

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia

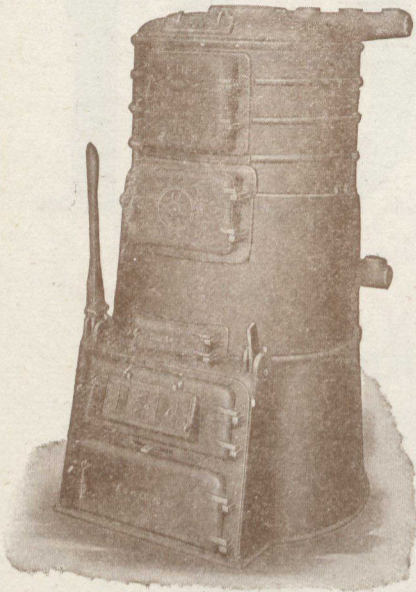
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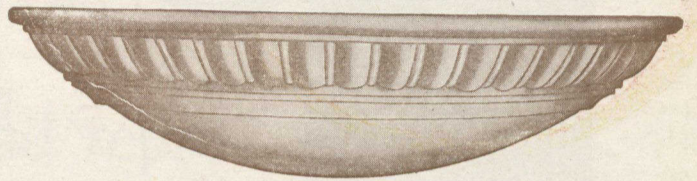
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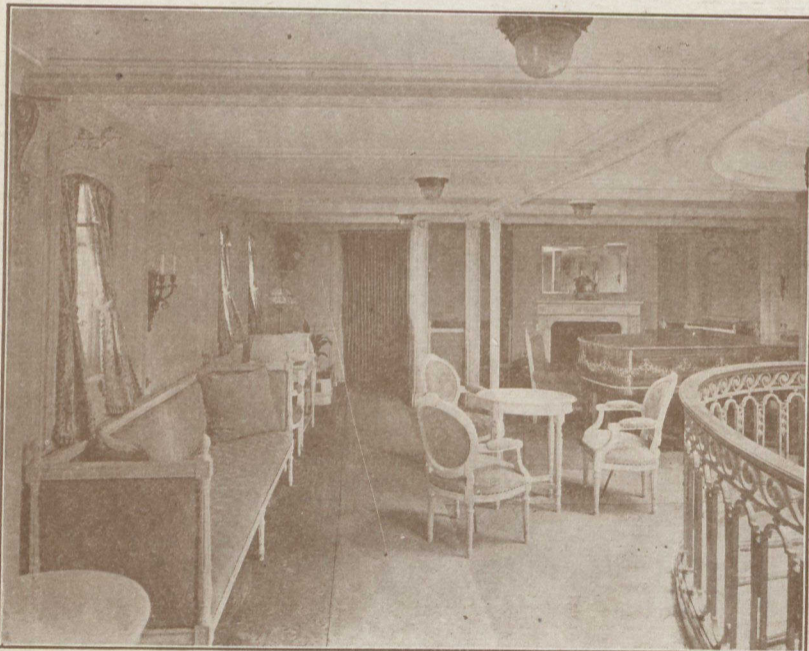
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 17

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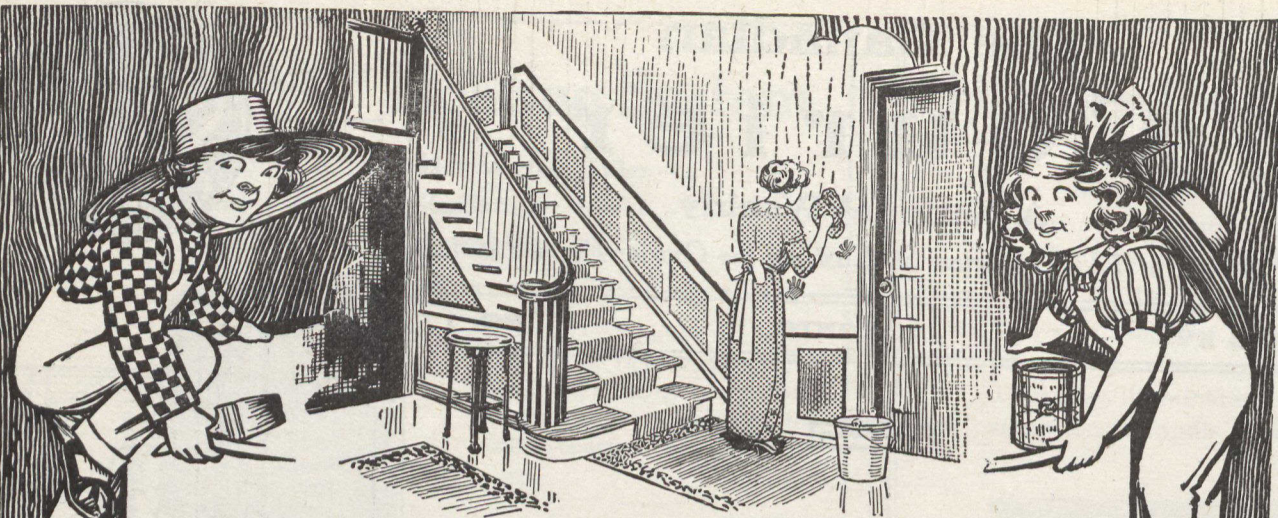
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In Lighter Vein

Shopping.

A LADY ambles to a store
To buy a spool of thread,
At first she looks at hats
galore
Then carving knives and bread.

From there she travels to the aisle
Where davenport are kept.
And then she lingers for a while
Around the ribbon dept.

She looks at frying-pans and lace,
Inspects the latest books,
She prices lotions for the face
And linen goods and hooks.

And when she's canvassed all the
joints,
And clerks are nearly dead,
She brings the matter to a point
And buys her spool of thread.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Eliminated Eggs.—Three Northern men were ordering breakfast—so George Ade says—at a small hotel in South Carolina. The first one ordered coffee, toast and eggs; the second ordered coffee, toast, bacon and eggs; and the third said:

"I'll take the same as this gentleman, but eliminate the eggs."

The waiter started off, but in a minute returned, scratching his head.

"Boss," he asked, "scuse me, please, suh; but how did you say you wanted dem aigs?"

The Yankee caught the point.

"I said I wanted them eliminated. Can't you understand plain English?"

"Yas, suh. I understan's now," murmured the waiter, and off he went.

Presently he came hurrying in from the kitchen.

"Mistah," he asked, "wouldn't you jes' as soon have dem aigs fried or boiled, or somethin'?"

"I would not," snapped the Northerner. "I'm on a strict diet and I have to have my eggs eliminated."

"Dat's whut I tole de cook," said the ducky; "but he say to tell you, please, suh, dat no longer ago 'n yistiddy he drap de 'liminator and broke de handle off. He say dey done ordered a new one, but it can't git here twell to-morrow. So he'd lak mightily fur you to tek yore aigs some other way to-day, suh."



Obedient Willie.—Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson.

"No," said the captain, he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a—"

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barquel" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"—Detroit Free Press.



Ignorant Butcher.—Mrs. Putton-Ayres had picked up a few French phrases which she worked into her talk on every possible occasion. Entering the butcher's shop one day, she inquired if he had any "bon vivant."

"Boned what, ma'am?" asked the butcher, puzzled.

"Bon vivant," she repeated. "That's the French for good liver, you know." —Boston Transcript.



Touching.—A teacher trying to impress on her children the rightness of kindness toward all animals, took them for a walk, to bring the lesson home to them.

Hearing a scream from little Johnny, she asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?"

"I've been sitting on a hornet," was the tearful response, "and I'm afraid I've hurt the poor thing." —Delineator.



The CANADIAN COURIER *The National Weekly*



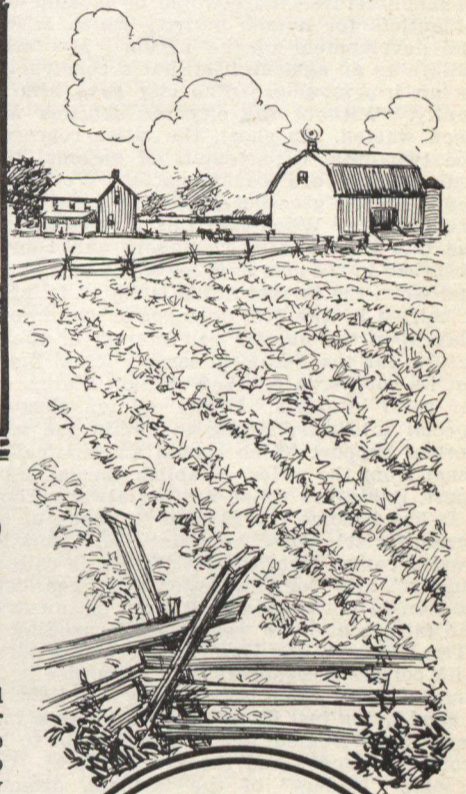
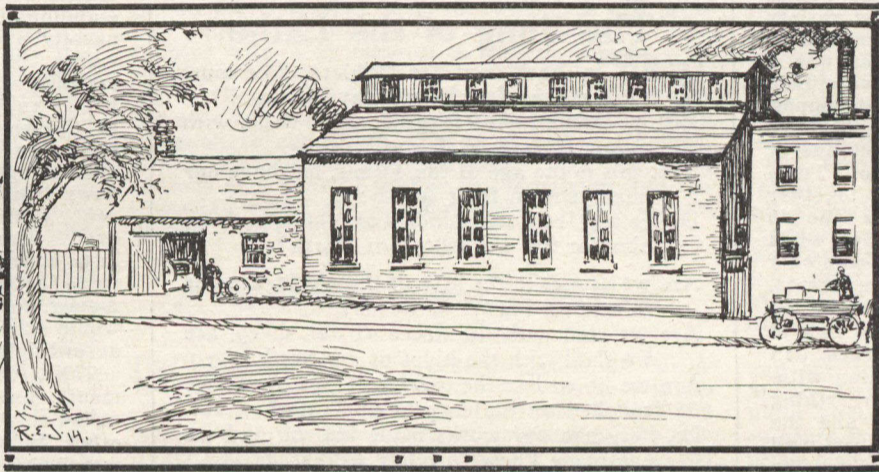
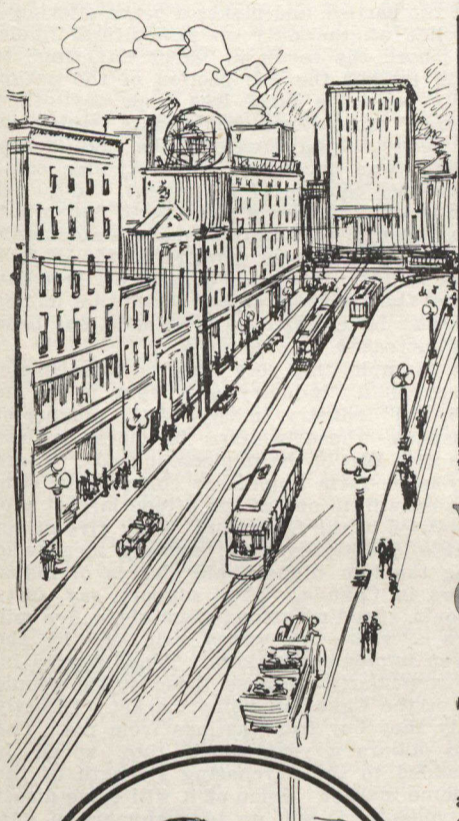
HERBERT
PICKER.

Vol. XV.

March 28, 1914

No. 17

Public Opinion and the Manufacturer



Views of a Manufacturer, who Gets his Ideas from the Farm

Transcribed by BRITTON B. COOKE



THIS is an ex parte statement, biased, one-sided, and partisan, quite. Though my motive in writing is not partisan, I freely admit that the material is necessarily so. One can only speak for oneself and from one's own viewpoint; there is only one brain and one tongue by which a man may find expression for his thoughts. As a manufacturer I write from the manufacturer's point of vantage—or point of disadvantage, believing what I write to be true and just. Some farmers, reading this article, may repudiate my arguments and condemn my sentiments. It is to be expected. Yet I entertain some hope that between the free thinker and the protectionist, there may, at least, be some whose attitude of mind is sufficiently aloof from controversies to enable them to realize a truth in

where he set up our first furnaces, and where we still turn out the smaller castings, became his "farm" in place of the acres he had been obliged to quit in Wellington. It is part of my "farm" to-day. Each year I invest my capital in my business just as my father used to invest oat-seed in a ten-acre field. Each year I take off the increase—my crop—if there is any. Like him, I have a sort of natural instinct for "farming" in the foundry business. Like him, I should be all at sea in the management of a piece of good clay loam. Sometimes we get a bad crop, sometimes a "bumper." It depends largely upon the economic weather which Providence may see fit to send or to withhold. It depends, too, now that my father has retired, upon the attention I give the business and my skill, or lack of skill in handling the problems which arise from day to day. My grandfather, who was a good farmer, occasionally lost a colt; sometimes I lose money on a contract when I have miscalculated my costs. My grandfather, who was an astute judge of weather, sometimes left his hay just one day too long, and had the rain spoil it in a night. I sometimes give a customer too long a line of credit, and thus sustain a loss. In short, we are still a family of farmers, though my uncles deal in seed and soil, and I in other things.

my observations, which the average Canadian might do well to consider.

My business is the making of certain kinds of iron castings used by other manufacturers. I belong to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and I have always contended, however obscurely, on the side of protection. I mention these points so that there may be no possible misunderstanding of my position. I was one of the many who voted against the proposed reciprocity agreement. I am almost always to be found, I fear, opposing the Western farmer and his ever-increasing demands upon Canadian legislators. Constitutionally I am a conservative of conservatives. Frankly, I distrust radical proposals on first sight. I am suspicious of changes. In matters of government and public policy I dwell upon the value of caution. While I place great emphasis upon the corrective power of public opinion, I distrust popular opinion. For example, to my mind the Initiative, Referendum and Recall is actively dangerous—from which you will see I can never hope to attain merit in the eyes of the Grain Growers' Guide, and must be content with a place in the category of reactionaries.

YET by descent and relationship I am a farmer. In a figurative sense I am still a farmer. For generations my forbears have lived on the land, the last excursion into the realm of ancestry having discovered nothing but an honest yeoman of my name farming a few acres in Kent. My great-grandfather and his father, and his father's father—farmed. My grandfather had a hundred acres in Wellington, and even my father was a farmer until the neighbours laughed him out of it. He was forced to the city for a living, where it was thought we must certainly starve, so hopeless had my father proved as a farmer. Yet we prospered in the town, for my father, by some freak in heredity, turned out to have a natural bent for working in iron. He began as a blacksmith and thrived from the first, until when he was fifty he laid the foundations of the industry which is now mine. The low building

THIS is a protest; a protest against the agriculturist on the one hand and the city dweller on the other hand. It is a protest against the lack of representative public opinion in Canada, a protest against the unevenness of the pressure which is brought to bear upon our legislators, and the resultant lack of balance in the direction of public policy and in the enactment of legislation. So far the results may not have done any great harm, but the situation is potentially dangerous. There is in Canada scarcely a vestige of real public opinion; its place is usurped by "popular" opinion, or more often by sectional and class opinion. We think in classes and in communities, heterogeneously. Parliament and the various legislatures are prompted accordingly into making concessions to the class or community which appears to control the most votes, patching and mending laws and bribing constituencies with their favourite cake. This is the substance of the protest. The responsibility falls, I claim, upon the farmer, for his over-activity, and upon the city dweller, for his indifference, though of the two, the city dweller is the greater sinner.

The power behind almost all great social and economic movements in the last two hundred years has been the agriculturist. It was the country places that lent such terrific momentum to the French Revolution. Farmers made early trouble between Germany and Russia over the ratification of trade treaties. Farmers fired the first shots in the War of the American Independence, and the great-grandsons of those very men, in the Western States,

overthrew the then dominant political influences and for a time controlled all legislation in those States. Farmers brought about, indirectly, the reciprocity proposals of 1911. Farmers are the most-considered class in the deliberations of the House of Commons at Ottawa to-day, save only the railroads, whose very existence sometimes seems to depend upon vigilance in the lobbies. It may be shocking to appear to condone the railroad lobbies, yet in a day such as this, when one class of opinion takes the place of a real public opinion and the pressure brought to bear upon Parliament is so one-sided, the great interests are forced to take steps to protect themselves against the lively radicalism to which they are exposed. The railways and other interests would have less to fear and perhaps less to hope for in the lobbies if Parliament were more thoroughly representative, and public opinion, upon which it rests, better balanced.

THE farmer gives weight and energy to public movements, but the cities provide other factors; acting now as a counter-balance, now giving edge to the weapon, now directing the stroke, and always providing the other part which should be present in any good national alloy. The cities represent manufacture and the agencies of exchange. No nation reaches its highest aims that grows by agriculture alone or by manufacture alone. For without the farms the cities would soon be exhausted of their strength, and without the cities—the homes of manufacture—there would be lacking that variety of outlets for human activity which is essential to the development of the nation. My father was a failure as an agriculturist, but a constructive citizen as an iron-moulder. The city gave him his opportunity. Without the city his abilities would have been wasted. In short, the cities represent one of the two great departments of national life. Town and country are counterparts. Working together they achieve greatness, develop great sons who do great works. When they fail to work together, when the city man becomes selfishly and short-sightedly absorbed in the complexities of his own engagements, and when the farmer in his isolation is left to be led or misled by the first demagogue who knows how to play upon the natural self-interest of the race, evil results for the nation at large. Rural opinion without its counterpart, urban opinion, claims everything for rural interests. Urban opinion sleeps, and the special interests, failing to obtain the natural and normal support which should automatically come to them from the cities, establish special influences at court, influences which are not always wholesome.

It has become the fashion to speak of the heroic agriculturist! How he toils! His isolation! "All wealth comes from the soil!" He is called "nation-builder" and "empire-maker." It has become the fashion in newspapers and from platforms to flatter the farmer as if he were a child, needing attention. "The Man with the Hoe" has become a sort of fetish with certain newspapers, and his praise is canted six times a week. Men have sprung into light who make a good living just by telling the Western farmer how badly he is treated, and what he ought to be getting from Parliament and the greedy East! Other men become "leaders" of the farmers, directing their political activities from comfortable offices in Winnipeg and Calgary. It is noteworthy that few of these farmer "leaders" live by farming. It is also noteworthy that there are farmers, especially in the East, who decline this so-called leadership and continue to think for themselves in terms of national welfare.

YET through constant iteration and reiteration the public has come to accept this representation of the farmer as being correct. It takes argument to show what should otherwise be obvious; that the farmer is only half the nation and farming only half of its ultimate business; and that the cities and the dwellers in the cities are, for all their indifference, quite as essential to the building of the nation. Is no credit due to the man who "farms" with his few hundred or few thousand dollars in some industrial pursuit? Who, living as he does amidst the strenuous competition of city life, is yet willing to place his means in circulation in order that he may build up an industry? The farmer is not the only contributor to the achievements of the State, and yet, which gets most of life? Whose is the healthier occupation? Which has the quiet night's rest? Which has the real opportunity to enjoy living as measured by proper standards? Which has more opportunity for the enjoyment of family life? For the reading of books? For the contemplation of natural objects? Has that man more anxiety who watches the rain clouds hovering over his already-too-well-watered fields, than the other, the city dweller, who sees unfavourable business conditions threatening to cut off his earning power and leave him practically resourceless in a city—the place where a man must pay dollars upon dollars for the mere privilege of keeping alive, whereas the farmer, even at the worst, can maintain himself on comparatively little? Crop failure to the farmer still leaves him with the fields—on which taxes are a mere pittance. Business calamity to the city dweller is likely to leave him stripped of everything, including his credit. The average city dweller handles more money in a year than the average farmer, but at the end of the year he thinks he has done well if he has kept pace with his obligations,

whereas the farmer, with his farm still beneath his feet, his larder well stocked at no monetary cost to himself, and many assets unliquidated, worries if he has not at least a few more dollars in the bank now than he had a year ago. There is no bug-a-boo of "keeping up appearances" to fret the farmer, yet "appearances" are vital to the book-keeper, the salesman, and the mechanic. The farmer can live frugally from the products of his own land, whereas the city worker can only obtain the actual requisites of life by the expenditure of his daily wage, and he is practically forced to purchase much that the farmer never troubles to think about.

Who, then, pays most in the form of duty on imported goods? The city dweller—because he is obliged to pay duty even on such common necessities of life as eggs, butter, milk and meat—thus putting money in the farmer's pocket—the while the farmer himself gets his staples of food as mere incidents in the management of the farm. For hats, for shoes, for socks, for ties, for collars, for women's supplies—for scores of articles, the city dweller pays very heavily in duty. The farmer, buying very much less, contributes very much less to the customs revenue.

Take the city man starting up in a small manufacturing business: He must pay 27½ per cent. duty on the machinery and tools he requires. But the farmer buys some of his implements free of duty,

The Song of the Lathe

THIS is the law of the builders: "Ye must make, if ye would have fame,

Else ye stand, at the forge of the Titans, with pigmy blushes of shame."

Yea, this is the age of the Titans, but have our hands shown their worth?

Do we beg from the spindles of others, seek we alms in the workshops of Earth?

Are we drones in the hive of the world, are our talents all buried in words?

Are we clad with the fleece of our sheep, are we shod with the hides of our herds?

Are we housed in the castles of Spain, are we couched on the carpets of Turks?

Lo, here are our works made known, and we are made known by our works.

Lo, here are the things that we make, yea, here are the works of our hand!

For we are heirs of the nations and the skill that the nations command.

Ask, and it shall be created; demand, it shall not be denied;

We have covered the land with our mills, but our strength is yet to be tried.

For the iron and the coal obey us, and all things bow us the knee,

Where the prairies call to the mountains, and the lakes flow into the sea.

We have paved the prairies with cities, we have furrowed the lakes with prows;

But we are not ploughmen alone, we are the makers of ploughs.

Oh, the broad axe rings through the forest, and the ploughshare cuts through the plain,

But this is the song of the makers of the reapers that reap the grain.

Oh, this is the song of the lathe, and this is the song of the loom,

We are young in the workshops of nations, but the nations have found us room.

—R. C. Reade, in *The Canadian Magazine*.

some at 15 per cent. duty and none at more than 20 per cent.; and his machines do not represent the same large sums of money. The manufacturer must pay for raw materials, for labour and for heavy "overhead" expenses. The farmer grows his own seed, or at the worst, pays comparatively little for it. He is continually assisted with government experiments and other special aids to agriculture, which are provided for out of the public chest, to which, as I have already pointed out, the farmer contributes the smaller portion. His labour costs him less than the city man has to pay for an ordinary mechanic. For a gross return of ten dollars the former must at least set five dollars—more likely nine dollars—in circulation. The farmer places in circulation much less money. The farmer's costs for machinery have dropped between thirty and fifty per cent. in twenty-five years, and that same machinery now saves him two-thirds of the labour which used to be required. He gets increasingly more for his beef, butter, eggs, cheese, milk, vegetables, and fruit. And he pays less for his tea and sugar. The net profits of farming have risen, while the city dweller finds it increasingly difficult to meet the high cost of living. And who have the largest savings accounts? The farmers.

