualli relaxed, leaned back in his chair and smiled. "Not go so fasta, Veencent. I changa my mind. I stay. I fixa it up with da kid. I foola you—peeg!"

Vincent let loose a torrent of profanity, waved a packet of papers, declared he had a witness who would swear to all he would that day put before the police, and so thoroughly cowed Pasqualli that he fell on his knees and begged for mercy.

"All right," said Vincent at length. "You are a dead Ginnie if you don't show up here to-morrow noon with twenty-five thousand in bills and you better have them so I can count 'em easily, because the longer it takes, the slimmer your chances are of getting away. Twelve o'clock, mind. Come right up here same as you did to-day. And don't try any games, for if you do, I'll put the cops onto you."

"All righta, I be here."
Pasqualli slunk from the room like a whipped cur and Jackie wiped the perspiration from his face, too excited to notice that his collar was wilted and he had swallowed his gum.

In a few moments Becky softly unlocked the door and they crept down the stairs like two mice.

Not until Jackie was outside the street-door, bag in hand, did he and Becky breathe freely.

"Becky, don't say nothings to nobody about this, because—"

"What you take me for?" she broke in. "A fool? If that landlady finds out, she is only too tickled to death of the excuse not to pay me my wages."

"I gota tell it the Chief what I heard it and then to-night about eight, I come back here with your bracelet. Watch for me."

"Bec-ky!" cried a shrill voice, "who are you talking to?"

"Yes, mam! The landlady's back! Goodbye."

The door clanged shut and Jackie retreated down the sidewalk chanting "Ai-caa—a-s clos" so well, that a bona fide rag-man listened to him with positive envy.

JAKIE took the subway and got down to Murphy's beat quickly. He trotted up and down the stifling streets looking for his gigantic friend for all the world like a stray spaniel searching for his master and, when he espied him at last, lounging under the shade of an awning, fell upon him in much the spaniel's manner.

"Moify!" he whispered, excitement making him almost incoherent. "Listen! Belief me, now you shall get it even. That guy Vincent ain't got it a chanct now much more for laughs at you. He's a 'zhulik' and—"

"Hey, talk United States. What's a 'zhulik'? what Vincent?" Thereupon Jackie unfolded the whole amazing tale and Murphy, much impressed, lugged him off to the station to repeat it to the Captain.

That officer appeared not to believe a word of it, but he called in two guileless-looking men whom Jackie decided were "detectives," to hear the story, gave a few terse orders and Jackie departed to buy Becky's bracelet. "Gee," he grinned to Murphy, "if Rachael knew I was buying presents for another lady, wouldn't she have it a jealousy?"

He found Becky awaiting him in the shadow of the basement stairs and coaxed her to go for a walk.

After her first transports over the bracelet had subsided, he announced that he must be smuggled in again next day at noon. At first she refused, but at length the bait of "a genu-wine ruby ring" decided her.

The next morning Jackie spent in a fever of impatience for the fatal hour to come. Fares were few and he spent the time between them in earnest conversation with Rachael.

"What if Pasqualli don't swipes it the money an' Vincent is all a bluff? What if they ain't nothin' doin' an' all they got is my say so? Oi, if they gets it stung on this case, the very leastest they can do is takes it away my license and make it of Moify a Bronzer cop. Rachael, it is a big lie what says it there is twenty-four hours to a day,

it's twenty-four years. Such a slowness I never seen it before."

At last the time came for him to leave his stand. He put Rachael in the stable and proceeded uptown to the scene of what he was confident was to be triumph.

As he neared number 99 he met the two detectives going in opposite directions. They exchanged knowing glances, and passing each other to all appearances complete strangers. Then he emitted the peculiar whistle which was to warn Becky.

She appeared at the front door and beckoned. "Quick! Everybody is at dinner." She hustled him up the stairs and into the trunk-room and gave him the key. Jackie sat down to await events. Shortly after Vincent came in.

It lacked two minutes to twelve by Jackie's Ingersoll when the banker arrived.