There is no ground for complaint in this. All one can ask is that these facts be recognized and that the city dweller take a new view of things and manifest a greater interest in public affairs. What the farmer earns let him keep. Let

him continue to raise his earnest voice in public discussion, but let him not speak alone. For this one-sidedness must eventually react upon the whole community. Politicians know a thousand ways to handle elections in city constituencies, but the farmer-voter has to be pacified at almost any cost—a cost usually expressed in terms of tariff reduction affecting only those commodities which farmers have to buy. Social conditions, franchises, Imperial politics and various other questions serve to split up the attention of what small part of the urban population is pleased to interest itself in political matters. But the tariff is the farmers' piece de resistance. It never wears out, though it sometimes threatens to do so. The results are obvious; public opinion, being replaced by sectional opinion, legislators estimate the strength of that section and yield to its demands accordingly. Legislation is likely to reflect the jerkiness of ill-balanced and unrepresentative opinion, and the long-suffering tariff is in perpetual torture.

WELL planned, carefully executed tariff revision is one thing; hasty adjustments and readjustments are quite another matter, and are the almost inevitable result of the position in which Parliament is from time to time placed. An agitation sweeps the West—which, like any new community, is easily fired—and the West moves upon Ottawa with some new, or renewed demand. Ottawa estimates, with a shrewd eye, the next election and the standing of the parties, and makes a peace offering—usually a slice off the duty on agricultural implements. In short, the result is "tariff tinkering" to appease still further the one section of the nation which really feels the tariff less than any other. In the case of agricultural implements, which industry has been to a large extent "the goat" whenever a "goat" was necessary, the duty has come down from 35 per cent. to 17½ per cent. and 20 per cent., while in some instances there is no duty whatever. The imports of American-made implements have consequently increased from \$1,585,350 in 1909 to \$4,384,394 in 1913; and the "export" of Canadian money, and of the Canadian labour which that money would otherwise have employed in Canada, has been accordingly increased.

Take, for example, this very trade in farm implements, an exporting industry and what might be called a "pivotal" industry, in view of the number of other industries whose welfare is more or less wrapped up with that of the implement trade. There are seventy-seven farm implement concerns in Canada. These constitute one of the fifteen largest producing industries in the Dominion. They give direct employment to practically nine thousand men—who rank among the four highest-paid classes of industrial workers in Canada. They support, say, forty thousand souls, spending among them about five million dollars a year—the wages paid out by the seventy-seven implement makers. These figures interest me particularly, because those 40,000 people are a part of the Canadian home market. Directly or indirectly they buy iron castings from me. The five million dollars a year which they spend is \$5,000,000 added to the purchasing strength of the Canadian home market. Some of it will come direct to me, but most of it will go to customers of customers of customers of mine. But it all affects me ultimately; it assists me in meeting my pay-roll. Then, again, the agricultural implement people pay out \$10,500,000 a year for raw materials, and that affects me because some of it comes straight out of my factory and most of it is supplied to the implement people by customers of mine, or by people from whom I also buy goods. By giving them more business it gives me, in one way or another, more business, and by giving me more business I am able to hire more men and pay more wages, which again reacts favourably on the community at large. The implement men export to other parts of the world something like ten million dollars' worth of implements. Thus, foreigners are helping employ Canadian workmen. The implement men are thus "importing" money, which goes to improve financial conditions in Canada.

LITTLE by little the duty has been reduced on binders, mowers, ploughs, and so on, and every time it has affected not only the implement men, but the manufacturers who sell goods to the implement men. The principle has been adopted at Ottawa that where the protection on a given article has been reduced the protection on the materials entering into that article must also be reduced. Logically, that means reducing the protection on the machinery which is used in making implements. Logically the duty on iron castings of certain classes should be lowered. My friend the textile man, who last year sold 200,000 yards of cotton duck to one implement manufacturer for the self-binders, stands to lose some of his protection. The linseed oil maker, who sold one factory alone 13,000 gallons of oil last year—what about him? A firm in my city sold a Toronto factory 35,000 oil cans in one year. I lunched with a man at the club to-day who is trying to get from that same implement factory, its order for cotters (split keys). "Why," he said, "I sold them last year 2,600,000 of those cotters." Leather men, wire men, makers of paints, of screws, of belting, of benzine, japans, varnishes, turpentines, chains, buckles, drills, bits and taps, grind-stones, emery-wheels, nails, nuts, washers,

(Continued on page 17.)

The Home Rule Situation

By SCRUTATOR

WARS are, happily, far rarer things than are rumours of wars. Civil war, or something all too like it, is a distinct possibility of the present situation in the United Kingdom. But there are other possibilities, too. Among these latter, however, I should hesitate to class anything in the nature of a Home Rule compromise on the basis suggested by Mr. Asquith, namely, the exclusion, for six years only, from the operation of the Home Rule measure, of such Irish counties as choose to vote themselves out of it. The Ulster Unionists will not have this at any price, and the British Unionist party is pledged to the support of their view unless, and until, a general election is held, or the whole matter has been submitted to the people by means of a referendum.

The Ulster Unionists' main objections to Mr. Asquith's compromise suggestion are two in number. First, they object to what has been termed the "vivisection of Ulster." The minimum of their demands is the exclusion of that Province. But, though they desire a specific provision to that effect to be incorporated in the Home Rule Bill, it is likely that they would, nevertheless, agree to Mr. Asquith's "contracting-out" suggestion, if exclusion were to be permanent, and not only for six years, and if the Provinces, and not the counties, of Ireland were to be made the units for voting aye or nay for exclusion. For it is practically certain that, although (mainly owing to the inequalities, as regards numbers, in the different electoral divisions of the Province) Home Rulers from Ulster have a majority of one over Ulster Unionists in Parliament, the latter can claim a decided numerical majority of the electorate. Under the scheme suggested by Mr. Asquith, the four counties of Armagh, Antrim, Down and Londonderry could vote themselves out of the measure. But, in so doing, they would be freeing themselves at the expense of their fellow-covenanters in the other five counties of Ulster, and particularly in Tyrone and Fermanagh, where the Protestant Unionist population forms very nearly half of the whole. Secondly, the Ulster Unionists object (and not less determinedly) to the time limit of six years suggested by Mr. Asquith. One prominent among them writes to me as follows: "The strain of the last two or three years has been fearful. We will not have another six years of it, with the knowledge that, at the end of them, we shall have to face the question again."

A possibility—certainly not a probability—of the situation is that the Government may, even yet, adopt Mr. Bonar Law's suggestion of a referendum. I believe the Home Rule cause would be more likely to win on that than at a general election. For one thing, the plural voter would not be able to use his plural votes on a referendum. For another, there would be no splitting of the Home Rule vote, as there would be, by reason of triangular contests, at an election. Moreover, a referendum offers this advantage to a government, that it can remain in office even after the particular measure referred to has been rejected. I can appreciate the argument that the Unionist demand for a general election is designed to secure the downfall of the Government, and, with it, of the Parliament Act. But the demand for a referendum is not open to the same criticism. If the Irish Nationalist party in Parliament have voted for Welsh disestablishment and the other items of the Liberal programme from genuine belief therein, then there is nothing in the world to prevent those measures being carried, under the protection of the Parliament Act, even though the Home Rule Bill should be rejected on a referendum—and I think there is just a shade of odds that it would not be. However, there seems little likelihood of the Government's acquiescing in the referendum idea. Indeed, of the two, I believe they would prefer appealing to the electorate at a general election, with all its disadvantages of plural votes and triangular contests, on their whole policy, not forgetting their land proposals and the democratic budget which is now in course of preparation by Mr. Lloyd George.

And a general election there will probably be immediately the Home Rule Bill has become law. Before then Ulster will have proclaimed her provisional government. But even this unparalleled step need not necessarily result in civil war. Much would depend on how all parties carried themselves in a situation which, in the round of daily life, would be partly tragic, and partly comic, but certainly replete with incident. However, a good deal that is big with import must happen before the Home Rule Bill is placed on the statute book. Action by the King, in the nature of insistence on the measure being referred to the electorate before he gives his assent to it, I merely mention as one of the possibilities of the situation, remote from probability as I think it. But action, of some kind, by the House of Lords there must be. The Peers may throw the bill out, as they have done twice before. In that case, the Government, unless they decided (which is most unlikely) to take the sense of the people on it before

obtaining the Royal assent would pass it, "over the heads" of the House of Lords, line by line, and word for word, exactly as it stands, without any of Mr. Asquith's suggestions being incorporated in it. For the Parliament Act gives no power for amendment, except as the result of agreement between the two Houses. Or the Peers may decide to read it a second time, and, in committee, exclude from its operation the whole Province of Ulster. Then there would be bargaining between the two Houses, and a settlement might, after all, be arrived at pretty much along the lines of such exclusion. That would depend on how far Mr. Asquith could carry Mr. Redmond, and on how far the latter, in turn, could carry his followers in Ireland. But, unless some such settlement is definitely in sight when the Bill comes before them, the Peers are unlikely to read the Bill a second time with the object of amending it. To do so would, more or less, weaken the Unionist position—at least, to say the most active members of the party—when the election comes. At the moment, it looks to me as though the House of Lords will reject the Bill, and the Government pass it, as it stands, and then go to the country. In that case, the Unionists will probably fight the election on the total repeal of the Bill, coupled with a promise of a federal scheme, involving separate Parliaments for England, Scotland, Wales, Ulster, and the rest of Ireland. And it would not surprise me altogether if such an election were to result in something like a gigantic deadlock, although, having regard to all the circumstances, and to them as a whole, I incline to the opinion that the Unionists would win it under present electoral conditions.

A Railway Knight in Action

Ottawa, March 23rd.

DURING the past two weeks the people on Parliament Hill have had a new view of Sir William Mackenzie. Members of the Press Gallery and members of the House are accustomed to see distinguished gentlemen at the Chateau Laurier, at the Rideau Club, and in certain corridors of the House of Commons. Usually these visits from prominent railway men, bank managers, and other influential citizens are decidedly brief and have a large portion of the social element in them. During the past fortnight Sir William Mackenzie has made a prolonged visit which sets a new record in the history of legislative circles in Ottawa.

Sir William came, and Sir William has stayed. When he first arrived, everyone expected that he would spend two or three days and depart, as has been the custom during the memory of the present generation of residents on Parliament Hill. But Sir William found work to do and he remained. There have been some foolish dispatches sent out from Ottawa describing the private cars, the number of secretaries, and the plethora of flying limousines. These dispatches are largely the product of the enemy. Sir William came on a private train over his own line from Toronto because that line is not yet opened for passenger traffic. He and Sir Donald

Mann each has his own car and with them are five or six prominent officials of the Canadian Northern. The flying limousines are usually Charlie Kelly's taxicabs. The secretaries consist of one or two hard-working stenographers.

Sir William has had a great task on his hands. He wanted the Dominion Government to guarantee a further issue of bonds to help complete the Transcontinental Railway, which Mackenzie and Mann hope to finish this year. He found a sheaf of questions to be answered. The Government wanted to know what security they would have that a further guarantee of bonds could be justified in the House and on the hustings. They asked for information. They wanted to know how much of the \$303,000,000, which the Canadian Northern has cost to date, has gone into the pocket of Mackenzie and Mann. Sir William is said to have answered that they have received nothing but common stock. The Government asked how the C. N. R. compares in grades with the other transcontinentals. Sir William is reported to have answered that the C. N. R. has the lowest grades on the North American Continent. The Government asked if the rails on the main line from Quebec to Vancouver would be up to the standard of the other roads. Sir William is said to have answered that all but a few hundred miles of the main line of the C. N. R. has eighty-pound rails.

These and other questions have been asked and answered. But the answering of them was not so simple as it looked. Sir William not only answered, but he produced the proofs. All the documents were brought down and laid before the members of the Cabinet who are dealing with the subject and before the experts whom they have called in to assist them. Everything is being investigated fully, and apparently satisfactorily.

Sir William smiles and looks the picture of optimism. He seems to be confident that there is not a weak spot in his armour. At seven-thirty in the morning he can be seen heading for breakfast in the Chateau Laurier or going for a walk in the early morning air. From then until midnight he is closeted with officials at his hotel, in his car, or at the Parliament Buildings. Almost any hour of the day he may be seen walking to and fro with the brisk step and cheerful countenance of men thirty years his junior. Day after day from early morning until midnight he has kept at it untiringly, and there are rumours that he can keep pegging away until two or three o'clock in the morning without personal discomfort.

The people of Parliament Hill have learned the secret of Sir William Mackenzie's success. He is the most aggressive and untiring worker that Ottawa has ever seen. He has justified the estimate which many people have of him, that he is the most remarkable Canadian of the age. There is no matter and no member too small to escape his attention. There is no question and no cabinet minister too great to be treated with the calmest and most deliberate consideration. His masterliness has been impressive, and all Ottawa is slowly but surely yielding to his dominant persuasiveness. His own personality, backed by the personality of Sir Donald Mann and the other officials, is too great to be resisted. Every one of them seems to have a clear grasp of the situation and a calm belief in his ability to do his share in the work that lies before them all. The staff reflects the ability, the power, and the resourcefulness of the general.

ECON.

WINNING THE MONTREAL TRAP-SHOOTING TROPHY



Three times within the past two weeks has the Montreal Challenge Trophy, until recently the property of the Ottawa Gun Club, changed hands. On March 7th, it was captured by the Lachine Gun Club and brought back to Montreal after a long absence. On Saturday last the Riverside Gun Club met and defeated the Lachine men and for the time being the trophy will rest in the Grand Trunk Boating Club house, the quarters of the Riverside Club. Our photograph shows the winning squad. Right to left: Thos. Westlake, C. Aubin, G. Jones, D. J. Kearney, and Robt. Lewis.

No Business Woman

Or, The Vindication of Solomon Berger's "Help-Meet"

By ED. CAHN

"I'm glad I got this dress to-day," said Esther to Sol as she critically inspected it in the glass. "My, ain't these green shades becomin' to me? And look how well it fits, Sol."

"Jah; any dressmaker what couldn't fit you, you know, Es, is a naturally borned chump. You're a perfec' thirty-eight; but don't get no fatter. For your height you're just right, but two pounds more and you're a fat girl."

"I remember long ago, when I was a kid yet, Popper tells me onct never to marry a fat girl, and I ain't seen no reason to disagree with him yet, Esther."

Mrs. Berger laughed and put down her hand mirror. "In another minute you'll be telling me I eat too much candy."

"That's right; you do; but anyhow, a little good candy never hurt nobody. Go out onct to the hall-rack and look in my overcoat pocket."

Esther flew to obey and returned with a box of candy which she had already opened and was sampling. "Oh, Sol! I was awfully hungry for some. Um! but it's good. I'm going to eat the whole box right this minute, fat or no fat, and then I'll be still a pound within the limit."

"But first, I think I will go take off this dress. I only put it on so that you could see if it fits—I want to be just as swell as any of the rest, even if you ain't a millionaire."

"Whatcha talking about?"

"This. I thought you saw it this morning." Esther handed her husband an engraved invitation and retired to remove her gown. When she returned, Sol was still frowning over it.

"Mrs. Archibald Rumpmeyer requests it the pleasure of—" he read, sarcastically, and flung the invitation into the waste basket. "Seems to me she's in all of a sudden a great hurry for you to come to her bridge parties."

"Oh no, Sol, she's sent me two other invitations. One to a tea and one to her big luncheon. But I sent in my regrets; now this time I'm going."

"That's just like a woman; you gotta new dress and right away you can't rest till you goes and shows it off. If you gotta try to kaljes somebody why don't you go to see Agnes or Minnie or Mrs. Cohen or some of your friends what you care a lot about? You ain't got no use for Mrs. Rumpmeyer to begin with."

"You're right about that and wrong about the jealousy. Where I got two swell dresses, Mrs. Rumpmeyer's maybe got twenty, and I think I'll be the quietest dressed one in the whole bunch; I know I will; and maybe most likely the best dressed. Mrs. Rumpmeyer and her set wear diamonds to breakfast and tararas to luncheon. Those quick rich mushroomers what ain't never heard about their grossvater don't know no better."

"That's what I say, and I'd like to know why you're going to this here bridge afternoon. You can't learn nothing there, and I betcha if they got such a thing as a prize to play for that it ain't worth carrying home—even if you could win it, Esther. I'll get you a box at a matinee and you can take Agnes and the girls to see the show that afternoon."

"No. I'm going to Rumpmeyer's, Sol, thank you just the same."

"I ask you why?"

"Oh, I just took a notion I wanted to. Maybe they don't wear chiffon dresses on the street, but anyhow they're smart. Mrs. Rumpmeyer is awfully funny, and if I go I'll have some laughs and hear lots to make me think, Sol. I been staying home too much. I oughta go out more; my brain's getting fuzzy and my thoughts go round and round in a ring—a teeny little ring. I—"

"Donner und Blitz! If you're crazy to go, go ahead, but y'know, Essie, I ain't got no use for them people. Arch Rumpmeyer he is a speculator, and about them people nobody knows nothing, 'specially real estate speculators. Because they live in a five thousand dollar apartment and make a great splurge ain't no sign they got money."

"I hear Arch Rumpmeyer is drumming everybody he can think of to get rid of a lot of land he's got in a small town up the state somewheres. I got an idee it wasn't just because she's stuck on you, Esther, that his wife all of a sudden invites you to this here thing."

"I thought that, too, and I'm going to try to find out. I accepted the invitation and she must have got my note this morning yet, because she telephoned this afternoon to say she was awful glad I was coming."

"Oh, ho!" said Sol; "look out that she don't sell you no gold bricks, that's all I got to say."

A few days later, Esther, beautiful in her new gown of softly draped greens, set off by a large hat with just the hint of pink necessary to complete the picture, sat at her hostess' card-table. An excellent player, amiable, and nothing if not a good listener, she had learned a great deal.

The subject of money was never far from the minds of most of the guests, and they discussed money and

those who had money and ways and means of acquiring and of spending money with a glibness that grated even upon Esther, used as she was to hearing such discussions between Sol and his friends.

Mrs. Switzer was speaking whilst she shuffled the cards. "Now, there is Julia—really she has perfectly phenomenal luck. Why, she bought a hundred shares of that mining stock that went up like an elevator last week; I forget its name; and she sold it just before the drop and made enough to pay all her bridge debts, and she had a fearful lot. Now, every time I try to catch up in that way—well! I just get singed brown! I think those ladies' exchanges ought to be stopped."

"Ladies' exchanges?" asked Esther.

Mrs. Rumpmeyer laughed and coloured ever so little. "Yes, that's the polite name for bucket-shops, Archie says."

"Oh well, now," said Mrs. Switzer. "Mr. Rumpmeyer was a real broker; besides, only dealt with men. This is quite different; but still, I'm sure you are glad he is away from Wall Street now altogether; real estate is ever so much safer and better in every way. The courts never ask any questions about land deals," she added, maliciously.

Esther noticed that Mrs. Rumpmeyer's hand trembled as she picked up her cards. "That Mrs. Switzer is a cat," she thought, her tender heart bleeding for her hostess while she came to the rescue, saying, slowly, "I don't know much about business, but I do know that no matter what a man's business, nor what jealous people say, if he is honest he is honest." She smiled innocently. "That sounds kind of mixed, English words I always do mix, but I guess you know what I mean."

Mrs. Rumpmeyer flashed her a grateful look and Mrs. Switzer said: "My dear Mrs. Berger, you ought to go to night school." Then she turned to Mrs. Rumpmeyer. "Has your husband sold all of that land of his yet? Mr. Switzer told me to find out. He said he might take a few lots to help him out."

"It's going fast; Archie said he thought it would be all gone by the end of the week."

"Indeed! Mr. Rumpmeyer must be a wizard to sell all those lots so soon. Why, the town does not amount to anything to begin with, and this property is away off at the edge of it." There was patent disbelief in her voice.

"Just the same it's a good investment and going to be better. If Mr. Switzer really intends to buy now is the time, because the price is going up."

Esther heard a little more about the tract of land which Mr. Rumpmeyer had divided into town lots and was selling so cheaply, and when she left she was possessed by the belief that here was a chance for Sol to make money.

"He will say that they made up all that talk just on purpose to get me to bite," thought Esther. "Maybe they did, but I don't think so; anyhow, I'm going to find out something about that land."

That evening she read and re-read the Rumpmeyer advertisements which glowed in the newspapers, and the next morning called at his office. There, an obliging clerk showed her maps and discoursed upon the superlative merits of the property, pointed out that the numerous red patches denoted lots already disposed of, and drew her attention to the fact that lots were being sold at a terrific pace, that the best ones, of course, invariably went first, and the sooner she acted the better the choice would be.

"Think of it, madam! Four hundred dollars buys a good lot, five hundred a better one, and six hundred a good corner in this A Number One town, which in ten years will be a city! Can you, in justice to yourself, fail to take advantage of this generous offer? Surely, a lady of your high intelligence can plainly see that there is not a better investment within a hundred miles of New York, and that this is the chance of a lifetime!"

"My, what a waist salesman you would make!" said Esther. Please, now, give me a map and one of those little books. My husband he spends the money. I shall speak it to him about this and maybe call again. Oh, no, you don't need it my name and address and to come up to my house. I wouldn't allow you to bother yourself. Thanks for all your trouble, good-morning."

All the way home Esther poured over the alluring literature, and at home she studied and restudied the map, more and more convinced that the thousand dollars Sol had to invest could be put in no safer place.

She remembered the place as a hustling country town surrounded by fertile farming country, and she thought the clerk had been right when he had declared that the natural growth of the town was in the direction of Rumpmeyer's property.

When she approached Sol with the subject he laughed at the idea and made fun of her for being Mrs. Rumpmeyer's easy mark. He declared Knoxville to be dead and absolutely incapable of resurrec-

tion, and he dismissed all the clerk's arguments with two words, "cheap talks."

"Esther, I told you not to go by that bridge party. Crazy them womens are about quick money-making, and you got yourself right away also the fever."

"But Sol, for an investment for the future; I don't expect you to turn around and sell it for a big profit."

"Investments? Vacant land in jay towns what you all the time gotta pay taxes on ain't no good investment. The bank gives us four per cent. and we don't got to pay no taxes. Anyhow, I might need the money for the business."

"Yes, and risk your money. What do you call a good profit on real estate, Sol?"

"Oh, from fifty to seventy-five per cent. is fair, inside of five years, that is."

"Is that all? How about a hundred per cent?"

"With a hundred per cent. anybody has got a right to be satisfied. Sarcasms ain't no use, Esther, I ain't going to monkey with this here business and I don't want to hear no more about it."