Vincent received him in silence and he lost no time about surrendering the money. In spite of his disguise Jackie recognized Pasqualli.

He watched Vincent count over the greater part of the bills, then opened the door and stole down stairs. Becky was on the watch for him and piloted him down the back way. One of the detectives was standing in the basement entry and Jackie fung himself upon him.

"I seen him get the money!" he panted. "We got them nailed now!"

"All right, old man. We'll go up now. The captain sent Murphy up in plain clothes and he and my pardner are in the vestibule waiting to nab the Ginnie as he comes out."

"I betcha Moify likes that job," said Jackie gleefully.

Becky stared at them speechless. The detective opened his coat and showed his badge of authority. "You go into the kitchen now and attend to your work," he commanded sternly, and she obeyed without a word, while he and Jackie lost no time in reaching the trunk-room.

Hardly had the door closed upon them when Pasqualli emerged. They allowed him to descend the stairs unmolested. Vincent locked his door with a sharp click.

In another moment they heard the vestibule door open, a muffled cry, and they knew that the unscrupulous Italian was now in safe hands. Then they slipped the bolt on the trunk-room door and the detective with leveled revolver and Jackie at his heels, burst in upon Vincent, surprising him in the act of counting the money.

"Hands up!" commanded the detective, and Vincent, pale and shaking, slowly obeyed.

The detective slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a pair of handcuffs which he handed to Jackie, who adjusted them with great relish. Then the officer gathered up the money on the table, carelessly thrust it into his coat-pocket and marched his prisoner out of the room and down the stairs.

Thirty minutes afterwards the pair were safely landed behind the bars and Murphy and Jackie were leaving the station with countenances which bespoke entire satisfaction.

"How did you feel when you was hustlin' them crooks into the cooler, Moify?"

"Great! Jackie, you done me a favor. Now that Vincent is in de coop, I feel better. Next time he won't report me!"

"Say," said Jackie, "wouldn't I make it a fine detetective?"

"Sure you would."

"What's the matter wit' us goin' into the business? We could have it a sign on Broadway what says it—SHIMOLESKI, MOIFY & CO.—Detective Agency, business strictly confidential."

"That sounds well, but who's the company?"

"Rachael, of course; she's always been my partner."

Mrs. Malaprop Up to Date.—Mrs. Eastlake—"You visited Venice while you were in Europe, I hear, Mrs. Trotter."

Mrs. Trotter—"Yes, indeed; and we were rowed about by one of the chandeliers for which that city is noted."—Winnipeg Saturday Post.

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TORONTO

to take him to an hotel—the first that came into his head.

Once beyond the range of Lambaire's observation, he leant out of the carriage window and gave fresh instructions.

He was going to see Cynthia Sutton. The difference between Lambaire and Whitey was never so strongly emphasized as when they were confronted with a common danger.

Lambaire shrank from it, made himself deaf to its warnings, blind to its possibilities. He endeavored to forget it, and generally succeeded.

Whitey, on the contrary, got the closer to the threatening force: examined it more or less dispassionately, prodded it and poked it until he knew its exact strength.

He arrived at the house in Pembroke Gardens, and telling the chauffeur to wait, rang the bell. A maid answered his ring.

"Miss Sutton in?" he asked.
"No, sir." The girl replied so promptly that Whitey was suspicious.

"I've come on very important business, my gel," he said, "matter of life and death."

"She's not at home, sir—I'm sorry," repeated the maid.

"I know," said Whitey with an ingratiating smile, "but you tell her."

"Really, sir, Miss Sutton is not at home. She left London last Friday," protested the girl; "if you write I will forward the letter."

"Last Friday, eh?" Whitey was very thoughtful. "Friday?" He remembered that Amber had returned on Saturday.

"If you could give me her address," he said, "I could write to her—this business being very important."

The girl shook her head emphatically.

"I don't know it, sir," she said. "I send all the letters to the bank, and they forward them."

Whitey accepted this statement as truth, as it was.

Walking slowly back to his taxi-cab, he decided to see Amber.

He was anxious to know whether he had read the prospectus.