"All right, but don't forget I gave you a good chance to make money and you laughed at me," said Esther, almost tearfully.

"Aw, now, Essie! Don't feel hurt. Sure I 'ppreciate it that you want to 'sist me, but you better leave the money-making to me. You're no business woman. What's the matter? Ain't you got all you want? Ain't you got plenty of money?"

"Of course I have—more than I need."

An idea popped into Mrs. Berger's head with the words. Her husband had always been most generous with her in the matter of money and she was naturally economical and a good manager. Ever since her marriage it had been her habit to put any money she had saved into the bank. It was her own little private account and Sol was not aware of it.

(Continued on page 16.)

An Election Incident

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, A. F. McIntyre, K.C., who passed away in Ottawa the other day, was one of the most influential Liberals in Eastern Ontario, but shortly after the Laurier Government took office he fell out with his quondam political friends for whose success he had worked so hard. For the past fourteen or fifteen years he has led a rather retired life, quietly pursuing the duties of his profession in Ottawa or Cornwall. A good story was told at the Rideau Club the other day as showing the kindly disposition of Mr. McIntyre. It was during the Provincial elections of 1890, when the Equal Rights agitation was at its height. Down in the counties of Russell or Prescott it was not good policy for a Conservative to talk equal rights or religious teaching in the schools. Andy Broder was the Liberal-Conservative candidate in Russell, and his platform supporters had been warned to be very careful what they said so that the religious susceptibilities of the Roman Catholics would not be aroused. Two youthful Ottawa newspaper men were out in the country helping the genial Andy. The writers reached Osgoode Station one beautiful afternoon in May and found that "Aleck" McIntyre was to address a meeting there that evening in the interests of the Liberal candidate. Mr. Broder was thirty miles away and could not reach the village in time. No motor cars in those days. Accordingly the scribes decided that they would unfurl the Tory banner. On the evening train from Ottawa there arrived a well-known Conservative speaker who had heard of the McIntyre meeting. He was quickly advised of the situation and told to be very careful what he said. The meeting convened. Aleck McIntyre arrived with over one hundred Irish Catholic electors, all of whom were in great fighting form. One of the newspaper men spoke first, McIntyre followed, and then the Conservative orator took the stand. He had not been going more than five minutes when, forgetting all the warnings he had received, he lugged in that electoral chestnut—the "pup" story—by the hair of the head, telling it in its most offensive form. Readers of *The Courier* must know it. Boy selling puppies; offers them as good Liberal puppies. Two weeks later pups still unsold; boy approached same man. "Puppies are good Conservatives." Ah, how do you account for the change in a fortnight? Easy, now their eyes are open. Hooray and loud cheers. But to tell this story in an Irish Catholic community, using the words "Papist" and "Protestant," whirroo! One hundred Irishmen at Osgoode rose fighting mad, at the words "Papist pups" and made one wild rush for the front of the hall. Chairs and benches were overturned in the dash for the platform. McIntyre jumped to his feet, and backed the Tory orator to the wall to protect him. A dozen blows rained over McIntyre's shoulders, but presently the stalwart Liberal succeeded in pacifying his irate friends. There was no more meeting, however. When Andy Broder heard of the incident he said he was curious to learn how many votes he got at that particular poll. "How many, Andy?" he was asked. "Only one," he laughingly replied, "and that the transferred vote of my scrutineer."

The Fastest Sport in the World

By WALTER H. CURRAN

PERHAPS the most significant feature in the life of a nation is the manner in which it plays. A nation is like the individual in this respect, that it becomes most natural and is least affected by the opinion of others when engaged in athletic competition.

You find nations that are noted for win-at-any-cost spirit. The business methods of such countries will be kept rather than square. They will not only be go-ahead, but they will consider that success is indispensable even though they have to sacrifice principle to accomplish it. There are nations who are noted for a keen desire to win and a great distaste for defeat, but who prefer to take the bitter pill of the vanquished than gain the laurel by unfair methods. Some countries take their sport strenuously, and their popular games demand not only skill, quick thinking and speed, but the ability to stand great physical hardship.

We need go no farther in seeking Canada's place in the world of sport. We have given the world its most strenuous and swiftest pastimes—lacrosse in summer and hockey in winter. True, these games are played elsewhere, but nowhere will one see the same strenuousness on the part of the players as in Canada. They play lacrosse in Australia and quite excellent lacrosse in England, but neither in these countries nor in the United States is the game anywhere nearly as trying on the physique as in this country.

We are a virile people—there is no question about that—and the nature of our sports and the determined way we go into them are a very good indication of the manner of people we are. Generally speaking, it might be said that we will win at any sacrifice so long as it be not the sacrifice of our self-



respect or principle. We like to win as much as do our cousins to the south, but we have the saving sense of British fair play, and long may we keep it.

HOCKEY is the fastest game in the world! Swift sometimes beyond the alertness of the eye to follow is the progress of the little rubber disc that forms the bone of contention between the flying players. Rushing, swirling, the players sweep along the congealed surface. Frequently, speeding skaters will come together with all the weight of their bodies. Up and down, the very embodiment of perpetual motion, bumping, sprawling, but always, whether rushing, checking or colliding, the very personification of unleashed energy.

Such a game is our National Winter Pastime, which from coast to coast has given the youth of the land the outlet for the expression of the spirit that is in him. It is a great developer, and, we might say, leavener of the right spirit. As soon as the kiddies' ankles are strong enough we permit them to get a "shinny" and straightway learn that the road to a "goal" is a rocky one. Of course they fail at first to attain their goal. This fills them with chagrin, and though they may give up, they'll soon come back and through much trying develop that unquestionable spirit that has become characteristic of the nation.

Amateur hockey has prospered in Ontario. The senior finals in the Ontario Hockey Association drew by far the greatest crowds that ever witnessed a hockey match in Toronto. T. R. and A. A. defeated St. Michael's, ex-amateur champions of the world, after the finest games played at the Toronto Arena during the season. Tremendous crowds from all over the province saw Berlin defeat Orillia for the second J. Ross Robertson cup. Perhaps the finest hockey in the Association was that seen in the Junior series, where it was finally left for the champion Orillians to prove supremacy with the University of Toronto III.

There was very little amateur hockey of distinc-

tion in the Maritime Provinces. Mount Allison are Intercollegiate title holders. The professional game, with players imported mostly from Ontario, supplied the thrills. Sydney won the championship after a splendid season's hockey.

Queen's University won out in the Intercollegiate Union after the closest games ever played in that series. Owing to the deflection to professional ranks of many Ottawa players, the Interprovincial League, although composed of several fine teams, with Grand Mere deserving special mention, was not a success. The Intermediate series produced some interesting hockey. The Lower Ottawa Hockey Association finished with a hard series between Alexandria and Hull.

THE Northern Ontario League was a thriving institution this year, and North Bay won the championship after some thrilling battles. The Cobalt League and the Porcupine League also provided some bitter contests. Fort William and Port Arthur were, as usual, the scenes of many notable games. Kenora is another Ontario town that is always there or thereabouts in competition with the best of Winnipeg.

Is the House of Commons Too Big?

TWO weeks ago several members of Parliament and other public men gave their opinions in THE COURIER as to the wisdom or foolishness of reducing the present proportion of Rep. by Pop. in Canada. Most of the correspondents favoured leaving the present standard as it is. Two were in favour of reduction. One went so far as to advise abolishing the Commons altogether. The one thing in which all the correspondents seemed to agree was that Canada has so much geography and such a diversity of interests and people that to reduce the representation would be inadvisable. The two remaining letters published below contain much the same opinion. It seems that Canada is in a class by itself when it comes to government. We do not

BETTER AS IT IS.

By H. H. Stevens, Member for Vancouver.

WHILE it is true that there are only 670 members in Great Britain for a population of 45,000,000, still there is a vast difference between the territory of Great Britain and that of Canada. It must always be borne in mind that, insofar as Canada is concerned, the geographic difficulties are stupendous. For instance, one of my colleagues from British Columbia, Mr. H. S. Clement, has a territory about 1,200 miles from one extreme to the other, and an approximate area of about 200,000 square miles, with a shore line, including islands and inlets, of 25,000 square miles. This is represented by one man, and, while the population of the area is comparatively small, yet you can readily understand the utter impossibility of one man doing justice to such a territory as this.

We have many other constituencies in Canada of a similar nature. For instance, the Yukon, with a population of about 8,000 people, is almost equal in size to that of Comox-Atlin, which is also represented by one member.

I quite agree with you that, if the interests of the country were confined in a comparatively restricted area, and with a greater similarity of interests, possibly a smaller number of members would suffice. You may answer to this, "What about the United States?" Off-hand, I am not in a position to discuss the history of the representation of the United States, but even taking it at its present number, namely, 435 members, it must be borne in mind that very large areas of this country are very thickly populated. Take for instance the city of New York, which contains a population of over 4,000,000, and the interests of which, from a legislative standpoint, are very uniform. Then take, for instance the city of Pittsburg, with its iron industry. This, again, has a common interest requiring no great variety of consideration in its legislation.

Another argument, I might call to your attention in comparing the United States with Canada, is that the system of Government in the United States places all matters not specified in the constitution under the States' control, of which there are, I think, 49, and which relieve the Federal Government of many things which, under our system of Government, come under the control of the Dominion Government; inasmuch as in Canada all matters not specially placed under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Government come under the jurisdiction of the Federal or Dominion Government. Then, again, we have only nine Provincial Governments as against 49 State Governments, and our territory is greater than that of the United States, although, of course, not nearly so highly developed.

In Canada, in the past, it has been the custom to apportion the members with a much higher ratio

The home of the 1912 amateur world's champions, Winnipeg, is the scene of some of the finest hockey in the world. The senior teams are evenly matched. Monarchs were holders until recently of the Allan Cup, but failed to hold it when they met Regina. There is much fine hockey played by teams all through the West clear up to Dawson City in the Yukon. Edmonton Dominions were eliminated as aspirants for the Allan Cup by Regina Victorias.

PROFESSIONAL hockey in British Columbia and in the National Hockey Association of Upper and Lower Canada has prospered as never before. Many prominent amateurs took the jump and the teams seemed to be given a new lease of life. The games were played with a vim and spirit that quite revealed the amateur players; deliberated roughness was not as noticeable as in the past. The public had become convinced that every team was out to win in every game, and the retention of that confidence made the N. H. A. prosperous.

Victoria won the championship of the Coast, and came east to wrest the Stanley Cup from the winners of the National Hockey Association. They lost in three straight defeats.

It is a noticeable fact, and an important one, as an index to the rectitude of the national viewpoint, that the Canadian public will not support any sport where there is the slightest doubt of integrity and that unfair method of any kind will kill the game in the public esteem.

compare to even the United States and we are absolutely dissimilar to Great Britain. We are cheerfully reminded that Quebec fixes the ratio anyway and, until the B. N. A. Act is repealed by the Imperial Parliament, will continue so to do. If the men who spend their time on Parliament Hill in the interests of Canada and of their constituencies are satisfied to keep the House of Commons the same relative size that it is now, we have no reason for wishing them to do otherwise. It is presumed that a member earns his indemnity or he would not take it. To have an M.P. do more for his country than he is paid for by making him represent more people and a greater area of territory would be a real grievance.

of population for city members than for rural members. For instance, in my own constituency of Vancouver, I represent, at least, 175,000 people at the present time. On redistribution, the utmost we can expect in this same area is two additional members, making approximately 60,000 people to each member. Whereas, in many rural districts, probably only 20,000 or 25,000 will be allowed to each member.

Then again, I would draw attention to the fact that the representation in Canada is not likely to increase at a very rapid ratio. For instance, in the present redistribution, Ontario and Maritime Provinces will lose some of their representation, while the new and undeveloped areas of the West will receive some increase. But, inasmuch as our representation is based upon a fixed number for the Province of Quebec, it can be readily understood that the representation will not increase at a very rapid rate.

In conclusion, I might say, I am of the opinion that we are not over-represented, owing to the very large territory over which we hold jurisdiction; and, secondly, that our system of representation is probably as satisfactory a method as could be devised, so that I am not in favour of any serious reduction in the representation of the House of Commons.

MIGHT BE REDUCED.

By W. F. NICKLE, Member for Kingston.

FOR the determination of the correct membership of a legislative body one should consider, I suppose, the character of the country; for example, the size, the settlement of the people, whether in centres or scattered, their ambitions, whether diverse or similar. These points being determined, such a number of representatives should be allowed as would permit of all classes and sections having adequate representation, keeping in mind, however, that the smaller the number the greater the ease with which authority is centralized. If the representation is more than actually required, responsibility is apt to be evaded. The fact that the English House has 670 members and that of the United States 435 would indicate that the question of numbers alone is not the influencing factor in determining efficiency. In both these countries there is a much greater density of population, and as a result a Member may more easily adequately represent the views of a greater number. Certainly 33 Members could not properly represent Canadian interests, nor could 110, if the unit of population for representation of the United States or of Britain were to be adopted in this country. It would probably not make a very material difference if the number of Members of the Canadian House were somewhat reduced. Numbers are not the test of the worth of a representative body, but well-directed activity and enthusiasm in public service of capable men is the standard by which values are to be determined.



Through A Monocle

THE REAL FREEDOM

ONE of the greatest jokes ever perpetrated on the people of this North American Continent—that is, of Canada and the United States—is the hoax that they are “free” because they are not much bothered by governmental regulations. They are “free” because they can do what they please. In the same sense, a baby is “free” when it is where it can reach a bottle of poison and drink its contents under the impression that it is food. A man may be “free” to walk where he will when there is no railing to prevent him from stepping off a precipice on a dark night; but would he not really be “freer” to walk where fancy might lead if he knew that there was a railing at the edge of the precipice and that there was no danger? Would not the very fear of walking off the unrailing precipice constitute a far greater encroachment on his “freedom” than would a stone wall at that point ten-foot high?

YET that is the very position of our people who imagine that they are “free” because they are not protected from danger. Many a tidal wave of laughter has rolled over this continent from the Rio Grande to Hudson Bay at the patient and police-oppressed Germans who find themselves confronted at every point with a sign on which is painted—“Verboten.” The German cannot “walk on the grass”—he must keep to the path. He cannot do this, that or the other thing. His every-day life is cribbed, cabined and confined by laws and by-laws and police regulations, to which no free British subject or American citizen would submit for a moment. So we chatter; and our joint peoples have well-nigh got the lock-jaw over laughing at this absurd German who speaks English with so funny an accent and always carries sausages in his pocket. Then we go out and buy and eat diseased meat because the butchers are “free” to sell it—pay good-cloth prices for shoddy because the merchants are “free” not to label it—buy brown-paper boot soles because the shoe-men are “free” to cheat us if they can—give our babies dirty and dangerous milk to drink because we have no adequate milk inspection—and, finally, bankrupt ourselves by paying for showy funerals because there are no meddling laws to prevent it.

JUST who the laugh is on in the end, may not be clear. There certainly never was perpetrated a more ludicrous and costly bit of bad logic than the theory that a free democracy cannot permit itself to be minutely governed by a centralized executive. That is exactly what a free democracy—and only a free democracy—can afford to do. If there is no free democracy to check and admonish, and remove if necessary, that centralized executive which ventures to minutely govern a people in all its activities, then the executive may become a tyranny—even a selfish tyranny seeking the enrichment of its own members. But when the executive—the Government—is made by the democracy, lives by grace of the democracy, can be removed at will by the democracy, then its activities can never amount to a permanent tyranny. If the people do not like them, on the whole, they can put a stop to them.

MOREOVER, the democracy is exactly the form of government which cannot afford to do without a great deal of this very governmental regulation. The common charge—the only dangerous charge—against democracy to-day, is that it is a failure as a governing system. Its critics say, with a sneer, that democracy may be theoretically ideal; but that it does not give us good government. They allege that “graft,” incompetence, patronage and all similar evils flourish under the shadow of a careless and ignorant democracy; and point in contrast to what they claim are able, efficient and capable autocratic governments. And their ground of attack is shrewdly chosen. There is absolutely nothing else which could, with any chance of success, be said against the democratic form of government. It cannot be charged that the form is anything short of perfect—it can only be charged that it does not “govern.”

SO a democracy should be at special pains to govern well. It should—as I said on a previous occasion—select and pay for the best public services; and it should go beyond that and give the people the benefits of good government at every point where they can at all be supplied. And there are lots of them. Why should I be in doubt, when I go into a butcher shop—say, a small and cheap one—whether the beef I am about to buy, was tubercular? Why should I wonder whether the fish I think of eating,

has been kept too long? Why should I not know that the milk I pour on my breakfast-food is clean? Why should it not be a crime for a glib clerk to tell me that a garment is all-wool when it is part-cotton? Why should I not be protected by the Government from all the petty thieveries which are perpetrated on me under the guise of “trade methods”? These are the things which governments ought to do for us—the things which make up nine-tenths of the life of the average citizen.

WE want a lot more government than we have. Instead of being alarmed when it proposes to enter largely and intimately into the details of our daily life, we should be alarmed when it does not. Government cannot hurt us—cannot become tyrannical—so long as we hold the whip-hand over it through the universal ballot. The moment an officer becomes too officious, or employs his official powers for his own profit, we can kick him out. We can do this now by applying pressure to the Government which appoints him; but, if that be not expeditious and effective enough, we can establish the shorter cut to the same result by enacting “the recall.” What we want is a system of government which will protect us from intricate thefts and shadowy spoliations and indirect outrages as it now protects us from the grosser and more palpable varieties of these crimes. What is the real difference between having your pocket picked of a dollar bill, and having a merchant sell you a fraudulent article which does you out of five dollars? Why should the Government arrest one thief and protect the other?—for it does protect him as you will discover if you attempt to punish him yourself with a straight left-hander on the nose.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

United States' Indebtedness

Montreal, March 17th, 1914

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—As an admirer and regular reader of your magazine, I am jealous of its reputation for veracity and as an educator of Young Canada. Facts relating to our country or any other country should not be misrepresented. Give the people the truth, the results will take care of themselves.

In your issue of March 14th, you have another article entitled “Excess of Exports,” in which your conclusions are almost as erroneous as those in the previous article on the same subject. Permit me, as briefly as possible, to point out some of your errors and omissions. You mention that “Sir George Paish says that the United States owes about 3,440 millions abroad.” You have been careless in quoting him, for he gives that sum as the amount of British capital alone invested in the United States in the year 1910. Why not come up to date? The same authority gives the amount of British capital invested in the United States as 3,770 millions in 1913, and also says that during the past seven years the borrowings of the United States in Great Britain have averaged over 115 million dollars a year, so that according to your own authority the States is still a borrowing nation, and absolutely unable to finance its own undertakings at home, although your conclusion is to the contrary, despite the figures of the authority you have named. Either Sir George Paish or the Editor of The Courier is wrong. Personally, I have more confidence in the figures of Sir George. No intelligent person would claim that Britain is the only country in the world with investments in the United States. While no accurate figures of foreign investments in any country are obtainable, it is not safe to assume that the investments of France, Germany and all the other nations of the world, large and small, are quite as large, if they do not exceed those of Great Britain. If so, then you must at once double the amount of interest mentioned in your article, payable on foreign investments. You will now see that quite an inroad is being made on that 700 millions excess of exports, which by the peculiar reasoning of the machine politician, is looked upon as profit.

The excess of exports over imports from July 1st, 1898, to June 30th, 1913, was 8,021 millions. From July 1st, 1834, to June 30th, 1913, the figures are 10,643 millions, and as this excess is still increasing, there will be considerable difficulty in collecting it, even if it did represent a debt due the United States, which, of course, it does not, as there is nothing to show that there are credits abroad for any such sum. That tremendous sum simply represents a drain on the national wealth to meet foreign obligations.

Most people are aware that the absurd Protective

Tariff of the United States has absolutely driven her mercantile marine off the high seas, so that the sum she pays annually for the transportation of her enormous freight and passenger traffic practically all goes to foreign ship owners. That sum cannot fall short of 150 to 200 million dollars. Strange that you should overlook such an important item, for it certainly takes another big slice off that 700 millions of exports, in fact, the whole 300 millions which you claim was left to be invested at home in Canadian, Brazilian, Mexican and other securities has already vanished in the payment of interest to foreign ship owners, and on foreign investments (other than British), of which you made no mention at all. Surely an item of 200 or 300 millions is worthy of note, and should not be ignored in teaching a class in economics.

Nor have you made any mention of the sums transmitted annually by the immigrants to their kin at home. I saw an item in a New York paper some time ago that the foreigners of that city sent something like five millions home to Europe during Xmas season of 1912. The same process is going on all over the country in every city and town, and every dollar must be paid in exports.

Time and space will not permit the enumeration of many other instances where remittances are continually being made to foreign countries, which are all paid in exports, for nothing comes back in return. Without wearying you further, I think you surely must see that the excess of exports over imports in the United States considered as profit, is purely mythical, for it can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that it has all gone to meet foreign obligations. I do not know of a single economist of note, no matter what his political leanings, that takes any other view of it. Reason and common sense would prevent him from believing that a trading ship in the olden days that always carried away more than she brought back was doing a profitable business. Trade is just the same to-day as then, except that we now balance our books by means of bills of exchange instead of by commodities.

I feel that I would be trespassing on your kindness in making an extended reply to the second part of your article, entitled “Why Canada Borrows.” There would be no difficulty in proving that Canada could build and equip a C. P. R. or a G. T. R. or C. N. R. every ten years with the money that is corruptly, carelessly and ignorantly spent by her Federal, Provincial and Municipal Governments. Take one instance; we witnessed the insane and criminal waste of fourteen millions last year to build a lot of useless armouries, and have a few thousand of our young men playing soldier, whose time would have been better occupied doing something useful at no expense to the country. Save that sum for seven years, and you could build the Georgian Bay Canal, according to the estimate of the engineers. In twenty years, you could build a transcontinental railroad, and yet this huge sum is being frittered away annually for no practical use or purpose, and posterity will have to foot the bill.

Yours very truly,

MONTREAL.

Montreal's Municipal Muddle

“Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.”

THE pot-pourri compounded by the Macbethian witches was but plain consomme when compared with the political potage which is about to be offered to the electors of Montreal for consumption on April sixth. Just as that fabled Scotch brew contained ingredients, as itemized by Shakespeare, which had been gathered from all quarters, so the present political menage is a genuine “olla podrida,” fashioned from material of every known variety of seekers after political preferment.

In so far as the mayoralty candidates are concerned, although no one is able to foretell with any degree of assurance what a day or an hour may or may not bring forth, the contest seems to have simmered down to a duel between Major George Washington Stephens and the doughty Alderman, Mederic Martin. Yet “nomination day,” which in Montreal extends over this entire week, may yet bring out one or more further candidates for this office. To a considerable extent it depends on whether or not, before it ends, the Journalistic Juggler of St. James (street) can succeed in “damning with faint praise” the candidate of the Citizens' Association. It is manifest that if he is able to do so he will—and thereby will hang several tales.