Many copies of the prospectus had, as a matter of fact, come to Amber's hands.

Peter . . . a dreamer, dabbled in stock of a questionable character. Amber called to see him one morning soon after his return to England, and found the little man, his glasses perched on the end of his nose, labouriously following the adventures of the explorers as set forth in the prospectus.

Amber patted him on the shoulder as he passed at his back to his favourite seat by the window.

"My Peter," he said, "what is this literature?"

Peter removed his glasses and smiled benignly.

"A little affair," he said—life was a succession of affairs to Peter. "A little affair, Amber. I do a little speculation now and then. I've got shares in some of the most wonderful wangles you ever heard tell of."

Amber shook his head.

"Wangles pay no dividends, my Croesus," he said reproachfully.

"You never know," protested Peter stoutly. "I've got fifty shares in the Treasure Hill of the Aztee Company."

"Run by Stolvetch," mused Amber, "now undergoing five of the longest and saddest in our royal palace at Dartmoor."

"It was a good idea."

Amber smiled kindly.

"What else?" he asked.

"I've got a founder's share in the El Mandeges Syndicate," said Peter impressively.

Amber smiled again.

"Sunken Spanish treasure ship, isn't it? I thought so, and I'll bet you've got an interest in two or three gold-recovery-from-the-restless-ocean companies?"

Peter nodded, with an embarrassed grin.

"Let me see your prospectus."

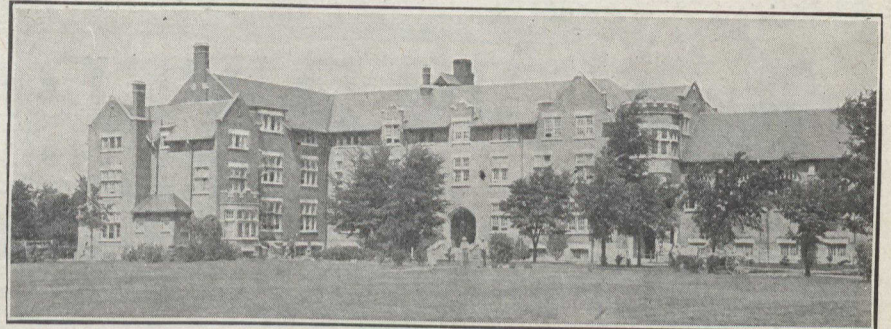
The romantic Peter handed the precious document cross the table.

Amber read it carefully—not for the first time.

"It's very rum," he said when he had finished, "very, very rum."

"What's rum, Amber?"

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The other drew a cigarette case from his pocket: selected one and lit it.

"Everything is rum, my inveterate optimist," he said. "Wasn't it rum to get a letter from me from the wild and woolly interior of the dark and dismal desert?"

"That was rum," admitted Peter gravely. "I got all sorts of ideas from that. There's a tale I've been readin' about a feller that got pinched for a perfe'ly innocent crime." Amber grinned. "He was sent to penal servitude, one day—"

"I know, I know," said Amber, "a fog rolled up from the sea, he escaped from the quarry where he had been workin', friend's expensive yacht waitin' in the offin'—'bang! bang!' warders shootin', bells ringin', an' a little boat all ready for the errin' brother—yes?"

Peter was impressed. "You're a reader, Amber," he said, with a note of respect in his voice. "I can see now that you've read 'Haunted by Fate, or the Convict's Bride.' It's what I might describe as a masterpiece. It's got—"

"I know—it's another of the rum things of life—Peter, would you like a job?"

Peter looked up over his spectacles. "What sort of a job?"—his voice shook a little. "I ain't so young as I used to be, an' me heart's not as strong as it was. It ain't one of them darin' wangles of yours—"

Amber laughed. "Nothin' so wicked, my desperado—how would you like to be the companion of a gentleman who is recovering from a very severe sickness: a sickness that has upset his memory and brought him to the verge of madness—" He saw the sudden alarm in Peter's eyes. "No, no, he's quite all right now, though there was a time—"

He changed the subject abruptly. "I shall trust you not to say a word to any soul about this matter," he said. "I have a hunch that you are the very man for the job—there is no guile in you, my Peter."