Of course, already some of this sounds like ancient history. Mederic Martin, as a self-impressed candidate for mayor, has been in the field since the “memory of man runneth not to the contrary.” Of course, also, his nomination papers bear other signatures than his own. But that is a mere incident; he is IT. And notwithstanding the fact that there are some low rumblings of rumour that he will withdraw before election day, it is safe to assert that “all the King's horses and all the King's men” could not pull him out of the race.

On the other hand, after Major Stephens had been called back from Europe for the sole purpose of taking the nomination, and after he had been sagely informed by four sage counsellors learned in the law

The "Chief Scout" Visits the Headquarters in Toronto



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught on Friday last made his first official visit to the headquarters of the Boy Scouts in Toronto. He was greeted by Sir Henry Pellatt, Lieut.-Col. A. E. Gooderham and Mr. Hammond, all of whom are seen in the centre of the picture.

The Scouts are here seen giving three cheers for the "Chief Scout for Canada," led by Scout Commissioner W. K. George and Chief Scout Master Hammond, after having presented him with an address and having heard some good advice and some hearty congratulations.

that there was a "reasonable doubt" about his eligibility for the position, whereby he had been "acquitted" of all responsibility for running, and was entitled to an honourable discharge; and after there had been a few days' political flirtation between the Major and the Citizens' Association or its committee, he concluded to come to the post and is already groomed for the race.

Necessarily, both of the candidates have announced platforms. When it is recalled that the Montreal mayoralty, under the present antique and much amended charter, is an office of much pomp but little power, it is a matter for wonder where they found all the timber for the construction of the numerous planks. If either of them is elected, as seemingly one of them must be, and he accomplishes all that he has outlined as his official programme, within a twelve-month Montreal will justly become a Mecca for political pilgrims who may wish to view municipal perfection at close range, whereof all minor and lesser civic organizations should take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

In Montreal the mayor has a quasi-veto power, since he may sit back and decline to affix his signature without a referendum to the electors for their decision on the question before him, and Major Stephens has gone so far as to promise that, if he is elected mayor, he will thus decline to sign and will refer any proposed tramways company contract. But the mayor has no power whatever to initiate municipal legislation. All such measures must originate in the Board of Control, a select body of four only. Therefore, the real key to the situation lies in the selection of these four members of that Board. Of its composition no one is bold enough to venture a guess. Even the Citizens' Association had a long wrangle over the advisability of selecting any "slate" for nomination for the Board of Control, and thus insuring the Stephens kite from erratic diving by putting a tail to it!

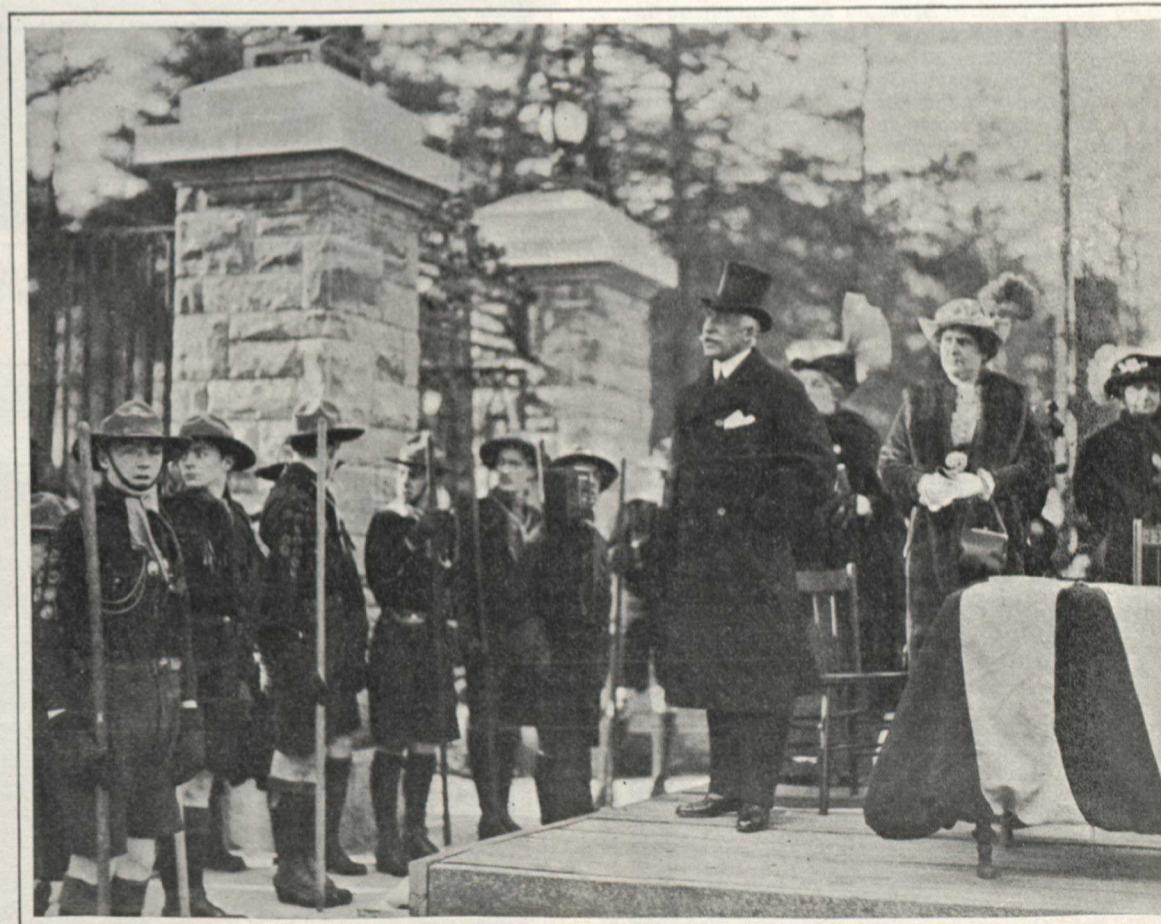
After strenuous exertion, and much negotiation and discussion, the Citizens' Association completed the slate for Controllers by naming Mr. Ainey, of the present Board; Alderman Emaré, Mr. Duncan McDonald, and Mr. A. V. Roy.

The candidates in opposition to these four for the Board of Control, and the aldermanic candidates in the several wards, are as thick as blackberries in the Laurentians in August. And as the aldermanic council is able to stale-mate the Board of Control whenever it sees fit, it is quite important who will compose this body during the next two years. Not only will the mayoralty fight be a keen one, and its result close, but until the votes are counted it will not be known whether or not the successful mayoralty candidate is to have behind him a Board of Control and Council who will act in harmony with him for the accomplishment of the promised municipal betterments, of which no other city stands in need of more than Montreal.

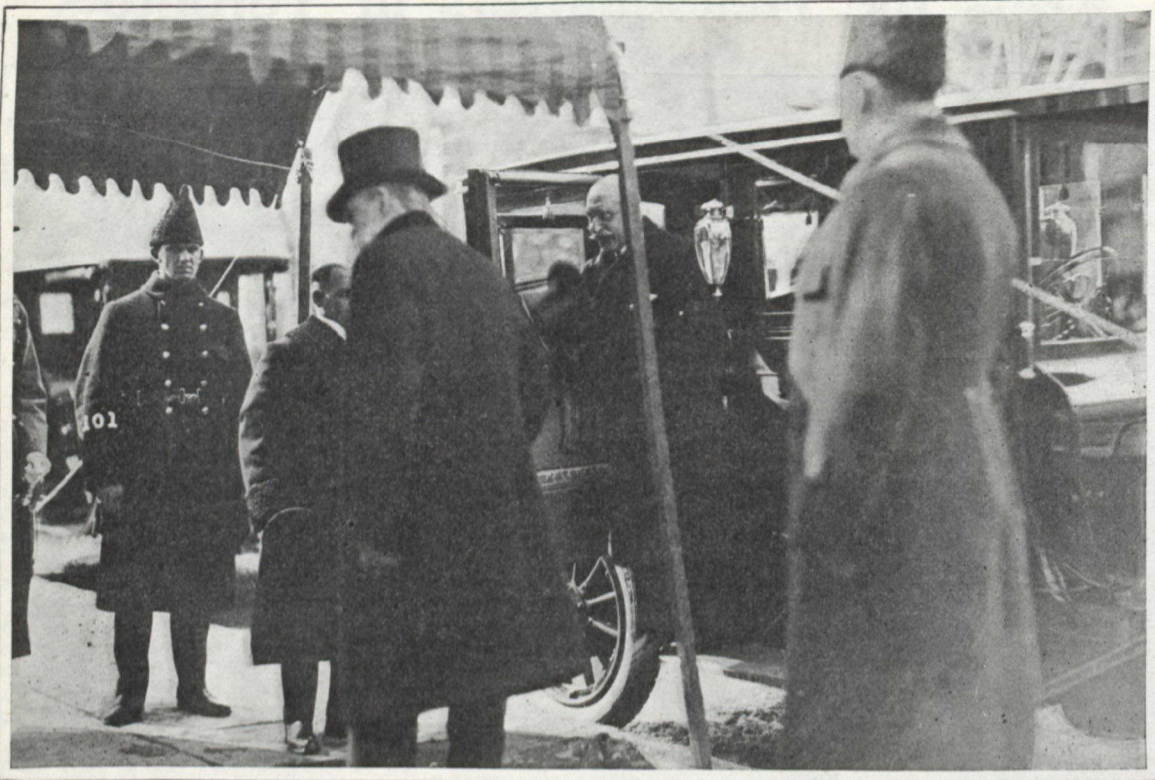
The State Department at Ottawa has issued public notice that marriages between women of British nationality professing the Christian religion, and Moslems, Hindus and other persons belonging to countries where polygamy or concubinage is legal should not be allowed, unless these women are first warned that such marriages may be repudiated by the husbands if they return to their own country.



The Howard Memorial Gateway, dedicated to the late John George Howard, who presented High Park to the City of Toronto. Funds for this memorial were collected by the Westminster Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire. Distance between main pillars is twenty-five feet.



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught dedicating the Howard Memorial Gateway. Just behind him in the picture is Mrs. John A. Ross, Regent of the Westminster Chapter, who read an address.



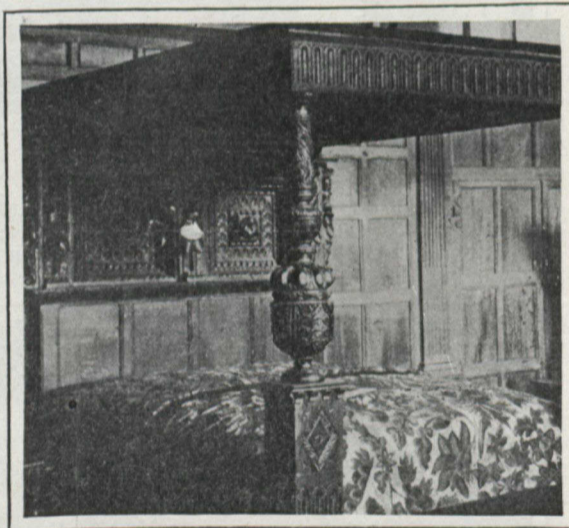
At the opening of the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught is seen stepping from his motor, while Sir Edmund Walker (top hat), chairman of the committee, is ready to escort him into the building.

A Great Museum Begun

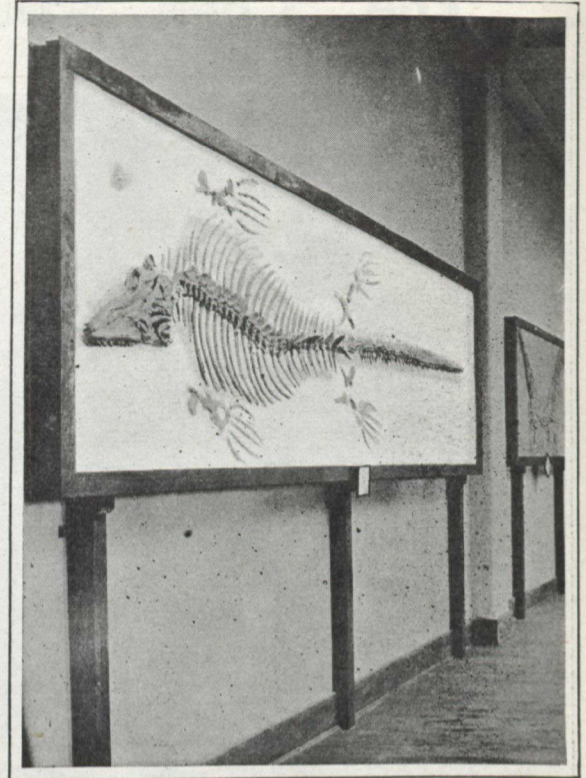
IN a big, four-storey quadrangle of many big windows at the corner of Bloor St. and Avenue Road, Toronto, there has just been opened to the public who want to know what happened half an hour ago in the newspapers, an aggregation of objects the sum total of whose ages would take a very large fraction out of eternity. The gentleman who opened the Royal Ontario Museum in the name of the King is just seen stepping out of a carriage in the above picture. He is the Duke who has been in most of the great museums of the world and has opened a few. The gentleman with his back turned this way is the man of many affairs who knows rather more about that museum as it stands and how it came to be there more than anybody else in Canada. He is Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Bank of Commerce, chairman of the Board of Governors, University of Toronto, chairman of the committee that since 1912 have practically created this museum out of an Act of the Ontario Legislature, and the one man of practical affairs in Canada who seems to find time to take a large interest in all matters affecting education, art and music.

The Royal Ontario Museum as it stands to-day, a building scarcely finished, is but the quarter of what the University hopes will one day be one of the great museums of the world. It is now quite famous for the possession of hundreds of things that represent all the ages of the world in zoology, mineralogy, art, ethnology and handicrafts. Each department is mainly the result of the enthusiasm of one man. The building and equipment cost \$400,000, half of it borne by the University, half by the Government of Ontario. It is neither Conservative nor Liberal. It is Canadian. There is but one other museum in Canada that surpasses it. That is the Royal Victoria Museum in Montreal, which has been many years in develop-

ment. The Royal Ontario Museum has almost sprung into being. Yet it is so complete as far as it goes that no globe-trotter need be afraid to spend as many hours of his time as possible in looking through it. Some time ago Sir William Van Horne, who is himself a great collector of antiquities and works of art, spent eight hours in the Ontario Museum. He wrote a letter which was read by Sir Edmund Walker at the opening last week, in which



A bed-room in Norwich, England, which the Museum authorities believe was once occupied by Queen Elizabeth.



A Mammoth Fossil of Unpronounceable Name.

he paid a very great compliment to the men who had made such a museum possible.

No museum anywhere else was ever brought to such a state of near perfection in less than five years of time. Other men who have done much for the museum are C. T. Currelly, the able director of the archaeological department, who has spent many years scouring the lands of antiquity for treasures that he got for less than any other museum-impresario that ever went abroad; Dr. W. A. Parks, general director, and Prof. A. P. Coleman, of the department of geology.

A Vice-Regal Painter

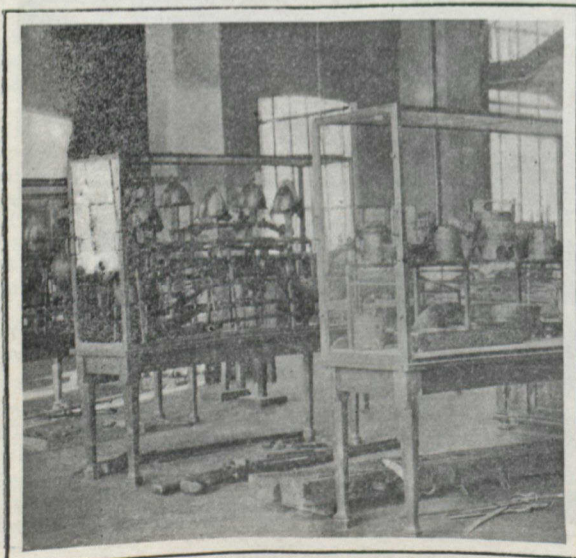
(See Portrait on Front Page.)

IF it may be claimed that anyone is court painter of Canada, the honour belongs to a woman, a young woman, not much more than a girl, who has lived in Canada only about three years.

Miss Gertrude des Clayes, of Montreal, has recently painted the portrait of Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia, and is soon to begin work on a portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. This last commission is from the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, who wish a portrait of the Royal Governor-General to be left in Canada as a permanent souvenir of his stay here as representative of the Imperial Crown. As the term of appointment of His Highness has not long to run, it is doubtful if the opportunity may be had for other portraits of him.

Miss Gertrude des Clayes is a figure and portrait painter who is a native of London, England, and who studied art there and in Paris, where her pictures were hung in the Coveted Salon. All her pictures have a charming grace of style.

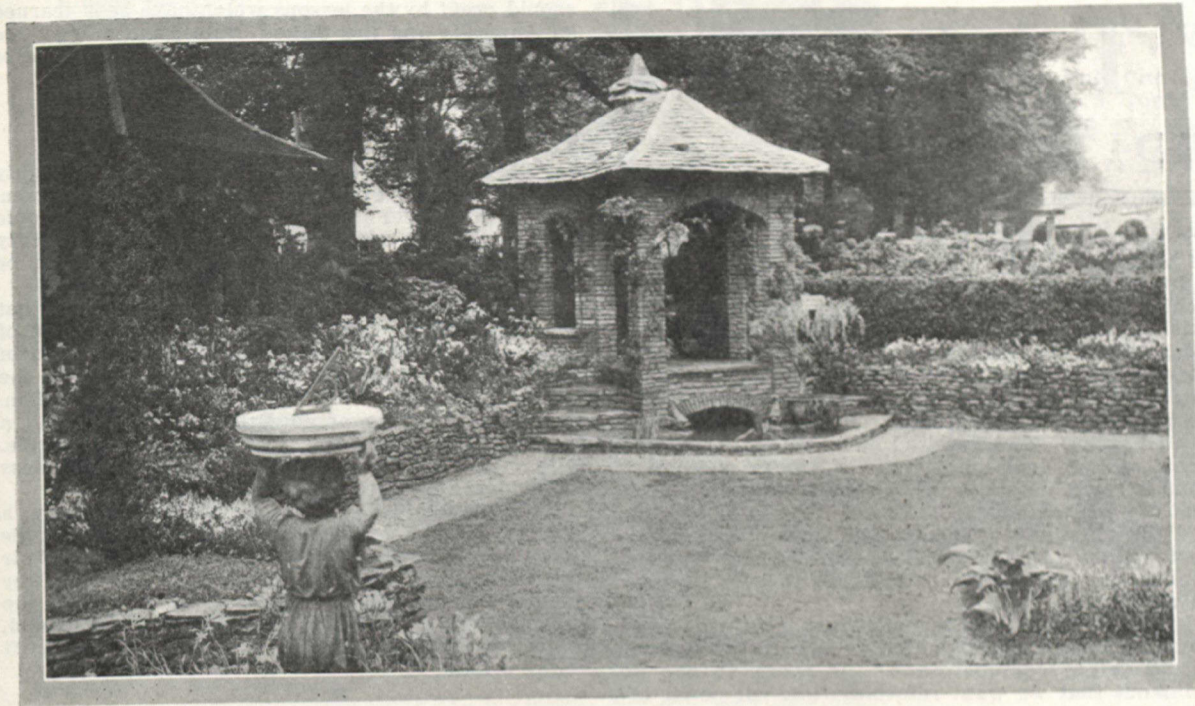
She lives with her sister, Miss Bertha, who is also an artist of rare power, not a portraitist, but a landscape painter. Her woodlands are symphonies of colour, generally soft in tone; one of them, "Shack in the Woods, Barkmere, P.Q.," was purchased at the last exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy for the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.



Arms and Armour are one of the finest collection-features in the Museum



View of the Royal Ontario Museum Building, opened last week by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught in the presence of thousands of people



A picturesque old English garden house, which is an example of excellence in garden architecture. One merit is that such a house doesn't take long to build.

Two Lessons in Landscape Gardening

Garden Houses and Stepping Stones that have Something in Common and Show Distinct Garden Features which may be Created now at Small Cost

By E. T. COOK

THE sunshine of the past days, bringing with it the breath of spring and an incentive to go outdoors and think out plans to realize at the earliest possible moment, has suggested certain schemes for adding to the enjoyment of an estate, whether newly-made, created or in process of development. In the leading illustration is seen a garden house of simple, yet beautiful design, set in a little garden surrounded with rough stone walls, such as may be constructed in most places from material on the spot. The "garden house" is not a modern thought, and in its simplest form is the "summer house," or a retreat for summer days, where sunny hours may be idly spent in the peace and restfulness that come from the stress of modern life. Sometimes it is called a "tea-house," or the place for the afternoon cup that "cheers," but wherever it is to be built a place must be chosen amid surroundings that will bring a sense of repose and communion with the trees and flowers around. A house substantially though simply built, such as that depicted, is a necessary fitting in with a home constructed on solid principles, with nothing to suggest the rustic work abominations that disfigure many a fair pleasure. Wandering in some beautiful garden, perhaps filled with the joy of tree, shrub, and flower, it is something in the nature of a shock to discover a trumpery wooden garden "house," with neither the merit of good material nor of design to warrant its presence in a well-ordered estate. The illustration is sufficiently clear, I hope, to show those who would wish to construct something similar that there is no intricacy of detail, the design being perfect in its noble simplicity, and expensive angles and fittings have been studiously avoided. It is shown when just completed, but any sense of crudity or bareness will be in time effaced by vines, roses at the back of the pillars, and here and there groups of some flower, of which the tall Larkspur (Delphinium), Peony, and herbaceous phlox are the most important in relation to the more substantial designs. Its size may be spacious or restricted, according to circumstances, and the low stone walls offer a home for many flowers that love to send their roots into the chinks, with at the foot the cool leaf colouring of the German or Flag Iris. Until one enters into the very spirit of gardening, thinking out as the true artist does, what is worthy of his brush, garden houses in a beautiful setting will never grace the surroundings of the home. Someone will say, "I leave that to the landscape artist." That is not the same as the forming of an estate or giving touches of beauty to it oneself.

It occasionally happens we have a simple opening on the fringe of an estate and wending through roughly-kept grass to preserve the true "wildness" of this meeting of garden and woodland. Large, rough, flat stones may have been laid without any set regularity as a "walk" in damp weather. We may have quaint turns, nothing clever, perhaps, but just an artlessness that means so much to the picture.