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in." The handle turned, and Whitey entered.

"Oh, here you are," said Whitey. He stood by the door, his glossy silk hat in his hand, and smiled pleasantly.

"Come in," invited Amber. "You don't mind?"—he looked at Peter. The old man shook his head.

"Well?" "I've been lookin' for you," said Whitey.

He took the chair Amber indicated. "I thought you might be here," he went on, "knowing that you visited here."

"In other words," said Amber, "your cab passed mine in the Strand, and you told the driver to follow me at a respectable distance—I saw you."

Whitey was not embarrassed.

"A feller would have to be wide to get over you, Captain," he said admiringly. "I've come to talk to you about—" He saw the prospectus on the table. "Ah! you've seen it?"

"I've seen it," said Amber grimly—"a beautiful production. How is the money coming in?"

"Not too well, not too well," lied Whitey, with a melancholy shake of the head. "People don't seem to jump at it: the old adventurous spirit is dead. Some of the papers . . ." he shrugged his shoulders with good-natured contempt.

"Very unbelievin', these organs of public opinion," said the sympathetic Amber, "fellers of little faith, these journalists."

"We didn't give 'em advertisements," explained Whitey—"that's the secret of it."

"You gave the 'Financial Herald' an advertisement," reflected Amber, "in spite of which they said funny things—you gave the 'Bullion and Mining Gazette' a good order, yet they didn't let you down lightly."

Whitey changed direction. "What I want to see about," he said slowly, "is this: you've had convincin' proof that we've located the

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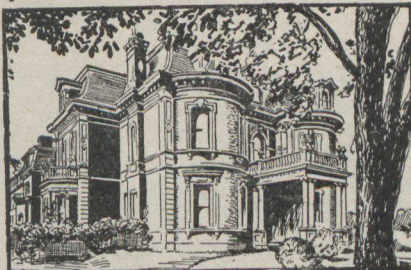
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we've got to give them an answer in a week."

Lambaire sank back into his chair, his head bent in thought. He was a slow thinker.

"We can take all the money that's come in and bolt," he said, and Whitey's shrill contemptuous laugh answered him.

"You're a Napoleon of finance, you are," he piped "you're a brain broker! You've got ideas that would be disgustin' in a child of fourteen! Bolt! Why, if you gave any sign of boltin' you'd have half the splits in London round you! You're—"

"Aw, dry up, Whitey," growled the big man, "I'm tired of hearing you."

"You'll be tireder," said Whitey, and his excitement justified the lapse.

"You'll be tireder in Wormwood Scrubbs, servin' the first part of your sentence—no, there's no bolt, no bank, no fencing business; we've got to locate the mine."

"How?"

"Somebody knows where it is—that girl knows, I'll swear. Amber knows—there's another party that knows—but that girl knows."

He bent his head till his lips were near Lambaire's ear.

"There's another River of Stars Company been floated," he whispered, "and it's the real river this time. Lambaire, if you're a man we've got the whole thing in our hands." Whitey went on slowly, emphasizing each point with the thrust of his finger at Lambaire's snowy shirt front till it was spotted with little grey irregular discs.

"If we can go to the Colonial Office and say, 'This is where we found the mine,' and it happens to be the identical place where Amber's gang say they found it, we establish ourselves and kill Amber's Company."

The idea began to take shape in Lambaire's mind.

"We've announced the fact that we've located the mine," Whitey went on. "Amber's goin' to make the same announcement. We jump in first—d'ye see?"

"I don't quite follow you," said Lambaire.

"You wouldn't," snarled Whitey. "Listen—if we say our mine is located at a certain place, the Colonial Office will ask Amber if there is a diamond mine there, and Amber will be obliged to say, Yes—that's where my mine is! But what chance has Amber got? All along we've claimed that we have found a mine; it's only an eleventh hour idea of Amber's; it is his word against ours—and we claimed the mine first!"

Lambaire saw it now; slowly he began to appreciate the possibilities of the scheme.