The Charm of the Sweet Pea

THE Sweet Pea flower, "tip-toe for a flight," is an example of the wonderful results that come from cross-breeding or selecting certain parents to raise up a new and beautiful race. I do not think

the world realizes the debt of gratitude it owes to the men—silent workers in the field of horticulture—who have given us the lovely races of flowers we see around us—Roses, Gladioli, Sweet Peas, Delphiniums, Peonies, Water-lilies and a host of others raised by men of all nations—Lemoine, Paul, Bennett, Benary, Dickson, and Lord Penzance, to name a few in a lordly throng. And we hope the day is not far distant when Canada will have taken its place among the countries of the world that have contributed to its sweetness; perhaps there is some hybridist at work already, keeping secret the crosses which he is anxious to see in flower, and bring something



A Flower of the Moment—the Sweet Pea.



A Flower Jewel—Love-in-a-Mist.

florally new into the world for his own satisfaction and to the honour of the Dominion.

The Sweet Pea has come to its present wonderful perfection in all ways by simply crossing and selecting, and the work was begun by one Henry Eckford, whose name is known throughout the world. Others have entered into the arena, but among the most beautiful of all Sweet Peas are still those that were born in the famous Eckford Sweet Pea grounds in Wem, Shropshire, England. This brief allusion to the beginnings of our fairy flower should interest everyone who has a real love for the garden, and recall the beautiful work that was begun by the pioneers in the art of hybridization and pursued ardently in the present day.

The Sweet Pea in Canada.

IT has been said that the Sweet Pea is not so adapted to this land of sunshine as many other annuals, but as so much that is false has been written of plants here, some averring this will not do, others that, it is difficult to be patient with remarks bred of absolute ignorance. The very nature of the plant, its climbing growth, and wealth of flowers, borne continuously or should be, from summer to fall, suggests that certain marked conditions of culture are necessary to achieve success. It is useless to sow the seed as one would in the land of Ireland, where the climate is moist and everything conducive to healthy development. Those who have hitherto failed or not succeeded satisfactorily should pursue a more considerate course. The writer has found that a rich soil or, say, a good, well-dug bit of ground in partial shade, yet not over-run with tree roots, is the best. First of all, order the seed at once, and use the hot-bed, which was described recently, for giving germinating power. Sow two seeds in a small, three-inch pot, which should be filled with some of the soil of the garden, and in the bottom of each put one small piece of broken pot, called a "crook." The seedlings will soon appear and keep very sturdy by exposing them as much as possible to the air. Then, when all fear of frost is over and the garden soil is in condition, plant out, without needlessly breaking the ball, into a six-inch-deep trench, in the bottom of which has been placed a good layer of manure. The object of this is to provide in summer, when drought is prolonged and artificial waterings are of little avail, something for the roots to enter to keep them fresh and strong.

Seed may be sown direct to the open and as early as possible before the trying heat of summer begins. Well enrich the soil, sow the seed in trenches prepared in the same way as for the pot plants, and cover it over with about an inch of soil. When growth begins, fill in, and this will ensure strong growth, which alone will resist drought. The trials that beset Sweet Peas are the long, dry summer, which may be minimized by sowing in a place over-shadowed at some part of the day, and carelessness in not removing spent flowers. It is impossible in any climate for a plant of the nature of the Sweet Pea to bear the double burden of flower and seed production; it most collapse.

Sweet Peas in Colour Classification.

THERE is no desire to make a long list of varieties. He who would grow a collection should know everything about the flower, so the choice is restricted to the following: **White**—Dorothy Eckford, White Spencer, Nora Unwin, White Wonder, Shaasta. **Lavender**—a lovely colour in Sweet Peas—Lady Grisell Hamilton (I think my favourite), Florence Nightingale, Countess of Radnor. **Pink and Rose**—these shades are delightful, clear and useful in all forms of dainty decorations—John Ingman, Countess Spencer, Arthur Unwin, Beatrice Spencer, Dainty, Apple Blossom, Gladys Unwin, Queen of Spain. **Red or Scarlet and Crimson**—King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Chrissie Unwin, Coccinea, which is usually regarded as a cerise shade. **Salmon and Orange Shades**—St. George, Bolton Pink, Earl Spencer, Evelyn Byatt, George Herbert, Henry Eckford. **Purple and Bluish Shades**—Frank Dolby, Countess of Cadogan, Tennant Spencer, Captain of the Blues, Shapzada, Black Knight, Lord Nelson, Navy Blue, Tom Bolton. **Primrose and Buff**—Dora Breadmore, Mrs. Breadmore, Mrs. Collier.

There are other ways of growing Sweet Peas than in the conventional row. The flower may be used to form a dividing line between some portion of the garden and a row on either side of the vegetable garden walk is welcome for the beauty it introduces and the gatherings that may be had for the home or personal adornment.

Flowers' Mysterious Perfume

ONE of the most mysterious elements of flowers is the perfume, the essential action of which in plant life cannot be demonstrated by the wisest of our scientific men. Gas can be weighed, but not scent. The smallest known insect that lives in the heart of a rose can be caught by a microscope lens and made to give up the secret of its organization, but what it is that the warm summer brings us from the wild flowers of the hillsides, or waits to us from the choice exotics of the hot-house, no man has been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it eludes weights and measure.

F. W. BURBIDGE.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Churchill and Compulsion

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, First Lord of the Admiralty, has spoken again, and professes his unflinching belief that the Empire can afford only one navy. He objects to the Royal Australian Navy, and the proposed Royal New Zealand Navy. Inferentially he is opposed to a Canadian Navy. Ignoring the benefits of appeals to the national pride of the Dominions, ignoring the benefits of recruiting in the Dominions, ignoring the benefits of a strong naval spirit in the Dominions, he emphasizes only the one point—the striking power of a united fleet.

Mr. Churchill calmly ignores the tendencies of the times. Though liberal in name and young in years, he is intensely conservative. He cannot see the Britannic Alliance. He is a modern Lord North—intent on collecting tribute. Even at a time when British Conservatives have so far broadened as to see that the Alliance may hold together without being bound by tariff bands, Mr. Churchill refuses to see the newer truths. He cannot realize that one may admit all that he says, and still be in favour of Dominion fleets.

Both parties in Canada are pledged against contribution, just as are both parties in Australia and New Zealand. If the people of England were to insist in the future as Mr. Churchill does at the present, on their pound of flesh, the Britannic Alliance, founded on freedom, would be wrecked upon the rocks of diverging national ambitions. Whether Canada and Australia and New Zealand are right or wrong, they are not likely to calmly submit to the form of compulsion, which Mr. Churchill seeks to exercise. Fortunately, the Empire is bigger and broader than Mr. Churchill, or any other single subject within the world-wide realms of His Majesty, and in the end the true principle of national equality within the Empire will be firmly established.

Teaching Economy

ONTARIO has a Penny Bank, designed to teach children the value of savings. It has 226 branches, of which 84 are in Toronto. Deposits on March 1st totalled \$281,997. Nor is this an indication of the total business done, much less of the value of the habits formed.

Why not carry the principle farther, and teach employees the value of a savings bank account? The T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, take deposits from their employees and give them five per cent. interest. Other firms might encourage their employees by paying them a bonus of one per cent. interest on their balances in the savings banks of the country.

Why should not employers tell their working people of the value of a savings bank account—tell them at regular periods, say, twice a year? What Canada needs is the savings bank habit. The banks and the post office, with their beggarly three per cent. interest, do not do as much as they might. Nevertheless, the employee who has a small amount saved up for a rainy day is a better employee and should be encouraged.

The hockey clubs, the baseball leagues, and the cheap theatres are straining every nerve to gather in the workingman's loose silver. Something should be done to counteract these influences. A savings bank account has saved many a family from suffering during the present severe winter. The employers of Canada should emulate the good work of those unselfish men who give their time to the management of the Penny Banks for the use of school children.

Abolish the Penitentiaries

OUT in Stillwater, Minnesota, there is a state prison which is established for the "confinement and reformation of convicts." It is called a prison, but it really is not. It is a reformatory which has no dark cells, no whipping, nothing but the power of mind over mind, combined with the beneficent effect of wage-bringing toil. The men who are being reformed in that institution earn their board and have a surplus which pays them small wages. When they come out they have health, ambition and pocket money.

At Guelph, there is an Ontario prison farm which is a monument to the humanity of Hon. W. J. Hanna. It is not paying wages, but it is reforming many of the men who come in there for punishment.

Everyone has read of Dr. James A. Leonard, who for nearly twenty years has made men in the Ohio state reformatory. He, too, conducts a prison farm on the honour system. When a man is thought to be strong enough to go back to the battle with the world, he signs a personal bond with Dr. Leonard—"A Bond for Faithful Performance of Trust"—and he is free. If he does well during his parole period,

the prisoner gets his bond returned to him—his card of honour.

In Canada, our penitentiaries are a quarter century behind the time. They are degrading men, not raising them. They are brutalizing men, not humanizing them. The wardens and politicians who run these institutions, if accused of homicide before an international committee of prison reformers, would be convicted of the greatest crime of which man can be guilty. Two hundred members of parliament know of this deplorable state of affairs and not a hand is raised to check it. A commission has shown that the penitentiary at Kingston is a den of iniquity and the plaything of local politicians. The government's inspectors have risked their official lives in condemning the system. And yet it goes on and on and on.

Is there not one man in Parliament who will stand up and publicly call attention to this festering sore in our prison administration? Is there no one to point out that we want reformatories, not penal institutions? Is there no one to plead for the souls and bodies of these men who are being brutalized or slowly murdered by the worst prison system known to the Anglo-Saxon race?

Revolution in Toronto

PERHAPS Toronto is typical of Canadian cities; perhaps it is in a class by itself. In any case it is due for a revolution. For years past, it has been dominated by a set of middle-class citizens who, intoxicated by their ability to control votes, have been penny-wise and pound-foolish. The city councils of recent years have been hiding expenditures, issuing bonds for current expenses, and doing all sorts of foolish things which delayed the evil day. Now an increase in the tax-rate is in sight. A raise in water-rates has already been made, and other raises will follow.

Again, backed up by a certain kind of alderman, the civil servants of the city have combined to raise each other's salaries, to promote each other to higher grades, and generally to benefit themselves at the public expense. It is not so much the amount of salaries paid, as the undesirable method pursued and the low efficiency of the service. The civic employees are active in political associations and secret societies. If they mark an alderman for defeat, he generally gets the reward they have designated. In this way, the council has become largely a recording body accepting the dictation of the service.

Toronto's Board of Education, which manages all the schools of the city, public and secondary, is subject to the same sort of influence. Whom the school-teachers and school caretakers approve is elected to the Board. Whom they disapprove, retires to private life.

All this is supported by certain of the Toronto newspapers, notably "The Daily Star," who have "stood in" with the great body of civic employees and defended the system. Not that the system was so very wicked, either. But it is just bad enough to foster extravagance, mismanagement and inefficient service. And the tax-payer of to-day and tomorrow must pay the bill.

Australia's Superiority

OUR Finance Minister and the other optimists may continue to say that an excess of imports is a sign of prosperity, but the thinking people will not be deceived. Excess of imports over exports is a sign of development, not necessarily prosperity.

In the early days of the United States, indeed until about 1890, that country had an excess of imports over exports; since 1890, the exports have been larger than the imports. Last year the excess of exports was about \$700,000,000. The United States was prosperous in both periods, but most publicists will prefer the well-based prosperity which shows itself in a large export of manufactured goods.

Australia has a foreign trade about equal to our own. It figures out about \$155 per head in Australia as against about \$140 per head in Canada. But there is a vast difference between the two. Australia's outside trade is well-balanced, the exports are equal to the imports. Our sister Commonwealth has a "Made in Australia" policy, backed up by all the labour organizations, and it is effective. Indeed, last year, while Canada was over-buying to the extent of 280 millions of dollars, Australia over-sold to the extent of six million dollars. This may mean that Canada is growing in numbers and expanding more rapidly than Australia, but it also shows that Canada is not paying its way as well as Australia.

Canada must sell more goods abroad—and in this general title should be included pulp and paper, fish, beef, flour and certain lines of manufactured articles

for which the country is favourably situated. Canada should profit by the lessons which have been learned by Australia and the United States, and not get too extravagant. Paying your way is as good advice for the nation as for the individual.

The Blood-Red Hand

BRITISH people have been wont to speak highly of themselves and their ability to govern themselves. Yet at the present moment, the people of Great Britain are showing about as much ability to govern themselves as the people of Mexico or China.

The situation in Ulster shows quite clearly that the statesmen of Great Britain are not possessed of any higher god-given powers than the statesmen of other countries. Civil war is considered to be the mark of a low civilization and a faint patriotism. Therefore, a civil war in Britain must indicate a decline in the ethical qualities of the British people. It may be but a temporary phase, but nevertheless the evidence is there.

When Saul grew jealous of David's popularity, a just punishment came upon him. The British people have been vaunting their own greatness and their own virtues, and behold they, too, are humbled. They thought themselves better than those Pharisees, the Germans, the French and the Yankees, and behold, pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Where Agricultural Colleges Fail

AGRICULTURAL colleges, such as exist to-day in Guelph, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man., and Saskatoon, Sask., fail to educate the farmers of the province. These colleges produce experts, who may help to educate the farmers, but the colleges themselves do not. In the very nature of the case they should not be expected to do it.

Take Ontario for example, where there are 175,000 farmers. Not more than five per cent. of them ever had or ever will have a chance to attend the one agricultural college in the province. The other 165,000 farmers must get their farming education elsewhere, or go without.

The agricultural college is useful, but it does not produce an educated generation of farmers. The people of any province who think it will be doomed to the disappointment which has come to the people of Ontario. Professor Robertson makes this absolutely clear in his report on "Industrial Training and Technical Education." (See Part II, p. 344.)

What, then, is more necessary than agricultural colleges? The answer is simple. A university is a fine institution and every province should have one; but the great majority of boys and girls get their training at a high school. Applying this principle, there should be rural high schools for farm boys and girls. In Ontario, at least half of the present high schools and collegiate institutes should be turned into rural high schools. As a preparation for these courses, elementary agriculture should be taught in all rural schools.

Ten county agricultural schools have been established in Wisconsin, and a recent act provides for twenty more. North Dakota makes a special grant to any high school providing a special course in agriculture, manual training and domestic science. Carolina, in 1911, provided for "county farm life schools," which embody all the features of a rural high school. In Massachusetts, cities and towns may establish independent agricultural schools and the State pays half the cost of maintenance.

Agricultural colleges train experts for other agricultural colleges and schools; rural high schools train farmers' boys and daughters for actual farm work.

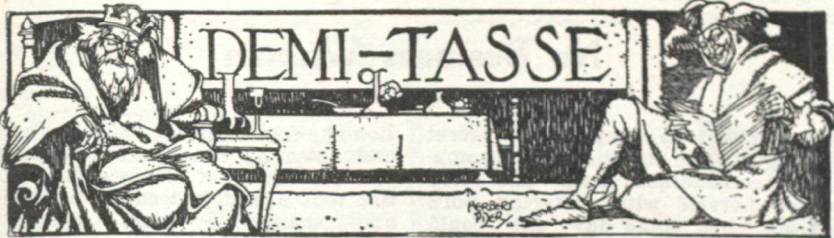
A Wilson Lesson

PRESIDENT WILSON told the people of the United States recently: "The new role is forced on us of finding markets abroad for our surplus manufactures." When the President made that statement, the exports of the United States exceeded the imports by seven hundred million dollars. To keep up this favourable balance of trade, in the face of declining exports of wheat and flour, the exports of manufactures must be increased. In other words, the United States must be able to compete with Great Britain and Germany, the great exporters of manufactured articles.

What is the lesson for Canada? Lumber, furs and fish once comprised our chief exports. Lumber has almost failed us, and furs are nearly negligible. In their place came wheat. Ten years hence the population may have grown so large that the export of wheat will be stationary. What, then, shall we send abroad to pay our debts?

At present we send some manufactures abroad. The removal of the United States duty on manufacturing implements may increase the export of various lines. But on the whole, our exports of manufactures are small. Is it not, then, reasonable to suggest that our problem is to build up manufacturing industries so that we shall have surplus manufactures to export?

If Germany and Great Britain and the United States find the export of manufactures to be a great source of wealth, Canada should give careful attention to the same phase of development.



Courierettes.

BEEF at a dollar a pound is predicted ere long for the Canadian West. Mary will find even her little lamb too utterly expensive.

Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labour, says he would like to be Minister of Play. The Liberals say that he is playing at being Minister of Labour.

Toronto man got 30 days in jail for stealing a shaving brush. The magistrate will now be strong with the Barbers' Union.

J. A. M. Armstrong, the North York M.P., refers to the Canadian Senate as a lot of political scrap iron. He might have added that there's little scrap left in it.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will play the big acts from four of his best plays in one night during his Toronto engagement. That city always did want a lot for its money.

The Canadian Gas Association met recently and had considerable discussion. Which was quite appropriate.

Manager Mugsy McGraw, of the New York Giants, declares that he likes King George. One ray of sunshine in His Majesty's dreary life.

It was a woman named Mrs. Sharp that "Theo, the God," wheedled into marriage with him. What's in a name?

A Winnipeg man gave up 40 inches of skin to save the life of his friend who had been burned by nitric acid. Once in a while we come across an incident that renews faith in humanity.

Ambassador Page has had to explain to the U. S. Senate his recent speech in London. If the Senators start to throw mud at him he will be a sadly soiled Page.

It now turns out that the novelist Bertha M. Clay was a man. You never can tell, nowadays.

"Is there a change in woman's attitude toward marriage?" queries a noted woman writer. Not that we can notice. She is there with the orange blossoms on the least provocation.

Sir Edward Carson has been presented with a silver-hilted sword of tempered steel to be used in leading Ulster's army. No war is expected. If so they would have given him a repeating rifle. The only modern use of a sword is as an ornament.

A Woodstock girl of eighteen is already a bigamist. That's getting off to a good start in the matrimonial race.

Bright Prospects.—With Hon. Col. Sam Hughes building drill sheds throughout the Dominion, Hon. George E. Foster dotting elevators here and there, and Hon. L. P. Pelletier rearing new post offices in towns and cities, things should be looking up a bit in Canada this spring.

Get This One?—When does a suitor cease to be a suitor? When he doesn't suit her.

Villa's Ambition.—Now it is announced that General Villa is intent on becoming President of Mexico. There's a man who loves danger. He is determined to die with his boots on.

Trend of the Times.—Rev. J. W. Pedley, a Toronto preacher, delivered a sermon on Martin Harvey's play,

"The Only Way," drawing spiritual lessons from the drama. Does this mean an increased friendliness between the church and the theatre, or just keener competition between preacher and player?

One of Life's Tragedies.
He seized her, drew her to him, and deliberately struck her.
She made no sound.
Again, and yet again, the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no sign of suffering.
But when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for the fourth time, she shrieked aloud—and her head flew off.
She was only a match.

The Question.—It is said to cost just \$68 to equip a Toronto policeman, down to his belt and helmet. There are some critics who raise the question of whether the result is worth the cost.

A Spring Song.
Spring, Spring,
Beautiful Spring,
New bonnets for wife—
Ah, there's the sting!
—A Husband.

There's Only One Way.—"How to hold the older girls" was the topic discussed at a recent Sunday school



CHARACTER IN A NUTSHELL.
"What sort of a chap is your Colonel, Joe?"
"Well, he's the kind of bloke as'd arst you a question, and when you started to answer him he'd bawl out 'SILENCE.' That's the sort of feller he is."
—The Bystander.

convention. Any young man can solve that problem. He would use his arms.

Real Romance.—He asked her if she could cook. She admitted that she could not.

She asked him if he could afford to buy and keep a motor car. He said he could not.

They did not marry, and lived happily ever afterwards.

It's Sure to Happen.—London, England, is to have a woman's church to be run by women. Only women will be allowed to preach. But we can see

the finish of that church as soon as the choir leader selects her soloists.

Forgive This One.—We note by the papers that a Toronto young fellow named Wedd got married the other day. Now all together—he just couldn't help being Wedd.

Looks Like It.—Another daughter of President Wilson is to be married. Matrimony seems to be becoming a habit at the White House.

Just a Pointer.—Young man, you can never hope to understand a girl, but here's a straight tip. When a girl tells you that she won't allow you to kiss her, that's the time to do it.

Seeing Things.—A Toronto man who has a telescope says that he has seen a big black hole in the face of the sun.

That's nothing. We know other Toronto men who have seen several moons in the sky. They look through another kind of glass.

There's the Rub.—A judge in Missouri has declared that the man is the head of the family. It's all very well to declare it, but can he prove it?

The Exception.—It's quite impossible to please everybody. Most of us are glad to see Spring return, but there's the chap who takes his daily swim in the ice hole all winter. He's grouching now.

Judge Morgan's Humanity.—Judge Morgan has finally stepped down from the bench of the York County Courts, and his going will be regretted by many a man who has made a fresh start in life because the kind-hearted, white-haired old judge "gave him a chance to make good," as the prisoners themselves like to put it.

Wherever he could temper justice with mercy Judge Morgan did it. He was above everything else humane. An instance of how he judged the character of the men he tried, and how his estimate of their possibilities was borne out came to light during a recent sitting of the Sessions Court. A man was on trial for having attempted to hold up another man, using a revolver.

Into the witness stand stepped a well-set-up, clean-cut looking fellow of middle age. He told how he had wrenched the weapon from the hand of the prisoner. As he told his story the old judge watched him, and slowly his face lit up with a smile of recognition. This man had been before him seven years before—not as a witness, but charged with assaulting the police. He had a bad record then and was well known to the police. He had been convicted of that offence, but the judge had given him a chance and allowed him out on suspended sentence. He had behaved himself, and to-day is a prosperous butcher.

These facts the judge soon learned by a few queries as soon as he recognized the man.

Then Judge Morgan rose and reached out his hand to grasp that of the witness.

"I am proud to shake hands with you," he said. And then he remarked, almost to himself, "If I had sent him to jail this man might have become a confirmed criminal."

Better Than a Play.—James K. Hackett, the Canadian romantic actor, has inherited \$1,000,000. Sounds like one of his own romantic dramas, but James K. gloats over the fact that the greenbacks are not stage money.

Decoration Note.—The devil isn't black any more. He has been white-washed too often.

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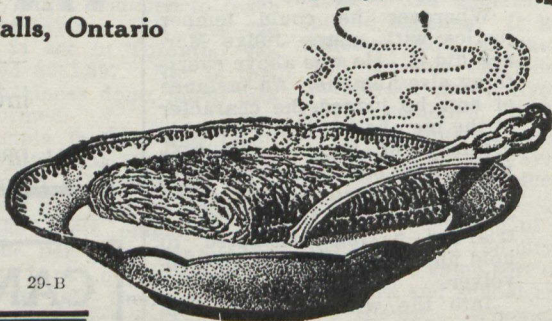
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No Business Woman

(Continued from page 8.)

Esther meant to keep it a secret until such time as she had accumulated a considerable sum. She often amused herself with picturing Sol's surprise when some day she could show him a bank book crediting her with a thousand dollars or when if, Heaven forbid, that time should ever come, when Sol needed money and was in despair, and she could give it to him. It was one of his pet superstitions that she could not save money, and Esther would as soon have thought of picking his pockets as of robbing him of it.

She had never been tempted to touch this little fund before, but now, why not? The money would be just as safe in up-state land as in the bank, perhaps safer. She believed that she would put it there, but she would have to tell Sol and endure his ridicule, but then—would she?

If Sol was told he would be sure to be angry and to forbid her to make the investment, and all the fun of saving the money would be gone. No, she would forget all about the old land and never go to Mrs. Rumpelmeier's again. That was her decision when she went to sleep that night, but the next morning her mind promptly opened up the whole question again, and try as she would she could not forget it.

For two days she struggled valiantly, and on the third drew her money out of the bank. "Of course, I could write a check," she told herself, "but there is nothing like ready cash." She put the map in her purse and took an early train for Knoxville.

The property was just beyond the edge of the town, and Esther hired a carriage and had herself driven there. The driver was a loquacious native, and he volunteered a great deal of information. With his help, she found the stakes marking off the lots she had almost decided upon.

"What do you think of my choice?" she asked.

"I take it that you're meanin' to buy?" said the old man.

Esther nodded.

"Wall, sinct you're a lady, I'm a goin' ter butt in and advise you to go kerrful and slow. They's something queer about this here property.

"Right straight along fer a month they's been agents here on the ground all the time, an' two excursions down from the city. Lots of folks couldn't see no great shakes of a buy here and didn't take no lots, but quite a few did.

"MY son-in-law thought there was going to be a boom, and sashayed up to the office in the city to buy these here very identical lots. When he got there and give the numbers they told him that they'd took the land off'n the market and wouldn't sell another foot, not for no price. There ain't been nary a agent here since; somethin' crooked, I say, lady."

Suddenly he raised his hand and pointed. "See over there by them trees—them four fellers? They came this mornin' and they've been trampin' over every inch of the tract and on the other side of the river—Grand Jury men, I'll warrant you."

"I think I'll go back to the station," said Esther. On the way, she noticed a small cottage surrounded by garden. "Their back yard runs right down to the river," she remarked.

"Yes, marm, it's a right pretty place. Old feller named Mendelbaum an' his wife an' son own it and raise truck for the market. They've had a spell of bad luck lately an' I guess the old feller would be right glad enough now to sell his patch of land. There was a party tryin' to buy it a spell back, but Mendelbaum he wouldn't sell."

Presently they were overtaken by an automobile holding four men besides the chauffeur. "Them's the fellers I told you about. Guess they're going to make the 1.40 train back to town."

"That's the train I want," said Esther.

When Mrs. Berger reached the sta-

tion she found the four men pacing up and down on the platform near the open windows of the waiting room. She took a seat just out of their view and shamelessly and attentively listened.

The station was quiet, as there were very few people about, and she managed to catch the greater part of their conversation which interested her very much. She watched them board the train, and then she hunted up the old carriage driver again. "Take me out by Mr. Mendelbaum's; I think maybe he is a landsman of mine, and would like to see me."

When Esther boarded the train for home late that afternoon, after having made a trip to the Knoxville courthouse with the aged Mr. Mendelbaum and his wife, she was minus every dollar of her savings, plus a red sealed document and a happy smile.

Her maid of all work, Rifka, greeted her with an old servant's privileged manner. "Ach, Gott, Mrs. Berger, I thought sure you was killed; you're so late home again. The dinner is spoiled. Even Mr. Berger he ain't been home yet; he telephoned and said I should tell you he's got a out-of-town customer to take to dinner, and he is such a bum that he can't bring him up here."

"Thanks be to goodness!" thought Esther. "May Heaven bless that customer."

TWO days later, as Rifka was serving coffee, the doorbell rang. She answered and came back, blushing furiously. "Oh, Mrs. Berger! Please excuse me, I forgot to tell you about this here gentleman what's now in the parlour." She laid a card before her mistress, and avoiding Sol Berger's stern eye, hastened on. "He was here this afternoon, while you was out. He said he's got to see you right away. I told him you would sure be home to-night. This here is his card."

"Mr. A. G. Howe, representing the B. T. Z. Railroad. I think I know what he wants. Tell him I shall be in by the parlour in a few minutes; that he should please wait. Then you have your dinner, Rifka, and next time don't forget."

Sol was too amazed to reprimand the maid who breathed a great sigh of relief, and escaped to the kitchen.

Esther handed the card to her husband and sipped her coffee.

"Who is this here feller?" demanded Sol, a gleam in his eye.

"I don't know any more than you do. I don't think I have ever seen him, but I guess he has come to buy my land up by Knoxville."

"Explain yourself, Esther."

"Come on in by the parlour, then," and she led the way.

"This is Mr. Howe, yes?" she began. "I am Mrs. Berger and this here is my husband."

The visitor bowed. "I have come to make you a cash offer for your Knoxville property," said Mr. Howe to Sol.

"I don't know nothing about it; talk to my wife." Sol subsided into the nearest chair, too amazed to contribute a word to the conversation.

"I presume you bought that land for speculative purposes, Mrs. Berger?"

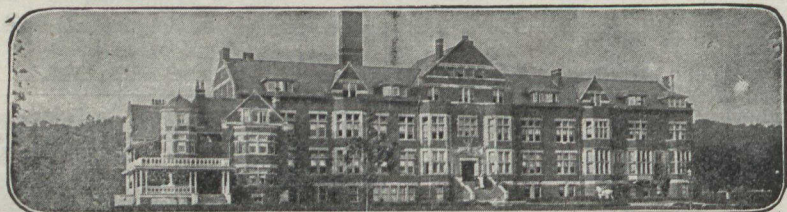
"Yes. I thought the B. T. Z. railroad might maybe need it bad enough for their repair yard to maybe buy it from me."

Mr. Howe looked staggered for an instant. "I beg your pardon, but how on earth do you arrive at that conclusion?"

"I heard you say so, yourself," answered Esther smiling.

"Really, I don't understand."

"Last Tuesday, at the Knoxville station, on the platform, you and three other gentlemen. You said, 'We've got options on or else we own all that land west of the river except the little truck farm. I'd have settled that yesterday, only the old German Jew that owns it can't speak English, and his son won't be home for two days. We ought to be able to get his land for a thousand dollars at the outside, and it would be better to give him two thousand than to give Rumpel-



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meyer the ten thousand he is holding out for on that slice on his side of the river. And his side is not so good for our purposes as the other."

Mr. Howe laughed rather shamefacedly. "I see that you know what is what, Mrs. Berger." He took out a check book and a fountain pen. "What do you want for it?" "Five thousand dollars," said Esther quietly.

Mr. Howe closed the check book. "That is an excessive price!"

"Maybe," said she rising, "but it is the least I will take."

Sol opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again grinning delightedly behind his mustache. Mr. Howe appealed to him, but Sol stopped him with a gesture. "This here is Mrs. Berger's affairs. Me, I never intrude, you know."

Esther plainly expected Mr. Howe to leave. He saw that argument would be useless, and he opened the check book again.

"Say we make it twenty-five hundred? That allows you a handsome profit considering that you couldn't have paid over five hundred dollars for it."

"I paid eight hundred," said Esther promptly, "and I want five thousand. It's that or else I keep it."

Mr. Howe sighed and made out the check.

After the details were concluded and he had gone, Mrs. Berger sat down and related the whole affair to her admiring lord. "Well, Sol," she concluded, maybe I ain't such a swell business woman, and am Mrs. Rumpmeyer's easy mark, but I think that over six hundred per cent. beats three per cent. from a bank."

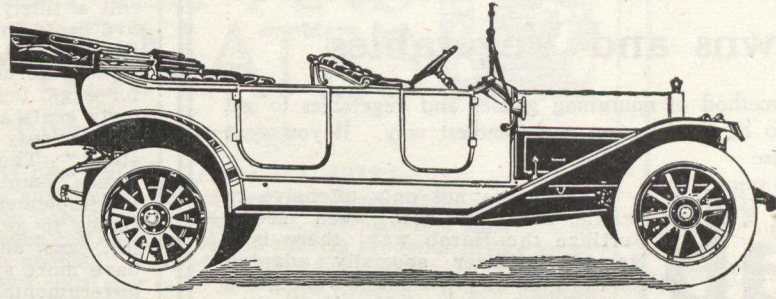
Public Opinion and the Manufacturer

(Continued from page 6.)

rivets, tacks, springs—scores of manufacturers—are directly interested in selling raw materials to these implement men.

And, you say, what has this to do with the lop-sidedness of public opinion and the need for greater interest by the city dwellers in public affairs? It means this: that "tariff tinkering," as applied to one industry alone, is a serious thing; that a reduction on farm implements does not just affect farm implements, but all these contributory industries. It is like taking a few small pieces of steel out of a bridge—the bridge sags, and that sag, while it may save a farmer in Saskatchewan \$2.50, or even \$5.00, on the price of a self-binder, costs the cities scores of workmen, possibly hundreds, cuts down the prosperity of many industries, reduces the wage income of the cities, lowers the amount of money spent over the grocer's counter, or at the butcher's, or at the farmer's market—and it probably means that the money which would otherwise have been spent in Canada for wages and raw materials in the making of that self-binder, is exported to a foreign competitor, to support foreign workmen and foreign farmers.

This state of affairs would cost the Western farmer much more than he would save on the initial cost of the machine. It costs the country at large dearly. Representative public opinion, a wholesome and lively interest on the part of the cities in the direction of public policy, would save this maladvertence. Parliament, properly supported, reminded of the dual constitution of the economic fabric, would be able to resist what now it has to submit to, because that one department of production has so over-developed its self-interest. But the city dweller continues to make no reply, continues to go to his office or factory and struggle with arithmetic; continues to bear the chief burden of taxation, and continues to pray that the factories which form the clientele of his employer, or the one factory which employs him, will not shut down—at least, not until he gets another position in sight. He continues to live just one lap ahead of his necessities, while his employer, who he thinks should pay him more wages, continues to keep just half a



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lap ahead of the foreign competitor. The employee continues to pay fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, or even sixty dollars a month for the right to call a thirty-foot frontage "home": five cents every time he travels from the office to his home, or down again in the morning; sixty cents a dozen for eggs, ten cents a quart for milk, forty cents a pound for butter, and at least twenty cents a pound for "round steak." The farmer, meantime, continues "empire building" on the credit the implement maker allows him, continues to get more for his beef, butter, eggs, and milk, and continues to have more spent on him by placatory governments, provincial and federal. Meantime 600 men are laid off for six weeks in a small Ontario town because the local implement factory has not been able to compete with American implement men in the Canadian West. Meantime well-meaning people demand to be told the reason for unemployment.

Coleridge-Taylor Appreciated

53 Hunter Road,
Thornton Heath,
Surrey, England.
2nd March, 1914.

The Music Editor,
"Canadian Courier,"
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I read with much interest your remarks on Coleridge-Taylor in the "Canadian Courier" dated February 14th, in connection with the performance by the Mendelssohn Choir recently of "A Tale of Old Japan." As a keen student of his music I cordially endorse your view that had he lived long enough "he might have done something to give England a national opera." I do not, however, base my conclusion on a study of the above work, but rather from an intimate knowledge of his music, and of his views concerning the subject. Now, the stage had a great fascination for Coleridge-Taylor, and his association with it was admittedly highly successful and distinguished. He was commissioned by Sir Herbert Tree to write incidental music for the following plays produced at His Majesty's Theatre—"Ulysses," "Herod," "Nero," "Faust" and "Othello," and in each instance his music, by virtue of its absolute appropriateness, added very greatly to the artistic successes achieved.

Early in 1910, a new choral work by Coleridge-Taylor was produced at the Brighton Musical Festival, and it met with a most cordial reception from press and public alike. I refer to "Endymion's Dream" for soprano and tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, which is in reality a one-act opera. The critic of the London Standard wrote as follows concerning it: "Seldom has so much urgent music—music that breathes and reeks of romance and passion in almost every bar—been compressed into so small a compass. At a time when the future of English opera is upon every one's lips, it is encouraging to meet with a work that reveals a sense of the theatre so unmistakably as does Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's so-called Cantata."

I am sending you under separate cover a copy of "Endymion's Dream," and venture to think that your opinion as to what its composer might have done for English opera, had he not "passed on," will be considerably strengthened by a careful perusal of same.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has left several works in MS., including a grand opera in three acts on a Norwegian subject called "Thelma" (completed 5 or 6 years ago), incidental music to a play by Alfred Noyes, "A Forest of Wild Thyme," and a ballet in five scenes on "Hiawatha," the music being in no way connected with the famous Trilogy. I do not know what the ultimate fate of the opera will be, but the libretto will certainly need revision before it can be staged.

With best compliments, and trusting the contents of this letter may have some interest for you,

I am, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
J. H. SMITHER JACKSON.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Living on Porridge

(Reprinted From Our Issue of June 21st, 1913.)

EVERY man who owns anything in Canada at the present time should hold it if he has to live on porridge. And, after all, porridge is a good, wholesome food. It has been the chief brain and muscle producer of the greatest race of all the British peoples. Most of us have been living on tenderloin steaks and canvasback duck until our taste is a little vitiated. A few months on porridge will bring back that ancient zest for good food.

Canada has had one innings, and another is sure to come. Don't sell anything at a sacrifice. Cache it and get a bag of oatmeal. All these stocks and bonds and "inside" real estate and other good properties are just as valuable to-day as they ever were. Our "unbounded natural resources" are just as unbounded as they were a year ago. The soil and the waterpowers and the forests and the mines haven't moved away. And these are the basis of prosperity. The population alone is needed to create wealth and the population grows bigger day by day.

Yes, hang on. Don't let the bank manager scare you. Don't listen to the broker who advises you to sell because "the market will go lower." Grip the saddle with both knees and sit tight.

There is a man in Guelph who had a couple of streets of town lots in Winnipeg, bought somewhere about 1890. The price of real estate went down and down until people said the property would be farmed some day. But he sat tight and lived on oatmeal. For ten years he waited and then it began to come. He started to sell little by little, and finally cleaned up a good half million. To-day he is a millionaire living in an Ontario city—not Toronto. If you want his address in order to confirm the story, drop a post-card to the Editor of this column and you can have it. He will confirm the story. And there are hundreds of others who have lived on oatmeal for a few years and then got back to tenderloin steak with mushrooms.

Don't be stampeded. The only people who will suffer are those who bought outside subdivisions and mining stocks. And they ought to suffer. About a million town lots have been sold in the West and a few thousand in the East that will keep their owners living on porridge for a great many years—more than ten. But all the inside stuff is still good and some of the outside. But you must keep your taxes paid and live on oatmeal.

As for C. P. R., and Power, and Mackay, and all the Canadian railways and industrials, they are just as good as they ever were. Their profits may not be quite as high for a while. The manager may be forced to get down an hour earlier in the morning and play golf once or twice less per week. But the value is still there. Don't be a coward and chuck any of them. Porridge is a wholesome food.

Mining vs. Industrial Stocks

A WELL defined difference exists between a mining stock and an industrial stock from the standpoint of the investor. This may be illustrated. Supposing a man pays \$100 for one hundred shares of Bullfinch silver mines at \$1 a share, paying twenty per cent. dividend, and also \$100 for one share of the Plymouth Knitting Company stock at par, paying eight per cent.—which will be the best investment?

Bullfinch silver mines pay twenty per cent. for five years, ten per cent. for three years, five per cent. for five years, and then stops dividends. The investor gets \$20×5; \$10×5; and \$5×5—total \$175. If his original shares are now worth nothing, that is all he gets.

Compare this with Plymouth Knitting Company stock. In the same fifteen years he gets \$120 in interest, and his stock is still worth \$100. If he sells he has therefore \$220.

In short, under these suppositious circumstances, the investor makes \$45 more out of his industrial investment than out of his mining investment. The mine peters out; the industry goes on and on and on. Indeed, one may safely generalize and say that mines grow less valuable each year, while manufacturing businesses grow more valuable.

When estimating the revenue from a mine, the dividend must be divided into two parts—the real dividend and the portion of capital which is paid back each year. If a mine pays twenty per cent., the wise investor will credit 10 per cent. to interest and the other 10 per cent. to capital returned.

Take Nipissing for example. To date, Nipissing has 224 per cent. in dividends in ten years, a tremendous profit. But Nipissing, the other day, reduced the dividends from 30 to 20 per cent., and a further reduction is only a matter of time. The Nipissing investor who has been classing his dividends all as income and spending them as such, may some day find himself without capital. Yet Nipissing has been one of the few big payers.

Briefly, an industrial stock may be an investment; a mining stock is always a speculation.

Explaining the Vagaries of Brazilian

DURING the whole of last week there was considerable liquidation in Brazilian, which is the popular name for Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company, incorporated under the laws of the Dominion of Canada, with head office in Toronto. This company was formed to bring together three other companies, popularly known as Sao Paulo Tramway, Sao Paulo Electric, and Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company. The amalgamation of these companies occurred in 1912, and the stock was listed for the first time in October of that year. During that month about seventy thousand shares were bought and sold at a high price of 99¼, and a low price of 85. A similar range held during November and December, and a new high point was touched in January, 1913, when 101 was paid by some enthusiasts. Since then the general tendency has been downward.

In looking about for an explanation, one must admit that it is not to be found in the earnings of the company. These have been very satisfactory. The answer must be sought in another direction. Brazil has had an industrial year very similar to that of Canada. If anything her commerce has suffered more than Canada's. The countries are somewhat similar in regard to commercial conditions. The price of wheat has been low in Canada and money has been scarce; the price of rubber and coffee has been low in Brazil and money has been equally scarce. The Brazil Railway stock has declined in price from 200 to somewhere about 30, which is much worse than anything in Canada or the United States, if we except New Haven stock. Brazil does its financing in London and Paris, and all Central and South American stocks are selling at a very low price in those two great financial centres. Indeed, some of these securities, which were very valuable two years ago, are now almost unsaleable.

This explains fairly well why Brazilian dropped from 85 to 82 on March

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has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable on and after April 1st next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st March, both days inclusive.

By order of the board.

W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Toronto, March 4th, 1914.

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Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

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MONTREAL.

6th, and was selling at 78 ex-dividend on Friday, March 20th. This is a decline from its high point of only 24 points as compared with 170 points in Brazil Railway. The wonder is that Brazilian has held so well.

Last week, Mr. Alexander MacKenzie, who for ten years was the Canadian representative of Rio and Sao Paulo in Brazil, cabled that he did not think that there need be any apprehension regarding the political situation in Brazil. He says there has been some business depression caused by the refusal of the banks to allow customary credit facilities and that the business men of Brazil are appealing to the London bankers for financial help. He expects that this will be forthcoming and that commercial conditions in that country will soon right themselves. If Mr. MacKenzie could assure Canadian shareholders that financial conditions in Paris will be improved also, they would feel much more secure. It is the Paris selling which is affecting the market in London, Montreal and Toronto.

To show that the gross earnings of Brazilian are not declining, it may be pointed out that during each of the five weeks ending March 14th, these have shown an increase. The total increase for the period is \$105,162, or an average of \$21,000 a week.

Lessons From U.S. Steel

PEOPLE who have investments in any steel or iron company, Canadian or United States, will find much to interest them in the annual report of United States Steel. The gross earnings of the company were the largest in its history; they amounted to \$797,000,000, and make the earnings of the C. P. R. look like those of an infant industry. Another point—the largest previous gross earnings were in 1907, another bad industrial year; thus showing how this big corporation can beat the times. The net earnings, however, were smaller than in 1907, but larger than in 1912—twenty-seven and a half million dollars larger.

Next, examine the wage bill. The number of employees increased from 221,000 to 229,000, and the wage bill from \$189,000,000 to \$207,000,000. Of this increase eleven millions was due to increased rate of wages. In six years the wages have increased forty-six million dollars, which is certainly remarkable. On this basis, each employee is getting about \$230 a year more than he did six years ago. That the company has been able to meet this huge increase and yet maintain the volume of business and its net profits, is truly staggering.

The company set aside thirty-one million for depreciation and sinking funds; paid twenty-two millions on funded debt; distributed fifty millions in dividends; and had a tidy fifteen and a half millions to carry forward as against three and a half millions in the previous year. The total surplus is now one hundred and fifty millions, or enough to pay the next three years' dividends.

Bargains in Preferred

FOR another thirty days there will be bargains in preferred stocks. After that prices will likely begin to go up. At present Tooke Bros.' preferred, Steel Co. of Canada preferred, and Sawyer-Massey preferred can be bought to pay over eight per cent. Dominion Cannery, Penmans, Maple Leaf Milling, Dominion Iron, Canadian Locomotive, Toronto City Dairy, and Canada Cement, all preferred, can be bought to pay seven or over. The "Canadian Courier" believes every one of these concerns is in good condition and that purchasers will make money. There is no risk whatever, except perhaps in the case of the steel companies.

The Statist on Brazil

IN its issue of March 7th the London "Statist" has a special article on Brazil, which opens with the remark "everyone with a knowledge of the facts must sympathize with Brazil in her misfortunes. . . but rarely does it happen that a country suffers so suddenly and seriously from misfortune as Brazil is now suffering." The "Statist" then explains that the general scarcity of capital throughout the world affected Brazil's power to raise new capital. On top of this the exports of rubber dropped thirty million dollars in 1913 as compared with 1912, and a fall in the price of coffee made an equal decline in the value of the coffee exports. The article concludes:

"But the problem with which Brazil is now confronted is how to pay for the works under construction and the goods ordered for import as well as its interest obligations. It is obvious that a country which has come into sudden misfortune as Brazil has done merits the utmost consideration from other States, and especially from countries which are largely responsible for the misfortunes. In consequence of the difficulties which have arisen the President-Elect of Brazil will shortly visit Europe in order to find a solution of the problems with which he is confronted. We are sure he will be accorded a very sympathetic reception, and we hope that everything will be done to facilitate his mission."

Lever Brothers, Limited

SIR WILLIAM LEVER is one of the greatest industrial organizers of the day. In 1894 he formed "Lever Brothers, Limited," with a capital of £1,500,000 to acquire the Lever business at Port Sunlight. The present authorized capital is £30,000,000, of which £11,713,424 has been issued. Besides the works at Port Sunlight, which cover 239 acres, and the village area of 223 acres, with 833 houses, shops, recreation halls, library, museum, etc., the company owns properties in London, Dublin, Manchester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. In addition to this a large business has been built up abroad through the formation of associated companies. Factories have been built and equipped for the manufacture of soap and glycerine in France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, United States, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa. Altogether the company holds interests in over sixty associated companies throughout the world. The holdings in these associated companies is valued at over \$40,000,000. The method of retaining control of these companies, as adopted by Sir William Lever, is much the same as in Canada. Preferred stocks are issued to the public and these pay a fixed rate of 5 or 6 per cent. Then there are certain amounts of "Preferred Ordinary" stock, which are entitled to dividends of 15 and 20 per cent. Finally there are "Ordinary" shares, which are held by Sir William himself. Last year 15 per cent. was paid on the "Ordinary" shares, which shows that the business is well managed and highly profitable.