"How did you find all this out?" he asked.

"Saw Amber—he dropped a hint; took the bull by the horns and went to the Colonial Office. There's a chap there I know—he gave me the tip. We shall get a letter to-morrow asking us to explain exactly where the mine is. It appears that there is a rotten law which requires the Government to 'proclaim' every mining area."

"I forgot that," admitted Lambaire. "You didn't know it, so you couldn't have forgotten it," said Whitey rudely. "Get out of these glad clothes of yours and meet me at my hotel in about an hour's time."

"I'll do anything that's reasonable," said Lambaire.

An hour later he presented himself at the little hotel which Whitey used as his London headquarters.

It was situated in a narrow street that runs from the Strand to Northumberland Avenue—a street that contains more hotels than any other thoroughfare in London. Whitey's suite occupied the whole of the third floor, in fine he had three small rooms. From the time Lambaire entered until he emerged from the swing door, two hours elapsed. The conference was highly satisfactory to both men.

"We shall have to be a bit careful," were Lambaire's parting words.

Whitey sniffed, but said nothing.

"I'll walk with you as far as—which way do you go," he asked.

"Along the Embankment to Westminster," said Lambaire.

They walked from Northumberland Avenue and crossed the broad road

opposite the National Liberal Club. Big Ben struck twelve as they reached the Embankment. An occasional taxi whirred past. The tramway cars, ablaze with lights, and crowded with theatre goers, glided eastward and westward. They shared the pavement with a few shuffling night wanderers. One of these came sidling towards them with a whine.

"... couple o' 'apence . . . get a night's bed, sir . . . gnawing . . . !"

They heard and took no notice. The man followed them, keeping pace with his awkward gait. He was nearest Whitey, and as they reached an electric standard he turned suddenly and gripped the man by the coat.

"Let's have a look at you," he said.

For one so apparently enfeebled by want the vagrant displayed considerable strength as he wrenched himself free. Whitey caught a momentary glimpse of his face, strong, resolute, unshaven.

"That'll do, gov'nor," growled the man, "keep yours hands to yourself."

Whitey dived into his pockets and produced half a crown.

"Here," he said, "get yourself a drink and a bed, my son."

With muttered thanks the beggar took the coin and turned on his heel.

"You're getting soft," said the sarcastic Lambaire as they pursued their way.

"I daresay," said the other carelessly, "I am full of generous impulses—did you see his dial?"

"No."

Whitey laughed. "Well?"

"A split," said Whitey shortly, "that's all—man named Mardock from Scotland Yard."

Lambaire turned pale.

"What's the game?" he demanded fretfully; "what's he mean, Whitey—it's disgraceful, watching two men of our position!"

"Don't bleat," Whitey snapped; "you don't suppose Amber is leavin' a stone unturned to catch us, do you? it's another argument for doing something quick."

He left his companion at Westminster, and walked back the way he had come. A slow-moving taxi-cab overtook him and he hailed it. There was nobody near to overhear his directions, but he took no risks.

"Drive me to Victoria," he said. Half way down Victoria Street he thrust his head from the window.

"Take me down to Kennington," he said, and gave an address. He changed his mind again and descended at Kennington Gate. From thence he took a tram that deposited him at the end of East Lane, and from here to his destination was a short walk.

Whitey sought one named Coals. Possibly the man's name had in a dim and rusty past been Cole; as likely it had been derived from the profession he had long ceased to follow, namely that of a coal-heaver.

Coals had served Whitey and Lambaire before and would serve them again, unless one of two catastrophes had overtaken him. For if he were neither dead nor in prison, he would be in a certain public house, the informal club from which his successive wives gathered him at 12.30 a.m. on five days of the week and at 12 midnight and 11 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays.

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Whitey was fortunate, for he had no difficulty in finding the man.

He was standing in his accustomed corner of the public bar, remarkably sober, and the boy who was sent in to summon him was obeyed without delay.

Whitey was waiting at some distance from the public house, and Coals came to him apprehensively, for Whitey was ominously respectable.