Last Week's Market

WEAKNESS in London, Paris and New York affected the Canadian markets all last week, C. P. R. alone standing up against all adverse influences. Brazilian led in the drop, on Paris selling, the low being 77½. Can. General Electric closed at 110, on account of the excellent annual report. Dominion Steel finished at 31½, Laurentide at 184¼, Richelieu at 103, Montreal Power at 224½, Queen City at 106, Rogers at 120 (a ten point drop), Barcelona at 27¼, Canada Bread at 28¼, and Mackay at 83¾. Nearly all mining shares fell off.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Limited

Annual Report of the Board of Directors for the Year Ended the 31st December, 1913

DIRECTORS:

W. R. BROCK, Hon. President and Chairman of the Board.
 FREDERIC NICHOLLS, President.
 W. D. MATTHEWS, Vice-President.
 HON. J. K. KERR, K.C., Vice-President.
 HERBERT S. HOLT.
 SIR WM. MORTIMER CLARK, LL.D., K.C.
 HON. ROBERT JAFFRAY. A. E. DYMENT.
 SIR RODOLPHE FORGET.
 J. K. L. ROSS.
 E. W. COX.
 SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE.
 F. GORDON OSLER.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

To be Submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Company in Toronto, on Wednesday, March 25th, 1914.

Your Directors submit herewith the Balance Sheet of the Company as upon the 31st day of December, 1913, also Statement of Profit and Loss for the year, and Certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, Chartered Accountants.

In view of the financial stringency that existed during the year, and the consequent lessening of demand, your Directors are gratified at being able to present such a satisfactory Statement to the Shareholders.

An examination of the Balance Sheet will show that a Profit of \$2,029,898.60 was earned, and that after deducting the sum of \$470,933.98 for depreciation, and \$222,654.69 for interest, there remained a net balance of \$1,336,309.93. Deducting from this amount Dividends on Preference and Common Stock at the rate of 7% per annum, and a Bonus of 1% on the Common Stock, amounting in all to \$776,634.17, there remain surplus earnings of \$559,675.76, of which \$328,134.05 has been added to the Reserve Fund and \$231,541.71 to the balance of \$682,390.63 at Credit of Profit and Loss, 31st December, 1912. The Reserve now amounts to \$2,700,000.00, the balance at the credit of Profit and Loss to \$913,932.34, making a total Surplus of \$3,613,932.34, equal to 36.13% of the par value of the share Capital of the Company, both Common and Preference.

There has also been accumulated a Reserve for Depreciation now amounting to \$1,537,605.42.

Following the usual policy of the Company, the Inventory has been taken at cost or market value, whichever was the lower. Ample deductions have been made for depreciation and any obsolete stock has been written down to scrap value.

From the inception of the Company until about five years ago, it had been the custom to write off the yearly allowance for depreciation of Buildings, Plant and Machinery, instead of carrying it forward to Reserve for Depreciation Account as at present, and the large amount that has each year been provided for depreciation has resulted in the book value of our Assets having been written down below their actual value.

INCREASE IN VALUE OF REAL ESTATE HOLDINGS.

The Real Estate owned by the Company has also greatly risen in value since the respective dates of purchase, but has been carried on our books at its original purchase price. In order to secure an independent and careful valuation, the services of the Canadian Appraisal Company were retained to make a complete itemized appraisal, and their report shows the replacement value of our Real Estate, Plant and Equipment to be \$3,200,000.00 in excess of our book values. From this amount they deduct \$1,271,685.00 for a liberal depreciation, leaving a net excess of \$1,928,315.00.

VALUE OF PATENTS AND CONTRACTS WRITTEN OFF.

Last year, under the heading of "Patents and Contracts," our Balance Sheet contained the item of \$503,761.42, being their book value after depreciation had been written off from year to year. It will be understood that our Patents, acquired from time to time, represent a very considerable outlay, and our Contracts, which include our Trade Marks, and our Agreements with the General Electric Company and many other Companies whose Canadian rights we have acquired from time to time, are of prime importance to the successful conduct of our business. Notwithstanding their great actual value to the Company, your Directors recognize that these Assets are of intangible

value, and therefore have decided to write them down to the nominal sum of One dollar, increasing the value of our Real Estate by the amount written off Patents and Contracts, and allowing the balance of excess of the appraised value of our Real Estate, Plant and Equipment, amounting to \$1,424,554.58, to remain as an inactive Reserve.

The item of borrowed capital shows a considerable increase, on account of very large contracts that were in process of completion and not available for collection before the close of the year. The policy of the Company has always been to borrow funds to finance large contracts during progress so as to avoid a fixed dividend charge in the event of any serious recession in trade. It will be noted, however, that our Accounts and Notes Receivable amount to \$5,183,330.50, and our Inventory of Materials and Work in Progress to \$6,936,672.50, or together a sum of \$12,120,003.00. Since the close of the year our current indebtedness has been reduced by about \$1,000,000, and it is expected that within the next thirty days it will be further reduced.

Notwithstanding the financial stringency that existed during 1913, collections have been very satisfactory.

Your Directors have for some time been anticipating a material shrinkage in the volume of business offering, but although orders fell off somewhat during the latter part of the year, no serious shrinkage has so far been experienced. It is yet too early in the year to warrant any forecast, but it is hoped that the prospects for a general trade revival will materialize.

COMPANIES ACQUIRED.

During the year your Directors acquired, on favorable terms, all the property, liquid assets, and good-will of Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Limited, of Montreal, including an agreement with the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, which gives the Canadian General Electric Company the exclusive right to manufacture and sell in Canada the types of apparatus for which the Allis-Chalmers Company have achieved a world-wide reputation, such as Corliss Engines, Water Wheels, Saw Mill Machinery, Gas Engines, etc. The business so acquired is being conducted under the name of "Canadian Allis-Chalmers, Limited," as a subsidiary Company of the Canadian General Electric Company, a Charter having been secured for this purpose. In part payment of the purchase consideration the Vendors have accepted Five per cent. Twenty-year Bonds of the Canadian Allis-Chalmers, Limited, issued against the new property acquired, and a sum of \$700,000 is being paid for in seven annual installments, and will be met by the liquidation of the Cash Assets acquired, which amount to relatively the same figure.

The property and Assets of the Stratford Mill Building Company were also acquired, the purchase having been considered by your Directors to be of advantage to the Company.

Your Directors desire to express their great regret at the death of two Directors of the Company since the last Annual Meeting. The late Mr. James Ross joined the Board of Directors in 1901, and the late Hon. Geo. A. Cox was one of the original Directors. Mr. J. K. L. Ross has been elected to fill the vacancy created on the Board by his father's death, and the vacancy created by the death of Senator Cox has been filled by the election of his son, Mr. E. W. Cox, President of the Canada Life Assurance Company.

FREDERIC NICHOLLS,
President.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED, And Subsidiary Companies.

Consolidated Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1913.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Capital Assets—		Capital Stock—	
Real Estate, Buildings, etc., at Toronto, Peterboro', Bridgeburg, Stratford, Montreal, Branch offices, Power Plant at Nassau, Canadian Sunbeam Lamp Company, Limited, and Canadian Allis-Chalmers, Limited	\$ 6,150,814.91	Common—Authorized	\$10,000,000.00
Machinery and Tools	3,135,935.28	Issued	\$ 8,000,000.00
Patterns and Drawings	681,986.84	Preferred—Authorized and Issued	2,000,000.00
Patents, Contracts and Good-will	1.00		\$10,000,000.00
Total Capital Assets	\$9,968,738.03	Bonded and Other Indebtedness—	
Current Assets—		Mortgage Obligations on Properties purchased	\$ 554,838.68
Inventory of Raw Material, Supplies, Work in Progress and Finished Materials, including expenditures on Contracts (less collections on account)	\$ 6,936,672.50	Bonded Indebtedness on properties purchased	695,000.00
Accounts Receivable (less reserve for doubtful debts)	4,482,416.10	Deferred liability on purchase of Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Limited, secured by bonds of the Canadian Allis-Chalmers, Limited, over the Rockfield plant, of a par value of \$700,000.00	700,000.00
Bills Receivable	700,914.40		1,949,838.68
Investments	226,259.24	Current Liabilities—	
Cash	66,559.93	Bank Advances	\$ 3,542,200.66
Deferred Charges	12,412,822.17	Accounts Payable	1,782,196.46
	44,213.36	Reserve for Depreciation	5,324,397.12
		Surplus, per Account Annexed—	1,537,605.42
		Reserve	\$2,700,000.00
		Profit and Loss Balance	913,932.34
		(Contingent Liability on Bills Receivable Discounted, \$561,389.52).	3,613,932.34
	\$22,425,773.56		\$22,425,773.56

NOTE.—As the appraised value of the Company's properties shows a net excess of \$1,928,315.00 over book values, the value of real estate as carried on the books has been increased by \$503,761.42, which amount has been used to write down the Asset of Patents, Contracts and Good-will to the nominal value of one dollar.

We have audited the above Balance Sheet, and certify that it is properly drawn up, and, in our opinion, shows the true financial position of the Company on 31st December, 1913.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., Chartered Accountants. LYNDHURST OGDEN, Auditor.

Profit for the year ended 31st December, 1913, before providing for Depreciation and Interest on borrowed capital
 \$2,029,898.60 |

Less—

Reserved for Depreciation of Buildings, Machinery and Patterns, etc.
 \$470,933.98 |

Interest
 222,654.69 |

Net Profit for the Year
 693,588.67 |

Less—Dividends and Common Stock Bonus Paid
 \$1,336,309.93 |

Surplus for the Year
 776,634.17 |

Add—Undivided Profits as at 31st December, 1912
 \$ 559,675.76 |

Deduct—Amount transferred to Reserve
 682,390.63 |

Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account
 \$1,242,066.39 |

Reserve, after including the above amount of \$328,134.05
 328,134.05 |

Surplus per Balance Sheet
 \$ 913,932.34 |

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., Chartered Accountants.

Certified to be correct, \$3,613,932.34

LYNDHURST OGDEN, Auditor.

When the Suckers Run

An Intimate Description of a Northern Spring

By C. DUNCAN SMITH

SPRING had come at last to the wooded slopes that lay about Conjuring Lake. Before the steady advance of the northward, swinging sun the bitter frosts had finally relaxed their grip. The last thin ice was gone from marsh and lake and stream, the last vestige of snow had disappeared from the thickets, and in the open, sun-kissed places on the hillsides patches of tender green were beginning to show. The air was yet damp and chill in the early mornings and at dusk, but at mid-day, when the sun was high, there was a languorous softness in the breeze that came pulsating out of the south, breathing its promise of warm sunshine and summer days to come. It bore also a subtle fragrance, elusive, yet pungent and penetrating, the mingling odours of damp earth and sprouting grasses, the fresh, clean smell of willow buds and spruce needles and bursting sap. There was a witchery about this bland air and delicate aroma of the springtime; it stirred the blood to restless impulses and vague, indefinable longings.

The forest world was full of the sights and sounds of returning life. Hither and thither among the dry grass clumps and the underbrush scurried the small, furtive kindreds, like the dainty, white-footed wood-mice and the little, striped chipmunks, revelling in the genial spring sunshine or dodging fate in the shape of some bloodthirsty mink or weasel. In the upper world of the tree-tops birds flitted, and innumerable red squirrels frisked about and chattered volubly to each other about the affairs of squirreldom. Here and there a few feathered warblers, the advance guard of the approaching hosts from the south, were tuning up for their spring mating songs. At intervals, from the dense, willow thickets down by the lake and from the thick, scrubby patches on the upland, came the measured drumming of the partridge. The birch and poplar groves were populous with flocks of noisy, black-flapping crows that shocked the pleasant air with sudden outbursts of raucous clamour as they argued over the advantages and defects of possible nesting places. And when, at times, there came a temporary lull in all these varied sounds, one was vaguely conscious of a faint, mysterious whispering in the air—a subdued rustling, as of unfolding leaves and buds, and growing things thrusting upward through the soil—the first, faint stirrings of the wilderness, awakening from its long winter sleep.

WHEN the snow had gone it had gone quickly and with its going had come days of rain, till all the dun-coloured land was drenched and sodden with moisture. The numerous little ponds and sloughs, unable to accommodate the unwonted influx of water, gradually spread out and flooded the low-lying meadows, transforming them into wide-reaching, grassy lakes. And Conjuring Creek, in the summertime but a tiny brooklet, was now a wide, yellow-brown flood, swirling and foaming over its obstructing snags and boulders as it bore its burden of rain and snow water down to the placid bosom of the lake. Where it ran through the woodland its swift current stealthily undermined the overhanging banks and washed and gurgled musically about the roots of the willows and saskatoon bushes that lined its shores.

One pleasant morning, after the rain was over, and the sun, struggling through the thinning clouds, was beginning to moderate the chill dampness of the air, the waters of the creek were suddenly alive with a host of small-mouthed suckers—big, coarse-scaled fish—that came thronging in from the lake. In countless shoals they came, swimming steadily up against the current, urged on by a blind impulse to seek their spawning beds. They penetrated far inland, into the little ponds and sloughs, into the wide, reed-choked marshes, out into the grass-grown expanses of the

flooded meadows. It was an almost unprecedented run. So thickly at times did they throng the creek that some of their numbers, either crippled or weaker than their fellows, were forced out into the shallows, where they flopped about and gasped for a time and finally turned belly-up among the greening grasses, there to await the coming of some scavenger of the wild.

On the flanks and in the rear of these journeying hosts, and mingling among them in savage companionship, came scores of hungry jackfish and pike, gorging themselves upon the easy prey. But they were not the only enemies that the travellers had to contend with. Almost all of the furred and feathered hunting kindreds knew about this annual migration of the suckers and were not slow to take advantage of what they considered a special dispensation of Nature in their behalf. Here and there, where the creek ran through the open meadows, a fish hawk hovered and wheeled above the amber flood, suddenly dropping with a mighty splash into the water, to rise again on heavily beating wings, clutching in his talons a squirming, struggling victim that flashed silver-bright in the sunlight. In almost any of the sheltered nooks along the shore the snaky, dark form of a mink might be seen taking easy toll from the passing hordes. Clamourously cawing crows infested the nearby trees or patrolled up and down the open shores, on the lookout for stranded fish or the remnants of some other forager's meal. And in the cool of the morning a big lynx had come down to the brink, and scooping out several of the finny wanderers with his huge paws, had banquetted royally upon the unaccustomed fare.

THERE were others, too, bidden by Nature to the feast, that had not yet arrived. Down a narrow, sun-flecked pathway that led toward the creek, came lurching a great, black, shaggy-haired bulk, ominous and terrifying. The big bear was evidently in a hurry, but huge and awkward looking though he was, he slipped along among the trees as noiselessly as a shadow on the broad, soft pads of his feet. He was an old male, rank and rusty coated, and lean with the terrible leanness that comes of prolonged famine. His shaggy hide clung closely about his ribs and his backbone stood out in a well defined ridge, along which the coarse hair was thinning away. And he did not look particularly sweet tempered.

Lured by the blandishments of a prolonged but premature thaw, he had crawled out of his den some weeks earlier and had found the world a cold, inhospitable place. For scarcely had he emerged when the frost gripped the land again, and out of the north came a howling storm of sleet and snow, the last gusty breath of winter. In the bitter cold that followed for a time he wandered aimlessly up and down the pallid aisles of the forest, fierce hunger gnawing at his vitals and naught to satisfy it. For rabbits were few and far between and the succulent young roots and tubers that were his usual spring diet were hard to come at, being obtainable only in the most sheltered spots after digging down through the deep snow. Had it not been for his discovery of an extensive patch of last year's blueberries in the heart of the swamp, things would have gone hard with him indeed. But roots and dried berries were not the kind of food to appease his ravenous hunger or put new life into that giant frame. It was flesh he craved—warm, red-blooded and satisfying. And better even than flesh he loved fish, fresh and firm from the ice cool waters of spring.

That morning, while he was poking about in the gloomy depths of a tamarac swamp, searching for early fungoids, the message had come to him

that now the suckers were running in Conjuring Creek. Abandoning his fruitless quest, he lost no time in answering the call. He set off through the woods at a lurching trot, swinging his great head from side to side as he went. At the edge of each open space he would halt for an instant and test the air with loud sniffings, then plunge on straight ahead, apparently heedless of who might see or hear. And as he went, the lesser creatures of the wild, whether the hunted or the hunting, drew aside discreetly into the underbrush to let him pass. For was he not the Master of the Forest?

It chanced that the path he took led him close by a little clearing that lay about the rude log buildings of a backwoods farm. While he was yet some little distance away there came to his ears the manifold sounds of the farmyard, the intermittent cackling of fowls and the fretful squealing of pigs, punctuated now and then by the strident screaming of geese or the soft lowing of a cow mothering her new-born calf. Came also on the faint breeze many mingling odours, some of them menacing and repellant, others rich and enticing, tantalizing to his famished appetite. When he came to the rough snake fence that barred out the encroaching forest, he followed along it for a little ways where the brush was thick, stopping occasionally to peer wistfully between the bars. But finally he turned away and resolutely resumed his interrupted quest. Not for him, except as a last resort, was the perilous expedient of robbing the farmer.

As he drew near to the creek the faint aroma of fish stole up to greet him and he broke into a shambling, loose-jointed gallop. An eager light came into his little pig-like eyes and his great chops slavered in anticipation. But when he reached the edge of the gentle slope that led down to the water he saw something that caused him to halt abruptly and draw back into the shelter of the bushes.

His intended fishing place was already occupied. Perched on the end of an old log that jutted out into the stream, a young lad from the farmhouse was busily engaged in spearing suckers. Never dreaming that any danger might menace in a neighbourhood so close to the farmyard, he plied his spear diligently as the teeming shoals went by, and his task being an easy one, he already had a goodly pile of the finny quarry lying behind him on the bank. Standing guard over the spoils, a yellow haired, cock eared pup of uncertain breed was watching the proceedings with lively interest.

ORDINARILY the bear would have slipped away without betraying his presence and gone to his fishing at some other point, for he was not by nature a trouble hunter. Indeed, when well fed and indolent, he was a bit of a coward at heart and preferred to follow the line of least resistance, especially in his encounters with man. But now, with the fever of famine in his veins, he was in a decidedly ugly temper and in no mood to brook any interference in the immediate satisfying of his hunger. His drawing back into the bushes had been but the momentary impulse of his habitual caution. Now, as he surveyed the slight figure below him that stood between him and his prospective meal, his little eyes went red with rage.

Instinct warned him that man was a dangerous creature to meddle with, but now, as his wrath swelled rapidly, instinct was forgotten. He saw only that this particular man-creature was very small and unformidable-looking, and moreover, he was poaching on what he considered his own private preserves. He decided that he would give battle to the presumptuous stranger—that he would annihilate him. With a sudden, coughing grunt, he burst through the thin screen of the bushes and charged down the slope.

The yellow haired mongrel was the



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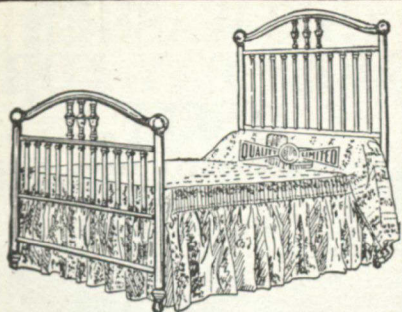
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first to catch sight of the affrighting monster and he straightway bolted from the scene with loud ki-yi-ings of terror. But the lad, thus basely deserted, did not lose his presence of mind. Turning quickly, he beheld the daunting spectacle of the bear rushing down upon him with little ears laid back and snarling, open mouth. Raising his long handled fish spear, he flung it with all his strength full at the advancing bulk.

As luck would have it, it caught the bear full on his tender snout, and one of the barbed tines penetrating a nostril, clung there for an instant. But only for an instant. Barely halting in the avalanche of his advance, he swept it aside with one of his great paws. But that instant's delay was enough for the boy. Leaping for the nearest tree, he caught one of the lower branches and drew himself up, just in time to escape the lunge of his infuriated pursuer. Safely ensconced in his refuge, he began to shout lustily for help.

The bear was now thoroughly enraged. Ill-tempered and pugnacious as he had been before, it was as nothing to the red wrath that filled him at that unexpected and painful assault on the tenderest portion of his anatomy. For the moment his hunger was forgotten in an all-consuming desire for vengeance. Rearing up to his full height against the tree, he tore the bark to ribbons with his resistless claws. He gnashed his teeth and roared, and foamed at the mouth in a very ecstasy of fury. But he could not reach the boy. The girth of the trunk was much too small for him to climb it, but under the impact of his weight the stout sapling swayed and shook violently and the boy was hard put to it to retain his hold. The thought of what would happen should his hand slip or the frail branch that supported him break, filled him with shuddering fear and he redoubled his shrill calls for assistance.

Finally, seeing that his efforts to either reach or dislodge the boy were unavailing, the big bear gave up the attempt. Settling back on his haunches, he gazed up at his prisoner with little, malevolent eyes, his narrow, red tongue darting out at intervals to lick the blood from his wounded nostril. For some moments he sat thus, moveless as a statue, a figure of grim, implacable purpose. Then his eye chanced to fall on the heap of dead suckers that lay nearby. Instantly his determination wavered before the keen demands of his hunger. He arose, glanced up irresolutely at the boy, then shuffled over to where the fish lay and began to bolt them with ravenous haste, grunting his satisfaction. But all the while, between gulps, he kept watch out of the tail of his eye on his prisoner in the tree. It was evident that he had no intention of allowing him to escape just yet.

It was at this moment that an interruption came in the shape of the yellow haired mongrel, who reappeared suddenly on the scene. Darting up with voiceless ferocity, he nipped the bear smartly in the hindquarters. With a bawl of rage and pain, the great beast whirled and struck like lightning with his mighty forearm. The dog, unfortunately for himself, was unfamiliar with the ways of bears and he had not retreated in time. The huge paw, armed with its steel-like claws, caught him fair on the side of his head, tearing away the flesh; the tremendous force of the blow dislocated his neck and sent his limp body whirling into the bushes.

HAVING thus easily disposed of one antagonist, the big bear seemed highly satisfied with himself, and after bestowing a warning growl at the boy, who was now brimming with indignation, he returned to his consumption of fish with renewed relish. But being only a bear and not capable of intricate processes of reasoning, it did not occur to him to inquire into the reason for the dog's sudden audacity in thus attacking him. Consequently, engrossed in the pleasant occupation of satisfying his appetite, he neither heard nor saw a grey-clad figure that slipped quietly up among the trees at the top of the slope.

The old woodsman, father of the boy who clung so perilously in the tree,

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had happened to be repairing the fence of his cow pasture, and had heard his son's shrill calls for help; and when the dog came running up to him with every symptom of fear, he had divined something of the trouble. Hastening to the house, he secured the rifle that stood ever loaded and ready for just such an emergency? The dog, recovering from his first panic fear and emboldened by the moral support of the man, dashed on ahead to meet his untimely fate, the man following as fast as he could. When he arrived on the scene the bear was just bolting the last of the fish. He stood facing away from the man and quartering a little. Raising his rifle with cool and steady hand, the old woodsman took careful aim just behind the massive foreshoulder.

Simultaneously with the whip-like report the bear gave a convulsive start and rose right up on his hind legs. For an instant he stood, swaying drunkenly, his great fore paws clutching at his breast, with an aspect strangely human. Then, with a hollow groan, he crashed over backward, rolling and thrashing wildly among the underbrush. A gush of blood burst from his mouth and nostrils, spattering the dead leaves and grass with crimson. The light died gradually out of his fierce, little eyes; he stiffened slowly; a twitching tremor ran through his giant frame, and he lay quite still.

As the old woodsman strode up with his still smoking rifle, the boy slid down from the tree and danced about, half hysterical, partly with grief over the loss of his canine friend, partly with triumph over the vanquishing of the bear. The old man patted him reassuringly on the back and joked him about his white, scared face. Then he went up to the dead bear and prodded the great, black bulk with his foot.

"That 'ere pelt ain't wuth a whole lot," he said, "but seein' as how you an' I killed him, Jimmy, we'll have to take it home for a sort of soovyneer. Just take a' hold here and I'll show ye how to skin a b'ar."

Suiting the action to the word, he drew a long, keen bladed knife from his belt, and with the help of the boy, proceeded to remove the shaggy hide. And presently, when they had finished their work, they went away.

And now, the manifold little sounds of the woodland, that had seemed strangely hushed during the enactment of the tragedy, awoke to life again. The passing of the big bear had been abrupt, and it was as abruptly forgotten. The little, furtive kindreds emerged from their temporary concealment and went unconcernedly about their affairs with timid rustling and scurrings among the dry leaves and grasses; the waters of the creek made murmurous music among the willow roots; the sun beamed softly down through the tangle of budding branches on the warm, moist earth and greening vegetation. All Nature was bland and smiling as though tragedy and death had no place in her scheme of things. And an early cat-bird in the bushes, all unconscious of the horrible thing that lay half concealed beneath, burst suddenly into a flood of sweet, springtime melody.

At His Own Expense.—One of Australia's best landscape painters was out with his bag of tricks near Daylesford recently. He had pitched in front of an old, two-roomed, wattle-and-dab hut, softened with a crimsoned-flowered creeper, which he thought would make an excellent sketch. While he was working a tall, hairy man came out of the hut, and regarded him with some misgiving. The hut-dweller approached. "Watcher doin', mister?" he said. "I'm painting your picturesque dwelling," said Patterson. The hut-dweller regarded Patterson dubiously for a minute, then went indoors. Presently he reappeared with his wife, and the two advanced towards the artist. "Mind yeh," said the man, pointing at the painter, "I've got me witness—you're doin' this at your own expense."

Neighbourly, Anyway.—"Is he an apostle of humanity?" "Is he? He has twelve children and won't let one of them take music-lessons."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was n't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

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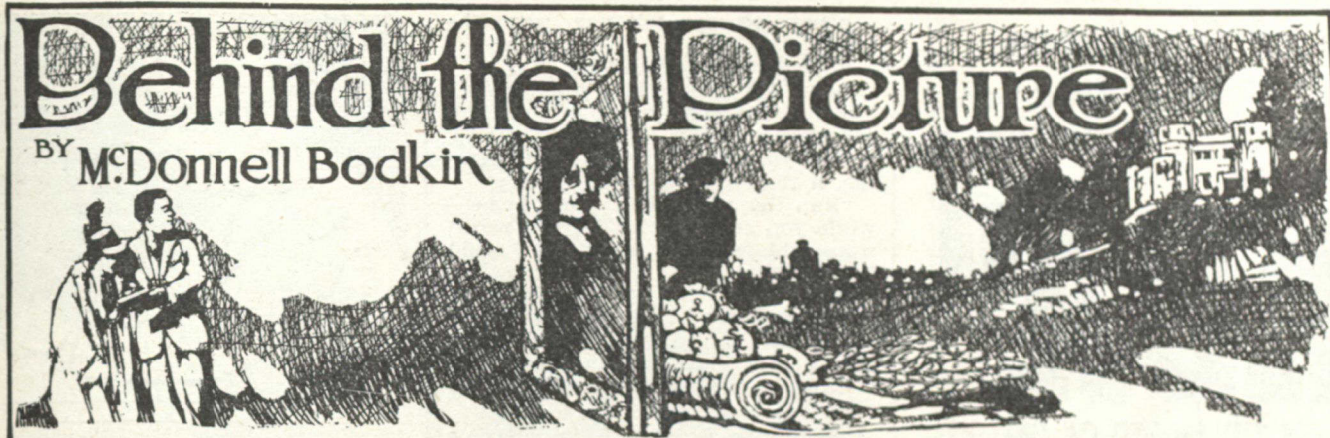
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CHAPTER XXVI.—(Concluded.)

"MEANWHILE?" insinuated the solicitor.

"Meanwhile you will do what is necessary to defend the action."

"That is very simple, my lord. We have merely to rely on your lordship's possession. It is for the young lady to prove her case."

"Which she is hardly likely to do," said his lordship. "Good-day."

But his lordship was not by any means as unconcerned as he led his solicitor to believe. He had no doubt indeed of Abdallah's efficiency. He had no fear that Sybil would proceed with her action. But he was vexed that Abdallah's action had been anticipated by the writ. It would have been more satisfactory, far more satisfactory, if the girl had died before the action had begun. This thought worried him as he whirled home in his motor, and it worried him now as he paced slowly up and down his sitting-room waiting for lunch.

He was unreasonably angry with Abdallah that he had not done his work more promptly. The Indian, he knew, had to follow the girl and the man to Rome. Once in Rome there was no excuse for this delay. Every day his lordship had been expecting a wire with a single word to tell him the work was done. Abdallah was now nearly a week in Rome, and there was still no news.

"Curse him," growled Sternholt. "Curse him for a sloven!"

Life is made up of coincidences. Even as the words were spoken the door opened softly and Abdallah walked into the room. There was no outward change in the man. He was as softly moving, and as impassive as ever. The perfect servant came back to his duties.

Lord Sternholt stared at his sudden entry as if he had seen a devil. But before Abdallah could set the luncheon tray he carried on the table, his lordship found his voice.

"When did you arrive?"

"Half an hour ago, sahib."

"Why don't you wire? Put those things down anywhere, and lock the door. Why didn't you wire?"

"Because I had nothing to tell, sahib."

"Nothing to tell! Do you mean to say you have failed, that you have dared to come back and tell me you have failed!"

"I have failed."

Lord Sternholt glared at him. "You have failed, go on, tell me."

Then the Indian quietly told his story. How he had found Hugh Limner in Rome, how he had tracked him to the hotel, and how, at last, beaten and baffled, he had fled from the hotel at his command.

Lord Sternholt, leaning far back in his chair, his hands tight gripped on his arms, heard him through with ominous patience.

"So the fellow kicked you out like the cur you are," he said, savagely, "and you licked his foot."

"It was fate," said the Indian; "there is no escape from fate."

"You cursed coward! Why didn't you strangle him there and then when the fool released you?" He jumped from his chair and began pacing the room again rapidly, as was his custom when excited.

After two or three efforts he gulped down his wrath and steadied his voice.

"Well, well, you should not have left Rome, Abdallah, until your work was

done. It is now more urgent than ever you must return at once to-night."

The Indian shook his head.

"What cursed folly is this? I tell you, man, you must!"

"It is useless, sahib, the man is not to be slain by me, nor the girl. It is fate."

"Why, you superstitious fool and coward," cried Lord Sternholt, leaping from his seat and facing him, his eyes blazing and the veins on his forehead swelling and darkening. "Do you mean to say you refuse to go?"

The Indian nodded without speaking.

Thereupon the black passion in Lord Sternholt's heart broke loose. Without a word of warning he struck Abdallah a savage blow on the cheek. The signet ring on his little finger gashed the flesh and the blood trickled from the wound, staining the Indian's white robe with streaks and blotches of red.

But he made no motion to avenge or save himself. Recovering from the fierce impetus of the blow he stood stock still, staring with a strange light in his eyes at Lord Sternholt, who heaped curses on him in a very frenzy of rage. For a moment it seemed as if he would strike again, but he wrestled with his rage and mastered it.

"Begone," he whispered, hoarsely, "you ungrateful, cowardly dog, before I murder you! There is a better way to deal with you. You shall hang, you shall hang."

Then without a word, Abdallah turned from him and left the room.

Next morning all London was startled by the news that Lord Sternholt had been found strangled in his bed. A scarf of fine silk, purple, green and orange, like a brilliant snake, was tightened round his throat. There was no sign of a struggle; no motive could be assigned. The jewels and loose money undisturbed on his dressing-table precluded the notion of robbery. For no one but Abdallah knew that his lordship kept a large sum in gold in a private drawer.

The faithful Abdallah was much affected by the death of his master, whom he had served so long, but he gave his evidence impassively at the inquest, and when the jury found a verdict of suicide during a fit of temporary insanity, the news of the ejectment action, which had already been noised about London, suggested an all-sufficient motive.

There was much sympathy for Abdallah at the inquest, and he had many offers of service elsewhere. He preferred, however, to return to his own country, and when about a year later the news came from a remote Indian station of a thug shot dead by an Irish major, whom he attempted to strangle, no one, of course, dreamt of connecting the incident with Lord Sternholt's sedate serving man, Abdallah.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Wedding Gift.

"BUT why are you going?" Sybil repeated.

She had asked the same question a few moments before, and he had answered her, but it would seem the answer was not quite satisfactory.

Six months after Lord Sternholt's suicide, Hugh had come to say good-bye to Sybil, who had been peaceably established as the owner of Sternholt Towers. Now, though the two had been more than an hour alone together

in the picture gallery the good-bye was not yet over.

Never, he thought, had she looked so beautiful, dressed in a soft grey dress with a belt of scarlet ribbon, and a little ruffle of grey and scarlet at her neck. On her breast gleamed the diamond star of the Sternholts and two great opals—her favourite stone—trembled at her ears and changed and glimmered like dewdrops in the sunlight. The bright gold of her hair, the warm loveliness of her face, were set off by the frail, neutral tint of her dress and the lustre of the jewels.

The dark crimson couch on which she sat faced the famous Velasquez, which now hung conspicuous, challenging sunshine. Leaning against the wall, uncovered, but not yet hung, was the wonderful Turner, a vision of rural loveliness, stolen from nature, preserved and perpetuated by the genius of the painter.

SYBIL was calm and smiling. Hugh painfully disturbed. Her twice repeated question seemed to trouble him. He fidgetted with his watch, chain and seal, before he answered, slowly choosing his words carefully as a public speaker answers an inconvenient heckler.

"Why must I go? Well, Sybil, because I must. I have already stagnated too long in London. There are scores of great picture galleries I have never seen. I have had news from an agent of two wonderful finds. One of them, I fancy, is a genuine Fra Angelico, which I must try and smuggle out of Italy. In a year or so I hope to be back again in London. It is pleasant to leave you happy behind me. You like your new life?"

"Wonderfully well, wealth gives me power and freedom. This place is lovely. I seem to have known it from a child; to have seen it in my dreams. There is a stream down there at the back of the trees with a sudden bend and a nook carpeted with wild flowers that I knew when I first saw it as well as I knew the little river in Connemara, where we used to fish together in the dear old days. It is very pleasant, Hugh, to be rich and powerful; to enjoy oneself and help others to enjoyment. And for this I have you to thank. Oh, I am very, very happy here, but—" she added in a lower voice, "I am sometimes a little lonely."

"You have your mother."

"Mother is not happy here. My father was right. I suppose some instinct of love taught him. She does not like the role of a great lady. She wants to get back to Connemara."

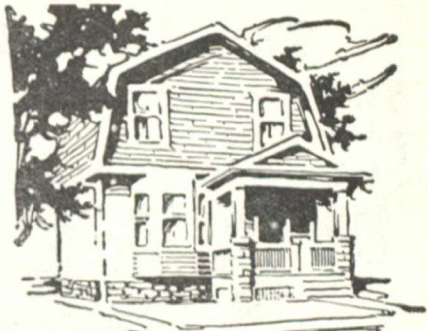
"I can understand that. I would like myself to visit the old place again."

"Could we not visit it together?" She asked the question quite innocently. But her eyelids drooped before the light that kindled in his eyes, and she asked hastily, "Why did you bring me that picture?"

"Because I always meant it for you. Because you alone can appreciate it as it deserves. Because I hope it will sometimes remind you pleasantly of me."

"You said once, I remember, that you would only give it to me as a wedding present. I'm not married, nor engaged to be married."

"Well, I am only anticipating a little. The beautiful heiress of Sternholt Towers will have many suitors. I shall not be here to give the picture when you have made your choice."



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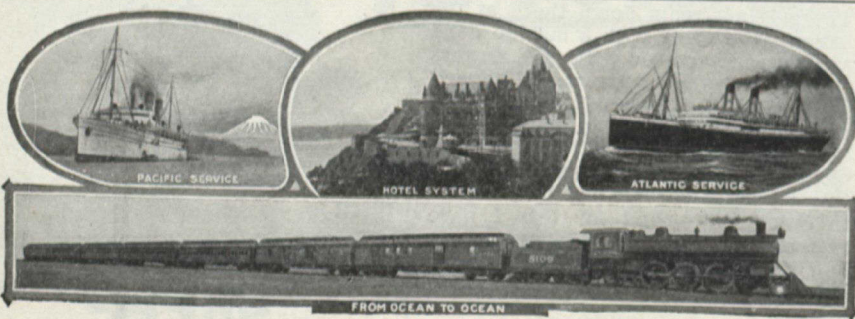
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"And I'm pretty sure you will. I swear I won't get married while you are away."

"But you will, in spite of your swearing, if the right man comes along."

"But the right man won't come—while you are away." The last words were whispered so softly he could hardly hear.

Even then he missed her meaning, but as he looked at her, lovely in her confusion, so utterly desirable, the strong rein that held his passion in control snapped suddenly and his love mastered him.

"Sybil," he whispered, in a voice that sounded strange to his own ears, so tense was it with passion, "I never meant to tell you, but it can do no harm now that we are parting. I go away because I love, because I cannot conquer my love. I know it is mere folly. I know how high you are above me. But I cannot bear to see you give yourself to another."

"You go because you love me?" she said.

Her surprise and innocence were admirable, but her eyes, which she turned on him at last, were full of laughter. "Is love a reason for parting?"

"A hopeless love."

"But why—hopeless?"
The question set his heart beating madly. Then her eyes met his and told their own story without a word spoken. Even yet he could hardly believe.

"Is it true, darling? Don't torture me; is it true?"

"Quite true. Oh, you foolish boy, of course I love you. I fancy I have always loved you, though I did not always know it. I was just waiting and longing for you to give me the chance to tell you. I feared I would have to propose to you myself in sheer desperation. But I didn't—did I, Hugh; tell me I didn't do that."

For answer he took her in his arms and with a lover's kiss made all her beauty his own.

An hour later they came down together from heaven to the everyday world.

"As you are no longer in such a hurry away," she said, "you may as well stay to lunch. Mother expects you."

"She will be surprised at our news."
"I think not. I told her you were coming here to-day to propose to me, and that I would accept you. I knew you had a story to tell me, and I could guess how the story would end."

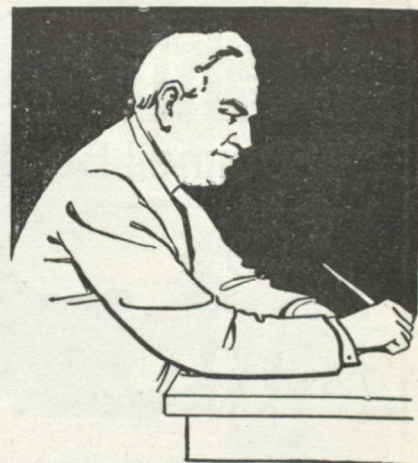
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TORONTO, ONTARIO.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50 and up per day.

PALMER HOUSE
TORONTO - CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

LA CORONA
A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath . . . \$1.50 and \$2
Room with private bath . . . \$2, \$2.50 and \$3
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.

THE NEW RUSSELL
Ottawa, Canada.
250 Rooms.
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

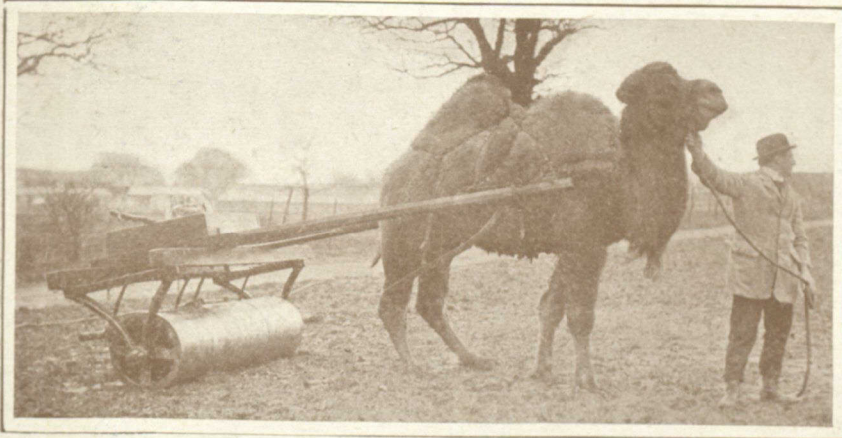
THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL
(European Plan.)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL.
\$2.50 to \$4.00 : American Plan.
300 Rooms.

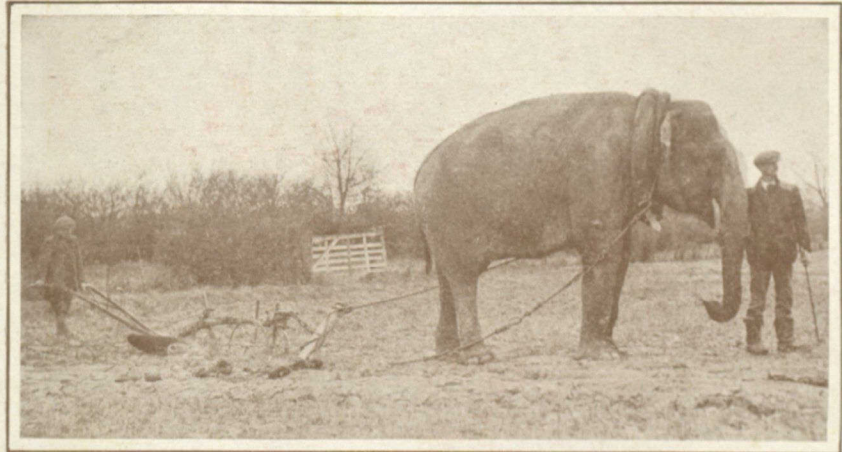
THE TECUMSEH HOTEL
London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neill, Proprietor.

FOR THE JUNIORS

VACATION ON THE FARM



Circus animals, just like school children, have holidays every year, though their vacation comes in the winter, when the circus business is slow. Our picture shows one of the fine camels that travel with an English circus taking a well-earned rest on a farm at Horley, England. He is being used to draw a roller over the pastures, by way of giving him a little exercise.



The elephant, on the other hand, is such an expensive fellow to feed that even while he is taking a holiday he must be working to pay his expenses. This elephant is pulling a plough and doing the work of a farm horse, though by his expression he doesn't seem to be greatly enjoying the experience.

THE SLEEPING TREE.

Did you ever hear of a tree, the perfume of whose blossoms would send people to sleep? Such an one has lately been found in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The chief gardener in this park noticed that a beautiful palm tree was covered with buds which would soon burst into bloom. As the tree had never bloomed before he was very much interested and kept a close watch on it. One day he came upon the tree covered with flowers, and lying at the foot of it were a number of small animals and birds, dead. The gardener, on coming closer to examine them, inhaled a most wonderful perfume that came from the blossoms, and presently felt a very drowsy feeling steal over him. It was with considerable difficulty that he kept himself from falling asleep.

It was discovered that the tree was a native of the South Sea Islands, and had been brought to America by a young Australian botanist. In its own country it was called "The Sleeping Palm" and only bloomed once in fifty years. The flowers were used by the Islanders as a drug, powerful enough to put a human being to sleep and to kill small animals and birds. This "Sleeping Palm" is the only one of its kind in North America.

TEN LITTLE DUTIES.

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine;
Skip about and do one, then there are nine!
Nine little duties; it never pays to wait;
Do one quick, and—presto!—there are only eight.
Eight little duties; might have been eleven;
One done in no time, now there's only seven.

Seven little duties; 'tisn't such a fix;
Do one more, and—bless me!—there are only six.

Six little duties; sure as I'm alive!
Never mind, one's over; now there are only five.

Five little duties knocking at your door!
Lead one off to Doneland, that leaves only four.

Four little duties, plain as plain can be!
Can't be shirked—one's over—leaving only three.

Three little duties; like a soldier true
Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two.

Two little duties between you and fun;
In just a minute longer there'll be only one!

One little duty; now what will you do?
Do it! why, surely; now you are through!

—Selected.

"SAMMY POST OFFICE."

By Alice Jean Cleator.

SAMMY POST OFFICE is a large, ink-black, year-old kitten, owned by Miss Nellie Cleator, postmaster at the East Claridon, Ohio, post office.

Sammy sometimes acts as "messenger boy," and carries notes around his neck from the Cleator home to Miss Cleator when at the post office. When he hears the post office keys jingle in the morning, he jumps up and follows her to the office. He thinks he is the "assistant." He also seems to think a mail-sack the nicest cushion in the world.

When the mail-sacks are brought in for the sorting of mail, Sammy leaves his basket and sits in the big window where he can oversee the job.

Just "Alabastine" —a Brush and Pail
And — you may have an artistic home.

The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable.

With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme.

Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush it on the wall **FREE STENCILS:** Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils, suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

The Alabastine Co., Limited
67 Willow St. Paris, Canada.

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The most fashionable display on the American continent is to be seen on Fifth Avenue at Easter time. Stay within one block of this exclusive centre, within a stone's throw of the best stores and the principal theatres. There is no better accommodation for Canadians in New York City than at the

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BROADWAY AT 32nd TO 33rd STREETS

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You've been going to get one for your wife this long time. Make up your mind, and get her a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet this very day. It's the best filing system she could have for her kitchen.

The KNECHTEL combines kitchen table, cupboard and pantry all in one—with all cooking utensils and supplies for preparing a meal right in one spot. No running around looking for things—no weary walking back and forth from kitchen to pantry—everything handy and just where she can lay hands on it.

Don't wait! Get her that KNECHTEL today!

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