"Thought you was a split, sir," said Coals, when his visitor had made himself known, "though there's nothing against me as far as I know."

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a big shapeless head and a big shapeless face. He was, for a man of his class and antecedents, extremely talkative.

(To be continued.)

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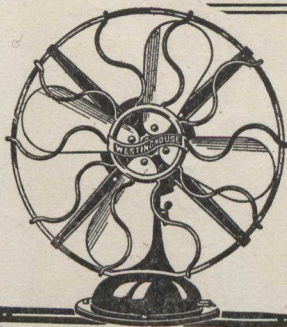
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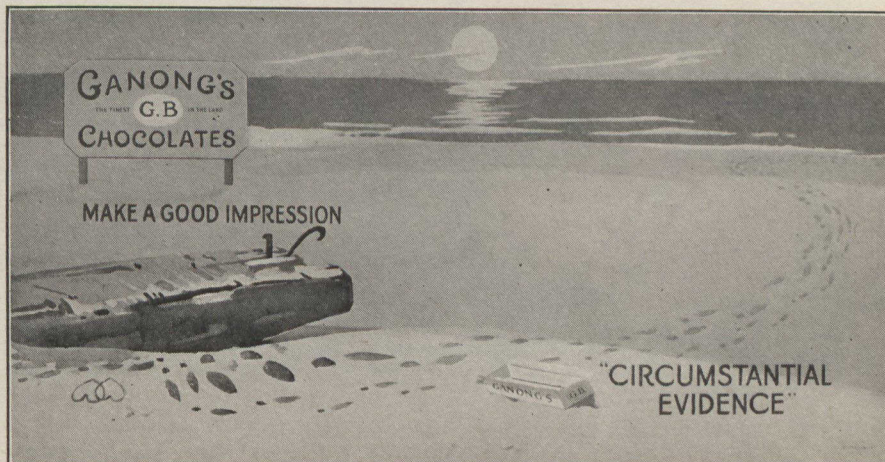
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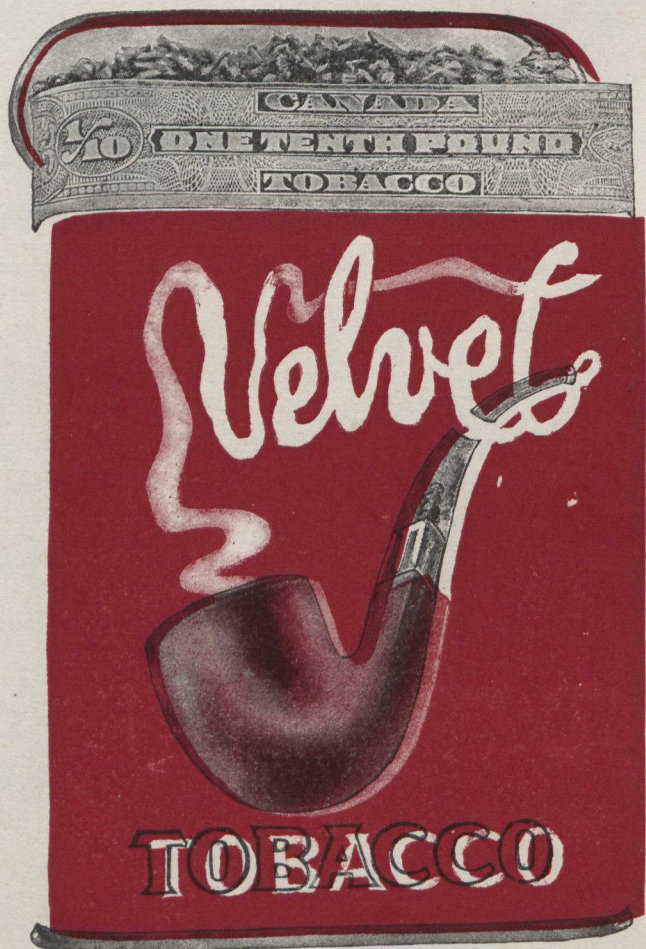
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